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THE WAVE

A JOURNAL FOR THOSE IN THE SWIM.

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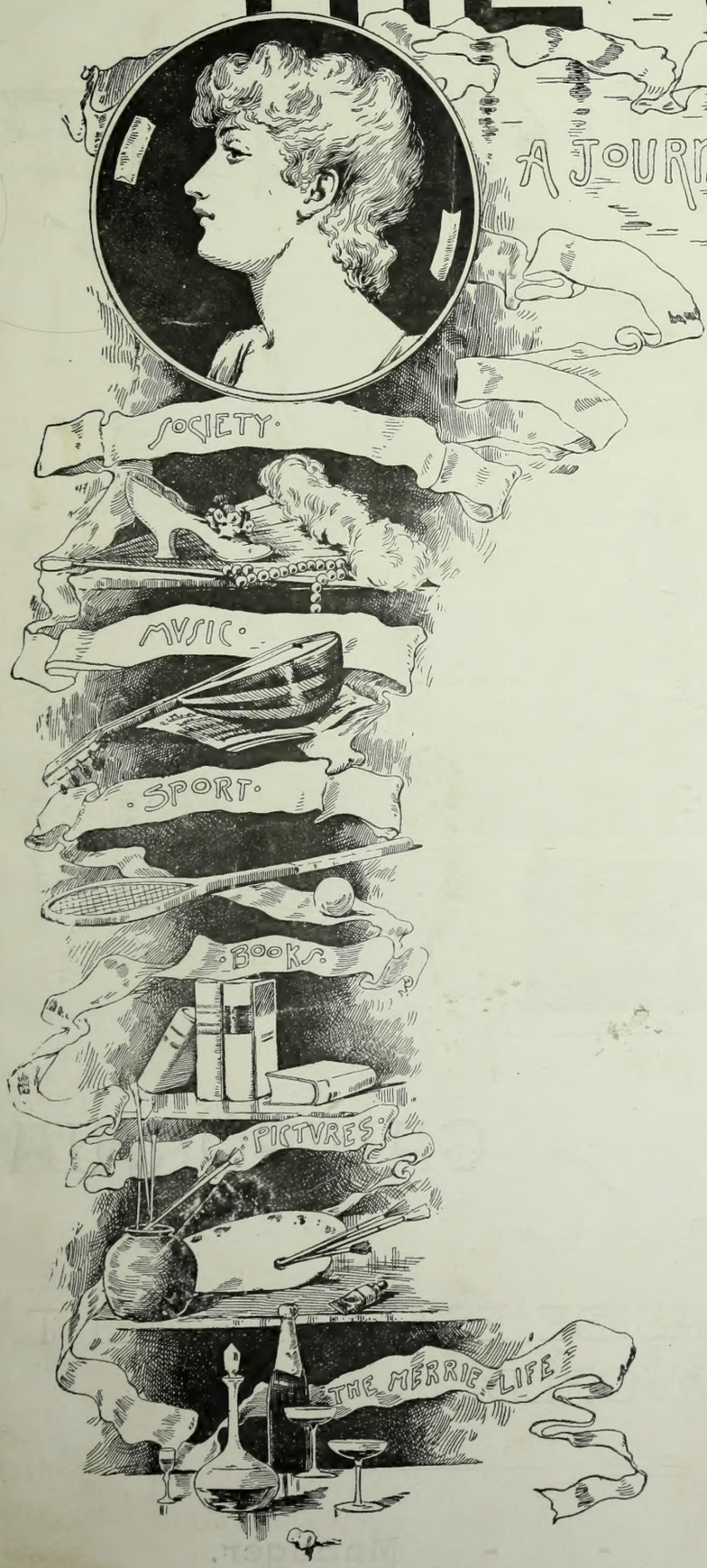
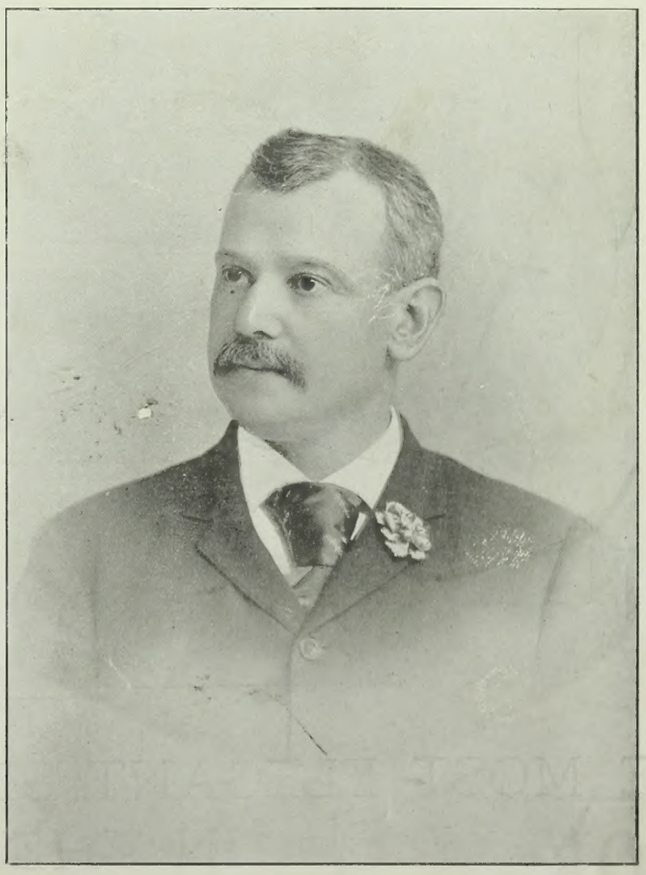


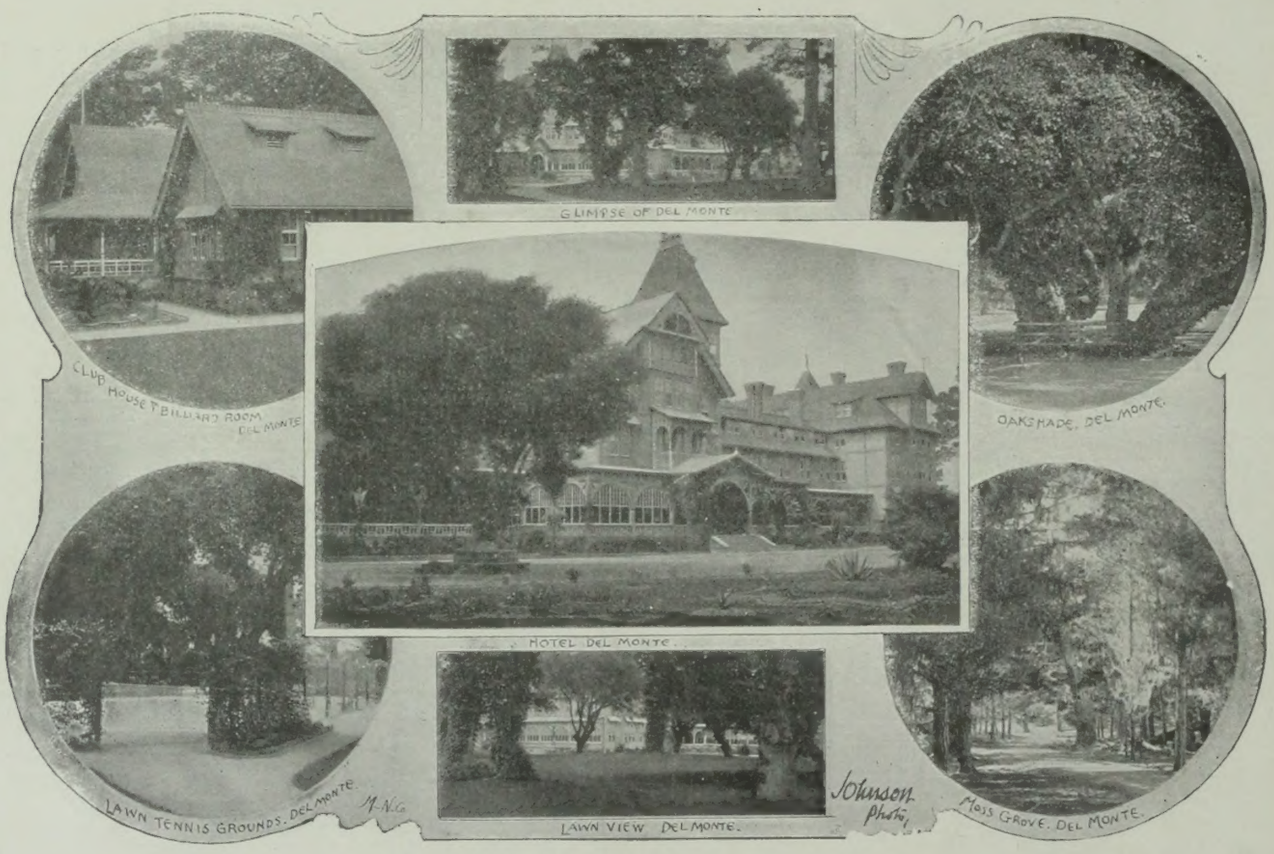


CHARLES L. ACKERMAN,
PRESIDENT OF THE CONCORDIA CLUB.

AMERICA'S FAMOUS SUMMER AND WINTER
· · RESORT · ·

"Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flowers."

HOTEL DEL MONTE



MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

THE MOST ELEGANT SEASIDE ESTABLISHMENT
IN THE WORLD

GEO. SCHONEWALD, - - - Manager.

THE WAVE

Vol. VIII. No. 27. San Francisco, July 2, 1892. 10 Cents

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

The Wave

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SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 2, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

Charles L. Ackerman is one of the best-known attorneys in the city, and the firm with which he is connected enjoys a very large and lucrative practice. Socially as well as professionally Mr. Ackerman has a large acquaintance, and his election to the Presidency of the Concordia Club has given that select organization a strong place among the 400. Mr. Ackerman is a shrewd, clever lawyer, with an immense capacity for business. As a politician he has a large following.

SPLASHES.

AT DEL MONTE the season is later than usual. Last year the *beau monde* was in evidence by the middle of June. The prospects now are that the porch will not assume its familiar appearance until after the Fourth. Because the 400 is not yet fully represented, it must not be thought the Queen of Summer Resorts is deserted. On the contrary, this year has been the most prosperous the hotel has known. The patronage of Eastern people has been larger and more profitable than ever before. Even now there must be fully 200 guests from beyond the Rockies on the register. Among them are very few young people. Indeed, maidens are decidedly in the minority. There are matrons by the score—chaperons without end or occupation.

* * *

The intervals between Saturdays are variously occupied. There are half a dozen whist parties of dowagers in the parlor, besides a table or two devoted to the keener allurements of poker. Of gossip there is but little. The fact is there is no material, and even the most incorrigible can hardly live up to their reputation when they have so little to talk about. For some subtle reason the ordinary denizen of Del Monte is averse to dancing. On Saturday night last, the band played a variety of vivacious waltzes and polkas for the benefit of the very young people, for the other generations refused to avail themselves of the moving opportunity. They lined the walls and watched pretty little Miss Maude Underhill trip through the skirt dance. This she did with great aplomb and grace.

* * *

This maiden has in her that sense of the poetry of motion which develops great dancers. She assumes beautiful poses, and sways to the rhythmic beat of the music with a delightful flexibility. Another accomplished dancer is little Miss Voorhies, who does the highland fling with great vivacity of movement and expression.

* * *

If anticipations count for anything it promises to be very gay at Del Monte over the Fourth. The demand for rooms is above the normal in spite of the crowds going to San Rafael. The annual ball is to take place on Monday evening, to be followed at midnight by a splendid supper. By the afternoon train a large delegation of the *jeunesse doré* will arrive and their numbers will be swelled by fresh accessions on Saturday's limited. On Sunday, excursions will be in order, and on Monday swimming and boating will afford amusement. The surf is delightful. So far the temperature has been a trifle cool, but the sunshine of the past week has taken off the cold edge and it is everything the most exacting could desire.

* * *

Among the sojourners are Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntington, who are spending their first summer at Del Monte. Mr. Huntington has just returned from a trip to Point Arena, in the redwood country. He devotes Saturday and Sunday to Monterey and is already an enthusiastic Californian. Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Laton are also there. Among those one sees on the porch are Mrs. Evan Coleman, Miss Gwinn, Mrs. Tevis, Mrs. M. B. M. Toland, Mrs. Jack Cunningham, Mrs. Dr. Voorhies. Mrs. Hastings is displaying some very charming costumes this season and has gone in for bathing with great zeal. Miss Hager spends her time reading and driving all around Monterey in a neat phaeton. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sharon and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Janin went down on Tuesday almost immediately after their arrival from the East. They will spend most of the summer at Del Monte.

* * *

Colonel Fred Crocker brought down to Del Monte in his private car the Messrs. Oxnards and Mr. Agar who are visiting San Francisco. They arrived Friday afternoon and after being initiated into the mysteries of the bath house and bowling alley, on Saturday, took the eighteen-mile drive. They returned to town Monday morning. Another party was made up of Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond, Miss Hammond, Miss Wheeler, Major R. P. Hammond, and Mr. Corning, a son of Erastus Corning of New York. On Monday the male members of the party organized a fishing expedition into the hills, and did great execution among the trout that abound in these waters.

* * *

Walter Dean is back from New York and purposes remaining in California henceforth. He is looking handsomer than ever and apparently his capacity for enjoyment has not been impaired by the effete East. He left for Monterey on Wednesday and will pass the Glorious Fourth there.

* * *

AT SANTA CRUZ life is not an empty dream, but a round of bathing and riding, picnicking—I should like to say flirting, but cannot truthfully. Alas! it is an Adamless Eden on a large scale. For weeks the hero of the Sea Beach Hotel has been Mr. Morgan—a nice, thin young man of fully sixteen summers. Prior to him the prevailing deity was nineteen. In comparison with these the Sausalito beau, *ætat* twenty-two, would be a tottering antiquity. However, the maidens, who are many and charming, make the best of the situation and hope for better days. The aspect of the beach about noon time is productive in the masculine breast of thoughts that burn. Under huge umbrellas, spread out on rugs, are countless girls. Clinging to the ropes are countless more, arrayed in the bathing costume that custom compels one to describe as irresistible. There are exceptions, of course, but the conventional suit leaves everything but the arms to one's imagination.

* * *

Last year a few interesting costumes relieved the monotony. Some were in the ballet dancer style, in black sateen, a material that sets forth the lines of a good figure in a manner exquisitely seductive. One girl danced into the waves in white, which suggested a pleasing illusion. A superb and daring creature from San Joaquin County sported stripes, and her entrances and exits were daily sensations. She rather liked the admiring gazes that her splendid limbs evoked. However, the season is but beginning. The interior is yet to be heard from, and I yearn for a touch of the garish if only for the color effect. That

the striped bathing suit will reappear I am afraid to hope. Those limbs have not yet returned from a honeymoon which extended to Europe.

* * *

The solitary excitement so far arose over the leadership of the Cotillion Club. To open the Casino with due *eclat* a big dance was given there Friday night—not an ordinary hop, mind, but a veritable leap year german with every available accessory. A professor of dancing from Modesto trained the "ladies and gents" in he figures and evolved a few graceful movements that even Ed Greenway could not have seen without emotion. It came to choosing a lady to lead the mazy whirl, and Mr. McCollum selected Mrs. Muller, a very stylish widow sojourning at the Pacific Ocean. She prepared a handsome costume for the occasion, but a day before the event learned that the Professor had chosen Mrs. J. P. Smith to pilot the whirl.

* * *

The result was confusion worse confounded. McCollum insisted on his candidate, but the Professor declared Mrs. Smith's Parisian toilette must shine in the van-guard of the figures or he would resign his trust. Now, a cotillion instructor from Modesto cannot be trampled on as one would an ordinary dancing master. His way went. Mrs. Smith, in a gorgeous gown, was the deityess of the occasion; there were scores of pretty girls on hand, but the widow and her large contingent of friends did not appear, to the severe sorrow of all concerned. However, there was a dance at the Pacific Ocean House Thursday night, and the wounds of the previous event are almost healed.

* * *

The yacht squadron leaves for Santa Cruz to-morrow morning. They will be started, with due formality, from Meigg's wharf at nine o'clock, and it is anticipated that Santa Cruz will be reached by six that evening. A big crowd will surely witness the finish, for Santa Cruz is populated this year as it has never been before. The winning yacht will be the one that first crosses an imaginary line described between the lighthouse and the buoy. Varney Gaskill will act as Judge. Among the *cognoscenti* it is thought the "Aggie" will carry off the trophy, but if the weather is rough the "Jessie" stands the best show. The new yacht, "Penelope," belonging to Sid Lacy, is somewhat of an unknown quantity and may give the cracks some trouble. In her trips to Vallejo she has held her own with all of them.

* * *

The squadron will probably remain a week at Santa Cruz, and during that time they anticipate having a brilliant time. I don't imagine the numberless pretty girls will have any reason to complain of a lack of cavaliers, as I hear of whole delegations being bound there for the Fourth.

* * *

On the night of the national holiday there will be given a big ball at the Sea Beach Hotel. Mr. Sullivan has engaged an orchestra for the occasion, and afterward the participants will be entertained at a grand supper. To-morrow night there is also a dance. Over the Fourth the residents are arranging for private festivities. Mrs. Delmas, who has the Bay State cottage, has invited a party of young people for the holidays. The Jarboes have also a party. Mrs. Salisbury will entertain some friends. The McLaughlins' handsome residence is also preempted for this happy anniversary.

* * *

FOR SOLID HILARITY Sausalito is far in the lead this season. Not only are there men here by the score, but they are ready for any form of festivity that presents itself. The limited supply of maidens is being given a delightful time, and between boating and evening excursions in naptha launches, the hours are made to fly. There are the usual gatherings in the different cottages. The young married people assemble at Kilgariff's, at Herold's, Beaver's, Rothwell's, or Maguire's. Commodore Harrison's *chateau* is always hospitably open for the entertainment of his friends. The "Monastery" was the scene of a delightful concert on Sunday night, the Bandurria Club being over in force. The summer colony assembled in numbers to hear them. In prospect during the holidays are several clam-bakes and sundry festivities of that character to Angel Island.

* * *

On Saturday night a very jolly dinner was given by some of the young married people at the Pacific Yacht Club. Varney Gaskill assumed responsibility for the *menu*, and acquitted himself admirably. The tables were brilliant with flowers and sparkling silverware. It was a jolly party, the hosts being Mr. and Mrs. Van Bergen, Mr. and Mrs. Maguire, Mr. and Mrs. Gaskill, and Mr. and Mrs Rothwell. Among their guests were Mr. Stevens, Mr. Ashley, Professor Appollini, and several other accomplished banjoists, who, after the edibles were disposed of, rendered much delightful music. Altogether, the affair was a very pleasant one.

* * *

Among the institutions of Sausalito this season, is Mr. Eddy's crack naptha launch. She is a pretty craft, very swift and most beautifully fitted up. There is a cabin all enclosed with glass and berths arranged after the style of a Pullman sleeper. The Montana millionaire is a generous host, and is at his best when entertaining a party of pretty maidens whom he delights to escort round the bay. His clam-bakes at Angel Island were among the memorable festivities of the summer. Another institution is the huge house boat which forms the summer home of W. H. C. Fowler, Thomas Watson, Will Kruse, and Frank Cartan. It is by far the largest on the bay, and is fitted up with a degree of comfort that amounts to luxury. Each of the occupants has a separate bedroom; besides there is a bathroom, a kitchen, over which presides an eminently competent Japanese cook.

* * *

The living-room is in the front, and through the door a delightful panorama of bay and mountain is had. The walls are paneled in a most original manner. Comfortable divans, plentifully bestrewn with cushions, invite to after-dinner siestas. So tempting are the allurements of this floating home, the occupants are determined to spend the holidays on board; temptations diverting them Santa Cruzwards or to San Rafael notwithstanding.

* * *

How to explain the fascination that the pipe exercises on the Sausalito visitant, I am in despair. At eventide, or early in the morning, one sees countless briarwoods and even meerschaums in the mouths of youths and men who in bygone days smoked cigarettes or cigars. Were it not for the American physiognomy that forms the background, one might believe one's self in a British possession. My curiosity being excited by the phenomenon, I have made diligent inquiry to ascertain the cause. Some attribute the epidemic to the influences of the old English colony. By others, the example of the officers on the several British ships anchored around the bay is suggested as a fair explanation. A few frank youths admit an economical motive. Whichever cause is best may be selected with perfect indifference to me.

* * *

THE OWL'S NEST is not dead. Those who assert its demise are misguided or malicious. It is only sleeping. The foundation stone, it is true, supports no superstructure. Architect Polk has not been at San Carlos these six weeks; there is much secrecy over the delay; no money is being collected; certain members have resigned, but, in spite of its forms and incorporations, the Owl's Nest is by no means defunct. So far as I can learn the main difficulty is with Treasuer Louis Sloss, Jr. Some $9000 is due in the shape of initiation fees, etc., and with this amount on hand the construction of the edifice might be commenced. But Mr. Sloss holds he is not authorized to collect this coin; he declines for some occult reason to receive it. The result is delay.

* * *

Several meetings have been had recently and pressure is being brought to bear on Mr. Sloss to induce the abandonment of his position. The objecting members are also being brought to time and I have no doubt but that the Nest will be thatched and feathered ere autumn. There can be no doubt, however, that the system of organization is ridicuously complex. In favor of the "forms" there is neither sense nor precedent, and Mr. Brittan and Mr. Payne would materially strengthen the Club by abandoning them.

* * *

The interior arrangements of the new Bohemian Club have been decided on. On the exterior Mr. Pissis is now working. His

design shows a structure rather resembling the Farnese Palace in Rome, the style that of the Italian Renaissance. It is not intended that the exterior decorations shall be especially elaborate. The building is to have rounded corners, and will present a substantial rather than a graceful appearance. The interior promises to be very gorgeous; the very latest designs in interior decorations are to be used.

* * *

George Howard is not ordinarily suspected of a leaning toward architecture, but I learn he has discovered a vocation in that direction. At all events he is a member of the new firm, Maybeck, Matheson & Howard, that has just embarked in the house-designing and building business. The combination is a strong one. Maybeck has been at Plum's, and is a *Beaux Arts* man; Matheson graduated from a big engineering college at Hanover, and Mr. Howard furnishes financial and social backing, besides supervision and good taste.

* * *

AT SAN RAFAEL tennis clans gather. There are scores of nice youths from Oakland and Alameda, dozens of supple-limbed boys from Berkeley and the city. They trample through the corridors of the hotel in their blazers swinging rackets and discussing the championship. They are the heroes of groups of pretty maidens from all round the bay, who have assembled to witness their achievements on the bituminous rock field. They will surely reward the victor with their sweetest smiles, but from the vanquished they will not withhold the consolation of their sympathy. To-day, the Rafael is the gayest place in the State. This season Society is sadly scattered—much of it is in Shasta County, some in the Yosemite, Del Monte has its quota, and Santa Cruz has not complained.

* * *

The fact is, however, that the largest aggregation of those "in the swim" is to be found within the shadow of Mount Tamalpais. The tournament, of course, is something to anticipate, but the flannel cotillion is not less attractive. For that event scores of the prettiest maidens in town have promised their presence. They will wear summery costumes that will harmonize with the pink, white, and pale blue outfits of their partners. Ed Greenway leads, and already has arranged novel figures for the event. A supper at midnight will bring the affair to a close. There is every indication for a season of clear skies and bright sunshine, tempered by cool winds for the tournament. The contestants are in fine fettle—the competition promises to be close, and there is every prospect of an interesting struggle for the championship.

* * *

That the California Club is so illy represented is deplorable. Tobin and Taylor, it is true can give a good account of themselves, but Hoffman and Vernon Gray are absent. The chances seem to be that the final contest, to be played on the afternoon of the National holiday, will be between Taylor and Hubbard. It is true the latter may be hard pressed by Neel, who plays a clever game that is but little inferior to his opponent's. Hubbard, however, is in good form, and that dashing style of his, if it were only a little steadier, would surely rescue the cup from the champion. Still, the latter has a trick of being equal to an occasion. He is very steady, very sure, he uses his head, and he is often brilliant. The judges, and everyone who has ever handled a racket, can form an opinion—the judges are backing him.

* * *

For Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, there are no vacant rooms to be had in the Rafael In the village, indeed, there are some empty houses, but few apartments for those who desire temporary lodging. On the Sabbath tennis will be suspended and picnics will be the order of the day. Half a dozen are already organized; more will be arranged ere the week is out.

* * *

A gay party of Sausalitans are arranging to spend the Glorious Fourth at Napa Soda Springs. Some of the arem already up there—the others leave this afternoon. Among them are Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Herold, Mr. and Mrs. John Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wooster, and Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Danforth. Undoubtedly they will have a very enjoyable trip.

* * *

In the death of John Adams the Country Club lost one of its most popular and valued members. He was an indefatigable angler, and was happiest with a rod in his hand. The news of his sad death was received by his friends and associates with genuine emotion. The circumstances of his demise, at a place some thirty miles from Linkville, on the Klamath Reservation, the dailies have told, but the details of the terrible journey that his companions had to make with the corpse, were not stated. I believe Mr. Adams leaves an estate of over $100,000. He was by profession a mining engineer, but his fortune was acquired through the Frue Concentrator, in which he was largely interested. He had no children, and the estate will, therefore, revert to his brother.

* * *

Some twenty members of the Country Club have arranged to spend the holidays at the Clubhouse in Bear Valley. They secure there the requisite immunity from fire crackers and other disturbing explosions, and, besides, can occupy their leisure shooting, fishing, or exchanging stories under the shade of the trees.

* * *

The wedding of Miss Lizzie Sinton and Harry D. Walker was a pleasant feature of last week's life at San Rafael. A large number of the friends of the bride and groom gathered at the pretty little Episcopal Church, and while waiting for the happy couple were charmed with the musical numbers of James H. Gregory, who presided at the organ. The bride never looked better than in her wedding gown of Bedford cord, trimmed with lace. After congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Walker left for Lagunitas.

* * *

The announcement of the engagement of Miss Emma McMillan and Ellis Wooster was received with some surprise, and both the young people are to be congratulated. Miss McMillan is a charming young lady, and was prominent in the Club of '90. She is quite highly endowed with this world's goods. Mr. Wooster is one of the most popular young men in the city.

* * *

Mrs. Belle Donahue and Miss Wallace sailed for Homburg on the steamer "Havel," on Tuesday last. There they will be met by Baron and Baroness von Schroeder. They will be absent at least six months.

* * *

The Concordia Club commences to flourish under its new Directors who are actively engaged in laying out plans for future entertainments. It has been decided to have a "jinks" about August 18th, and every effort will be exerted to make it an affair of some moment. The characteristic of entertainment has yet to be decided upon. The dinner scheme has proved both popular and profitable. Each night a very jolly coterie gathers in the dining-room and the latest stories go the rounds. To say the quality of their excellence varies is to mention the leading characteristic of stories the world over.

* * *

At the Vendome are gathered a large crowd of Society people, who are enjoying the delightful weather of San Jose and the many entertainments that Manager Snell has provided. At the ball last week over 100 couples were on the floor, and some charming costumes were noticeable. Many San Franciscans are at the Vendome, and will remain there during the summer.

* * *

One of the neatest and most useful contrivances I have ever met with is the invention of Mr. Roberts, of Sausalito. It is a species of stand made of wire and nickel and it is called a newspaper holder. Those of us whose rule it is to read a newspaper at breakfast know the difficulty of keeping the blanket sheets in position. This little contrivance not only supports them at the desired elevation but is so arranged as to prevent dislodgment or turning over. It seems to me all the restaurants in the country should be provided with these articles for they are really a boon to whoever has acquired the habit of imbibing literature and food simultaneously.

* * *

A YOUNG SOCIETY MAN who has hair of fiery red, and a high opinion of himself, has been trying to make up his mind for years, but has never married yet. He doesn't want to wed into his own religion, but would prefer

Arcadian Waukesha Water cures Indigestion,

some one out of it, just as a child would like the moon it sees reflected in a bucket of water. His calls are always intensely regular, though no girl would ever stay at home to receive him if she remembered he was coming. He says about four sane words in a hundred, and then goes, which latter act is his only merit. There is a certain kindly matron in San Mateo, who feels herself, by position and wealth, above the petty distinction of class, and delights in giving her hospitality and bounty to poor girls or rich girls alike.

* * *

Now, it happened that an old friend of hers, a widow, was so reduced in circumstances that she had to take in sewing for subsistence. The woman had a very lovely daughter, about seventeen years of age. The *Grand Dame* at San Mateo took care of this pretty girl, whenever the mother would let her; she clothed her, had paid for her music lessons, and treated her as she would her own daughter. Now, it chanced that the youth with careful manners and red hair, went on a short visit, with several other guests, to the country seat of the lady in question. There he met the beautiful maiden, and fell in love with her just as he has done with many lovely girls before. Her name has an aristocratic ring to it, and he was made all the more ardent, when a wretched young lawyer of stunted growth and simian countenance, told him, for a hoax, that she was a great New York heiress.

* * *

Indeed, as he thought over the situation, his passion knew no bounds, and he at once sat down and wrote a note to his mamma, telling her of the young lady's beauty and Christian disposition, adding that the dear child was so modest that she wouldn't wear her family diamonds, but used for ornament a single white rose. This latter paragraph was very pretty, of course, but it was just the thing to arouse the terror and suspicion of his mamma, who thinks it a heinous offense not to wear every diamond she has to breakfast. In hot haste, she wrote a note of warning to her son with the skineateles locks, and bade him be sure that the girl really had family diamonds before he trifled with her Christian disposition; girls with single white roses were a drug in the market, she added. Then mamma started out on a still hunt to ascertain particulars. She found them soon enough from a dragooning dowager in the Palace Hotel. She had hysterics at learning the girl's antecedents, and so did her darling son when he got the telegram calling him to the city at once. Meanwhile, his companion is going about telling the story to all his friends, with a large, harsh laugh attached.

* * *

COLLECTORS ARE FOUND in every part of the world, but San Francisco has more than her share; there are collectors of every sort here. Fritz King has a complete collection of the coins of the United States since its birth. When one says "complete," it must not be forgotten that he possesses a silver dollar of 1804, and all the queer cents in the usual category. Signor Raffo, a wealthy Italian vineyardist, probably has the best Amati and the finest Steiner in his collection of Italian and German violins that have ever been in this country to stay. George R. Wells' collection of opals is marvelous. He is only a mining lawyer, and yet, by his splendid knowledge of mineralogy, he has been able to detect every really good opal that fell in his way. Some of them are of great size, while others, far more valuable, are tiny. They came from Hungary, from Australia, from Mexico, or anywhere else.

* * *

Samuel C. Bigelow's ancient cabinets and desks containing secret drawers are a continual matter of curiosity to his friends, and the manner in which these "secrets" are thrown open by hidden springs, shows the wonderful skill of cabinet makers in the past ages. That astute jurist, Harrison, possesses etchings which rival those in the possession of Marquand and Stone, and I believe the one object he has in life is to secure an etching by Prince Rupert, its inventor.

* * *

Yet, to my mind, the most interesting of all the big collections here is one owned by a Scotchman named Fergusson. I haven't met him for ten years, but in rambles about Europe I have heard his name. When I knew him he was a salesman at the linen counter, in the White House. He possessed a singular knowledge of textures, and his advice was so good in these matters that the firm respected him fully as much as did the customers. Always gentle, though never obsequious, he preserved that demeanor which convinces a buyer that the cloth is whole. His home was on Larkin Street, and it consisted of six rooms. Two of these were furnished after a quiet English fashion, while the others were given up to a collection that but few people in this city have ever seen, and which is known only in Europe.

* * *

I will not mention the rare snuff boxes and other bits of bric-a-brac, but will touch on one subject—a room full of Napoleonic medals and coins. Outside of the Louvre, this man has, if he still lives, a better collection than any other in the world.

* * *

John C. Ropes, of Harvard College, is noted for his collection of medallions concerning Napoleon, but Fergusson had gems that would make Ropes weep. For instance, the designs which Baron Denon made of Napoleon's face in silver and gold, after the coronation, are there complete, and in several cases even the original dies are found. Men are so fond of scarf pins and sleeve-links of odd design, it has often occurred to me that if I cared for personal adornment it would be my first wish to put one of these Denon coins, with its sharply cut lineaments, at my throat. I must confess that Dan Murphy gave me this idea, though, to be sure, he wears a tiny gold coin with Bonaparte's head on it dangling from a gold chain about his neck. He is a hero worshiper of the first order.

* * *

NOTHING SO DASHES our best laid plans to desolation as bad luck does. Schemes and stratagems, however admirably planned, avail not when misfortune rules the roost. Here is a story that Porter Ashe, who claims a malign fate as his presiding deity, will appreciate. Two old gamblers met after many years, and were talking old times in the office of the Russ House. The younger of the two said to the older:

"John, things don't seem to have gone your way."

"They ain't, Bill," said the other. "I've had a powerful bad streak o' luck these last few years."

"How's that, old man?"

"Well, three years ago, you remember, when I was in Chicago, I had about a $10,000 roll. Some fellows came in, began playing pretty fast, and by the time they quit I had nothing but the layout.

* * *

"The boys scraped a few thousand up for me and I lit out for Denver. Things was good at first, but a week's bad luck broke me, and with another two thousand I started for Deadwood. It lasted a few days. Then I was took sick and layed up in the hospital for eight months. After that the boys put up a purse for me and I came to California to get well. Well, things looked up a bit till I started a speculating in land. Again I went busted. I'm broke now and I guess I'm about played out." The old man wiped away a tear with the sleeve of his coat.

"Cheer up, John," returned the other. "You know it's a long road that has no turnin'."

"True, I've heard say," replied the old man shaking his head sadly. "But, Bill, I think I struck a circle."

* * *

THERE IS A CAMORRA in the Italian Benevolent Society, and it was the occasion of a lot of trouble last week in the macaroni belt. It seems that Cammarinos, the Greek Consul, was travelling toward home last Wednesday on a Jackson Street dummy. His head was in his hands, and he had the thorough aspect of woe. Frank Cartan, the Sacramento Street merchant, nudged him and demanded the reason in a kindly voice.

"Ah!" murmured Cammarinos, wailing, "it is the Camorra!"

"The what?"

"The Camorra!"

"What's that?"

"Oh, in the Italian Benevolent Society!"

"Heavens!" exclaimed Cartan, "you don't tell me so. I thought that New Orleans riot sickened the Dagoes of that Mafia business long ago."

"Ah! my friend, it is so terrible!" went on Cammarinos wagging his head in misery.

* * *

Cartan felt it was his duty as a public

Arcadian Waukesha Water is an absolute preventive of any kidney disorders.

spirited citizen to inform the authorities at once, so he swung off the dummy at Stockton Street and hurried back toward the Old City Hall. On his way he met George R. B. Hayes and "Billy" Sharp, the lawyers.

"Man! man!" cried Cartan breathlessly, "we've got the Mafia in our very midst!"

"What do you mean?" demanded Sharp.

"It's the truth I'm telling you, and I'm on my way to tell Lees now. I just got the news of the plot from Cammarinos, and it's worse than the New Orleans conspiracy to kill Hennessy. They call themselves a Camorra, and Cammarinos says it's the worst he ever saw."

* * *

Now, Hayes is an extremely logical man, and he never likes to be hot-headed. He suggested that perhaps Cartan was hasty in his surmises, and that the word Camorra might mean a kodak or a piece of Italian cheese with a strong breath. Sharp said he had in his law office an Italian dictionary by that eminent authority, Barolo, and that it might be a good idea to consult it on the question. It was agreed, and they wended their way up Montgomery Street. There they happened to meet Signor Galvani, the musician, who solved their doubts and difficulties with the explanation that the Camorra in the Italian Benevolent Society was simply an alleged "ring," by which too much money was being spent for too little return, and that the word was as harmless as its ring.

* * *

HAVING ESTABLISHED, by evidence eminently uncontrovertible, Judge Coffey's reputation as a wit, I am advised to go no further. However, I will not apologize for the following stories. I believe neither has been printed. In the Probate Court a few days ago the statements of the several appeals in the Blythe case, submitted some weeks previously, were brought to the attention of the Judge by Attorney Hart.

"Your Honor," said that worthy, "here are these briefs ready to be filed as soon as they are passed upon. I hope this matter will not be allowed to drag further. It has gone on for years and I am getting old. In my life-time I should like to see the outcome of the case."

"The *income* you mean," dryly corrected Judge Coffey.

* * *

He who undergoes the Supervisorial ordeal and emerges with a reputation for honesty is either virtuous, ambitious, or a fool. In which category to place Mr. Bodfish I cannot decide. He served the city faithfully and retired without a bank account, a double accusation that can never be preferred against Supervisor Burling. However, Mr. Bodfish is a lawyer and in that capacity appears at intervals in the Halls of Justice. Not by any means an impressive figure, his exterior adornments warrant no accusation of prosperity. However, he strives hard, and by diligence seeks to deserve the success that has eluded him. The date of this incident I forget, but Bodfish was trying a will case in Judge Coffey's Court and was there early and late. I believe he had it on a contingent, and was doing his best for his client.

* * *

Not very much of a best it is true, for the opposing attorney was making a strong defense and riddling his arguments. Nothing disconcerted Bodfish held on. His punctuality was almost painful, while his exertions were amusing. After the noon recess one day he found himself in Court before the Judge, who passed in a few minutes later.

"On deck, your Honor," he said with a certain familiar deference.

"I see," returned the Judge, softly. "But your client, how is he—overboard?"

* * *

THE NEW RAILROAD seems to have retired from public notice these past few weeks. My impression is that some of the projectors have begun to regard the problem before them seriously. There are few more engrossing occupations than running an imaginary line from one point to another on a map. It is a different proposition, though, to cross the Sierras. Beckwith Pass has been frequently surveyed, and the cost of building through it has been estimated by competent engineers. That fraction of the distance between San Francisco and Salt Lake will alone cost seven millions of dollars. This is no passing guess, but actual fact. Rumor has long ascribed to this pass the merit of being the easiest route through the Sierras. Over the Emigrant Gap survey which the Central Pacific follows it has certain advantages but one serious drawback that turns the balance against it.

* * *

On the Central, the elevation rises very gradually. There is no sharp ascent that compels heavy grades. In the Beckwith the approach is excellent, but there is a sudden acclivity that can only be overcome by a great deal of zig-zagging; then the best grade obtainable would be steeper than that of the Central Pacific. This fact Crocker and Huntington knew when they set out to build across the Sierras. That the merits of the Beckwith route have since been discovered is an error.

* * *

The prominent capitalists whose names are identified with this enterprise, are by no means willing to put up the hundred thousand each that the dailies have so glibly talked of. Their adhesion goes no further than a subscription of one thousand dollars for the purpose of a survey. That done the probabilities are strongly against most of them adventuring further. The absurdity of the presumption that an opposition line would relieve business depression down town is too ridiculous to be held by men of sense. It is unreasonable. Let these people spend their money in an effort to find new markets for those that the Santa Fé, the Northern and Canadian Pacifics have deprived us of. That is the solution of the problem.

* * *

William Graves, the new Manager of the North Pacific Coast Railroad, is a man of great energy and force. He has already given the line a prominence that it never before enjoyed, and is exhibiting a degree of enterprise that will, undoubtedly, build the system up. The stories about his Santa Fé backing were all nonsense. He is a railroad man by profession, and is, personally, very rich. He owns a line out of New Orleans, be ides considerable other property in the Crescent City. If any one can make the North Pacific Coast pay, he is the man. Never in its history has the road done such a business as this year. In Mill Valley there are fully a thousand campers, and the borders of Lagunitas Creek are lined with tents. This meanss a substantial increase in net earnings if the other months are only up to the average.

* * *

That the Southern Pacific will ever buy the Donahue line is doubtful. The impression among railroad men who have been approached by Messrs. Burgin and McGlynn is that the road is bonded for nearly its entire value, and that the stock is not worth a tithe of what they demand. Only for some one who desired to control the system would the shares have a distinct value. There would be little prospects of paying dividends, and the consequence is the investment does not commend itself to able financiers. When it is absolutely necessary to sell the road, I have no doubt but that the Executors will abate their demands, and then, doubtless, the road will have a new ownership.

* * *

SOMEWHAT OF A BLOOD is young Mr. Leon Dennery. He amuses himself according to his lights and resources, and succeeds in having what is commonly known as "a good time." On an evening of last week said Dennery formed one of a group playing cards at Jesse Clark's establishment. The hours were passing agreeably enough; several rounds of drink had been consumed and a feeling of genialty had begun to diffuse itself. Suddenly Mr. Dennery rose to go. His friends protested that the night was yet young, and one of them remarked:

"It's all right, boys. Let him depart. Don't you see it's near his time to treat."

A general laugh followed, and Dennery fired up. He said:

"I'll put up two dollars for every dollar a man in the crowd will show."

* * *

In the party was another young fellow named Bob Northrop, the son of a rich Montana miner. He promptly met the bluff by producing $50, which he laid on the table. Dennery was game, however, and drew out four twenties which he placed over Northrop's. Then the problem—how to spend this sum, pre-

Arcadian Waukesha Water.

sented itself. They ordered half a dozen bottles of champagne, but that made no perceptible hole in their capital. However, they soon found a way, and when the last five of the $150 was disposed of Northup bowed to the bluffer and said :

"Dennery, the same to-morrow night if you feel like it."

"All right," was the answer, "I'll meet you."

But that was all the defiance came to. Mr. Dennery is careful, however, to indulge in no more bluffs.

* * *

IN HORSE CIRCLES they are telling an amusing story about how Danny Needham, the pugilist, "bluffed" editor Tom Flynn, of the *Gasp*. Tom is a good deal of an athlete, and at one time was a devout oarsman. With increasing wealth and the Street Department incumbency of his friend Gilleran, he has gone in for riding. On a fine black charger he canters through the Park, and speculates on his twin importance as capitalist and journalist. One night, in a gathering of sports, Tom alluded to the fine breeding and speed of his horse. Mr. Needham, a member of the group, smiled sarcastically, and remarked that he had a horse he would be willing to run against Tom's for an inch or five miles.

"I'll put up money on him, too," he declared.

The idea of a "pug" owning a fast horse struck Mr. Flynn as amusing and he inquired ironically the kind of plug it was.

"Never mind, Tom, I'm willin' to back it agin your swell horse for any amount," was the reply.

* * *

Tom hesitated and was lost. The "bluff" worked.

"I'm not racing me horse against anny animal I've never seen," he said.

The crowd burst into a hearty laugh, for Needham's steed is notoriously an old and broken-winded jade whose best pace is not over six miles an hour.

* * *

UNLESS SOME LOOP-HOLE in the law not now known to exist is discovered, the new Australian ballot system, which is to be enforced this year for the first time, will sound the death knell of the "piece" clubs. These institutions have long been a source of unending trouble to candidates, and there will undoubtedly be general rejoicing to see the last of them. For many years the only thing necessary to be done in this town to effectually rob the nominees of any ticket was to organize a "club" and send around for money. The more red-nosed, rum-soaked vagabonds there were on the roll of the "club," the more money demanded. In times past few candidates have had the courage to repudiate the "piece" clubs. As a general proposition, it has seemed better to placate them with a few dollars than to engage their active hostility, as would be done by refusing to submit to the blackmail. Thousands of dollars have been wasted in every campaign nullifying the influence of these organizations, until candidates for Sheriff, Assessor, and other lucrative offices have long since come to calculate the tribute thus exacted as one of the legitimate expenses of the canvass.

* * *

But the new ballot law knocks them cold. Not only that, it knocks the drunken ticket peddlers cold also. These latter excrescences, absolutely necessary under the old system, have cost each party, on every election day at least $2000, to say nothing of the value of the printed material they tear up at the end of their labors. The "piece" clubs are no longer feasible because the split tickets they pretend to nominate and support cannot be voted. The "Independent Taxpayers'" party of Mr. Patrick Dolan, and the "Citizens'" party of "Dr." O'Donnell can now only get into the ballot-boxes by having the names of their nominess printed on the official ballot. The new law provides that the Secretary of State shall print the State ticket, and the Registrar of Voters the municipal ticket, both at the public expense. There are two ways only in which to get a name on these tickets.

* * *

One is by being the nominee of a political party which cast three per cent of the total vote at the last election, and the other is by procuring the sworn signatures of five per cent of the *bona fide* electors on the precinct registers. In the State but three parties are eligible to places on the ticket this year, viz.: the Republican, Democratic, and Prohibition parties. The first-named polled forty-nine and one-half per cent of the total vote two years ago, the Democrats forty-six and one-half per cent, and the Prohibitionists about four per cent. If any other State party desires to get its nominee on the official ticket it must procure a petition signed by five per cent of the electors. The number of electors was 252,533. The petition would, therefore, have to bear about 13,000 sworn signatures.

* * *

In this city the two principal political parties and the Reform Democracy are entitled to places on the official ballot, each having cast over three per cent of the vote two years ago. Anybody else will have to raise a petition containing 3000 names. "Dr." O'Donnell, who intends to run for Mayor again, claims that personally he is entitled to have his name go on because he polled 15,000 votes two years ago. Perhaps a liberal construction of the law would admit him, but, however that may be, it is quite certain that the Doctor will have to go it alone. He cannot organize his "piece" club into a convention and make the nominees of his ticket pay the expenses as of yore. Probably when he pays his own expenses for a campaign or two he may not think it is quite so much fun to run for Mayor. But, at any rate, "piece" clubs in the old form are done for. The dissipated politicians who organize them never can afford to pay the expenses of procuring a petition with 3000 names, and no convention that they could create would come anywhere near polling 1800 votes, the number required. The rum-soaked ticket peddler is disposed of by the fact that there are no tickets to peddle. Moreover, no man is permitted to solicit votes or interfere in any way with voters within 100 feet of the polls. Thus the entire collection of blackmailing devices—"piece" clubs, ticket peddlers, and vote buyers—are swept away at one fell swoop. Immediately after election day, I expect, the politicians will set up a more than usually agonizing howl about the dismal "failure" of the Australian system. They will hardly be able to withstand in silence the fatal blow they are destined to receive.

* * *

I HAVE BEEN DEEPLY IMPRESSED by the marvelous feats of Professor Leonard, of whom I wrote last week. In comparison with him, Bishop, Tyndall, and the rest are the merest tyros. What he achieves cannot be explained, save by admitting he possesses a brain of extraordinary capacity. His power of mind-reading is extraordinary. Here is a test he gave me a few evenings ago: On each of three leaves that I tore out of my pocketbook I wrote five lines of figures—167 numbers in all. These I folded up separately, marked, and placed in different pockets. When I had finished, Professor Leonard returned to the room and seated himself opposite me. I gave him the papers and he touched them, one after another, to his forehead. He returned them, and I replaced each whence I had taken it. This was all done in the space of a few minutes. He seemed then to concentrate his attention, and, after a short interval of silence, turned over to me a blank sheet of paper.

* * *

One after another, as quickly as I could put them down, and in the same order, he dictated the figures I had written on the slips that were then in my pockets. When he had finished I compared them, and found he had made two mistakes in the first, and two in the third, and in the second two figures were missing. He had given me correctly, therefore, 161 out of the 167. How far this performance transcends the feats ordinarily given by mind-readers, those who are interested in the subject know best. Even if he could have opened the slips, which were very tightly folded, it would have been impossible to have remembered, in their exact order, so many numbers. Another marvelous feat I saw him perform was to select from three slips of paper tightly folded, one on which was written the name of a dead man. On the other two were the names of two individuals still in the flesh. He also read off the names. This was done in a restaurant on Geary Street, and there was no possibility of collusion.

* * *

In alluding to the marvelous powers of this gentleman I make no apology. Though a young man he is very wealthy, owns a great deal of real estate in Chicago, and was for some time in the Government service. Though

aware of his extraordinary powers, he has no pretensions, and performs his feats without any exertion or display.

* * *

MRS. HENRY McLEAN MARTIN has gone to Europe with her pretty children. How well I remember her as a sunny-haired child, playing on Pine Street, innocent and free-hearted. The last time she went to Paris was in 1888, and her young husband, Mr. Martin, was with her. He was a keen purchaser of Australian wools, and he made big deals in London every November on account of his knowledge. He had a thirty-thousand-acre ranch in northwestern Montana, where he raised sheep. During the six years in which he speculated in the London market on foreign wool, he never lost a cent, but on the contrary made thousands of dollars. His last venture there was in November, 1888, and he cleared nearly $60,000, it is said.

* * *

Martin was singularly conscientious, and though lucky in all his ventures, he never forgot that he was a Puritan by descent and education. In Europe he had found a crucifix worked in silver, and of marvelous beauty. This he declared at the New York custom-house, with all the honesty of a patriotic citizen.

"But," said the Irish Catholic custom-house officer, "this, sorr, is an Object of Religion. I cannot imagine, sorr, that you would think to pay dooty on this holy piece."

"It cost me ninety dollars at a bargain," replied the imperturbable Martin, "and this is a question of my catching the train at the Grand Central Depot, and not a matter of religious controversy."

* * *

Martin's death was a tragedy, and so terrible that it has almost destroyed the life of his widow. He was on his way from Dillon a year ago last winter, to reach his ranch in Northern Montana. A blizzard came on and excited the attack of pneumonia which was already in its incipiency. Martin realized that the case was serious, and seated in the back of the sleigh, loaded the furs across his chest, begging the driver to hurl the horses at full speed toward the nearest house. There were ten miles to go, and in the driving snowflakes the horses never stopped. Finally a light was reached, and the sleigh drew up at a wayside house. They pulled away the furs from Martin's shoulders, but he was dead.

* * *

Mrs. Martin, as a young girl, was with her father, General Colton, when he met with the injury that caused his death, and here is a bit of history that has never been given. A morbid demand for sensation called for the suggestion by salacious newspapers that there was a scandal involved. This was put so strongly, that it demanded even the contradiction of the family in a public card, and Dr. Keeny, the physician, found it necessary to add his certificate. The assertion made by scandal mongers was to the effect that the pretty daughter of Laura D. Fair had been the cause of a stabbing done by her mother, in the latter's boarding house on McAllister Street, at night.

* * *

Now, General Colton had been spending several weeks at his Mount Diablo ranch, at the time of his sudden illness, and the cause was well known to his family, though they were too proud for many months to tell their own side of the case. Colton was always well fed and had a heavy paunch. He was fond of riding; a horse was his first delight. As a stage driver in Shasta, it is said that he would have eight raw mustangs, that had never known a trace, swung into his stage, to carry it over the most dangerous grades. By a snap of his whip he would keep the eight untamed animals together, however stormy the night might be, or however hard the creeks might drive. At the Monte Diablo ranch, he and his daughter Carrie (who became Mrs. Martin), were fierce riders, and they cared not how untamable were the beasts they tried. It was on a desperate occasion that the big-hearted father and golden-haired daughter started for a race. She tore down dale and up hill till the whole world seemed to spin round them.

* * *

Colton's horse gave a sudden halt, and the Spanish pummel dug itself deep into his groin. He groaned with agony, and almost fell fainting in the saddle. The little daughter led her horse and his homeward, supporting him as they went with her shoulder. From that time he was on his death-bed. They removed him to the mansion on Nob Hill, and had the best surgical aid, but for no avail. This is the real history of General Colton's death, and it is from eye-witnesses.

* * *

I know of few actors more cordially detested by their subordinates than Richard Mansfield. Artist as he is, energetic, laborious, capable, his egotism is profound, and his indifference to the comfort or convenience of others unique. He has also a celebrated knack of juggling with the properties of the particular temple of Thespis he happens to be temporarily installed in, that has earned him the hatred of a hundred stage-managers. Here is a little story that Frank Daniels brings to town. He opened in Sacramento the night following Mansfield's departure. His dressing-room and the wings were pervaded by a strong and most objectionable odor of chloride of lime. He sent for the manager, and after sundry profane ejaculations he asked:

"What's dead or dying round here that the whole place smells of lime. It's sickening."

"Nothing dead or dying, sir," was the answer, "but Mr. Mansfield has just left us."

* * *

An interesting commentary on the methods of San Francisco foundrymen is furnished by the awarding of the machinery contract for the packing works at Baden to a Chicago firm. The several San Francisco establishments were invited to make estimates on the specifications. When their bids were in, certain Illinois firms were asked to compete. The result was astonishing. The highest Chicago bid was fifteen per cent lower than the lowest received from San Francisco, that with freight charges added. A large amount of money was involved and it was certainly the desire of Swift and Armour to award this particular contract to some local concern. Such is the suicidal policy of our foundrymen. Is it any wonder there is depression in a town where such stupidity prevails?

* * *

An anxious, eager, hungry public is waiting with bated breath to learn the exact age of the *Call's* press, and the *Report* is neglecting its duty in not relieving this general anxiety. It is generally understood that the *Report* gained its reputation for giving the news on its enterprise in publishing, before any of its contemporaries, the precise date on which the press was purchased.

I have several times had the pleasure of extending to the *Examiner* my congratulations for its efforts on special occasions. Its convention reports certainly deserve a compliment. They were admirable and had the peculiarity of being both copious and readable. Perhaps I did not agree entirely with Mr. William's conclusions but it must be admitted his correspondence was first-class. It shows the advantage of employing a capable journalist even if he does cost more than a hack. With Williams on the happenings and Gath on the ethics of the convention, the *Examiner's* readers had nothing to complain of.

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ROGUES AND COWARDS IN POLITICS.

TAMMANY'S DIRTY PLATE WITH THE PRESIDENCY ON IT—THE DEMOCRATS AND FREE TRADE.

BY ARTHUR McEWEN.

If good sense, good taste and intelligent patriotism were common things, not the Lord himself (who is, as is well-known, a Republican) could prevent the Democrats from carrying every State in the Union this trip. And, if the average man were not the determined dolt that he is, no other agency would contribute so greatly to that result as the Republican press. The party, as it finds expression through its newspapers, appears to have lost its conscience and, what is of more importance, its brains.

The organs hope for the election of Harrison. But on what grounds? Because of his personal merits, the principles and deeds and promises of the party? Seemingly these reasons figure but slightly in the editorial calculations. The chief dependence is on Tammany.

Witness the manner in which the local organs have received the attack which the Rev. Mr. Dixon made on Tammany from his New York pulpit on Sunday last. The preacher freed the neck of his vocabulary from the chain of restraint, and taking Tammany by the wattles shook it regardless. These are some of Tammany's qualities, according to Brother Dixon, with whom I agree:

"With its greed and cunning and power it is the one deadly octopus that is poisoning the social and political life of this city, and through this metropolis the Nation. It is the most powerful coterie of organized criminals that ever dominated the life of any civilization. It makes and unmakes judges and juries. It feeds and breeds on vice and crime. With its merciless iron heel it crushes the weak, intimidates the half-hearted and defies the strong. It is the one withering, blasting curse of our city's life, damning with the hot breath of corruption and dishonor every ramification of our body politic. Like a festering cancer it is literally eating the heart out of the honor of our ambitious young men. * * I warn the national Democracy that Tammany is a load that it cannot carry!"

The organs, however, drawn by this alluring picture, are of the opinion that Tammany is a load that the Republican party can carry and be glad of the privilege at that. They exultantly coincide with Brother Dixon's opinion that Tammany will not support Cleveland—which means, of course, that it will support Harrison—and the organs, speaking for their party, are more than willing that the Republican party should accept the Presidency at Tammany's clean hands. They clamor exultantly that Tammany hates Cleveland—that he will be beaten, not for his sins, but for his virtues.

There are still many men in the Republican party who hold to the ordinary civilized standard of morality, in politics and otherwise, and whose partisanship does not deprive them of self-respect. One cannot but think that these men do not share the joy of the organs at the prospect of a Tammany-given victory—Tammany, with party treachery added to the list of its charms enumerated by Brother Dixon. It will occur to the politically undepraved mind that a candidate whom Tammany detests ought to be a pretty good candidate for decent men to stand by.

This consideration, to which the able organs are blind, will, I think, induce such a vote by rational and dirt-abhorring Republican citizens in the State where Tammany is best known, as may compensate the Democracy for the ballots cast by Tammany offal for the candidate of the party which once was given to bragging of its monoply of all the moral ideas, patriotism, and respectability going. For the sake of keeping the American Presidency out of the gift of the slums and criminals of New York City—where the intelligent organs are praying it may be thrown—let us hope so, anyway.

If there be anything besides a stampede of Tammany to the Republicans that will beat the Democracy it will be the cowardice of the Democracy's leaders and press. It is yet too early in the fight to know whether they will manifest again the craven stupidity which marked their course from 1880 up to 1888. Conkling sprung the tariff issue on poor Hancock, and he, yielding to the pressure of the frightened practical politicians—always fools in their narrowness—wrote letters designed to take the life out of the tariff for revenue only plank of the platform. Four years ago the marching hosts of the witless tramped through the streets of every city of this tariff-robbed country chanting, "Don't, don t, don't be afraid; tariff reform is not free trade!" Now the party is back to the platform of 1880 once more, but will it stand to its guns? Until the Democracy has the sense not to be afraid of free trade it will deserve to be floored. "When the Democratic party," wrote wise old Tilden, "has the courage to be Democratic it will begin to win victories." In its pretense—out of fear of offending the deluded workingman, who is an ass—that its proposals to reform the tariff do not contemplate the obliteration of protection, it is false to its own logic. Every argument in support of the Mills' bill four years back was borrowed from the free-trader, and this is true also of every argument against the McKinley law. The very platform reported from the committee to the Chicago Convention the other day granted the main contention of the Republicans—that the tariff makes wages higher in this country than in Europe. The action of the convention in repudiating that idiotic concession to the laughing enemy has scared both parties. The timid Democrats fear for the effect upon the wage-earner, and the Republicans are horrified lest the Democracy shall have the intelligence and courage to own up to the truth of the venerable Republican taunt, that tariff reform does mean free trade, and offer battle in dead earnest on that line.

Free trade! Lord save us, why not? What better reason in justice can be offered for the Government paying bounties to "encourage" men to raise sugar, make tin plate, breeches or nightcaps for both sexes than for it to pay me a bounty to write this article for THE WAVE? I am content to take only what it is worth—the price that THE WAVE is willing to pay me—and I deny the right, though I must submit to the power of my fellow citizens, to compel me to give a cent of what I thus honestly earn to the breeches and nightcap maker in reward for his industry, which is neither more useful nor honorable than the trade of scribbling.

Protection, as the honest, amended Chicago platform says, is a fraud. It hasn't a leg to stand on.

Does it "foster home industry?" The trusts, with their factories closed to limit the output and force up prices, furnish the answer.

Does it benefit the consumer? The trusts' products selling in Canada and free-trade England for much less than in the United States, furnish the answer.

Does it keep up wages? Mr. Carnegie and his brethren of the Iron and Steel Trust have furnished the answer by reducing wages from fifteen to fifty per cent on one of the pet industries of the McKinley bill.

Protection does divert capital and enterprise from natural channels by offering bribes, and congests some avenues at the expense of others. It does raise the cost of living. It does make fortunes for a few at the expense of all. Moreover, it corrupts and degrades politics; it accounts for the descent of the Republican party to the level on which it now stands, meanly hoping to be the beneficiary of Tammany's hatred of an honest man. It makes of the Federal government a mere apportioner of favors to scramblers for licenses to steal, who stretch forth one hand to clutch the license from Congress and extend a contribution to the Republican campaign fund in the other. It has retired the Republican party from the sort of politics in which an American can take any pride, and caused that party to become a mere hanger-on of the trusts and other tariff-fattened interests. It is robbing and rotting the Republic.

Free trade, indeed! If the Democracy had a good backbone and a brain to fit the situation it would no more palter with such an issue than a man going into a fight with a highwayman would hesitate to pick up a pistol that chance had thrown in the road at his feet.

What will the Democracy do, though? I don't know, and I don't particularly care; but what I should like to see it do a few years from now, if it shall win on its tariff for revenue only platform, would be to come out squarely for absolute free trade, the abolition of all custom houses, and the imposition of direct taxes only for the support of the government. There would be no shady nooks for tariff thieves and others of the respectable classes to hide in under a really Democratic policy like that.

Mr. A. G. Heyl, for many years connected with the United States Marine Hospital Service, is now a member of the well-known undertaking establishment of Martin, Morrison & Heyl, 118 Geary Street.

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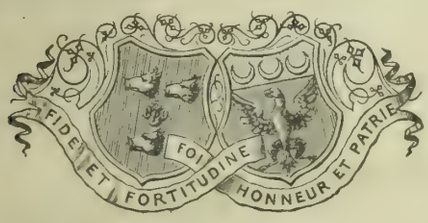

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SAN FRANCISCO

MUSIC.

SPANISH OPERA.

Not for some years have there been representations of the opera of Sunny Spain in our midst. It will be remembered the last performances were given by a company hailing from the City of Mexico. Calling to mind that company brings up bitter memories of its having set the fashion of producing opera at the Orpheum which has never failed to end in a piteous way financially. As there never was a beginning to the artistic side of the enterprises exploded in that house it is useless to recall the efforts. Spanish residents excused the last disturbers of our blissful indifference to Spanish opera on the ground that the company was made up of Mexican Indians chiefly. They may as well explain that the present company is original Aztec at once, it will save the indispensable worry of theorizing in this case.

After listening to one act of an alleged Spanish Opera done by a company from Mexico, it is possible to believe in hecatombs of miracles and appreciate the healthful spirit of rebellion said to be ever gently simmering in the Sister Republic. In every note there lurks a conspiracy against all the dull conventions of decent singing. Things as they ought to be are ineligible for any kind of favor it appears. The tunes are used by the vocalists as stalking-horses from behind whose fatty structure they shoot merciless volley into the helpless and paralyzed ears of the audience.

"La Tempestad" by Chapy, and "Campanone," by Mazza, two operas given in the perfectly respectable, but guerilla style of the Orpheum Company might serve as two of the fullest collections of phrases familiar for the last fifty years. Bordogni, Panofka, Concone, a finale or two from Rossini and Donizetti—these are the composers most faithfully reproduced. Without distressing himself, a musician with the aid of the composers mentioned might fit out an opera of the Tempestadse-Campanon kind every twenty minutes. These works are written in the vein gifted amateurs are abandoned to—a severe attack of reminiscence and inspiration followed an unslakeable thirst for compliments dragged from the unwary—these are the symptoms. Intermixed with the tunes a periphrastic conjugation took place resulting in high-spiced terrors of a periodical kind. So much of it all at once would give nervous prostration to any but the southern people who, it seems, take their tragics in a thoroughly digestive way.

Of the two operas, "La Tempestad" was, perhaps, the most resolutely surprising. Roberto was a perpetual astonishment. The songstress who personated the character, displayed lordly proportions, and a costume so fitting that the interest was more than general. The realism of the *artiste's* presence became heroic, almost painfully so. An undersized tenor quailed and shrieked whenever Roberto appeared, and no one wondered, while Roberto's presence was the signal for a shower of very painful screamlets from a suffering damsel named Angela. When the scene showed a bed with mosquito curtains somewhat smirched, and a general suggestion of failure to provide soap and water, the house was not surprised to see the bass disguised as an aged man, in an aged state of cleanliness, part the curtains, in an analytic way, and dispose himself without the formality of removing any garment whatsoever. This is probably the custom of the country. The appearance of the tenor and his succession of shrieks, grown commonplace by now, hardly caused comment, it was left for the steam piano chirping and twittering of Roberto to fill the cup of surprises to overflowing.

It will be nothing less than expected if a plague of ague and catarrh seizes upon the entire theatre-going population of the city, should the company put into action its advertised repertoire of fifty operas. Let loose in the City Hall the united tremolo of the company would shatter every window in it. The voices have become tremolos—music has retired to the upper air, leaving the din at the Orpheum.

LESLEY MARTIN.

LADIES' MUSLIN UNDERWEAR

At the Actual Cost of Production.

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Fresh Goods Dainty Styles

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INCORPORATED 1892.

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And several magnificent pictures have just arrived from Europe, and are now being framed in our factory. These will be added to our collection, and will be on exhibition in a few days.

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Beware of Imitations.

NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

The Wave

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, July 2, 1892.

LABORERS AND EMPLOYERS.

The wage-earner of the Pacific Coast is threatened again; a new danger rises before him, pointing the way to poverty and the almshouse. Against the evil, the Walking Delegate and the Union Roarer are alike powerless; boycott and intimidation are without avail. The Federated Trades is unable to cope with the difficulty, and the working man, whom Ambrose Bierce honors—and avoids—is in a bad way. The trouble is this: The unheavened Chinese, who labor for wages so low that a white man could not buy his morning cocktail on their week's earnings, have driven manufacturing from the slope; the accursed Asiatic, whose wants are satisfied on seven cents a day, has caused the closing of the cigar, shoe, and clothing factories of California, to the unspeakable hurt of the white brethren. And how has the dirty, non-union, low-waged Chinese done this? The vellum-faced alien has had the audacity to do it by the very method through which his white haters have driven nearly every other industry from our State; he has demanded higher wages! The work that was performed by the loathsome Celestial in California is now done by the followers of Tammany roosting and roasting in the tenement houses of New York. We cannot get up an exclusion act against the tenement workers of the East.

This is all on the statement of Mr. Alfred Fuhrman, who is President, I believe, of the Brewers' Union, and whose connection with the dislocation of a brewery boycott is very much beyond suspicion. You will notice the force of his logic; he stands in the position that Bottom always occupies when he talks on anything but his shuttle and loom. First, the Chinese killed the Coast by working for starvation wages; then they ruin all by demanding high salaries. If the city had the good fortune to have Mr. Fuhrman talk to thinking men, his utterances would be laughable; but, unhappily, he talks to people who are probably as ignorant as he is, and his remarks are provocative of ill-feeling, discontent, and discomfort. Still, I hardly think it would pay to gag him.

To such men are we indebted for the position of California in the commercial world; but not entirely. The business man is also to blame. He never rises above self; never sees farther than his own door, and is afraid to think for next week, as collection day is there; for him, sufficient for the evil is the day thereof. They have no cohesiveness; and when one of them is down, no one will seek to assist him. When Chadbourne & Co. were in the midst of their labor troubles, their competitors saw a chance for personal benefit, and when the striking employers left the embarrassed firm, they were taken to the bosoms of the other furniture dealers, where they will breed vipers. Chadbourne is in a position to express his enjoyment when that time comes.

REPUBLICAN PARTY DISINTEGRATION.

The Republican party will be defeated in November. Its leaders, those whose desperate exertions in 1888 made Mr. Harrison's election possible, have been snubbed, and are sulking in their tents; General Clarkson has been superseded on the National Committee, and the Chairmanship has been bestowed on one whose only merit for the place is the Presidential favor; Platt has retired; Quay is enjoying the repose of one who knows his inactivity will work injury to his former friends; and East and West and North there is seen an apathy that must be discouraging to the occupant of the White House, and that presages victory for the Democracy. But a greater force than the pique of its leaders is working the disintegration of the War Tariff party. The McKinley tax is eating its very heart out and causing a defection compared with which the Mugwump break was of slight importance. The backbone of the Republican party, the business men, nearly all of whom are importers of one article or another, are affected and discouraged. The McKinley tax, that protects the big manufacturers with a wall of stone, and all others with a rope of sand, has increased the price of their commodities without raising the wages of consumers or producing more customers. For the past two years business has been unusually dull; stagnation has characterized every branch of industry; strikes have not decreased; the battle for better pay has raged as fiercely since the passage of the bill as before, and everywhere are evident the effects of this tariff that protects only those rich enough to protect themselves by grinding trusts.

The business man has learned his lesson in the past two years. What promised to be for him money-making legislation has proved the reverse; he may have a greater profit on some of the articles he sells, but he receives fewer orders than he did before; he can carry a better class of goods, but the people cannot afford to buy them, and he is touched just where his political intelligence is the keenest, in the pocket-book. It is no wonder, therefore, that he has determined to desert a party that has made the fatal mistake of protecting a few at the expense of the many; that thrust a measure on the people that is as iniquitous as any that ever caused a revolution; that makes rich a few contributors to the political campaign fund, and that impoverishes the many.

The cry of "free trade" has ceased to frighten thinking men; it sends no more voters into the party of the war tariff; those who understand it will vote with the Democratic party as the only means of finding a relief from a measure that is bringing business to a standstill, destroying confidence in our securities, and costing the country millions of dollars.

THE PIRATES OF THE BAY.

If the California Traffic Association really desire to do something for the trade of San Francisco, why does it not prepare a manifesto in favor of abolishing the harbor charges which now practically interdict commerce? Upon the water front there are two monopolies that lay a heavy hand on every ship that enters this port. They make the cost of entering and leaving so great that shipmasters bring here only such freight as will pay an enormous profit. They cause San Francisco to be considered all over the world as the most expensive harbor on earth. They are the towboats and the pilots.

I venture to say that nowhere on the globe would two such greedy combinations be tolerated. At every session of the Legislature attempts are made to break them up, but regularly they raise a "sack" and "convince" a sufficient number of Senators and Assemblymen to defeat the movement. It came out last year that they paid the Faylor combine $25,000.

The charges of pilots are thirty per cent higher than they should be, and those of the tugboats fifty per cent. Even though a ship may be navigated by a master who has served all his life as a pilot in San Francisco harbor, she cannot enter here without paying pilotage rates to the pirate who first sights her. And at every moment of her history, after the towboat captain has skinned her, and while she lies at the wharf, someone wrings a fee out of her.

This should all be changed, and changed immediately. If our Legislature were to exempt from taxation all ships registered at this port for a period of twenty years, as has been done in New York, and should reduce the harbor charges one-half, there could not fail to be an immediate revival of trade. The interior is all right. San Francisco is eclipsed simply because she has not sense enough to grasp the difficulty at the right end.

There is little hope for a seaport town which tolerates such a combination of towboats and pilots. The Traffic Association ought to make an end of them at once. They are crushing the very life out of the ocean commerce of San Francisco.

The adherents of "King" McManus and "Pretender" Welsh have doubtless learned that discussion is the better part of valor.

* * *

What a terrible mistake the weather clerk made when he turned the rain-cock on Chicago. He was under the impression that the Democratic convention was a Prohibition gathering.

A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—They were married. Though together, they lived apart. Then love came—in the last chapter—and with it the happiness they had so long yearned for. There you have, in a few words, the plots of two books. One is by the great Hungarian, Maurus Jokai; the other by an American who rejoices in the patronymic of Bogy—Lewis Vital Bogy. The first is a swinging romance, full of vitality and color. Its *dramatis personæ* are strange types; their life is novel—the situations and complications are invested with the interest of originality. The second is the pretentious effort of a space-writer who knows little English and less of construction. Its plot is commonplace; the characters conventional. One book has the tone, depth, and finish, the glow and power that one finds in the pictures of a great painter; the other is shallow, garish, crude—the raw landscapes of a tenth-rate artist.

Those of us who are fond of prating about the purity of European politics should read this description of the election in an Hungarian village, with which Dr. Dumány's story opens. The contest is between the adherents of the Clerical, National-Conservative party and the Ponslavonic-Liberal-Reform party. It reminds one of a Republican primary. The choice methods to which Americans resort for the purpose of obtaining votes are the same as those that find favor in Austria. The candidates invest in large quantities of liquor; they pay money for the support of their constituents; it is true they are averse to voting graveyards, though they do not hesitate to record the preference of a deceased elector. They are full of the same wily schemes to secure popular approval that an aspirant for Supervisorial honors resorts to. All these did Dr. Dumány do, but, though he won, his election was declared illegal and he had disappointment for his exertions. But that is only an episode; one becomes deeply interested when Uncle Diogenes is introduced—he whose long and thick white hair reaches to the centre of his back, and his long, untrimmed beard, flowing to his gridle, is the color of hemp. What peculiarities he has; he spends nothing and invests not a cent of his huge income. His huge castle is full of strange curios, rare antiques, superb silverware. He has a chest full of gold pieces and reed, full of paper money. To all these accumulations is Dr. Dumány heir.

There is Siegfried, Count of Vernoczy, who with his aunt and lovely cousins live in a magnificent chateau surrounded by 10,000 acres of forest. Their manner towards the suddenly enriched Doctor is full of interest; one realizes their intense pride of birth; the c ultivation of their manners, the peculiarity of their point of view. From the bright, crisp dialogue that they exchange opinions in, American novelists might well learn lessons. There are no dull pages, and, as the plot unfolds, it is quite out of the question to release the volume until Countess Flamma declares her love for the man who is tricked into marrying her.

Contrast the method of this artist with Mr. Bogy's sketch of the common man, who, from a tramp, becomes a millionaire, marries the lovely daughter of a Southern gentleman, by the expenditure of so much gold. Together they live, but between them an abyss yawns. He interests himself in his iron work, she in society, but in their estrangement she learns to love him. He loses his fortune, she falls into his arms

It is not difficult in America, where the very strong, rough type abounds, to conceive just such a man as John Greystone. He has the capacity, the power, the relentless energy that in far Western communities bring men to the front. He is hard, obdurate, and yet tender and chivalrous, but to depict him correctly, an infinity of art is required. Strong character demands a strong portrait painter. No mere dabbler in colors can set forth an individual who has uncommon qualities. It is only by an infinity of shading that traits are made to stand out; dexterity of construction, compactness of plot, are essentials. This book is poor, and very imperfect.

Not since "The White Company," by Coran Doyle, appeared have I read a book in the style of "The Story of Francis Cludde." It, too, is a narrative of adventure by flood and field. There is plotting and counterplotting, hair-breadth escapes, and hand-to-hand combats. The hero is as brave as Bayard, and as rash as *Cœur de Lion*. He defies Stephen Gardiner, the Prime Minister of Queen Mary, and aids the lovely and high-spirited Duchess of Suffolk to escape from the machinations of that subtle and unscrupulous statesman. The story of the flight through the Netherlands pursued by Clarence, the episode in Santon where Francis holds the gate against the populace, and his pardon by the Duke of Cleres, are exciting incidents told with spirit. It is really a story for boys, yet it is written in good English and with so much vivacity that it carries one along. That it ends in the happy marriage of the young hero and the lovely Petronilla, it is unnecessary to say. Domestic happiness is the fair reward of so much boldness, such courage and audacity as Francis Cludde exhibits.

"Stolen Steps," published by Lippincott's, is the most atrocious rubbish that has come into my hand this season. It is inexcusable from a variety of standpoints, and the *raison d'etre* of its existence is, to me, the deepest of mysteries. It is raw, crude, stupid. It is a miracle of misconstruction; the *dramatis personæ* are rediculously unreal; the set of heroines are preposterous; the heroes bores; the embroglio as clumsy as it is uninteresting. How is it possible that business men print such contemptible stuff? Bierce's book went the rounds of the publishers and was returned to him, yet the stories were both powerful and original. "Stolen Steps" is beneath notice, and yet it is given to the world by one of the most prominent firms in the country. The inconsistency is apalling. By the way, I hear another volume by the gifted author of "Soldiers and Civilians," is soon to be given to the world. "Beetles in Amber" is the title, and it contains a few of the gems of invective in verse and prose, gathered from the weekly output of our great satirist. I am afraid my dear friend Colonel Irish will have no special reason to rejoice when the new book appears. Hard as it is to be pilloried in a journal, it is cruel to be handed down to a more permanent form of infamy between boards. I hope to be able to tell you about Zola's new book next week. Until then, ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Dr. Dumány's Wife," by Maurus Jokai. The Cassell Publishing Co. For sale Wm. Doxey.

"A Common Man," by Lewis Vital Bogy. F. and J. Schulte & Co., publishers. For sale S. F. News Co.

"The Story of Francis Cludde," by S. J. Weyman The Cassell Publishng Co., publishers. For sale Wm. Doxey.

"Stolen Steps," by S. L. Pierce. J. B. Lippincott & Co., publishers. For sale Wm. Doxey.

HOW HE GOT TO CHICAGO.

Among the newspapermen at the Chicago Convention was my friend, Al Murphy, of the *Examiner*. Mr. Murphy has a large acquaintance among politicians, and from constantly associating with the shrewd managers and leaders of the great parties in the State, has fallen heir to much ability as a schemer. His method of going to Chicago proves this. Al was detailed to accompany the Delegates to the Convention as far as Sixteenth Street, Oakland, and appeared on the train clad in a *neglige* shirt, and guiltless of bag or baggage. Aside from what he wore, he was possessed only of a package of cigarettes and the undying friendship of the delegates.

The following dispatches will show how he got to Chicago:

OAKLAND. Editor *Examiner*, San Francisco:—Nothing worth writing about has happened; expect fun at Sacramento; will have to go there. AL MURPHY.

SACRAMENTO. Editor *Examiner*, San Francisco:—A few speeches here; nothing more. John P. Irish on the train; expect some fun; more delegates at Truckee; I had better go up there. AL MURPHY.

TRUCKEE. Editor *Examiner*, San Francisco:—Expect something will happen east of here; more delegates to get on at Ogden; fun must materialize; will go to Ogden. AL MURPHY.

OGDEN. Editor *Examiner*, San Francisco:—Things very dull; fun expected farther East; more delegates get on at Omaha; will go on there. AL MURPHY.

ON THE TRAIN, IN THE EAST. Editor *Examiner*:—Fun expected in Chicago; many delegates will be there. We want Al Murphy to take care of us; may he go to Chicago? Please answer at California Headquarters, Palmer House, Chicago. W. W. FOOTE, For Delegation.

SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN,

Especially infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

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One Bar Outlasts Three of Any Other

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WASHES EVERYTHING BUT MORALS AND CONSCIENCE

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THE MUMMERS.

ACTORS AND CRITICS.

We must revise the rules of dramatic criticism. As they stand at present, they do not suit Mr. Mansfield. This is not at all strange, and when the creator of Beau Brummell says he is dissatisfied with the critics he merely voices the feelings of a large army of intelligent mummers who permit their affection for themselves to obscure the position which criticism occupies toward the stage. Mr. Mansfield confesses that he has been kindly treated by many of the critics, and freely states that the generosity of the writers was properly bestowed; but a vast number of scribblers have underestimated his work, and show him no more mercy than they did to the vaudeville actor and the skirt dancer.

Mr. Mansfield complains that he has been under the painful necessity of giving indubitable evidence of his genius before the scribblers and people generally would accept him at his own valuation, and even after seeing him some of them have had the hardihood to state that his estimation of his abilities was exceedingly high, and that any disagreement between him and the critics should be settled in favor of the latter. Again, the actor says that although he is a great delineator of character, the people will not go to see him on the strength of his reputation, and he grows melancholy when talking of the necessity of making himself known in every new town.

This, of course, is all exceedingly unpleasant for Mr. Mansfield, who is certainly a good enough actor to overlook some faults in his critics; but I am inclined to think that his fight is entirely with the theatre-going public, who refrain from spending their dollars on him; and, as he knows very well, it does not matter what the critics say; critics have damned plays, have condemned actors, and have insulted audiences for praising both: the week's business has not been injured a dollar's worth. Again, critics have praised stars, drama, and production, but the people would not attend, and an artistic triumph and financial failure resulted. People pay little attention to critics, and Mr. Mansfield should know it. Nine-tenths of the dramatic writers are entirely ornamental "supes" on the regular staff of newspapers; many of them write their "criticism" on the afternoon of the day on which a play is produced, it is made up from what other critics have said, and is worth about as much credence as the glowing notice of the irrepressible advance agent. The people engaged in criticising plays are, for the most part, utterly devoid of talent for the work; dramatic criticism is the highest type of analytical literature; for that reason few men are dramatic critics.

Mr. Mansfield's protest is well made; what he wants is not an advance agent, but a critic for himself; he should have one whose every effort would be devoted to telling the public what an exceedingly great man Mr. Mansfield is. The actor is ahead of his time; he desires to present to us the apotheosis of the *claque;* in the past the members of this necessary corps merely applauded, without furnishing any justification for doing so; Mr. Mansfield would have his critic applaud, and tell the reason why he did it. I can assure him that the criticisms would be printed, at the current rates for advertising, with or without the star.——

Stockwell's Theatre will be thrown open on Thursday evening, when Augustin Daly's Company will give the opening presentation. The theatre is as pretty as any in the country, and aside from the interest that will be aroused by the appearance of this famous Company of mummers, a desire to be present at the inauguration of this new Temple of Thespis will permeate all classes. The prevailing colors are white and gold, fashion's latest decree in decorative tone. There is not a sombre shade in the house, and the gay colors of the portières and curtains, the lively fresco and frieze-work, harmonize brightly and beautifully. The drop-curtain is a fine bit of work, carrying the prevailing tone of spring. The seats are splendid. I should like to write a poem of thanks to Mr. Ellinghouse for the improvement he has made in this feature of the furnishings; they are wide, easy, and soft, and when some heaven-forgotten fiend in the far corner desires to go out and take a drink he will not leave behind a scene of ruin and desolation. The opening of the theatre will be a society event, and with the prestige gained from Daly's production of "As You Like It," Stockwell's will achieve fame and make money——

Francis Wilson is enjoying a prosperous run at the Baldwin, and his "Lion Tamer" is the hit of the season. Following him, on July 11th, comes Charles Frohman's farce comedy, "Gloriana." It is an adaptation from the French, and enjoyed much favor, recently, in Paris and London. The comedy made an instantaneous hit in New York, and enjoyed a most profitable run of nearly 150 nights. There is not a dull moment in the play. Its characters are natural, its situations are ludicrous, and its dialogue sparkling. The performance is a triumph from end to end. The company is one of conspicuous excellence.——

Next Monday night, at the California Theatre, Charlie Reed and William Collier will commence an engagement in their new farce, "Hoss and Hoss," which is said to be immensely funny. The supporting company is one of the best ever presented in a farce comedy organization. The great success which has attended this combination elsewhere is a good guarantee of its merits and the popularity of these two clever comedians and their play. The songs and music are all new and original, and the dialogue bright.——

A novelty, because of the old-time features again introduced, will be the attraction at the Bush Street Theatre for two weeks, commencing Monday, July 4th, with a matinee. A few years ago the announcement that Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels were booked at this theatre was greeted with enthusiasm, and when the engagement closed it was with the satisfaction of a knowledge that the Company had fulfilled all that they had advertised and to the perfect satisfaction of the large crowds that had nightly filled the house; therefore, when the announcement that Haverly's Minstrels would again be seen here, it is hailed with delight. This organization holds some of the brightest men in the business.

THE UNATTAINED.

The marble bosomed in the mountain hoar
  Holds in its heart, waiting some hand most skilled,
  Forms featured fairer yet than that which thrilled
And moved beneath Pygmalion's touch of yore.
The instrument's keys await a grander score
  Than that whose faintest echoes, haply, chilled
  Mozart with rapture, and an instant stilled
His breath—then died away for evermore.
There is a scene no painter ever feigned,
  Of Eden's restful fields—lost visions loved—
    Dead shores where tempests hoarse, Titanic roll—
A song unsung more sweet than that which chained
  The heart of Hades' king—than ever moved
    The subtlest chord in Shakespeare's lofty soul!

—*Henry Jerome Stockard.*

Alfred Jones, of the Western, has returned from a brief *pasear*, while George Easton, I hear, is deep in an adjustment tangle in Montana at present.

BALDWIN THEATRE

AL HAYMAN & Co. ..... Proprietors
ALFRED BOUVIER ..... Manager

Commencing Monday, July 4th

LAST WEEK
LAST PERFORMANCES
LAST MATINEE SATURDAY

FRANCIS WILSON

——And COMPANY'S Great Success——

THE LION TAMER

——MONDAY, JULY 11th——

Comedy Event. Charles Frohman's Co. in "Gloriana."

NEW CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

Handsomest Theatre in the World.

AL HAYMAN & Co. ..... Proprietor
J. J. GOTTLOB ..... Manager

"The Kings of Fun"

REED & COLLIER

WILL BEGIN their reign here in the funniest of all farcical entertainments,

HOSS and HOSS

—ON—

Monday Evening, July 4th

NEW BUSH ST. THEATRE

MR. M. B. LEAVITT ..... Lessee and Proprietor
CHAS. P. HALL ..... Manager

Grand Holiday Attraction. Monday, July 4, '92

A Record of the Past a Guarantee for the Future.

HAVERLY'S
Mastodon Minstrels

The Premier Minstrel Organization of the World

From Haverly's Casino, Chicago. Under the personal direction of MR. J. H. HAVERLY.

Matinees, Wednesday and Saturday

Extra Matinee, MONDAY, JULY 4th

Next Week (HAVERLY'S MASTODON MINSTRELS) in an entire change of programme.

STOCKWELL'S THEATRE

L. R. STOCKWELL ..... Lessee and Proprietor
ALF ELLINGHOUSE ..... Business Manager

The Most Magnificent and Perfectly Equipped Playhouse in America!

INAUGURATING THURSDAY EVENING, JULY 7
DEDICATING WITH

Augustin Daly's Company

IN—

Thursday, Friday, Saturday Matinee and Saturday Evening | AS YOU LIKE IT

Every Performance Under the Personal Direction of AUGUSTIN DALY.

Week of MONDAY July 11. | Every Evening, (Sunday Excepted), Matinee Saturday, MR. DALY'S Comedy, THE LAST WORD

PRICES:

Orchestra and Dress Circle	$2 00
Balcony	$2, $1 50 and 1 00
Gallery, Reserved	50
Boxes according to location	$15, $12 and 10 00
General Admission	1 00
Gallery Admission	50

Regular Sale of Seats commences Saturday, July 2d, 9 A.M., at Sherman, Clay & Co's, Sutter and Kearny streets.

ONE MINUTE
PANCAKE MEAL
JUST THE THING FOR
EVERYBODY

Madame A. M. NELSON

FASHIONABLE DRESS AND CLOAK MAKER

Rooms 119-121, Phelan Building, 3d Floor

AN ANARCHIST MYSTERY.

Mr. John Hunter, Private Inquiry Agent, stepped from the train feeling anything but satisfied with himself or with the result of his three months' work on the Continent. He had left England with three big jobs on hand, and now he had returned completely unsuccessful in all of them. He had tried hard, but had been completely foiled. The last commission, the most peculiar, and, perhaps, the most difficult of the three, was the only one in which he had done anything. It was with regard to a Sir Clement Delargy—a Baronet of ancient family and splendid connections—who had been missing for several years past, and whose sorrowful heir was anxious to prove him dead in order to get, not the estates, for there were none, but the title for which the said heir's wealthy wife was pining away. Mr. Hunter's sole means of identification in this case was a photograph some fifteen years old, which represented Sir Clement as a handsome, dashing fellow, with high, aristocratic features, and a keen, clean-shaven face; and his sole information as to him and his habits was that when Sir Clement was living in town he gambled hard and drank harder. Some six or seven years ago, broken in fortune and in health, he had gone abroad. Where he went and what he did nobody knew. With these scanty materials to go upon, Mr. Hunter had traced Sir Clement over half the pleasure-cities and gambling-hells in Europe. Finally he lost him in Paris, and his efforts failed to discover a clue of him after his arrival in that city some four years since. Mr. Hunter had a strong impression that he was dead, but he could obtain no proof whatever of it.

Three failures at once were enough to damp Mr. Hunter's spirits; and so it is no wonder he felt depressed as he stepped from the train and walked towards the cloakroom to leave his portmanteau there. As he stood at the cloakroom counter waiting his turn, he noticed a tall man of about fifty, with ragged, unkempt beard, weak, watery eyes, and a stupid, bloated face, coming along the platform carrying a heavy black bag. He walked in such a nervous way, casting furtive glances around him, that the private detective became suspicious, and watched him closely. He drew up beside Mr. Hunter, and handed the cloakroom porter his black bag. It was only after doing so that he noticed that the private detective's keen eyes were fixed on him. The moment he observed this he started violently, and, for a second, seemed inclined to take to his heels; but, then, by an obvious effort, he regained sufficient self-control to assume an appearance of carelessness till the cloakroom porter handed him his receipt. As soon as he received this, he thrust it in his pocket, and, turning away, walked at an extremely fast pace out of the station. A moment later, Mr. Hunter, having received his receipt, hurried after him. To his annoyance and disappointment, when he got outside the station, the suspicious-looking stranger had disappeared.

"Did you notice," he said to the porter, "the appearance of the man who left that black bag two minutes ago?"

"Yes," replied that functionary; "evidently he'd been on the drink."

Mr. Hunter reflected. Was it possible, after all, that the man's nervousness was due simply to this cause? No; it was too pronounced for that.

"What was his name?" asked Mr. Hunter.

"Well," said the porter, half laughing, "I don't think he quite knew himself. When I asked him he seemed to be trying to remember, and then said 'Jones' in a haphazard sort of way."

"Yes?" said Mr. Hunter interrogatively. "That looks suspicious, doesn't it? Have you any notion what's in the bag?"

"No; but it's very heavy," answered the porter. Then a new light seemed to burst upon him. "Are you a detective?" he asked.

"I am," replied Mr. Hunter, boldly, "and I think this is a very suspicious case."

"Do you? Do you?" And the porter became suddenly nervous. "Do you think he might be a dynamiter? You know since them explosions abroad, and the Anarchist trials at home, we have got orders to keep a look-out for suspicious fellows."

"Have you?" Well, he's a very suspicious fellow, I can tell you. Let me see the bag."

Without more ado Mr. Hunter opened the cloakroom gate and walked in. The porter pointed out the black bag. Mr. Hunter took it in his hand; it was heavy. He shook it; a sound as of metal came from within. He put his ear against the side of it; he heard distinctly the click-click of clockwork acting inside.

"The bag must be opened at once," he said, decisively. "Send for the Manager."

In a moment the Manager, Mr. Collison, hurried into the cloakroom. Mr. Hunter stated his suspicions and their grounds. Mr. Collison immediately directed that the bag should be opened. Mr. Hunter—an expert at the work—quickly picked the lock. Then the justice of his fears was made evident. The bag contained an infernal machine ready set and actually working!

The machine was instantly removed, the clockwork stopped, and a hasty consultation held. The Manager left everything in Mr. Hunter's hands, and Mr. Hunter decided that the wisest course would be to keep the discovery secret, and see if the Anarchist returned to claim the bag. Either, he argued, the machine was intended to blow up the station, or—what he thought more probable—it was intended to blow up some public building or the house of a Judge or juryman who had been concerned in the conviction of an Anarchist, and it had been set going accidentally—possibly by the rather violent shake he himself gave it. In either case, if the discovery were not made public, the dynamiter would probably return—in the latter case in ordinary course, and in the former when, from no explosion having taken place, it seems that the machine had miscarried.

Mr. Hunter's calculations proved correct. About an hour after the discovery, the receipt for the black bag was presented to the cloakroom. The person presenting it was not the dynamiter, but a rough called Smith, and well-known about the station. In reply to the detective's questions, he explained that he had been despatched for the bag by a half-tipsy man, who was waiting at the Stingo Arms for his return with it. By Mr. Hunter's directions the bag was given to Smith. As he carried it away, the detective and two railway policemen in plain clothes followed him. The dynamiter, who was watching, came out of the bar door, and walked forward to meet him. He noticed Hunter and the two railway policemen following Smith, and dashed off at a breakneck pace down the street; after a long chase he was caught and was brought back to the railway station, and thence removed, by Mr. Collison's orders, to the police-office. While the charge against him was being entered he stood silent and apparently unconscious of what was happening about him. Anxious to let him know the nature of the charge, the Police Inspector spoke to him in a loud voice. The prisoner by an effort roused himself from his reverie.

"The charge against you," the Inspector then said, "is that you attemped to destroy the railway-station by means of dynamite."

A look of puzzled surprise came into the prisoner's face.

"I—I don't understand you," he said.

The Inspector repeated the charge.

"It's a mistake—you have made a mistake," cried the prisoner, now wide enough awake; "I never attempted anything of the kind."

"Come, come," said Mr. Hunter, "both the cloakroom porter and I saw you leave the black bag containing the dynamite in the cloakroom."

"Dynamite, dynamite," repeated the prisoner with a dumfounded air, "was that what was in it?"

"Of course it was," replied Mr. Hunter somewhat impatiently.

For a moment or two the prisoner remained silent, stunned apparently by the announcement. Then, still in a half dazed state, he muttered, as if speaking rather to himself than to those about him, "My God, my God—dynamite! It is a judgment of Heaven!"

As Mr. Hunter withdrew from the police-office he pondered deeply over the events of the day. He was an astute, clear-sighted man, and he was convinced that the surprise manifested by the prisoner, when he heard what the contents of the bag were, was real.

When brought before the Magistrate, the bearing of the prisoner, who still went by the name of Jones, remained as strange as it had been at the police-office. All he would say was that he did not know that the bag contained dynamite.

Pending his trial at the Old Bailey, Mr. Hunter tried to obtain from him some information as to his previous life, business, or family, but altogether in vain. Balked in this Mr. Hunter made some inquiries outside on these and other points, and so far as he obtained any results they conduced to strengthen his conviction that the prisoner, when he said he did not know that the bag contained dynamite, spoke the truth. He ascertained, for instance, that the prisoner had been staying in Dover for some days before the day of his arrest, and that when he left his lodgings at Dover he had no luggage whatever. One of the railway officials was strongly of opinion that he saw that identical bag in the possession of a foreign-looking gentleman who was drinking with the prisoner during the railway journey. All efforts, however, to trace this foreign-looking gentleman completely failed; as did all efforts to trace the prisoner's movements previous to his arrival at Dover.

This was the state of the case when the

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AGENTS

SAN FRANCISCO

trial at the Old Bailey came on. The prisoner again practically refused to defend himself. He sat silent and dismal with his head resting on his hand throughout the trial. Indeed, his chief anxiety seemed to be to get the ordeal over as quickly as possible. On being asked for his defense he merely repeated what he had said at Bow Street. Of course the jury at once convicted. He was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

Early the following morning the police arrested another Anarchist in possession of an infernal machine exactly similar in construction to that found in Jones' case.

Without delay Hunter rose from the table and hurried off to the police-office where the new prisoner was in custody. He was permitted to see him. The fellow corresponded precisely with the description of the person whom the guard had seen drinking with Jones, and who Mr. Hunter believed was the real owner of the bag which Jones took to the cloakroom.

The new prisoner turned out to be a well-known Anarchist of half-foreign parentage, called Ruscoll. As he was caught red-handed, his conviction was a matter of course. Before it came, however, Mr. Hunter had succeeded in establishing his identity with that of the person seen with Jones, and in convincing himself and the authorities that, however Jones may have got mixed up in the previous dynamite affairs, the real culprit, then as now, was Ruscoll.

After Ruscoll's conviction, the authorities permitted Mr. Hunter to have an interview with the convict, in the hope that he might induce him to clear up the mystery in connection with the previous attempted outrage. Ruscoll received the private detective coolly, and listened to his statement of his business and his appeals to make the truth known in the interests both of justice and of the convict Jones very quietly. When Mr. Hunter had finished, Ruscoll was silent for a moment. Then with a French shrug of his shoulders, he began:

"The fool brought it on himself—he played me a dirty trick—but for him this second expedition which has brought me here would not have been necessary—but I don't bear malice. No, he knew nothing about the dynamite. This is what happened. I came from Paris with the machine. Unfortunately the sea was rough when I crossed, and I drank brandy, being sick. Well, at Dover, Jones, as he calls himself, got into my carriage. He had drunk, too. We became friends, and I shared my flask with him. We talked. I told him, jokingly, that my bag contained something worth thousands of pounds, that with its help I should be able to create a great sensation in England. He said he was very poor. As we came near London I fell asleep—the effect of the brandy. When the train reached the station I still slept. When the guard awoke me—my companion and my bag were gone! *Voilà*!

"He stole it!" exclaimed the private detective, in surprise.

"Yes."

"Why did he take it then to the cloakroom?"

Ruscoll shrugged his shoulders.

"His spirit failed him, I suppose. He wanted to get rid of it some way, and he could not drop it on the platform."

"But why did he not tell the truth on his trial?"

Ruscoll again shrugged his shoulders.

"Was afraid or ashamed, I suppose, to let the world know who he was, and how he had come by the bag.'

A strange notion was running through Mr. Hunter's head as he left Ruscoll's cell. He went straight to the Home Office and obtained an order to see Jones. Two hours later he was shown into the convict prison yard, where Jones was working with other convicts. He was now clean shaven, and the regular life of the prison had obliterated the marks of habitual drunkenness which previously deformed his features. A glance at the old photograph convinced Mr. Hunter. He approached the convict.

"I think," he said to him, "you know something of a man I'm looking for?"

"Whom do you mean?" asked Jones, with a startled look.

"Sir Clement Delargy," answered Mr. Hunter.

The convict flushed crimson. After a moment he spoke:

"You might have let me die here in peace."

—*London Truth.*

PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

The Schwabacher Brothers & Co. loss at Seattle has caught most of "the boys," some of them quite heavily. So far as I can learn, the insurance on stock is something like $245,000, while the building and furniture and fixtures are insured for $75,000. It is generally supposed that there is going to be some little trouble over the adjustment of this loss, as I am informed that large quantities of gun-powder have been stored in the building, and that, in consequence, the policies are null and void. Schwabacher Brothers & Co. have been extremely unfortunate, or rather their insurers have been, as this is, I believe, the third fire they have experienced. It strikes me that it might be as well for the Companies to establish a credit at one of the Seattle Banks, on behalf of this firm and save the annoyance and expense of these constantly recurring adjustments. My friend "Drif" and "Alec" Wetzlar have gone to the front, and if this team can't bring a policy violation to light, I will be greatly surprised.

* * *

R. H. Warfield has resigned the City Agency of Nippert's Companies, and has decided to reform and abandon the insurance business. I learn with pleasure that the "General" has been elected President of a large manufacturing concern across the bay, and will, from this time on, try to live down his connection with "the boys."

* * *

The old-timers, who have been doing "missionary work" in the wilds of Southern California, will, hereafter, miss "Ed." Hare, of Ventura. Hare has been identified with "the boys" for fourteen years past, and many a wandering special has received encouragement, to say nothing of "a small loan," at his hands. I congratulate "Ed." upon his appointment as Special Agent for the Sunset T. & T. Company, and wish him the best of good luck.

* * *

A sigh of relief will go up from the street as soon as the coming holidays are safely past. Underwriters, as a rule, possess as much patriotism as the ordinary man, but, like the latter, they object to being obliged to pay for the sentiment, and I certainly do not blame them, for the companies contribute more to the annual celebration than all the balance. LOCAL.

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WORLD'S FAIR COMMISSION ROW.

It is not generally known that for some time a row has been imminent in the California World's Fair Commission, nor is it generally known that it was recently prevented from coming to a head by the merest scratch. But both these things are facts. Indeed, I have it on reliable authority that two of the Commissioners, ex-Governor Daggett and Senator McMurray, had their resignations ready for transmission to Sacramento all last week, and that but for the election of John Markley to the position made vacant by the arrest of the late Assistant Secretary, Craig, they would have forwarded them to Governor Markham. I do not know the whole story, and even if I did, perhaps I would not be willing to tell it; but the trouble seems to be entirely due to the tax-eating talents of the Secretary, Thomas H. Thompson. Mr. Thompson is one of those queer creatures whose wants are bounded only by the range of his vision. This is saying that if he sees anything he covets it. He was first appointed a Commissioner. The law allows each Commissioner $1000 for traveling expenses. Mr. Thompson resigned as Commissioner to accept the position of Secretary at $300 a month. No sooner had he been elected Secretary than he demanded the $1000 also.

* * *

The other Commissioners sat on this demand without ceremony. Then Mr. Thompson seemed bent on filling all the offices within the gift of the Commission with his relatives. Again it became necessary to sit on him. But he partially succeeded in this last enterprise, among his favorites being Mr. John Craig, Assistant Secretary. Mr. Craig turned up one morning $3000 short in his accounts, whereupon Mr. Thompson, with great alacrity, claimed the credit of having unearthed the deficit The Commission declined to allow this claim. As a matter of fact, Craig's forgeries were discovered by Mr. Andrew J. Moulder, the Financial Secretary. But no sooner had Mr. Craig been safely landed in jail than Mr. Thompson disclosed a plan to fill his place with a relative. Then the trouble ensued. Daggett and McMurray shouted murder in the most approved fashion. As all the discussions took place behind closed doors, however, their shouts were carefully kept from the public. It is said that they insisted on Markley for the position, and declared that if he was not chosen they would resign. With Moulder and Markley to correct Thompson's blunders and attend to the business of the Commission, they were willing to risk their reputations and bondsmen; so Markley was elected and the storm blew over. But it may break out at any time. All Mr. Thompson need do to cause a hurricane is to do something.

If nobody else will accept the Presidential nomination on the Third Party ticket, I would like to mention the Hon. M. M. Estee.

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7 30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*12.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	First and second class for Ogden and East, and first class locally	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	Sunset Route, Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton	8 45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Martinez	12.45 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced and Fresno	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.30 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	8.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
*6.00 p m	Sunol and Livermore	.....
6.00 p m	Ogden Route, Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9.15 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo	‡8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

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‡7.45 a. m.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p. m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos. Saturday and Sunday to Santa Cruz	9 50 a m

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*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.38 p m
‡7.30 a m	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excur'n	‡8 28 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
‡9.30 a m	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations	‡2.45 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.03 p m
12 15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.30 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.37 a m
*3.30 p m	Menlo Park, San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*9.47 a m
*4 30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
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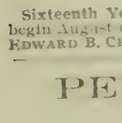

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Week Days	Sundays	Destination.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6 10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
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FASHIONS AND FANCIES.

FOR THE LADIES.

The revival of the quaint old styles for dresses and hats is followed by another, and though it may not be as readily accepted by the girls who at present consider a crinkled bang indispensable, yet it is safe to say that within a few months the new style of hair-dressing will be universally adopted here as well as with our Parisienne and Eastern sisters.

The new method is to arrange the hair in a low braided coil at the back of the neck, and in front it is parted and brought down close to the face and over the ears in slight waves; for many faces (particularly those having high foreheads) this style is apt to prove trying, but the effect can be softened by pressing the waves on either side closely together over the brow. It's a daring step from the long-worn bang, but so was the bell skirt, with its straight, clinging lengths, from the much draped and reeded skirt, its predecessor; but the crusade toward the simple and picturesque moves on bravely, and though we may not hope to hold these wise fashions long (for good things are ever fleeing) the best should be made of them while we may.

* * *

Lovely new Watteau hats are imported and are particularly adapted for the new style of hair dressing. They have wide straw brims of even length slightly curved in front and on the side; when correct in style they have no crown, that space being filled with a mass of flowers—orchids, roses, and sweet-peas with their foliage, being the choice; a single bow of wide ribbon is added, apparently for the purpose of tying the flowers together. On either side under the brim a bow of ribbon is placed, and long narrow velvet ribbon strings are sometimes added in the back.

A charming hat of this design has a double brim; the brim of fine black chip has a lining of white chip, the same width; the space in the centre has a quantity of pale yellow orchids tied with a bow of wide black satin ribbon; the rosettes on either side are of the same ribbon as are also the narrow strings.

* * *

White duck reefers are trimmed in white piqué braid, and are fastened with huge white pearl buttons; the same material is made up by tailors into box-coats. These make exceedingly jaunty and stylish yachting garments when worn with plain duck skirts.

* * *

Ribbon trimmings in all styles, shades, and widths are used on summer dresses, and next to lace hold place as dainty and effective trimming. In fact, for the lovely organdie muslins that are so much worn this season there is nothing that will give so effective a finish. For instance, an organdie with a design of small pink pinks on a white ground has the entire skirt formed of two deep ruffles, one lapping slightly over the other; each of these are finished on the bottom with a straight band of pink satin ribbon two and a half inches wide. The waist has a deep square yoke formed by alternate shirred tucks and narrow pink ribbon ruffles each lapping the other; the wide standing collar is of the ribbon and the full sleeves are gathered in at the wrist to a cuff of the same; a belt of the wide ribbon is fastened by a white enameled clasp.

* * *

It is noticeable that at our fashionable watering places this summer the costumes worn by the young ladies during the daytime are obviously intended more for the comfort and convenience of the wearer than for adornment, and a wise venture it seems. Pretty wash waists in cheviot and silk are worn with simple skirts and sailor hats, sensible shoes, and the costume finished usually by a stunning belt, often the simple clasp of which represents a figure that would be quite large enough to cover the expense of the entire costume. Of course, the girl in befrilled frock, high-heeled dainty shoes, and gauzy wraps is to be found any sunny morning on the fashionable hotel veranda, and it is not to be denied that she is good to look upon, but there is not an air about her as of one who is having a good time, and, after all, that has the greatest attraction these summer days. It is well to walk, ride, drive, play tennis, and swim in the costumes that give the greatest freedom and comfort to the wearer, and when the evening comes and there is little else for the fair ones to do but look pretty, then come forth in all the picturesque daintiness one can command. At least this is the advice of

Mme. X.

J. J. Pfister

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These plates are made by an entirely new process, by depositing chemically pure silver and gold directly upon the plaster model. Its perfect accuracy of fit is thereby insured. Its advantages aside from the fit, are its strength, cleanliness and absence of heating qualities, being far superior to the old sealing, non-conducting, and, in some instances, injurious, rubber plates.

Full and Partial Plates, Saddle bridges and crowns can be made to perfection by this method. The most difficult cases are solicited by Dr. B. W. Haines, who has had much experience in this work, and has met with great success, and takes pleasure in recommending it to those desiring the best artificial denture that art and science can produce.

B. W. HAINES, D. D. S.

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LADIES' HAIR DRESSERS AND WIG MAKERS, 14 Grant Avenue (over City of Paris) Rooms 34, 35, 36, 37. San Francisco, Cal. Commutation Ticket for Hair Cutting, $3 00 worth for $2.50. Open Sundays from 9 a.m. until 1 p.m. Shampooing done with the latest Patent Washing and Drying Machines. Hair Dyeing and Bleaching also performed with care. Manufacturers of Human Hair Goods. Take Elevator

DIVIDEND NOTICE

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 CALIFORNIA STREET

For the half year ending June 30, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one tenth (5 1-10) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and four and one-quarter (4 1-4) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1892.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

MINING AND FINANCIAL.

During the past week shares at Stock Exchange were still on the decline with business dull and stagnant. Taking the prices as quoted Tuesday, the whole Comstock of 31 mines were rated at $2,000,000 for the mill equipments and hoisting machinery, pumping apparatus, cars, tools, etc., and the moneys in the different companies' treasurys. This is as low as they sold in 1886, at the time of the dismantling of the mills and the abandoning of deep mining, and the stopping of pumping operations.

At present the market is left to take care of itself, one of the reasons being given that the managers of the mines are offended at the combination formed some time ago by a number of brokers of the San Francisco Stock Exchange and known as the "Brokers' Combine" who wished to obtain control of the different mines, etc. The manipulators claiming that it is the brokers' business to buy and sell stocks, and not to manage mines. And now the "inside," as they are called, are leaving the market to the brokers to see how well they can regulate prices; if this is done lower figures will rule, and the Brokers' Combine instead of helping the stockholders and protecting their interests, will, by their interference and obnoxious legislation kill the goose that laid the golden eggs.

The one bright ray of light in the market was the Gold Hill group, and, as I stated in the last issue, if any revival of prices come, it is from the Belcher, Crown Point, Jacket, etc. Notwithstanding the whole line declined Belcher held its own and even sold higher than last week, with purchases by Hirshfield on Monday of 1000 shares at $1.25, presumably for the Jones' crowd.

A length of over 200 feet of very good ore has been opened in the middle of this mine on the 300 foot level. The ore has held its own very well in quality and width, and is expected to extend to the 400 foot level, where a cross-cut is being run to intersect it. Regular shipments of the ore will be made to the Brunswick Mill after July 1st. It behooves the speculator to watch this mine, for, from all indications, and circumstances being favorable, higher prices will prevail.

At the Crown Point the 1700 station pumps have been working continuously during the week, and the flow of water keeps both pumps going. On the 170 foot level they have followed north from the main west cross-cut on the pay streaks, a distance of 21 feet. The face shows a width of 2 feet of ore of fair valuation.

At the Yellow Jacket they are daily shipping 56 ton of ore to the Brunswick Mill.

Con. Virginia extracted and shipped to the Morgan Mill 998 tons of ore, of which 980 tons were worked at an assay value of $23.41, or $5 less than the previous week.

There were also 230 tons worked at the Vivian Mill at an assay value of $18.65. There was shipped bullion to the amount of $17,034 to the Carson Mint, and to the office, $1534.

At the Pacific Stock Exchange a resolution was passed to allow the listing of gold mines on the payment of a $100 fee. At present there are none on the list, and, as there are many valuable gold mines incorporated in the State, they would by this means come before the public.

The Riley group of mines owned by Morton and Bliss have been sold to Weil and Conroy for $100,000.

The office of the Union Mill Company reports a shipment from Tuscarora of bullion, valued at $35,000, for the account of the Nevada Queen and other mines.

The total amount of bullion shipped up to date by the Con. Virginia for the June account is $51,390.

The New York has levied an assessment of 10 cents per share.

The Napa Con. Quicksilver Mine, of Napa, will pay a dividend of $10,000 for quarter ending July, also an extra dividend of $10,000 at the same time.

The Bald Mt. Ex, of Downieville, will pay a dividend of $6000. The output for the month is $16,000.

The Colorado Con. will pay a dividend of $13,750. Homestake Gold, $12,500.

The German Saving and Loan Society have declared a dividend for six months on June 30th of 5 1-10 cents on term and 4 1-4 cents on ordinary deposits. The Humboldt, on term 5 14-100 cents and 4 32-100 cents on ordinary.

The Pacific Light Company, 50 cents per share.

The Mutual Savings a dividend for six months on June 30th at the rate of 5 1-5 per cent per annum on term and 4⅓ per cent on ordinary; and the California Savings, 5 4-10 per cent on term and 4½ per cent on ordinary. The People's Home, 5 1-5 per cent on term and 4⅓ per cent on ordinary; and the California Safe Deposit & Trust, 5 1-5 per cent on term and 4⅓ per cent on ordinary deposits.

The quarterly interest on the U. S. 4 per cent bonds will be payable July 1st. The amount is $6,000,000.

At the Stock and Bond Board business was light. It is now thought the trust in powder stock will fall through, as satisfactory arrangements cannot be made by the different interests involved.

The following transactions were of record: Spring Valley Water, 75 shares @ [illegible]; [illegible] San Francisco Gas, 35@70¼; Pacific Gas Improvement, 10@80, Vigorit Powder, 50@2¾; Safety Nitro Powder, 125@9¾; Hawaiian Commercial, 100@1¾, 50@2; of U. S. 4 per cent bonds, 4000@116¾.

SURETY.

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Ladies, remember that this is [illegible] Mme. Ruppert's Bleach. Do not neglect to take with you [illegible] use while at the seashore to prevent Freckles, Tan and Sunburn.

Gentlemen suffering from any blemish of the skin, I recommend the use of Bleach, as well as to ladies. Call or send 6 cents for particulars.

Goods sent to any address on receipt of price: One Bottle $2.00, 3 bottles $5.00.

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These well-known Springs are under a new management. New Cottages, Swimming Pond Electric Light, Telephone, New Bath House, etc.

Stage connects at Pieta with N. P. R. R. to the Springs for dinner.

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HOTEL ZALEA, CAMP TAYLOR, N. P. C. R. R.

First-class accommodations offered in Hotel or Cottages, now ready for engagement. The Most Beautiful Summer Resort near the city.

Three Trains Daily Each Way. Two Round Trips Sunday, leaving San Francisco at 8 A. M. and [illegible] P. M., connecting at Camp Taylor at 5:30 and 6:25 P. M., [illegible] the Beautiful Redwoods and have a full day's [illegible]. No Liquor Passes are Allowed. No Bar room in the Hotel. A [illegible] with everything first class is maintained throughout the year.

JAMES I. TAYLOR, Camp Taylor.

RIPANS TABULES

RIPANS TABULES [illegible] liver and bowels. One tabule [illegible] immediate relief. Take one at meal time. Sold by druggists. A trial bottle sent by mail on receipt of [illegible]. RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., 10 Spruce St., New York.

SANTA CRUZ NEWS.

Society.

SANTA CRUZ, June 28th. DEAR WAVE:—The season is getting rapidly into swing and next week will be its culmination, though an exceptionally gay time is expected in August during the division encampment.

General Dimond with Colonel DePue, Colonel McDonald and Captain Barry came down Wednesday evening, and on Thursday Mayor Jeter and others of the Citizens' Committee accompanied the division staff to the Potrero where the dips, spurs, and angles of the battle field were studied with a view to properly placing the largest encampment which has yet taken place of the National Guard of California.

The advent of the yacht fleet is looked forward to with much anticipation by everybody, and every sort of attention and festivity that the gallant sailors can be induced to receive will probably be pressed upon them. A committee has been appointed to watch for the white wings as they pass a given line into the harbor of Santa Cruz, and the first one over the line is to receive, from citizens of Santa Cruz, a trophy in the shape of a solid silver punch bowl made after an appropriate design. A heavy silver chain with anchors pendant will festoon the edge of the bowl which will be engraved with a yacht in full sail and an inscription; a ship's cable will coil around the base, and the whole will stand upon a pedestal of black onyx. The judges are Major Frank McLaughlin, Judge J. H. Logan, H. M. Hanmore, A. C. Belicke. Richard Thompson, D. W. Grover, and F. W. Swanton. The following reception committee will do the honors of Santa Cruz to the yachtsmen: Mayor Jeter, H. F. Kron, J. P. Smith, J. F. Cunningham, W. J. McCollum, T. V. Mathews and F. W. Ely.

An avant guard of the fleet, although not one of the competitors, is lying in the harbor now. The "Ramona" crept quietly in one night last week almost in a dead calm, saluted the half-asleep town and dropped anchor. On board, as guests were Mrs. H. McCarthy, Misses Lizzie McCarthy and Jennie Chalmers, and Kittie McDade, while Commodore Wm. N. McCarthy is owner and commander of the yacht, and Messrs. W. H. Leahy, H. L. Welch, and C. F. McWilliams act indiscriminately in the roles of First Officer, Chaplain, and Purser.

At the Sea Beach Hotel the gayeties on the tapis and going on, the good times they are having, and the dances they dance, and the swims that they swim, would fill a column.

The hop of Saturday last was an informal one, but was voted very good. The girls looked well, both those from the hotel and those from the cottages. The Misses Delmas are always daintily and tastefully dressed. Their white beach costumes are quite perfect even to gloves and boots, and always thoroughly fresh—something which I can't conscientiously say of all the white costumes that go to the beach. At the hop the three sisters (Delmas) adopted for the evening the pretty chord of national colors, being gowned in brilliant red, pale blue, and cream white. The Meyers sisters wore white and pale green *crepe*. This week the hop will be a more formal affair, with committees and other details quite *en regle*, and I shall expect to chronicle some pretty gowns.

Music is a feature, as I have told you more than once. The sacred concert of Sunday night in the Sea Beach parlors was a crowded affair and Prof. Green's orchestra was enriched by the fine soprano voice of Lydia Warren Roberts of Fresno. But elegance and upholstery spoil the best of music, and for her Wednesday evening musicale, for which she issued cards, Mrs. Roberts wisely chose the auditorium of the same hotel, which Sullivan gladly arranged for the occasion, and the result was a delightful evening of music from voice, violin, cornet, and piano.

A distinguished guest at the Sea Beach is W. H. Hilliard, whom his friends know better as "Harry," so genial and whole-souled a fellow socially as to make one forget the immense artistic prestige with which he comes laden. But we really have an exhibitor of the Paris salon among us and, what is more, he is going to stay and paint us a grand picture which shall immortalize some of the glories of Santa Cruz. On Tuesday Mr. Hilliard was taken to the Big Trees by Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Smith, and near that grove he chose a subject for the picture he is commissioned to paint for the World's Columbian Exposition.

On the same evening Mrs. Smith entertained a small but very congenial party in Mr. Hilliard's honor at Sunshine Villa. The music of the evening was rendered by little Meta Asher a wonderful child pianiste of only ten years, who is spending the summer here. She goes abroad for study next year.

Sunday night at "Sunshine" was the occasion of a charming dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Smith in honor of Colonel and Mrs. Chadbourne, who were here. There were also present Mr. and Mrs. George Sanderson, Mrs. Archibald Yell and Mr. Hilliard.

Golden Gate Villa, the lovely home of the McLaughlins, has been quiet this week and the genial Major has been absent, but he returns to-day and all next week there will be guests and gayety at the Golden Gate.

The Cotillion Club's german at the Casino last week was so pretty and so successful that it will be made the first in a series to be given on Friday of each week. Mrs. Smith's leading was very graceful. An enjoyable feature of the Casino parties is the absolutely perfect *petit souper* which Manager Casanova and his *chef* serve to order No such cooking has been known in Santa Cruz which now need not sigh for a Sherry nor dream of a Delmonico. Mr. Bilicke tells me that the Casino is a financial success already, at which I rejoice, for it is an important addition to the pleasure resources of Santa Cruz.

The opening hop at the Pacific Ocean House occurred on Thursday. It was a delightful and well managed affair as Messrs. McCollum and Bilicke had carefully chosen their committees. Informal driving parties, musicales, etc., add to the festivities at the Ocean House.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Nuhn, of San Francisco, are enjoying their honeymoon here very much. Sunday evening they gave a dinner at the Casino to Santa Cruz friends and early in the week, taking "Bootsy" as their guide, philosopher, and friend, they started on a fishing excursion in the streams "up the Coast."

"Sells" came here this week, and a circus party was given by Mrs. F. O. Hihn and Miss Pearl Makinney to two dozen of guests, among whom were the Elys, Swantons, Jeters, Smiths, Tanners, Lillys, Thompsons, and Hihns, Misses Makinney, Bowen, Hihn, French, Messrs. Hilliard, Bilicke, Makinney, Hammer, and Mendenhall. A supper at F. O. Hihn's followed.

Louis Bernheim, of the class of '95, State University, is visiting his parents here, and Joseph Jacoby, of San Francisco, is also their guest.

The water has been fine this week, and the new bathing suits blossom out daily. Armstrong, the favorite swimming teacher, has again taken to the water. He really can't keep out of it.

The Misses Delmas have come out in very pretty new Union suits this week, just varied enough so that you can tell them apart. I am glad to say that the V-shaped necks, which invited both sunburn and comment, seem to be entirely rejected this year.

The Sharons have one of the prettiest and most commodious places in town, on Mission Hill. Miss Sharon, the Misses Dunn and Miss Dennigan have very good times. Their costumes are always fresh and suitable and becoming. That seems a deal to say but it is very nice to look at. They have not been in the water until this week.

Rev. Father McNamee, pastor of the Catholic Church will leave this week for a six months' visit for rest and recuperation to Great Britain and the Continent. His parishioners presented him a substantial testimonial on Wednesday.

The citizens talk of a celebration on the Fourth and the yachts will illuminate and send off fireworks.

Next week all will be gun-powder and gayety.

KATE KEARNEY.

Great Semi-Annual

CLEARANCE SALE

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Finest Wedding Cakes.

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SEA BEACH HOTEL.

The only First-class Hotel in Santa Cruz, and the only Summer Resort on the Coast where can be found the finest land and marine view in America. New Dance Hall; Concerts and Hops arranged for throughout the season. Tennis Court and Croquet Grounds, the finest on the Coast. Two minutes walk from railroad stations and steamship landing. Street cars pass the door. Free Bus to and from all trains.

JOHN T. SULLIVAN, Proprietor.

SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, June 28th. DEAR WAVE:—San Jose Society is in danger of being bulldozed into accepting an Englishman and his wife as one of the 400. Mr. and Mrs. F—— came here from Santa Cruz, where they are well know as tricksters and have more enemies than friends among the residents of that place. Here they are trading on the name of Mrs. Frank Leslie, but it is well known that the above named lady during her recent trip through San Jose refused to recognize Mr. F—— as her brother, yet they still cling to the relationship and use her name as a raft to keep them afloat until the wind blows in the right direction and then they will sail into Society, triumphant. But will the wind blow in the right direction? We hope not. We have heard that Mrs. F—— made some very unlady-like remarks in disfavor of San Jose Society, the substance of which were that the large number of low Irish composing it made it unpleasant for a high-born English woman.

She has quite an assortment of "Worth dresses" that are more remarkable for their antiquity than their beauty. It would be an act of charity for some collector of curiosities to call upon the lady at her home, where she and her husband reside with Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Owen, for they have already taken in Mr. Owen and his wife and have connected themselves with the *Phœnix*, so we are sure if they take plenty of cash they will secure a valuable curio, then "our Lady" can purchase a gown of more modern style.

Mr. and Mrs. F—— appeared at the opening of the Auditorium the other evening in flying colors, Mrs. F—— wearing one of her so-called "Worth dresses," and her spouse sporting a swallow-tail cut in the style "of ye ancient times."

The week has been one of absolute *ennui*. No Society, no hilarity, and, strange to say, no new scandal, so, for the first time in our history, we gossipers are compelled to rehearse the old chestnuts, which might be woven into "Droll Stories" worthy of Balzac's pen. But no, I won't do it to-day. I am just recovering from the party and feel less like quarreling with my friends than I ever did before.

Speaking of the party, Mrs. Rudolph Spence was there. She has been a guest of the Ruckers, Planks, and Moores for a week past and really looked lovely. Morgan Hill danced only with Grace and myself. Other girls were there who deserve and receive all my admiration, first because they were really well dressed and pretty, but more because they didn't interfere with my pleasure. Among these were Amelia Plank, a charming girl and very pretty. Alice Hobbs, slight, graceful, and pretty and Howell's sweet sister were also there. I noticed Jimmy Findlay casting languishing glances toward Miss McLaughlin, and I fear that his handsome, bearded face will play sad havoc with one susceptible heart. Jimmy danced with me or I wouldn't call him handsome, but then Sam entertained me for a while, also, so honors are easy between them.

Perley won the "Log Cabin" suit and his smile is sweeter now than ever. In fact, it positively overwhelms the inmates of "Typewriters' Hall."

BABBLER.

SACRAMENTO NOTES.

SACRAMENTO, June 28th. DEAR WAVE:—Everything here is hopelessly dull, and I fear it will remain so for some months. H. G—— has returned with his bride, and they drive out daily. Wonder if the *shade* of Mrs. S—— number one ever troubles him? At any rate, this Mrs. S—— is quite a swell-looking lady. In my last letter I told you she was a close friend of Mrs. E—— of your city. I have since learned that she is a niece. We are indebted to her marriage for that information, for before it the relationship was ignored, but now gladly acknowledged. How I wish I could marry some rich old party. There is no telling how many "sisters, cousins, and aunts" might crop up in a night, and innumerable friends.

There is a new young man up here; rather nice looking, and, I understand, the possessor of a glorious voice. Two of our H Street maidens may be seen strolling with him on almost every evening, but much to the delight of S—— she now has him to herself, R—— having gone to San Francisco for a visit; let us hope that the delight of having a man all to herself will not result disastrously. Leila C—— has gone to San Rafael to visit her sister; I am glad for her as she has had rather a slow time lately, owing to ill health.

The Upson girls are still here; they say it is dreadfully dull for them, nothing to do but play tennis and drive around. Lucy and Mae C—— are the best looking girls on the court.

"The Undine Boat Club" has started anew this summer; think some of the members might get up something for the girls; the Fourth of July would be a good time, as we are not to have the usual display of fire works this year. Now boys "A word to the wise," etc.

Ethel is still away; wonder what the attractions are. The young lady with the masculine name reminds me of her; saw her the other evening and thought E—— had returned. They both reside in the "same block" and affect a like style of dress, which probably accounts for my mistake. Our young men are happy; the girls jubilant; the concerts have commenced, and we are to have two a week. On a warm evening it is just lovely to stroll or drive around and listen to the music, meet your friends and be brought home by "a nice young man;" it is a superb rendezvous. The church people wish to do away with the Sunday concerts, but they were unsuccessful in their efforts in that direction, so we are to have them from now on. As they are about our only amusement during the summer, it would seem too bad to have only one a week, but I am not in the fight, so will say adieu.

Yours, NINA.

FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

FRESNO, June 29th. DEAR WAVE:—It was about time W. D. G. entered into a "fistic" encounter or a "molar exercise." The legal fraternity having been remarkably quiet lately, we needed something to discuss. I'm sorry for G——, though, if his fall will cripple him for life. A misfortune of that nature is deeply to be regretted, particularly when it happened in defense of a very charming little lady's property. "Misfortunes never come singly," so Grady says. My sight was nearly blinded last week when our Beau Brummell promenaded Mariposa Street in his new white flannel suit—very swell! We girls gazed with ill-concealed admiration, and the boys were, Oh, so envious. So mean of Ward to say, "Isn't Beau pretty?" Just at the critical moment, too, when "satisfaction" was written upon *all* countenances. It's been too warm for tennis, or the Beau might have aired it on the court.

Takes a man for meanness, at times, doesn't it? Just see how some of the papers are writing the girls up, and blaming them for all the noise made in church when the boys are the cause every time; they go purposely to flirt with us girls; while we go, our minds intent on religion and the text, and are made to snicker at the foolishness of these horrid boys.

Society, or the "150 of the 400" have departed for the Coast, consequently no social event has taken place lately. We are promised several very elegant functions in September and October, so an early return of the maids and matrons is anticipated. The grass widowers, whose wives are away, are indulging in some *recherché* dinner parties at their homes (where they have retained the cook), and others not as fortunate depend on the Barton Café, and fare fully as well. I may write up Jack's version of one of these dinners soon—they are unique, to say the least.

Yours, IMP.

LAWN TENNIS.

The single championship tournament of the Pacific States now in progress at the courts of the Hotel Rafael has thus far been a success. The tournament was started on Thursday last and the playing thus far, considering the condition of the courts, has been far above the average. The clubs from across the bay are very well represented, the Oakland Club by Hubbard, Bates, C. Neel, S. Neel, Driscoll, Allen, Sanborn, and others. The Madison Club by Marks, and English, and the Alameda Club by Haslett and Toby Allen.

Charles Krug, of Napa Tennis Club, a very clever player was a genuine surprise to the natives, and his future performances on the tennis court will be watched with interest. Phillips, of Reno, was the only other outside entry.

The California Club of San Francisco was sorely crippled by the absence of three of their crack players, O. Hoffman, Yates, and G. V. Gray. The Club's reputation for producing crack players has thus far been ably sustained by the excellent display of tennis which was given by their representatives, particularly the younger players. The Club's entries were Tobin, Wilberforce, G. DeLong, Stetson, Collier, F. DeLong, Dutel, and Ward McAllister, Jr. The Olympic Club was represented by Wilber, Treat, and J. A. Code.

Great interest centers on the wind-up of the all-comers' event Saturday afternoon, the outcome of which will determine who is to play the present champion, W. H. Taylor, Jr., for the title of champion and the magnificent challenge cup, valued at $500, which has already been captured twice by the present champion and which is to become his absolute property in the event of his winning on Monday next. Should S. Neel or Hubbard prove the victor in all-comers, the match on Monday will certainly be well worth the trip to witness. Taylor is out for the cup and determined to capture the championship for the sixth consecutive time.

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OAKLAND HAPPENINGS.

OAKLAND, June 30th. DEAR WAVE:—Last week it was my pleasure to visit the Billy Bonds, in camp at Sunol. Of course, as you know, I think Billy a dear fellow, and Ruby the sweetest girl going, but they needn't invite me to visit them again, as I prefer my downy couch at home. Nettie Hamilton, and that pretty cousin of Billy's were also there, and during the week Ned Vinzent, the J. P. Jacksons, Mattie Sellick, Selby Adams, and that Frank Smith made us a visit. It was lots of fun, and we all did so much enjoy Ned's and Nettie's singing.

My trip there prevented me from being in Oakland the night, or morning, I should say, of Cleve Dam's celebration. You doubtless have heard of his untimely performance. Immediately after the news of Cleveland's nomination had been received, Cleve took it upon himself to arouse the respectable citizens from their peaceful dreams by a blast of cannon that made the wicked think their time had come. Those who were in town say that the awful noise upon the quiet midnight air was something terrible and almost caused a second Waterloo. I am afraid that Cleve's child-like simplicity, or impetuosity will carry him too far some day.

Jack Wilson says that Belle Hutchinson looked too sweet and pretty for words at Berkeley, last week, when she took the leading role in "Esmeralda," but that her histrionic talent will never set the world on fire. Jessie Coleman and one of the Sons A. C. Henry also took part. Can you imagine such a thing? Isn't it absurd that all the girls and boys are now trying to develop a talent in that line, so as to take part with the amateurs, who intend giving a play at the new theatre. Even Frou-Frou has given endless hints to Jack, but he fails to understand them. *On dit* that he and pretty Harry Adams are now running the gauntlet as to which shall be the guiding star of bewitching little M. M——'s existence, but a truce to such gossip.

Do you know, dear, that cards are out for the wedding of Alice Bayley and Fred Torrey? They have decided to be wed on July 7th. Wasn't it too mean that Ole Vinzent didn't invite me to his wedding? Now, had it been his brother, Ned, I would have been maid of honor. Were it not for my lack of ducats he, doubtless, would have fallen in love with me long ago.

The old maids are happy, as there is another "broiler" in town for them to angle after. Ned Brayton is the victim; he returned from Yale last week. It is almost impossible to give the statement credence, but he is a trifle more *blasé* than his brother, Bert.

The Goodalls, the Knowles, Edith Coxhead, and Frou-Frou expect to join the George Wheatons, Charles Webb Howards, Charlie Hubbard, and the Folgers at San Rafael this afternoon. We intend taking a lively interest in the famous tennis match; then we are going to drive to Larkspur, where we will visit our friends, the Hutchinsons, Floy Brown, and the East Oakland coterie. We have also been invited to take luncheon with Gus Costigan at his bachelor apartments. If Frou-Frou only dared tell her true opinion of Gus, he might cease to imagine himself the biggest fish "in the swim."

I am so glad that Nellie Chabot has at last come to her senses. She and her mother have withdrawn from the crowd that usually surround them, and intend passing the summer at Del Monte.

John Glascock and his family are sojourning at Castle Crags. Bessie and Ella Wall will join them to-morrow. Isn't it perfectly lovely that the girls have a brother-in-law who takes so much interest in their welfare? He and his wife are always making efforts to give the girls a good time and catch husbands for them. They will find it rather difficult to capture a suitable *parti* for Bessie, as she is cold, exacting, and critical. I can't see why Bessie don't take young Loring; he adores her. Is it that she still dreams of her old love, Frank Matthieu, who, during her trip to Europe, married an heiress? Later in the season I, too, expect to go to Castle Crags with papa.

You will be pleased to hear that dainty little Fannie Orr will soon be with us again, as she is now in New York *en route* from Europe. In the fall I suppose there will be a wedding, but I recently heard it rumored that the engagement was severed.

Speaking of severed engagements, reminds me of Sammy Chambers. Can it be that there is not a girl in the wide world who will take him? He does more than *some* men of our acquaintance, for he manages to become engaged. My letter is becoming too lengthy, so

Adios, FROU-FROU.

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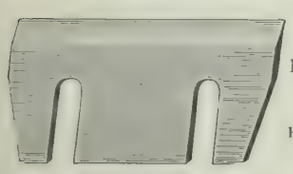

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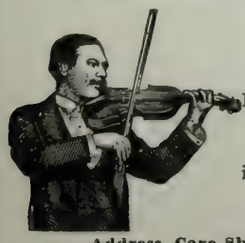

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The Wave

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SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 9, 1892.

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SPLASHES.

IS IT BETTER to be deafened in town or crushed and starved in the country? That is the choice of evils the National holiday offers. Fourth of July's happiest characteristic is that it comes but once a year. If there were several of it, the population would not now be 65,000,000, but resort proprietors would be millionaires. Not only is the patriotic anniversary celebrated by the small boy, but even the elements consider it their duty to participate. The sun and the wind are at their hottest and worst, and fog crowds out the twilight when it does not encroach on the afternoon. The last Fourth was no exception to the precedents of its predecessors. In town the merciless firecracker threatened to split one's ears; in the country, of inadequate feeding at extravagant rates.

* * *

Until I spent one Fourth of July in the seclusion of my chamber I used to wonder why people could leave the possibility of a French dinner for the impossibility of obtaining aught worth eating. I would suggest as an amendment to present forms of penitential enjoyment, the establishment of a casino and a *chef* at the Farallones. Given an embargo on firecrackers, children, and lawn tennis players, I have no doubt of the success of the project.

* * *

AT SAN RAFAEL an inability to enthuse over tennis was regarded as akin to crime. No one thought or talked on other topics; to suggest the existence of aught outside rackets, to allude, even vaguely, to something with no bearing on courts, was to be viewed with suspicion. On the night of the cotillion I made a dozen vain efforts to interest two girls on the subject of hats. Even this failed. Insensibly I found myself discussing Hubbard's serves and Sanborn's style, and, above all, Taylor's form. There was the matter we waxed eloquent on. Lack of interest was no excuse for ignorance—that or nothing. It seems to me the symptoms might furnish a reasonable excuse for the establishment of a new lunatic asylum. That this enthusiasm is as much a form of madness as melancholia must be admitted. It is, also, more painful.

* * *

The Hotel Rafael was pervaded with tennis, youth, and sympathizers. As some of the latter justified their existence by possessing beauty of face, one could believe their mania transient. The rest were exultantly tiresome. They seemed to imagine an ability at racket-wielding constituted a claim for special consideration. Robed for the cotillion in impeccable flannels they oppressed by their demands for one's admiration. At intervals they became excited and drank Napa Soda lemonade. Some few of these interesting creatures had attained the ripe age of twenty-three. Otherwise, the cotillion was very pretty. Mr. Greenway is a veteran leader and, of course, offered no figures, save those cobwebbed with antiquity.

* * *

Pretty girls there were in profusion. Miss Ames, Miss Hoffman, Miss Jolliffe, Miss Helen Walker, Miss Morrow, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Miss Mae Dimond—all in ravishing toilettes. Among the Oakland contingent Miss Goodall and Miss Comstock, the latter an exceedingly handsome damsel of a queenly type, were noticeable. From San Rafael came Miss Blanche Bates, a new girl with a fine figure and splendid eyes, and Miss Whittemore in a charming costume. The hotel furnished an interesting contingent of handsome married women, notably Mrs. Lascelles and Mrs. Bowers; the Misses Huntsman and others whose names might, but won't, fill a page. The *tout ensemble* was very fine, and, to a connoisseur of good looks, most attractive. There seemed some confusion about the seats. It being a cotillion the participants had certain places allotted them. This caused those not versed in the ways of this form of entertainment to object.

* * *

However, these little asperities will occur and give opportunities for the exhibition of amiability that are seldom taken advantage of. Supper followed at midnight and never was ice-cream more welcome. Those who amused themselves actively on Sunday made a reputation for energy. Frank Johnson organized a picnic party and conveyed a delegation of his friends to the cool glades of Tamalpais. His was the most conspicuous effort, however. On Monday no one thought of anything but the championship contest, and the ladies dressed up to the event. San Rafael, Sausalito, and several contingents of fashionables from San Francisco assembled in the shady side of the tennis court and worked up extravagant enthusiasm over the opponents. In order to command the best view a party of adventurous maidens permitted themselves to be piloted to the roof of the pavilion where their costumes looked very effective.

* * *

It is rather a pity young Mr. Taylor could not curb the turbulence of his friends. That his victory was a subject for rejoicing there can be no question, but they seemed to imagine, these youths, that everyone else must of necessity share their boisterousness. The fact that they indulged rather more vigorously than wisely in champagne may be considered by some an excuse for behavior the reverse of gentlemanly. They made the night hideous with their noise, and, owing to the exertions of the afternoon being unable to cheer, they expressed their emotions by banging on the floor and verandas of the clubhouse.

* * *

The extent to which the tennis fetich prevailed at the Rafael may be realized by the deference which the champion excited. He and his friends came into dinner in a body and occupied seats at a decorated table in the

centre of the room. As they entered the band played "America," and everyone rose and applauded vehemently. James G. Blaine, or Grover Cleveland could not have had a more distinguished reception than this curly-haired boy who is dextrous on one side of a tennis net with a racket.

* * *

MATRIMONY HAS DEVASTATED Del Monte. The fairest flowers in California's garden of maidens, whose presence in the past made the Queen of American Watering Places the happiest, gayest resort in all the land, have been torn from the parent stems, and are now worn on the conjugal lapel, away from Monterey and former scenes of triumph. As a result, the Fourth at Del Monte lacked something of its old gayety. Yet there was no stint in beauty or elegance. Lovely faces and beautiful combinations in costumes, as in years agone, charmed the largely superfluous circle of men, who, for the first time in years, were in painful abundance. Each lady had an army of cavaliers, and at the hops no wall-flowers adorned the ballroom, or displayed lovely gowns unsuccessfully.

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So far as the peace-rending fire-cracker was concerned the Fourth was a trifle dull; but the imp with the toy cannon, the zig-zag, red-head, and other means of torture was never missed, and patriotism found expression in Terpsichorean exercises only, which, by the way, is as likely to inculcate the lesson of love of country as is the firing of guns and the burning of Roman candles. If it becomes generally known that the fire-cracker is vetoed at Del Monte, that resort will have a larger crowd next year than it had this, if that be possible. But better railroad service should be provided, and the large number of people who had to stand on the road down, last Saturday, should be given a director's car next year. I sincerely hope this will be done, as I am anxious to learn how comfortable a director's car is.

* * *

Whatever may be the disadvantages of getting to Del Monte, they are all forgot as soon as one arrives. In the contemplation of the corridors and halls, filled with the prettiest girls in the State, one may not recall to mind the heat and dust of travel. The hotel has rarely presented a livelier appearance than on Monday night, when the guests gathered for the hop. The costumes of the ladies made a picture not easily forgotten. Miss Hager, one of the few of last year's belles present, walked down the hall, conscious that her dress was irreproachable, and confident, as she leaned on the arm of Lansing Kellogg, that she had the attention of all. Behind her was Mrs. Hastings, whose ease of manner and gayety had for their foundation the knowledge that her gown was a confection of the *modiste's* art. Miss Requa and Miss Huntington were admired as much for their beauty of face as for the excellent taste they displayed in dress, and Miss Woolworth, whose modest, violet-like disposition is a charm not possessed by all, awoke admiration in those who saw her. Mrs. Sharon was the best-dressed lady at the hop; indeed, in the morning at the beach, or in the afternoon, her costumes were noticeable for their elegant simplicity: Mrs. St. Auburn, Mrs. Blanding, Miss Chapin, Mrs. Foute, Miss Tobin, and many others whose names would make a Society directory, were so beautifully costumed that description becomes dizzy in an effort to enumerate their charms of dress.

* * *

After the hop the guests gathered in the dining-room where Manager Schonewald had set out a supper that was a revelation of the possibilities of the Hotel Del Monte. I have never before seen so many partake of a midnight repast at this resort, nor have I ever heard as many favorable comments. Although Francis Murphy was at the hotel, his presence did not interfere with the enjoyment of the affair, and what the day had lacked in the snap of fire-crackers was made up in the pop of corks at night. Aside from the hop, the only other concerted celebration of the day was a picnic, given by J. M. Cunningham, and it was observed that while it took only one carriage to convey the merry-makers to the scene of the enjoyment, it was necessary to have two wagons carry the ammunition. Among Mr. Cunningham's guests were Mr. and Mrs. St. Auburn, Mrs. Hastings, Miss Chapin, and Walter Dean. There are some very swell turnouts at the hotel this year; Mrs. Tevis' team is greatly admired; Miss McDermott has a superb saddle-horse, and Mr. Laumeister's roadster is a picture.

* * *

THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT is over, and Willie Taylor retains the championship. It was an interesting and quite exciting contest. Hubbard made a splendid fight and had he the self possession and the coolness that characterize his adversary, the result might have been different. He played a brilliant game and took his defeat with a grace and good nature that show him a gentleman. He is not so accurate nor so conservative as his opponent, but he is very quick, has a greater variety of strokes, a more effective serve. Nervousness prevented him utilizing his resources to the best advantage. Taylor played to win, slowly, surely, cleverly. He never hurried, never made an unnecessary move, conserved his strength as much as possible, and returned his opponent's balls as correctly and as directly in the last set as he did at first.

* * *

Tennis players, their sisters and cousins and sweethearts, made up the spectators that watched the game. Between the opponents, sympathy was evenly divided. Taylor had the San Francisco contingent and Hubbard had Alameda County shouting for him. What a noise they made. Hits and misses were generously applauded, and at intervals—frequent intervals—vociferously cheered. The "Good Work" Club composed of half a dozen gay youths, intimates of the champion, were energetic in their demonstrations. In opposition to their ear-rending howls was a Hubbard contingent each with a mouth from ear to ear. Between the heat, the noise, the excitement, those who were merely spectators had a hard time of it, and were regarded with suspicion and distrust by the others who seemed to believe the fate of nations hung on the rackets of the contestants.

* * *

THE LATEST PROJECT the Directors of the Concordia Club have advanced is the establishment of a theatre night. As soon as the summer is over it is proposed to fix one night every week or fortnight on which theatre parties can be arranged. Afterward supper may be partaken of in the Club. That especial evening will be known as "Lady's Night," and on it the wives and female relatives of the members are permitted the freedom of the rooms. This arrangement has proved especially popular in certain Eastern clubs, and there is no reason why it should not prove a success in San Francisco.

* * *

The Concordia's midsummer jinks positively take place on the evening of August 9th. In future these entertainments are to be alluded to as "A Night Off." Charles Ackerman has been chosen to preside, and the committee is individually and collectively engaged in thinking up "a name to replace 'Sire.'" The various clubs have now distinctive names for their festivities. The Bohemian Club has its "jinks," the Press Club its "late watch," the Country Club its "outing" and "shoots," the Athenian Club of Oakland its "chirps." The staid Cosmos, the conservative Pacific-Union, and the University are not in the habit of indulging their members in entertainments.

* * *

Something there is about the Friday Night Bowling Club that conduces to matrimony. When the engagement of Mr. Weinshenk and Miss Manheim was announced, some weeks ago, I stated others were imminent. My prophecy has been realized, and more are to come. Of course I will not even indicate the names of the twain whose taking of the fatal leap will next be announced. There is no doubt that propinquity is the modern Cupid. Those desirous of committing matrimony are advised to join a bowling club—any one will do—and in the course of a season something is sure to come of it. Certain vacancies in the Friday Night Club are much in demand this coming August.

* * *

The engagement of H. S. Manheim and Miss Yettie Kahn is announced. Mr. Manheim is a son of the senior member of the firm of Manheim, Dibbern & Co., and Miss Kahn is the sister of Dr. Kahn and of Mrs. Katten. She is a very pretty and very popular girl.

Arcadian Waukesha Water. Your Physician wil recommend it.

Both Mr. Manheim and Miss Kahn are members of the Friday Night Bowling Club. They will receive their friends at the residence of Mrs. Katten, 2213 Sutter Street, on the afternoons of Sundays, the seventeenth and twenty-fourth instant.

* * *

The marriage of Charles Weinshenk and Miss Manheim will be celebrated at eleven o'clock on Sunday morning next, at the residence of the bride's parents. It will be strictly a family affair. The bride and groom will start out on their honeymoon trip by the afternoon train.

* * *

THE BOHEMIAN CLUB'S mid-summer jinks are to take place in August instead of July. The change is made to allow the committee in charge time to select permanent jinks grounds. To secure the necessary degree of privacy it has been considered desirable to purchase a few acres of redwood, and among the sites offered are one at Mill Valley and another at Guerneville. Fred Somers, if he can be persuaded to remain so long in town, will doubtless act as "sire," and I believe he has an idea that a species of Buddhist Temple erected in the woods should prove a novelty. His suggestion would employ priests in costumes, besides all manner of incantations and ceremonies in which the Bohemian Club delights.

* * *

Architect Pissis is still hard at work on the plans for the club building. The exterior has been decided on and orders given for the removal of the houses that now occupy the site. Within a month tenders will be called for, and by July, 1893, the Bohemian Club should be occupying its own headquarters.

* * *

The Fourth was thoroughly enjoyed by the guests of the Vendome. The large number of San Francisco people at that popular resort gave it quite a local appearance. In the early evening a very fine disply of fireworks was given, and later an informal hop furnished a means of enjoyment for the guests. This has certainly been a very successful season at the Vendome, and the management is to be congratulated on it.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest La Montagne have returned from Europe, and have taken rooms in one of the swell apartment houses of New York. Their European trip proved a thoroughly delightful one.

* * *

Senator and Mrs. Stanford are at the Hotel Bristol, Pau, where they have the Prince of Wales' suite of rooms. The Senator is wonderfully improved by the sea voyage. They go away soon to Aix-Les-Bains. Before returning, Mrs. Stanford will spend some time in Paris, and will purchase pictures for the University Art Gallery.

* * *

George Whittell purposes building a handsome residence on the corner of California and Jones Streets. His old house has been moved along to the corner of Sacramento Street, and will be occupied, as soon as it is reinstated, by Major and Mrs. Rathbone. The Whittell house will certainly be an ornament to the Hill. Coxhead has the designing, and proposes to erect an edifice in decided contrast to the Will Crocker house, opposite. Mr. Whittell has also acquired the lot adjoining his own, and there is ample room for architectural effect.

* * *

In decorating the interior of the Edgar Mills house, out on California Street, some $34,000 has already been spent, and the rooms are not yet finished. The design that Mr. Page Brown has furnished is of great beauty. The Henry Crocker house is now very near completion, and will be ready for the furnishers some time next month. It will be opened with a ball. The decorations of its interior have cost already somewhere in the neighborhood of $40,000.

* * *

I have much pleasure in stating that the wedding of Walter S. Hinkle, Assistant District Attorney, and Miss Redding, will take place on Sunday. Mr. Hinkle is a very popular young man, whose abilities have won him a high place in his profession. Miss Redding is the Society writer for the *Chronicle*, and is an accomplished and charming girl. Every happiness is hoped for the young couple.

* * *

The engagement of Spencer Buckbee and Miss Emma Durbrow is announced. Mr. Buckbee is very well known both in business circles and in Society. He is affiliated with Herman Shainwald in the firm of Shainwald, Buckbee & Co., one of the most successful real estate concerns on the Coast. Miss Durbrow is now the only unmarried member of her family. She is a very highly-educated and charming girl, and is particularly known as a clever conversationalist. Her sister, Miss Carrie Durbrow, was married last year to Alfred Holman, then manager of the *Post-Intelligencer*, Seattle.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Carolan have arrived and are located at their residence in San Rafael. Quite a number of their friends have already presented their respects and congratulations. Mr. Carolan is back at his post in Carolan & Co's. His bride looks handsomer than ever.

* * *

The engagement of Miss Dell Chapman and Frank J. Woodward is announced. Mr. Woodward is the Secretary of the Highland Park and Fruitvale Railroad, and his *fiancee* is the pretty and accomplished daughter of the Rev. Dr. Chapman, of East Oakland. The wedding will take place in August.

* * *

Cazadero has its peculiar charm as San Franciscans have discovered long ago. This retreat among the redwoods has been crowded all summer and there has been no lack of gayety. Among the well-known people who are spending the season here are the Dickmans, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tallant, Mrs. Eugene Sherwood and the Misses Sherwood, Mrs. Captain Welsh and daughter, L. Ghirardelli and family, the Van Bergens and many others. There is dancing every evening in the fine hall. On the Fourth there was a grand ball and supper.

* * *

Among the guests on the yacht "Aggie" that won the cup in the race to Santa Cruz, was Henry Clayton, of Philadelphia, who came all the way from the City of Brotherly Love to make the cruise. Mr. Clayton is a cousin of Walter R. Dinmore, with whom he will remain for some time.

* * *

THE PRESS CLUB is again in the throes of an election. Although more than a month will elapse before the ballots are cast and counted, the candidates are as busily engaged in securing votes as if this were a National campaign. It certainly is a healthy sign when the contest for the offices is so strong, and the members are to be congratulated on the fact that the Club's condition is such that there should be a real earnest fight made for the Presidency. Considerable interest was injected into the compaign by the return of Harry Tod, who wrote those bright, newsy, readable articles that appeared in the *Call* from the great conventions. He took up his canvass against Ed Moran where it was dropped when he went away, and politics are now booming.

* * *

Mr. Moran is making a strong fight, and the Club is watching the struggle with interest. On Thursday night, George Squires made a gem of a nominating speech, and until he concluded with the name of Harry M. Tod each member had hopes that the speaker meant him. Albert May nominated Mr. Moran very gracefully. It is likely that the annual entertainment this year will take the form of a lecture. The present adminstration has so conducted affairs that it would not be necessary to give one, but there is a public demand for it.

* * *

Santa Cruz had the crowd this season. The hop at the Sea Beach on Saturday evening was a brilliant event, there was actually an abundance of men and a superabundance of pretty girls. As for rooms—even cots were at a premium. Who the belle is this season I am unable to decide. Thirteen fellows, who pride themselves on discrimination, have named to me an equal number of maidens whom they say possess all the graces. As the said thirteen are either sweethearts or relatives a selection on my part would sound invidious, so I will refrain. I am glad that Santa Cruz is so prosperous.

* * *

THE RUMOR recently circulated that Judge W. F. Fitzgerald, Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, will soon resign that position, has caused a thrill of astonishment and consternation to permeate

Arcadian Waukesha Water cures Indigestion.

the ranks of the grand old P. Though I am a tough old-timer, I confess that when I first heard of it, it produced in me a genuine start of surprise. Custom has led me to look upon the chairman of a political State committee as the general of a great army. Although the discipline is not as strict nor the command as rigorously enforced, the organization, equipment, and movement of a political party is on the military plan. A political campaign is a "fight" in many different ways, and if one sees the General cut and run long before the decisive battle, one naturally expects to see the entire army follow suit. Hence, Judge Fitzgerald's rumored intentions have taken me by surprise.

* * *

Of course, I expect, when he writes a letter to the Executive Committee, he will say that lack of time, business engagements, etc., etc., etc., render it impossible for him to devote the time to the campaign that ought reasonably to be given by the Chairman of the State Central Committee. Therefore, he will argue, he will serve his party best by reducing himself to the ranks. But such talk will be food for the marines. The real cause for the resignation will be suppressed.

* * *

And it ought to be, if what I have heard is true. For who ever knew a General to take command of an army that was certain to be thrashed in its first battle? Before I give what I have been informed is Judge Fitzgerald's true reason for presenting his resignation (I understand that the chances of its being tendered at the next meeting of the Executive Committee are ninety-nine to one), let me introduce a few explanatory thoughts. In the first place, it will be generally conceded to be a disgrace for the new Chairman of the State Committee to lead his party to defeat. A man who wins his first battle, as Mr. Stump did two years ago, can survive the loss of his second; but the man who goes down in his maiden engagement; like the routed fresh General, is reckoned a dead failure forever. Thus it happens that knowing politicians decline the conspicuous positions unless they are assured of the party's success. The responsibility of failure is heavier than any of them can bear.

* * *

United States District Judge Morrow was, some years ago, a frightful example of the steady loser. He began by running for the Assembly at North Beach. He won, but was counted out. His subsequent reputation as a loser not being established by this event he was made Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee. He held the position through several campaigns and was defeated in every fight. Next he was nominated for Congressman-at-large, and again he was knocked out. This was in 1882. Finally the politicians said, "Steer clear of Morrow. He is a voodoo."

* * *

About this time he was attorney for the Harbor Commission. The Secretary embezzled $60,000 and, with two other employees, was sent to San Quentin, and the Commissioners themselves narrowly escaped indictment. Personally Morrow was never the subject of the slightest scandal, and he has always been regarded as a perfectly upright man, but the politicians now said he was getting to be worse than a voodoo. His contact with anything meant damnation and the State Prison.

* * *

It was thought that Morrow would have to go to Arizona or some other hot place in order to change his luck, and a few of his friends, so I am told, advised him to that effect. In 1884 the Republicans of the Fourth District nominated him for Congress. The District had been apportioned a year before with a Democratic majority of over 1000, and it was confidently believed that Morrow would meet his usual fate. But the Lord at last interfered. Boss Buckley put up the late R. P. Hastings, the weakest candidate in town, and the Republicans at Chicago nominated Blaine for President. The city threw up its hat for the Plumed Knight and gave him 4000 majority. Morrow was swept into office by an overwhelming vote. His luck had changed. His subsequent history is an unending succession of successes, until he was finally appointed United States District Judge for life.

* * *

Judge Fitzgerald, although a recent arrival from Los Angeles, cherishes certain ambitions with reference to certain things that are within the gift of the people, and he does not wish to begin his history in these parts by becoming a voodoo. A defeat this year may shelve him for years and may be forever. He is an older man than Morrow was, and cannot wait so long for anything to change his luck. But, you say, why should he resign at this time? Perhaps his party will win? And that brings me to the point. Judge Fitzgerald is the law partner of Morris M. Estee. Mr. Estee is a shrewd, calculating politician, but the most inveterate loser of this or any other age. He differs from Morrow only in this: His luck has never changed. Mr. Estee has a great regard for Judge Fitzgerald and does not relish seeing him consigned to the voodoo basket at the outset of what promises to be a useful and prosperous political career. A few days ago Estee returned from a business trip to Washington. He stopped at the Minneapolis Convention on his way East, from force of habit, and while in Washington picked up all the prevalent Republican gossip. Since his return he has communicated his impressions to several confidential friends, among them being his friend Fitzgerald.

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I do not know what Mr. Estee thinks with reference to the prospects of the Harrison and Reed ticket, but whatever he does think has made a profound impression on Judge Fitzgerald. A Republican who attended the Minneapolis Convention and who returned shortly after Mr. Estee said to me a few days ago:

"Desiring to draw Estee out in conversation the other day, I summed up my own opinion thus: If the election were to occur on July 4th Harrison would carry about twelve Northern States and New York would not be among them. His own State, Indiana he could not carry at all."

The sage of Napa merely answered, "Um," and then added reflectively, "I see you have been talking with Elkins, Clarkson, McKinley, Platt, and the others; eh?"

* * *

This seemed to indicate what Mr. Estee's views really were, but whatever they are Judge Fitzgerald has put them with his own, based on recent local and State events, and has concluded to get in out of the wet with as little ceremony as possible. The meaning of all this is that Judge Fitzgerald is not only satisfied that Harrison and Reed are going to be defeated but that California is going Democratic as well. He very properly thinks that if he were to lose a sure Republican State like this in his first fight he would, indeed, be undone. Perhaps, after listening to the persuasive arguments of his associates on the State Committee, however, he may conclude that he cannot resign; but if he remains at the head of the party in his hopeless contest it will be with the express understanding that in case of defeat and disaster, the politicians will not hold him responsible nor attempt to file him away among the party archives as a "voodoo."

* * *

ON MERCANTILE AFFAIRS I am not given to descanting. The dailies do that at such fearful length that my interference might reasonably be regarded as a type of tautology. There are features about this Greenbaum failure, however, that seem to me to require comment. The most disgraceful affair of its kind in the annals of the city, I am sure it must be a subject of intense regret to that eminently pure philanthropist, Mr. S. W. Levy. Besides occupying the onerous position of father-in-law to Greenbaum, Mr. Levy is Treasurer of the Associated Charities, President of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, besides a Mason of many degrees and great prominence. His son-in-law owed over $300,000 and had about $30,000 in assets when he failed. Much of the indebtedness was contracted at a time when he knew perfectly well he was insolvent. In New Orleans, though he had never dealt in the leaf, he purchased tobacco; in New York he ordered cotton goods and sheetings, all of which he sold in San Francisco.

* * *

S. W. Levy claims to have advanced Alfred Greenbaum some $160,000. Of this amount $80,000 has been paid off—that is, the proceeds of the sales of sheeting, tobacco, etc., have all been turned over to Mr. Levy, besides an advance on a cargo of brandy which the Anglo-California Bank made. Of course it is good to preserve the coin of one's rela-

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tives, but it does seem to me Mr. Greenbaum has gone too far. His method of swindling dealers is criminal, and now that Mr. Levy knows how his son-in-law made good the amount he advanced, I presume his tender conscience and philanthropic turn of soul will lead him to disgorge. In all honor I cannot see that another course is open to him. With merchants, as among other predatory professions, there is a certain degree of honor which dictates that a loss shall fall upon the people that have been dealt with for some time. In other words, a man does not look out for new victims when he is ready to collapse.

* * *

S. W. Levy is reported wealthy. The foundation of his fortune was laid in a country store. He removed to town, and after some experiments commenced business as an insurance broker. He did admirably. His earnings were cleverly invested and to-day, in spite of losses, he must be worth in the neighborhood of half a million dollars. In the matter of sons-in-law he has not been especially fortunate. Another daughter is married to Mr. Blum, of Will & Finck's, rather, I should say, a partnership in that concern was purchased for him by his father-in-law. He does not seem to shine brilliantly among business men. However, I presume Mr. Levy will end by doing what is right.

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SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE left for the Hawaiian Islands on Wednesday last to enjoy a well-earned holiday in that tropical region. He accompanies Claus Spreckels, who has not had a chance to survey his possessions in that part of the world these many months. Before returning they will have made the rounds of the sights including Mauna Loa, in the crater of which Sam will try his voice. Shortridge's career in San Francisco is excellent evidence of what a man can do in this western metropolis. He came to town about seven years ago, comparatively unknown. He had been teaching school up at St. Helena and had there studied both law and oratory. Having an excellent voice and a fine memory, he soon developed capacity, and after coming to San Francisco soon loomed up as an effective campaign speaker for the Republican party.

* * *

To obtain recognition and practice is no easy matter, and Shortridge found it as hard work as others. But he was working for himself, his efforts redounded to his own advantage, and gradually he won his way. Every opportunity to speak he seized on; he delivered Memorial Day and Fourth of July orations everywhere. He defended Chinese murderers, in most instances with success. He developed a faculty for cross-examination that made him feared by witnesses and opposing counsel, and soon he began to take rank among the rising lawyers. Whatever business came to him he handled with care. His cases were thoroughly mastered, and he generally won them. Then he became identified with the Spreckels, and to-day he is the attorney for the John D. Spreckels & Brothers Co., for the Wieland estate and its individual members, for Colonel Trumbo and for several other large and important interests.

* * *

Sam Shortridge makes no secret of his ambition to be elected a United States Senator, and I have no doubt that in the course of time he will represent the State in the upper branch of Congress.

* * *

AMONG THE INSTITUTIONS of Sausalito is a real estate lady of great vocabulary and unique energy. She drives over the hills in the shabbiest of buggies and declaims the attractions of her lots in a manner that admits neither contradiction nor interruption. On the wharf she lays in wait for the stranger of means, and once within her grasp desperation compels him to become a property owner. To the summer colonists she is an object of extreme interest. They discuss her peculiarities at full length, and shudder at the thought of being subjected to her criticism. It seethes. Some days ago a party of young people setting out for the ferry, saw near their gate the buggy. The lady had vacated it for the moment. On a neighboring fence there hung a sign "Real estate for sale." This, as a joke, and with much laughter, they transferred to the equipage. Just as their handiwork received its finishing touches she appeared. They scattered. She said nothing, but wrote a letter which I should like to reproduce.

* * *

It was positively magnificent. Couched in elaborate terms, it reproved their joke as an unseemly perversion of the current standard of gentility or something similarly long winded, and denounced the perpetrators as being neither "ladies nor gents." There was nothing in the epistle under four syllables but the conjunctions, and few of those. Every one was privileged to read, and now the summer colony has each a copy which on ceremonious occasions they read. This, I believe, is about the only excitement they have had on the hillside so far. There is time, however, and it is said to work wonders.

* * *

Captain Percy Smith has just returned from a flying trip to Virginia City, where he went to see Francis Newlands who is engaged there in arranging for his Congressional campaign. This is the first time since his incumbency as Manager of the Palace that the Captain has been able to escape from the scene of his duties. The wonderful success of the huge caravansary is his reward for a degree of industry that few appreciate. He took hold after the brief and disastrous career of Mr. Thorne, and by sheer force of executive ability has converted the Palace from the most unpopular to the best patronized hotel on the Coast. To manage the army of servants is, in itself, an achievement, but to comprehend and direct the innumerable details of so huge an establishment with the very least degree of apparent effort, as Captain Smith does, requires a capacity quite out of the common.

* * *

THE OLYMPIC CLUB'S new building will be opened on January 2d. By that date every detail of both interior and exterior will be completed. Grand dedicatory ceremonies will celebrate the occasion—an ode now being composed by H. J. Stewart to be sung by 250 voices to be the leading feature. It is the intention of the Directors to advance the initiation fee from $40 to either $75 to $100 after the end of the year. This is not only necessary but desirable, for an influx of new members will surely occur about that time. Those who wish to join had better come in without delay. It is suggested to members of the Cosmos, Pacific-Union, and Bohemian Clubs to make up lists of those who desire to avail themselves of the splendid bathing facilities and present them without delay. Under the circumstances the Club would not force full terms.

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It is improbable that the reservoirs at the Cliff House will be completed in time to supply the tank with salt water, but arrangements have already been made to use Spring Valley. In order to secure the quality of freshness, it will be kept continually flowing in and out, and by means of hot water pipes a temperature of seventy-two degrees maintained. The Olympic being a man's club, heavy bathing suits are not necessary. Light trunks ought to be sufficient, and that seems the attitude of the Board of Directors. By March next, at the latest, salt water in quantities should be available.

* * *

It is no easy matter to advance a financial scheme in San Francisco, even though the savings banks are so loaded up with money. This salt-water bathing scheme is as good a business proposition as has ever been floated, but no one seems to think it worth biting at. However, enough money has been subscribed to purchase the necessary pipe, and it will be ordered immediately. The proposition to use a patent wood-piping has been abandoned, owing to the fact that the market is overloaded with the cast-iron variety which can now be purchased one-third lower than ever before.

* * *

J. W. Grace, head of the company which the late W. G. Holloway represented in San Francisco, is in town making arrangements for the selection of that unfortunate gentleman's successor. I believe Holloway left an estate of close on $150,000. His father is well to do, and I am told he was represented in the business to the extent of about $100,000. The results of last year's operations were far in excess of expectations, and his share alone of the profits was close on $25,000. Besides, three months before his death he had taken out an insurance policy in the New York Life for $25,000. How popular the deceased was may be judged by the expressions of regret

Arcadian Waukesha Water.

still to be heard. In the course of a few years he could not fail to have enjoyed a leading position in this community.

* * *

THE GENTLE TAX-PAYER is again called upon to hold his nose to the grindstone while the city officials juggle with the appropriations. As in the past, the money spent exceeds the money set aside for expenditure by very many thousands of dollars. This, of course, is nothing new, and I would not bother the simple tax-bearer by mentioning it if there was no lesson to be learned from its yearly occurrence. If I were quite sure that my friends who pay the taxes had not been despoiled of their thinking apparatus in the same manner that they have been robbed of their money, I would tell them something that would supply them with mental pabulum for some time. Probably it would not be altogether a waste of time to do so, and I will give them a little at a time.

* * *

In the first place, the money expended above the appropriation has not gone for the good of the city. There isn't an unthinking idiot in town ignorant of that. The appropriations would be more than sufficient to keep the city, if they were honestly expended; but, of course, they are not. The big expense under which the taxpayers would groan, if they had sense enough, is that of feeding the lambs. Take the County Clerk's office, for instance. Probably it is conducted as well as as any in the City Hall. Yet $30,000 represents the difference between the incumbent's pledges and his performances. Bosses in politics, with a weak-backed official, did that. Let me show you. The bosses levy a tax on all the deputies and supernumeraries of the office; some of them pay as high as $75 a month out of a salary of $175; from $20 to $40 is the minimum that is collected from the clerks, and the "draw down" is about $1500 a month. That is pretty good. When it becomes necessary to raise more money, more men are employed, and the bosses become richer by the additional percentage.

* * *

This has been going on for some time; indeed, bosses have retired rich from it, and the expenditures over the appropriation have grown because of it. This, however, is an excellent time to stop it, and the nomination for County Clerk, if an honest, well-known business man, with a stiff backbone, would be a thorough preventive. If a politician is put in, the gentle tax-payer will merely hand over the office to the bosses, and the appropriation will be exhausted with feverish eagerness, as in the past. The necessity for the nomination of a business man is demanded, and if the Democrats use judgment in his selection they can elect their man. The people are tired of the politicians; they won't vote for them, and while the people rarely show sense, it is well, once in a while, to accede to their demands. The nominee must be well-known, a man in whom the people have confidence; he will keep the expenses of the County Clerk's office within the appropriation.

* * *

IN DECIDING Judge Wallace competent to try Elwood Bruner, Judge Troutt redeemed some of the errors of his term. It must be admitted that his incumbency has by no means been a bed of roses. He assumed the place at a time of great public excitement, and his actions, in the light of his predecessors, have been scrutinized with prejudiced eyes. I believe Judge Troutt has always meant to do right, but his point of view happened to differ from that of the men who were fighting for honesty. Had he considered the violent charges brought by Attorney Reddy, and set the case for trial by another judge, his error would have been irrevocable and unpardonable. That Wallace will give the Sacramento Assemblyman as fair a trial as any other judge on the bench, must be apparent to all who know him.

* * *

The very fact of a possibility of prejudice being suggested will help Bruner, inasmuch as Wallace will be careful to show how unwarranted the assumption was.

* * *

Admitting that Judge Murphy could not have done otherwise than give Sydney Bell a new trial, he might, in his decision, have omitted the attack on Rev. Chalmers Easton. That this divine would do aught his conscience did not approve is out of the question. In undertaking the cause of this criminal, he was actuated by the best motives a human being can entertain. There was nothing for him to gain, no credit attaching to his effort. His belief in the innocence of Bell was firm and he tried to clear him. His method may not have been beyond criticism, but if he did wrong it was because it seemed right to him. One must not expect that contemptuous knowledge of the world, of men, and of things from a clergyman that one obtains on Front Street. The points of view of an individual who is attempting to make the world better than it is and one who refuses to believe another better than himself, are too radically opposed to permit even a comparison.

* * *

THERE IS EVERY PROSPECT of an interesting contest at the Republican Convention which assembles at Sacramento to select Presidential Electors and to nominate Congressmen. So far as the city is concerned, the prospects for unanimity in the party seem more distant than ever. The muddle of contentious factions is aggravated by defections in the Alliance, by clashing interests everywhere. Rumor has it that the Republicans are going to add to their platform resolutions commendatory of the Traffic Association and condemnatory of the Southern Pacific. The managers seem to believe a tactical mistake was made in permitting the Democrats to have all the credit of opposing the monopoly.

* * *

Now they propose to share it. Whether the new plank will be more pointed than that which is regarded as a decoration by the Democracy, I cannot guess. My assumption is that there will be little to choose between them, and less when they reach Sacramento.

* * *

The fight going on in the Republican Alliance is exceedingly pretty, and the manner in which the Democrats are "sicking' the leaders against each other is pleasant and brotherly. Colonel Burns has discharged Colonel Wilson from his position of lieutenant, and Colonel Wilson is reported to be thinking some bitter thoughts about Colonel Burns. In the meantime, the Regular Republican County Committee is using every effort to make life miserable for these gentlemen. It seems that Messrs. Burns *et al.*, has not much legal ground on which to plant his County Committee; but his desire to submit the matter to arbitration is very kind; some leaders would have seized the organization and permitted the others to apply for arbitration.

* * *

While it makes little difference who is made head of the Republican County Committee, it seems that Crimmins and Kelly have the reins; if they agree to arbitration they may lose them, and when one's cause is just, one should never do anything that would jeopardize the cause. It is not likely that these veteran Republican ring-masters will arbitrate. If they do, and Burns should win, what a beautiful chance they would have to get up a "Citizens' Ticket," platform, Pure Politics; with the plank, "Knife everybody agin' us."

* * *

AS BEAUTIFUL as she is bright—that is the verdict on Miss Mable Craft, heroine of the medal contest at Berkeley. By far the prettiest of current "Coeds" she possesses brains, ambition, and push. I have read nothing in a long time so audaciously, magnificently impertinent as the letter explanatory of her position. One mignt imagine by the tone of her sentences she was demanding "life, liberty, happiness," or something more impossible. If she does relapse into the depths of the commonplace, that seems the fate of all past medalists, that superior letter has, at least, justified her existence. Consummate cheek is as much a gift as imagination and far less common. However, Miss Craft's contention is perfectly reasonable.

* * *

Mr. Garber's superiority is due to his military proficiency, not to surpassing intellectuality. He tried for the medal and was awarded it. Miss Craft objected and he refused to receive it. Admitted that it was in her power to offset his credits by taking another study—but drilling is no more than exercise and probably her time was completely occupied by the mental work she had already in hand. However, it is all a storm in a tea-pot and of no especial importance to anyone. It is curious, though, the insignificance that seems to have overtaken the medalists of past years. The only one who made half a name for himself is A. Ruef. Mr. Ruef, though quite a

young man, has acquired some prominence and he won his degree in 1883. But he is hard working and clever, rather than able. I mean he has more quickness than capacity.

* * *

Miss Craft, rumor has it, is engaged to a member of her class, Mr. Frank Molloy. It appears her ambition is to study law, and as he has a similar tendency they will undertake it together. Class Day at Berkeley is generally productive of considerable amusement and much "guying." There is a Dispensator who enunciates all manner of sentences on his brethren and sisters. When Mr. Malloy and Miss Craft stood up before him he said nothing but merely hung over their heads a board inscribed:

MOLLOY & MOLLOY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

* * *

THE COUNTRY CLUB'S OUTING last August was the event of the summer. If indications count for aught, the "shoot" this season should be even a greater success. All the features that made it then so memorable will be repeated and others even more interesting added. The fireworks will be gorgeous, quite out of the ordinary. Music the full Park Band will supply. This time no "stuffers" will be allowed, but the best instrumentalists in town will take part. In the evening the grounds are to be illuminated with incandescent lights and Laguna del Rey will glitter with electric fire.

* * *

The outing commences Friday, August 26th. To the Bohemian, Cosmos, and University Clubs invitations to attend are to be sent. Two trains will haul the several delegations to Del Monte. Some idea of the crowd expected may be gathered from the fact that while only thirty-four members of the Country Club took part last year, this time seventy-seven have already engaged rooms. That evening there will be a german followed by a grand supper. On Saturday the "shoot" will be the feature. It will take the form of a huge picnic, and a lunch will be served on the grounds. The same evening the dance comes off, besides a concert by the band topped off by another supper. On Sunday every one will go swimming in the morning—in the afternoon more music, and at night, the fireworks.

* * *

That is the programme so far as determined on. Other features will be added. Mr. Douty is interesting himself in the success of the celebration, and President Fred Webster lends his entire energies in the same direction. As to the "shoot"—so far Fred Tallant, who won last year, leads. Next to him are Mr. Sprague, Mr. Webster, Mr. Woodward and Mr. Ramon Wilson. Several of the best marksmen have missed meetings of the Club and are, consequently, behind. Ed. Bosqui, who so nearly won last year, has been absent from two. There is a proposition to give them a chance of making up their scores, and if this is done Mr. Tallant will not have the contest all his own way. The prizes selected are very valuable medals, and besides these the Pacific Improvement Company is going to offer a trophy of fine workmanship which will have to be won twice in succession to make it individual property.

* * *

The vacant chairs in the Directorate of the Pacific-Union Club have been filled by the appointment of Alfred Cheesborough, of Williams, Dimond & Co., and Louis Sloss, of the Edison Electric Light Company. Both are good business men, capable of filling the position, though to call them clubmen, in the ordinary sense, would be impossible. Indeed, it is a notable fact that not a single member of the new board is ever seen round the club-rooms at night. They are all, including President Page, of the "lunch" contingent, and spend the best part of their time in the seclusion of their domiciles. Since I spoke of the falling off in the restaurant service Mr. Hubbard has rather improved the *menu*. He seems to realize economy is not the desirable feature he imagined it, and after he has had some experience may do very well.

* * *

I BELIEVE Simon H Seymour has made over $1,000,000 out of the Russ House. Of all San Francisco hotels it has paid best. Identified with the history of the town in days of yore, it has enjoyed the patronage of the granger from interior valleys and the miner from the Coast Ranges and the Sierras. In those happy times no one ever thought of going elsewhere. It was a rough and tumble kind of a place, where one found plenty to eat and to drink, if one wanted it. There was little ceremony about the clerks, and no formality about the waiters, and the patrons, who were rather rough themselves, liked this free-and-easy air, and hardly knew of the existence in San Francisco of another hotel. That the net profits of the establishment reached as high as $50,000 per annum, I know. For years they never fell below $30,000.

* * *

But times and hotels change. The Russ House is no longer what it was. Too many establishments on the same lines have been started, and the grangers are tempted from their old allegiance by nicer rooms and better cooking. The result is that within the last few years the profits have dwindled. Seymour has not kept the establishment up to date. He imagined the permanent good-will of his guests was secured by hauling a party of them through the Park in his four-in-hand. Now he has sold out for something like $25,000, and his successors imagine they can restore the old house to its pristine popularity.

* * *

There is more truth in advertisements than the ordinary reader would suppose. Clearance Sales, Sweeping Reductious, and all that sort of thing are truthful enough, if you know the firm that does the advertising. Of course, some houses have sweeping reductions every day, and they are the places to steer clear of. When one can get a pair of lady's mousquetaire kid gloves, the genuine "Dents," for $1.50, at Joe Rosenberg's, one can readily believe the truth of advertisements.

* * *

At Napa Soda Springs the Fourth was brilliantly celebrated. Assembled there was a very jolly crowd of people, most of them intimate friends. They had speeches and orations by L. L. Bromwell and Charley Weller. Little Miss Wooster dedicated a new pavilion. Colonel Jackson made a little talk, and in the evening there were fireworks and dancing to the music of Ballenberg's band.

* * *

The management of the Rafael has been so energetically congratulated on the success of the season that it has actually stopped blushing. To handle the crowd that assembled there over the Tournament was no joke, but everything went smoothly and every one was happy. On the night of the National Holiday a splendid dinner of Heaven knows how many courses was served, and thoroughly enjoyed by all who had worked themselves into a frenzy over the contest.

* * *

The exceedingly large position that Mr. Eugene Meyer occupies in the banking clerks' disregard will not be reduced for some time. Mr. Meyer occupies the proud position of manager of the London, Paris, and American Bank, and when the other managers approached him with the request that he give his clerks an opportunity of an extra holiday on Saturday, so that they might celebrate the Fourth, he used his lofty place to veto the scheme. No pleading availed against the gentleman's stubbornness, and the bankers were compelled to keep open. The fact that Mr. Meyer is still living is conclusive evidence that merely wishing for all sorts of calamities to fall on a man is useless as a method of punishment.

The Witness.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

FASHIONS AND FANCIES.

FOR THE LADIES.

If you would learn what not to wear go to Del Monte at the present season, and the lesson will surely prove all sufficient, for a collection of uglier dresses than those seen at this delightful resort would be hard to find where at least any pretense was made at much and fashionable dressing. Most of the costumes have the appearance of being well made without the slightest attention having been paid to the figures and complexions of persons who were to wear them. The effect in most cases is more conspicuous than pleasing. The jaunty beach and tennis costume one expects to find in its perfection at the seaside resort is absent from Del Monte, and its place has been taken by a much less satisfactory arrangement of woolens and silks elaborately trimmed in laces, ribbons, and even passementerie. There are a few white flannel dresses to be seen, but instead of having the smart appearance which should invariably characterize them, they are quite the reverse. The *modiste* has showed little discrimination. The skirt of the white cloth or serge morning dress is made to sweep the floor to the same extent that the dinner dress does, and long coats that are trying even to the trimmest figures, take the place of jackets. However, the usual Californienne is undeniably an extremist, at least, so far as costuming goes. If hats are worn large she wants the largest; if skirts are long she desires the longest; if waists are cut low—well, let us thank a kind fashion that at least this year our evening dresses are comparatively *quite* high.

Of course, there are exceptions to all rules, and the delight of gazing upon at least a few appropriately and well-clad women has not been quite denied us here. Foremost in this limited group Mrs. Sharon is to be found always in some delightful frock which exactly suits the hour and occasion of its appearance. On the pier Mrs. Sharon is invariably seen in simple, stylish, woolen costumes of dark shades; the skirts of which barely touch the ground, and deep capes are her chosen wraps. One especially stylish is of old blue cloth lined in black silk; it is cut in approved fashion, perfectly round without seams, the fullness falling naturally over the shoulders—deep black lace fulled from the throat is finished with a heavy black rouche which forms the collar.

A very effective though simple evening dress worn by Mrs. Sharon is of pink moiré. The simple bell skirt little more than touches the floor and is completely covered by a second skirt of heavy cream lace which hangs with scant fullness; the sleeveless and round cut bodice is tight fitting, the lace drawn over the moiré avoiding all seams in the latter material; a narrow turquois blue velvet ribbon is brought twice about the waist and is tied with long ends in the back and connects the skirt and waist line; a narrow frill of the lace and a twist of the blue ve vet finished the neck, and on either shoulder were erect bows of the velvet ribbon; one immense American beauty rose was carried.

Miss Hager, of course, wears some superb dresses, and the details of her costumes are always perfect. One of her particularly striking dresses is of white silk, with a large block outlined in narrow yellow satin stripes; the bell skirt is finished on the bottom by a narrow border of fluffy yellow silk trimming; the round waist has a girdle, collar, and cuffs of yellow satin ribbon; the hat worn with this costume was a broad-brimmed leghorn, bent down on the sides in a most becoming manner, and was trimmed with a huge bow of yellow satin ribbon and exquisite pink roses of several shades, with their foliage. A parasol, the cover formed entirely of tiny pink roses and vines, was carried.

A charming evening dress worn by Miss Hager is of pink satin, the wide panel sides opening down the front over a full pink *mousseline de soie* skirt; these panels are edged down the front with white and pink shaded poppy petals and silver passementerie; the train, gathered in very narrow at the waist, was formed of pink *mousseline de soie*, with a narrow hem and a deep cluster of tucks over the satin; the V-shaped corsage opens over a broad front of the folded mull, and is edged with the poppy petals and passementerie, and has broad square coat-tails. A large bouquet of white sweet peas was carried.

On Monday evening some exquisite and dainty white dresses were worn by the younger contingent, and the wearers looked so bewitchingly sweet that one could only wish a law might be passed compelling all girls, at least in their teens, to wear white and white only. Pretty little Miss Huntington wore a charming frock of soft white silk. The round skirt was finished with three tiny ruffles and a broad sash of the material held the baby waist; a wide fichu of dainty lace was gathered very full on the shoulders and fell over the wide floating sleeves; the two long plaits of soft brown hair were tied with white ribbon bows, and tiny white satin slippers completed a costume that could scarcely have been prettier.

Mrs. Hastings appeared in an exquisite pearl gray bengaline which was trimmed in broad bands of silver and spangle embroidery.

An exceedingly pretty and girlish evening dress was worn by Miss. Requa. The material, pink and white striped *peau de soie*, was made with simple round skirt, and waist finished by a deep frill of white dotted *mousseline de soie* about the neck, and a white satin sash with erect directoire bow in the back. MME. X.

LAWN TENNIS.

The Pacific States' Championship (singles) was decided at San Rafael on Monday last before the largest and most enthusiastic crowd that has ever assembled to witness a similar contest west of the Rocky Mountains. Fully 2000 people applauded to the echo the many difficult strokes made by both Taylor and Hubbard.

The victory of Taylor was, indeed, a very popular one as well as a most creditable one, and was, most assuredly, the closest call that the young champion ever had in his life, and it was a great relief to Taylor's many supporters when the welcome words, "set and match; Taylor wins" were called by Mr. Buck Alexander, the scorer, at the completion of the fifth set.

Taylor, from the very start, pursued aggressive tactics and went to the net on each serve "a la Campbell," a style of play to which Hubbard was not accustomed and which seemed to cause him no little amount of trouble and compelled him to play on the defensive. Taylor's volleying proved very effective, and he found little trouble in winning the first set by six games to three.

After a rest of seven minutes play was resumed. Hubbard started the service, but it was plain to be seen that he was not playing his first serve as swiftly as usual, a fault which Taylor readily took advantage of and placed his returns sharply to Hubbard's back hand, and going to the net would, at the first opportunity, get the ball in such a manner as to end any possibility of a rally. This set also resulted as easy a victory as the first set, Hubbard securing but three games.

Only one more set was all that Taylor required to win the championship and the elegant cup, which he had already captured twice. His friends were freely offering odds of five to two that he would capture the next set and match but could find no takers.

Taylor's running up tactics evidently tired him considerably for when he faced the net for the third set it was quite apparent that he was not as active as in the first two sets. He still persisted in going to the net, but his inactivity cost him many points, as Hubbard passed him repeatedly on his back hand side, and won rather handily by six games to four; this gave Hubbard's friends renewed hopes and the way they cheered was a caution, and when their favorite captured the fourth set as well, by eight games—six their enthusiasm knew no bounds. It certainly did look blue for the California Club at this stage of the contest, but Taylor's friends were not phased a particle but only redoubled their efforts in the cheering line when the "tiny youngster," as he certainly did appear alongside his athletic opponent, made his appearance on the courts for the deciding set.

The champion looked surprisingly fresh, thanks to the efforts of Joe Tobin and Archie Treat, who took charge of him between sets, and when play was called he went at it in a very determined manner and did not give Hubbard a chance to breathe. Taylor made two beautiful side line drives in this game, one of which was as clean a pass as ever has been seen on a tennis court; the other was reached by Hubbard but not returned. Taylor's back hand half volleys were really remarkable. This set went to Taylor, score 6-3.

One of the most noticeable features of the contest was the remarkable display of grit by Taylor, who certainly looked like a defeated man at the beginning of the fifth set.

Great credit is due Hubbard for the plucky up-hill fight that he made, and no doubt those people who were of the opinion that he was chicken-hearted have changed their opinions, as a more plucky exhibition of nerve and grit has seldom been seen on a tennis court

Another very pleasant feature of the tournament, and one which gave general satisfaction, was the six lineman idea which originated, I am told, in the massive brain of Buck Alexander. Haight and Charles Bates were on the base lines, Dr. Spencer and Prof. Daily on the service lines, while the side lines were taken care of by O. C. Haslett and Dr. Phillips, of Reno.

Phillips, the Reno man, strange to say, drew H. Haight, his antagonist of last year, and was defeated, but hardly fairly, as the lining was given against him repeatedly.

In mentioning the most important matches I will say that C. D. Bates and Carr Neel played what was by far the most exciting contest of the tournament, Bates winning by the close score of 9-7; 3-6; 6-3.

Tobin's friends were greatly surprised at his easy defeat by Sanborn, but they had the consolation of seeing Sanborn go right through to the final, where he made it quite interesting for Hubbard. His easy defeat of Sam Neel by 6-2, 6-0, stamps him as a wonderful player.

C. D. Bates also showed great improvement over last year's form, and in his match with Hubbard was within one point of the match when Hubbard made a short lob which Bates missed completely, but turned and returned it on the bound, but Hubbard was there and smashed the ball down the side line.

Harry N. Stetson, of whom great things were expected, certainly did play a very good game, but in his match with De Long severely strained one of the cords of his foot which necessitated his default to Hubbard.

Alexander defeated O. Haslett in a close match, 8-6, 6-4, but in turn was taken into camp by Hubbard, 6-4, 6-4.

Collier, after losing to S. Neel, 6-2, made a close call on the Oaklander by making him hustle to win the second set which he finally did by a score of 11-9.

The consolation doubles, on Sunday last, were also quite interesting, and the attendance was quite as large as on any of the previous days. The California Club was represented by Stetson and G. De Long and Dutel and Alexander, the other teams were O. Hoffman and Sanborn, F. De Long and Curtis, Collier and Phillips, Culver and Allen, Archibald and Owens; (Sears and Slocum) and Haight and Bates. By defeating Collier and Phillips, 6-1, 6-3, and Haight and Bates, 7-5, 6-2, and Hoffman and Sanborn, 6-2, 6-3, 6-3, the purses were captured by the California Club's pony team who played with great precision, particularly in bumping down the side line which netted them many points.

Tobin and Hubbard left early this week for Chicago, where they will take an active part in the Western Double Championship, and later will journey farther East where Hubbard will be seen, probably at Newport in the Singles Championship of America.

W. H. Taylor, Jr., the present champion, has about retired from tennis as far as tournament play is concerned, but, of course, will play occasionally at the California Club courts for the benefit of the many young players there who have already been greatly benefited by watching the strokes as they are played by him. Taylor certainly has a record to be proud of. For the past five years he has captured the championship, and not only that but he has lost but three sets during that time, and all those were won by Hubbard.

The latest from England is to the effect that the all-England Championship has been captured on July 4th by Wilfred Baddeley. THE SCORER.

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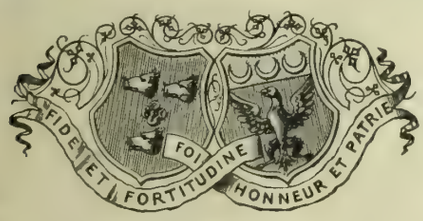

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Respectfully,

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HOW easy it is to pour a few spoonfuls of **Greer's Washing Ammonia** into the wash tub, which will prevent the flannels from shrinking, besides saving half the labor and soap in washing clothes. As a cleansing preparation for the household it has no equal.

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SAN FRANCISCO

A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—Of despots, the most intolerable is the fire-cracker. During his brief reign reading becomes a lost art, and to hear is to be deafened. Therefore I have only skipped, and if you will be daring enough to take up the same volumes, you will admire my constancy in going that far. Two of them are marine stories, endurable only from Clark Russell. The ordinary sailor is among the least interesting of men; unless he has been unfortunate he has little to talk about. His experiences are confined to a few feet of deck. His mind seldom wanders beyond the contemplation of rope. However fascinating the mighty roll of the ocean in the abstract, after a few voyages it becomes an everlasting bore. Unless, then an author can give one a series of seascapes, wonderful arrangements of words which seem to concentrate the sob and the motion of the element as Russell does, marine tales are excellent to avoid.

There is "The Mate of the Vancouver." This is supposed to be told by said mate, Tom Ticehurst, evidently a good enough fellow in his way, and half is devoted to describing an eventful trip from Melbourne to San Francisco. It is full of the strange incidents one reads in "Water Front Notes." The captain a drunkard, his wife in love with the said Ticehurst, who has found the goddess of his idolatry in one of the passengers, Miss Elsie Fleming—"the fairest, sweetest maid I ever saw, with long golden hair, bright blue eyes and a neat little figure." Is it any wonder he fell deeply in love? This unique and interesting type would undoubtedly fascinate a mummy, much less a stout, strong, heavy personage such as said mate depicts himself. But between Helen, the other lady, Matthias, who is rather handy with a knife and entertainingly revengeful, Mr. Mackenzie, a prospector, and others, the story ambles along to the climax, which, of course, is the marriage of Tom Ticehurst and Elsie Fleming with all the "trimmings"—as they say in Chicago.

The other marine book, "In a Steamer Chair," is decidedly amusing. That is, the short stories are. There is a "Mrs. Tremain," a lovely flirtatious creature who enjoys the conquests that her wonderful eyes make. Of course she has scores of admirers and, with feminine obtuseness, chose the least worthy for her dear friend. Had it not been for the interference of a nice young fellow who had fallen deeply and truly in love with her, it is dreadful to think of the trouble that would have occurred. "An International Row" is a curious little tale about an episode on the Atlantic. "A Ladies' Man" tells of Mrs. Scrivener-Yapling whose business is that of a chaperon. She is conducting fifteen nice young women to Europe, and positively refuses to permit them converse with the pleasant young men, their fellow passengers. Her conduct naturally excites indignation. She is denounced in the smoking-room, but finds a defender in a severe-looking personage, Mr. Kensington, who is traveling with a veiled lady. This individual shows how good and correct Mrs. Yapling's position is, and subsequently he assumes the onerous position of assistant chaperon. Such a reputation for goodness and morality he makes for himself by the time they reach Liverpool that everyone on board believes him a saint. Alas, as they descend the gangplank, who should emerge but Mrs. Kensington, and then it transpires that the veiled female is no other than the wife of a church member he has run away with.

The other stories are all excellent. "The Purser's Story," is a clever bit of work; there is a touch of true pathos in "Miss McMillan;" "Plodkin's Electric Bath," is very thrilling, and the "Case of Fever," is quite dramatic. If you are going to Del Monte on Saturday buy the book to read on the way down. As you read with respectable swiftness you will have come to page 278 by San Jose.

Why I should even mention "The Family Physician" I cannot imagine. It is a type of tale that fits comfortably under the title "rubbish." A ridiculous, exaggerated, impossible, and commonplace story, it has no *raison d'etre*, and but little pretensions to English. The hero is a doctor of splendid appearance, clever and good, who is yet misunderstood and misjudged. He falls in love with the wrong woman, of course, sees her married to a rival, then commits matrimony with an old maid, and runs off with a buxom servant. In the meantime, in a terrible quarrel he has slain the successful rival, and then escapes to England, finally returns, is acquitted, and marries his original Dorothy—it may be said the buxom servant's name was also Dorothy.

As a rule I am not inclined to recommend Adolph Belot to my friends and I do not believe "Reaping the Whirlwind" could be made a fair exception. This is a very French tale and it tells of a banker, two artists, two wives, and a daughter. The three women, it is unnecessary to say, are beautiful in the manner that other ladies of this author's creation indulge in. For instance, one learns that the daughter who is married to the artist "is plump, but sufficiently supple and slender, that her lips are delicately fashioned and her bust round and firm."

There is a Virginie Duvallon—if anything a little too plump. She has full red lips with very white teeth, high coloring, small ears and arms, rather too robust but tapering to wrists, the smallest and supplest imaginable. Quite a drama in this book but of the forbidden kind—the daughter falls in love with her mother's lover, one of the said artists, and the complications are really dreadful—suicide, war, etc.

ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Mate o the Vancouver," by Morley Roberts. Cassell Publishing Company, publishers.

"In a Steamer Chair," by Robert Barr. Cassell Publishing Company, publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"The Family Physician," W. D. Rowland, publisher. For sale by San Francisco News Company.

"Reaping the Whirlwind," by Adolph Belot. W. D. Rowland, publisher. The San Francisco News Company.

JULIEN DUPRÉ'S LATEST PAINTING

And several magnificent pictures have just arrived from Europe, and are now being framed in our factory. These will be added to our collection, and will be on exhibition in a few days.

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The Wave

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, July 9, 1892.

LABOR'S CANNON.

The dignity of labor, roused from its peacefulness by the inhumanity of a great philanthropist, has taken on the savagery of barberism, and a battle has been fought at Homestead more cruel and ferocious and with deadlier results than any struggle of the late war, in proportion to the number of men engaged. No occurrence growing out of the interminable fight of Labor with Capital has so horrified the country as this sanguinary battle between the locked-out workingmen of the Homestead Steel Works and the Pinkerton guards. It bears a noticeable likeness to the scenes that marked the river warfare of the rebellion; where the invaded, vastly superior in numbers, and with every modern appliance that makes war dreadful, sought to save themselves by exterminating the invader. But the struggle was attended by scenes of ruthlessness scarcely to be believed; flags of truce were riddled, the heralds who carried them were brutally murdered; and when the invaders surrendered, with the promise that no further violence should be done them, they were cruelly beaten, maimed, and killed. But there were women among the strikers.

The employés of the Homestead Steel Works refused to consider a proposition to reduce the minimum scale of wages, which would give the man who was working for $9 a week about $7.50. There was no decrease in the price of steel, and the firm had large contracts with the Government at high figures; Mr. Carnegie was still making presentations of libraries and moneys, and writing books on the benefit of protection; his workmen decided to strike, but the Company forestalled them by locking them out. Carnegie then prepared for a siege, and the Pinkerton guards were thrown at the men to goad them to riot. No sane person, knowing the temper of the 5000 workingmen of Homestead, could have thought that a peaceful landing could have been effected. The employés knew that the presence of the private police meant starvation for themselves; that workmen would be brought in under protection of the guards, and that their wives and children would suffer with them in the loss of their "jobs." This strike, therefore, differs from many others in that the men did not ask for higher pay, they did not demand fewer hours' work for the same wages; they merely asked that they be allowed to labor at the old rate, which was barely sufficient to keep clothes on their backs and put food in their stomachs; keeping body and soul together would not be a fit expression, as the workmen in the protected industries of Pennsylvania are known to have no souls.

The responsibility for the strike is on Mr. Carnegie; the blood of the Hessian police and starving workmen is on his hands. Strikers in the future will learn a lesson in the work of Wednesday, and if labor that is now scorned and oppressed is not shortly given a more equitable share of the profits of manufacture and commerce, the struggle that is being waged between it and capital will no longer be fought with pen and voice, but will be settled as was the trouble at Homestead, with rifle and cannon and dynamite.

PLAINLY A MISDIRECTED LETTER.

A gentleman named Albert A. Pope, who resides in that far-famed centre of intelligence, Boston, has addressed me an open letter in which he asks me to write something on a subject which he says will "hasten the coming in of a nobler civilization and a wider Christianity." Mr. Pope's letter is quite long —covering four pages of closely printed matter—and as I have been struggling all my life, not only to hasten the coming in of a nobler civilization and a wider Christianity, but to make them both come in at once, I have read his letter carefully to ascertain if his theory was any better than mine.

My theory is very simple. I believe that if the people can be persuaded to become temperate and industrious, and can be educated in a manner calculated to balance the unbalanced intellects among them, a nobler civilization and a wider Christianity will not long stand on the order of their coming. Mr. Pope's theory, however, is altogether different. He thinks that the coming in of these things can be precipitated by an exhibit at the World's Fair.

This exhibit is not to take the form of a moral lesson or an intellectual feast, a temperance lecture or an orthodox sermon, but it is to consist of a separate department for the presentation of improved machinery for making roads! In other words, Mr. Pope thinks that good roads throughout the United States will hasten the events of which he speaks. In his mind there is a close affinity between a wider Christianity and models of fences, asphaltum concrete, rock breakers, street sprinklers, and wheelbarrows.

I am quite sure that Mr. Pope has made a mistake in addressing his letter to me. I am not any more able to see the connection between Christianity and a steam plow for road building, than I am to discern the relations of a nobler civilization and a stump puller. Steam plows and stump pullers may be good things for constructing roads, but never having built a road I am not prepared at this time to admit that they are superior to an Irishman with a pick and shovel. Indeed, as I reflect upon the problem, I am inclined to believe that a good, stout representative of the Green Isle is not inferior to anything yet discovered in road building.

I am compelled to concede, however, that there is a remote connection between good roads and Christianity, though Mr. Pope has not pointed it out. Good roads are calculated to reduce the amount of profanity among teamsters and improve their chances of Heaven. Whether it is desirable to have any teamsters in Heaven, provided the rest of us intend going there, is altogether another question. I am not prepared at this moment to give an opinion upon it. I have referred Mr. Pope's letter to Superintendent of Streets Gilleran, with a recommendation that he patronize him. I do not know whether Mr. Pope is financially interested in a plow, a rock breaker, or a stump extractor.

THE PEOPLE'S PARTY.

The unique collection of discredited politicians and shrill-voiced females who assembled on the Fourth of July at Omaha and called themselves the People's Party, will, I have no doubt, be looked upon by the average man as an absurd gathering of cranks. A great deal of color will be given to this view by an analysis of the record of the Presidential candidate, General Weaver. Whatever of sincerity there might have been in the personal expressions of the delegates, was, to a certain extent, refuted by this nomination. Weaver was first elected to Congress as an Independent Republican and while there he acted with that party. In 1880 he was the Greenback candidate for President. Two years later he was re-elected to Congress as a Greenbacker. Now he is the Presidential candidate of a free silver party.

If anyone can discover from General Weaver's political career what his financial or other views are he will have to possess great powers of discernment. In 1880 he was a fiat money advocate; to-day he is for the free coinage of silver. There is but one point at which these two systems meet. One might gather from Weaver's support of them that he was a consistent inflationist whatever form the inflation might take. No doubt, if bologna sausages were money he would be in favor of immediately converting all the dogs of the country into those indigestible articles.

But it must be remembered, with all this, that the People's Party Convention at Omaha was attended by 1200 earnest men and women. The platform put forth by these persons will not, probably, cut much of a figure in this campaign, but the popular grievances to which it gives tongue may take root and bear fruit at some future time. Nothing is so plain at the present moment as the fact that the country and the government is rapidly falling into the hands of a few brutally avaricious men. Sixty years ago there was not a single millionaire in New York City. To-day there are over a thousand. Then patriotism, statesmanship, political purity, honesty, and virtue triumphed everywhere. To-day Boodle is King.

A GLASS OF MARASCHINO.

I saw one long year in a glass of maraschino last night.

* * * * * *

An unwritten page—the earth. It is already white, and snowing still.

Each day—each hour—a man may die, but it is only once in a twelvemonth that a year dies, and one is dying now.

The old clock grins in its gold on ebony, and its spectral hands wave solemnly.

Adieu, old year!

In ten minutes you will have ceased to exist. You, with your follies, your sacrifices, sublime, trivial, gay, mad, and sad, will find a grave under the snows out-of-doors and the thick dust of memories.

And the old clock grins in its gold on ebony. It is growing cynical. Will nothing end? Ah, for rest! Rest! Never! Just tick-tock! tick-tock! To be born! Tick-tock! To suffer! Tick-tock! To enjoy! Tick-tock! And then to die! Tick-tock! Bah! Hark! The old clock grinning in gold on ebony waves its hands and speaks.

Midnight! The year is dead. But the old clock is not thinking of that. He is already forgotten. But in twelve distinct tones she—the old clock—greets the wailing, feeble year that is being born. And she sees a woman take her lover's head between the palms of her hands and kiss him—one kiss for each muffled note—one kiss for each month of the infant year. One! Hesitating, reluctant, yet blissful. A promise—near—so near. Two! Tender with assurance—he is hers—she is his. Oh, the divine mystery! Three! A thought, a foreboding. What we have we do not always keep. This kiss held the prophecy of a farewell. Four! *Now!* Why think? The moment is enough. Each kiss is an eternity. And, after all, what has been is forever ours. Nothing can take it away. Five! Dear New Year, we salute thee! You are alone! Poor fellow! And we—have each other. Six! It is a habit—this kiss. Not as bewildering, but sweet, nevertheless. Seven! A new awakening to the realization of love. It is still ours—our own. Eight! Wistful—tender—"Yes, dear; I love you—I do, indeed! Why do you doubt me?" But she turns her face now to the shadows. Will the old clock grinning in gold on ebony never have done? Nine! It is late. Yes—I love you. Why do I kiss you? Because we are lovers—is it not so? Ten! Hear the clock tick! How cold it is! What! A tear? There! Eleven! I shall never forget you. You have filled my life with sweetness, like a flower. You are the sweetest woman I ever knew! Ah! *Twelve!*

Pray, what is the greatest platitude? Love. And what is greater than the greatest? A last kiss.

And so, like the tones of the bell—like the twelve kisses of the woman—were the months of the year.

And the old clock grinning in gold on ebony whispers laconically: *Finis!* Tick-tock! tick-tock! tick-tock!

* * * * * * *

The cars are lazy to-night, and creep upon their rails. My thoughts have stolen their bells, and fly through space. Some hansom wheels grate upon the curb.

"Cab, sir?"

"Yes.

A speck of mud flecks the purity of my faultless coat-sleeve.

I have lived it all—all—before.

In another second it has gone. Where?

Which is the more wonderful? To grasp and hold a fragment—a tattered bit—of a lost pre-existence, or, having once held, to again lose, and forever?

"Cab, sir?"

Doubtless it was upon some boulevard on Mars! Or was it Jupiter? No! I am inclined to think it must have been somewhere in Orion. I have always felt a weakness for Orion.

And she was waiting for me, then, also?

1107.

Was that the number of her house, then? How can I tell—when it is all over? It was a flash-light turned from my brain into space. And it has ended—if a thing so brief can end.

Again the wheels on the curb. It is her house.

"You ask too much!" I growl to the driver. He argues over his shoulder from where he sits, a clod outlined against the heavens. I mutter:

"You are mad! Imbecile!"

And as I turn to watch him rocking off down the narrow street like a pygmy astride a monster with two fiery eyes, I add:

"And so perhaps are we all."

* * * * * * *

My glass of maraschino is but half full now, but that half is molten flame.

And we made a little trip to Happy-land. And it was all very real—almost as real as a dream. And you and I were in a little boat—such a little boat. It was impossible to be very far apart in such a little boat. And I do not recall that we regretted this. It was too early for regrets. They come later, when the river is frozen and the reeds are dumb.

The shore was shadowy—as shadowy as all reality—and lighted only by fireflies. Some were tangled in her hair. They had taken it for summer dusk.

And he said, "Can you steer?" But the witchery of the night made the words tender. And she answered, softly:

"Yes. Which way?"

And the moon smiled wanly, and threw her mantle upon the laughing water before them.

"To the moon," whispered he, wistfully staring at the pathway of light.

And she smiled merrily as she cried, "Remember there is a man there."

"Therefore—for that reason alone—we will not go there."

But she chose the path which the moon had made with her mantle. They were very happy. And the path took them to a patch of rushes—whispering reeds lost long ago by Pan. Beneath them the shallows gleamed like opals.

Here they drifted, while the reeds rattled against the sides of their boat, and said:

"Remain; do not hurry away."

But the rushing currents argued:

"Nonsense! It is growing late, and I am due at the city yonder. Come with me."

And over the city rushed a dark cloud of smoke; but above it shone the stars.

Then for long moments only the quarrelling and wrestling of the reeds and the currents were heard. After that a woman's voice: "We are fools. Do you know it?"

And then a man's voice:

"If we are, we are happy. It is better to be a happy fool than sad and wise. Let us be fools."

Then she: "But when people begin by being fools, how will it end?"

He said nothing, having another argument, but the woman asked the curious reeds:

"Are the Wise fools?" Lap! lap! lap!

The reeds replied, earnestly:

"No, the Fools are wise." Rustle! rustle! rustle!

* * * * * * *

My glass of maraschino is nearly empty. It has grown dull and colorless. I hold it to the light.

The dinner was not bad. On the whole, that is much to say of a dinner. And did I hear of the scandal? Which? There are so many. And do I believe in ghosts? Yes. Laugh if you like; but listen.

Last night I walked alone just at the chilly twilight in the deserted, cheerless little park. A little snow gleamed in patches here and there about the roots of the gaunt trees, while the autumn sky brooded dull and desolate over the spinning earth.

An icy wind blew mockingly through the shuddering grasses, tore the shriveled pansies from where they lay at the feet of the statues, and whirled the long rows of gas jets in a hideous reel as it sped down the avenue. The stars were muffled in mists, reflecting themselves on the wet asphalt, from which the roll of cabs was beating out a little dreary song.

"It is over!" was the refrain of the wheels.

And there—as I stood—I saw some ghosts of last spring.

Close to the curb stood a phantom hansom. I heard its wheels grate upon the curb. Its lamps reflected themselves redly in the puddles. It was very real. The phantom horse—a sad spirit from horse-heaven—was weeping mournfully as it turned its large eyes toward me. Upon the box sat a phantom driver.

"Cab, sir?"

And upon the curb stood a phantom man with a phantom speck of mud upon his coat sleeve. I give you my word it was all very

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real. He stood with the yellow light of a café behind him. He was tall, with a certain haughty poise of his reckless head. And I knew who it was even before I heard him give the curt command:

"1107 ——— Street."

And then there was a slam, a snap of a whip, a rattle, and these four ghosts disappeared.

Yes. You have guessed it. It was the ghost of my old self who said:

"1107 ——— Street."

"She?" She has moved. Some one else lives at 1107. Again you are right. She is married.

"And as for me! Well, *je suis ce qui je suis!*"

And the glass of maraschino is empty.

Johanna Staats.

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Augustin Daly's Company of Comedians

WEEK JULY 11th. MR. DALY'S COMEDY MATINEE SATURDAY

THE "LAST WORD"

Monday, July 18th, Tuesday, Wednesday Matinee and Wednesday Evening — "School for Scandal"

Thursday, Friday, Saturday Matinee and Saturday Evening — LORD TENNYSON'S POETIC COMEDY "THE FORESTERS"

Prices: $2.00, $1.50, $1.00 and 50c. SEATS NOW ON SALE

ONE MINUTE PANCAKE MEAL JUST THE THING FOR EVERYBODY

THE MUMMERS.

THE OPENING OF STOCKWELL'S.

The dedication of a temple to Thespis is an event of more than ordinary importance to a city or State; it pre-supposes growth of intellect, forwardness of civilization, and a demand for enlightenment that have their apotheosis in the setting up of a new pulpit. Players and playhouses are auxiliaries in the civilizing forces of the world, and when the Government begins to realize this, we shall have theatres under Governmental support, plays produced by sanction of law, the good in the drama will be fostered, and the evil will be denied a hearing.

The opening of Stockwell's Theatre on Thursday night was a decided success. To the dedication came many things that were calculated to arouse interest, notably the appearance of Mr. Daly's Company. Occupying as it does the place of honor on the right hand of Thespis, this troupe has in itself so much that is magnetic that its performances anywhere are success-winning.

The theatre stood the last and crucial test on Thursday evening. Artists could say that it was a pretty house; that its adornments were in such good taste that the eye wandered with delight from pit to dome, from family box to proscenium; others could give positive assurance that the seats were marvels in comfort and ease, but no one could say that a mummer could be heard from the stage to the dress circle without making an apopletic display of himself. The acoustic properties are splendid.

I must admit to a feeling of regret at the reception given the Daly people. When the curtain rose (and I purposely omit more particular mention of this important feature of the decorations, merely contenting myself with asking if accident or design is responsible for the likeness to Tom Reed that one of the cupid's wears?) on the first scene of "As You Like It," a corporal's guard of unfashionably kind people were present; their applause sounded hollow; during almost all of the first act the crowd poured in, and when the curtain (I have nothing more to say of that) went down the place was filled.

It would be useless to say anything of the play as produced by the company. New methods of criticism must be invented if a critic would speak of Ada Rehan; adulation has bowed so often before that divine creature that a storm of indignation would be raised against the person who dared suggest that her Rosalind is little better than that of another actress, the magic of whose form and face and power on Thursday night had still force to beg comparison. In individual parts, "As You Like It" has been more pleasurably produced in this city; there have been greater Dukes, better Cynics, and brighter Motleys; but, as a whole, from the bright and shining head to the obscure supernumerary, the production was the most enjoyable that I have seen.

This afternoon begins "The Last Word," and following that is a repertory that will delight all. It is the hope of all that Stockwell's will continue as well as it has begun.

After a most successful engagement, Francis Wilson tears himself away this evening. His "Merry Monarch" and "Lion Tamer" will live long in the regard of San Franciscans. On Monday he will be followed by Charles Frohman's Company in the farce-comedy Gloriana," which will then have its first production in this city. The new comedy is from the French, and had remarkable runs in Paris, London, and New York It is said to be an exceedingly amusing piece in which the characters enjoy some degree of naturalness; the situations are ludicrous and the dialogue bright. The mummers are all artists, and an excellent performance may be expected.——

On the 18th "The Lost Paradise" will be presented by Mr. Frohman's Stock Company, which includes William Morris, Orrin Johnson, Cyril Scott, Odette Taylor, Maud Adams, and Etta Hawkins. This is the company that played "Men and Women" with so much success here. Its return will be looked for with interest.——

Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels have done an excellent business at the Bush Street Theatre this week, and there is every likelihood of a splendid run for the season. The new features are worth seeing, and although the old favorites have been received with favor, the new men have also made big hits. Next week will be the last of the minstrels.——

Reed and Collier are doing well at the California. The plain Charles received his old-time reception, and his "Chicken Tomales" was just as good as ever. "Hoss and Hoss" defies criticism; its only reason for existing is the fact thet it makes people laugh. As it does that, it scores an excellent purpose, and will succeed.

BALDWIN THEATRE

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ONE WEEK!
Opening Monday, July 11th

GLORIANA — A GLORIOUS COMEDY! A JOY FOREVER! As presented nearly 150 Nights in New York

In presenting at this Theatre the Double Bill of Gloriana and The Major's Appointment Mr. Chas. Frohman invites attention to the unusual excellency of the several players whom he has been able to cast in the plays named. The list of the original artists includes:
Mr. E. J. Henley, Mr. Frederick Bond, Mr. Chas. B. Wells, Mr Edwin Stevens, Mr Joseph Allen, Miss Henrietta Crossman, Miss May Robson, Miss Margaret Robinson, Mr. Henry Robson, Mr. Thos. A. Wise

"GLORIANA" preceded Every Evening at 8:15 by "The Major's Appointment."

——MONDAY, JULY 18th——
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Presenting their Latest Success,

THE LOST PARADISE.

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GREAT — Notices From All Papers!! Laughter From All Audiences!! Audiences At All Performances!! Are but the Natural Results of so Entertaining a Performance as

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CHAS. P. HALL ..... Manager

POSITIVELY LAST WEEK
Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels
ENTIRE CHANGE —OF— PROGRAMME
Next Week, July 18th,
Marie Hubert Frohman in "THE WITCH."

THE MAN WHO WAS NOT ON THE PASSENGER LIST.

BY LUKE BARR.

The "Gibrontus," of the Hot Cross Bun Line, was at one time the best ship of that justly celebrated fleet. All steamships, have, of course, their turn at the head of a fleet until a better boat is built, but the "Gibrontus" is even now, a reasonably fast and popular boat. An accident happened on board the "Gibrontus" some years ago, which was of small importance to the general public, but of some moment to Richard Keeling—for it killed him. The poor man got only a line or two in the papers when the steamer arrived at New York, and then they spelled his name wrong. It had happened something like this: Keeling was wandering around very late at night, when he should have been in his bunk, and he stepped on a dark place that he thought was solid. As it happened, there was nothing between him and the bottom of the hold but space. They buried Keeling at sea, and the officers knew absolutely nothing about the matter when inquisitive passengers, hearing rumors, questioned them. This state of things very often exists both on sea and land, as far as officials are concerned. Mrs. Keeling, who had been left in England while her husband went to America to make his fortune, and tumbled down a hole instead, felt aggrieved at the company. The company said that Keeling had no business to be nosing around dark places on the deck at that time of night, and doubtless their contention was just. Mrs. Keeling, on the other hand, held that a steamer had no right to have such man-traps open at any time, night or day, without having them properly guarded, and in that she was also probably correct. The company was very sorry, of course, that the thing had occurred; but they refused to pay for Keeling unless compelled to do so by the law of the land, and there matters stood. No one can tell what the law of the land will do when it is put in motion, although many people thought that if Mrs. Keeling had brought a suit against the Hot Cross Bun Company, she would have won it. But Mrs. Keeling was a poor woman, and you have to put a penny in the slot when you want the figures of justice to work, so the unfortunate creature signed something which the lawyer of the company had written out, and accepted the few pounds which Keeling had paid for Room 18 on the "Gibrontus" It would seem that this ought to have settled the matter, for the lawyer told Mrs. Keeling he thought the company acted very generously in refunding the passage money; but it didn't settle the matter. Within a year from that time, the company voluntarily paid Mrs. Keeling £2100 for her husband. Now that the occurrence is called to your mind, you will, perhaps, remember the editorial one of the leading London dailies had on the extraordinary circumstance, in which it was very ably shown that the old saying about corporations having no souls to be condemned, or bodies to be kicked, did not apply in these days of commercial honor and integrity. It was a very touching editorial, and it caused tears to be shed on the Stock Exchange, the members having had no idea, before reading it, that they were so noble and generous.

How, then, was it that the Hot Cross Bun Company did this commendable act, when their lawyer took such pains to clear them of all legal liability? The purser of the "Gibrontus," who is now old and superannuated, could probably tell you if he liked.

When the negotiations with Mrs. Keeling had been brought to a satisfactory conclusion by the lawyer of the company, and when that gentleman was rubbing his hands over his easy victory, the good ship "Gibrontus" was steaming out of the Mersey on her way to New York. The stewards in the grand saloon were busy getting things in order for dinner, when a wan and gaunt passenger spoke to one of them.

"Where have you placed me at table?" he asked.

"What name, sir?" asked the steward.

"Keeling."

The steward looked along the main tables, up one side and down the other, reading the cards, but nowhere did he find the name he was in search of. Then he looked at the small tables, but also without success.

"How do you spell it, sir?" he asked the patient passenger.

"K-double-e-l-i-n-g."

"Thank you, sir."

Then he looked up and down the four rows of names on the passenger list he held in his hand, but finally shook his head.

"I can't find your name on the passenger list," he said. "I'll speak to the purser, sir."

"I wish you would," replied the passenger in a listless way, as if he had not much interest in the matter. The passenger, whose name was not on the list, waited until the steward returned.

"Would you mind stepping into the purser's room for a moment, sir? I'll show you the way, sir."

When the passenger was shown into the purser's room that official said to him, in the urbane manner of pursers:

"Might I look at your ticket, sir?"

The passenger pulled a long pocketbook from the inside of his coat, opened it, and handed the purser the document it contained. The purser scrutinized it sharply, and then referred to a list he had on the desk before him.

"This is very strange," he said at last. "I never knew such a thing to occur before, although, of course, it is always possible. The people on shore have in some unaccountable manner left your name out of my list. I am sorry you have been put to any inconvenience, sir."

"There has been no inconvenience so far," said the passenger, "and I trust there will be none. You find the ticket regular, I presume?"

"Quite so—quite so," replied the purser. Then, to the waiting steward, "Give Mr. Keeling any place he prefers at the table which is not already taken. You have room 18."

"That was what I bought at Liverpool."

"Well, I see you have the room to yourself, and I hope you will find it comfortable. Have you ever crossed with us before, sir? I seem to recollect your face."

"I have never been in America."

"Ah! I see so many faces, of course, that I sometimes fancy I know a man when I don't. Well, I hope you will have a pleasant voyage, sir."

"Thank you."

No. 18 was not a popular passenger. People seemed instinctively to shrink from him, although it must be admitted that he made no advances. All went well until the "Gibrontus" was about half-way over. One forenoon the chief officer entered the captain's room with a pale face, and, shutting the door after him, said:

"I am very sorry to have to report, sir, that one of the passengers has fallen into the hold."

"Good Heavens!" cried the captain. "Is he hurt?"

"He is killed, sir."

The captain stared aghast at his subordinate.

"How did it happen? I gave the strictest orders that those places were on no account to be left unguarded."

Although the company had held to Mrs. Keeling that the captain was not to blame, their talk with that gentleman was of an entirely different tone.

"That is the strange part of it, sir. The hatch has not been opened this voyage, sir, and was securely bolted down."

"Nonsense! Nobody will believe such a story! Someone has been careless! Ask the purser to come here, please."

When the purser saw the body, he recollected, and came as near fainting as a purser can.

They dropped Keeling overboard in the night, and the whole affair was managed so quietly that nobody suspected anything, and, what is the most incredible thing in this story, the New York papers did not have a word about it. What the Liverpool office said about the matter nobody knows, but it must have stirred up something like a breeze in that strictly business locality. It is likely they pooh-poohed the whole affair, for, strange to say, when the purser tried to corroborate the story with the dead man's ticket the document was nowhere to be found.

The "Gibrontus" started out on her next voyage from Liverpool with all her colors flying, but some of her officers had a vague feeling of unrest within them which reminded them of the time they first sailed on the heaving seas. The purser was seated in his room, busy, as pursers always are at the beginning of a voyage, when there was a rap at the door.

"Come in!" shouted the important official, and there entered unto him a stranger, who said:

"Are you the purser?"

"Yes, sir. What can I do for you?"

"I have room No. 18."

"What!" cried the purser, with a gasp, almost jumping from his chair. Then he looked at the robust man before him, and sank back with a sigh of relief. It was not Keeling.

"I have room No. 18," continued the passenger, "and the arrangement I made with your people in Liverpool was that I was to have the room to myself. I do a great deal of shipping over your——"

"Yes, my dear sir," said the purser, after

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AGENTS

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having looked rapidly over his list, "you have No. 18 to yourself."

"So I told the man who is unpacking his luggage there; but he showed me his ticket, and it was issued before mine. I can't quite understand why your people should——"

"What kind of a looking man is he?"

"A thin, unhealthy, cadaverous man, who doesn't look as if he would last till the voyage ends. I don't want *him* for a room mate, if I have to have one, I think you ought——"

"I will, sir. I will make it all right. I suppose, if it should happen that a mistake has been made, and he has the prior claim to the room, you would not mind taking No. 24—it is a larger and better room."

"That will suit me exactly."

So the purser locked his door and went down to No. 18.

"Well," he said to its occupant.

"Well," answered Mr. Keeling, looking up at him with his cold and fishy eyes.

"You're here again, are you?"

"I'm here again, and I *will* be here again. And again and again, and again and again."

"Now, what the——" Then the purser hesitated a moment, and thought perhaps he had better not swear, with that icy, clammy gaze fixed upon him. "What object have you in all this?"

"Object? The very simple one of making your company live up to its contract. From Liverpool to New York, my ticket reads. I paid for being landed in the United States, not for being dumped overboard in mid-ocean. Do you think you can take me over? You have had two tries at it and have not succeeded. Yours is a big and powerful company, too."

"If you know we can't do it, then why do you——?" The purser hesitated.

"Pester you with my presence?" suggested Mr. Keeling. "Because I want you to do justice. Two thousand pounds is the price, and I will raise it one hundred pounds every trip."

This time the New York papers got hold of the incident, but not of its peculiar features. They spoke of the extraordinary carelessness of the officers in allowing practically the same accident to occur twice on the same boat. When the *Gibrontus* reached Liverpool all the officers, from the captain down, sent in their resignations. Most of the sailors did not take the trouble to resign, but cut for it. The managing director was annoyed at the newspaper comments, but laughed at the rest of the story. He was invited to come over and interview Keeling for his own satisfaction, most of the officers promising to remain on the ship if he did so. He took Room 18 himself. What happened I do not know, for the purser refused to sail again on the "Gibrontus," and was given another ship.

But this much is certain. When the managing director got back, the company generously paid Mrs. Keeling $2100.—*From "In a Steamer Chair." (The Cassell Publishing Company.)*

KNOWN BY THE STATIONERY.

The numberless brands of stationery that are in the market prove that this is a Nation of letter writers, and the sort of stationery you receive in your correspondence proves better than anything else the characters of all the letter writers. The cheap chromo in one corner explains all, as they say in plays. Sanborn, Vail & Co. have a large assortment of the very latest and best writing paper. In mourning stationery the styles are many. The borders differ largely in width, and envelopes match. In the assortment are the quadrille, kid, and many other finishes, the best in the market In ordinary stationery, Crane's, Bond and Kid finish is probably the best; these are made up with simple and neat decorations. The firm carries a handsome line of letter paper for the little ones. Nothing encourages neatness in letter writing in children more than good paper. Sanborn, Vail & Co. also show a large assortment of mourning calling cards in different sizes and borders, and mourning correspondence cards with envelopes to match.

MUSIC.

LOCAL PIANO PLAYING.

Distinct characteristics are neither aimed at nor produced in the piano playing of San Francisco, professional or otherwise, and like the population the style is mixed. Methods are individual, not general. Every teacher has his or her school, with peculiarities mostly developed by chance and hap-hazard. The general quality of the playing, considering time and effort expended thereon, is less productive of painful sensations than might be supposed.

Of late years there has been a distinct improvement in the standard of the compositions attempted, and in professional concerts good taste is becoming general in the choice of numbers. The greasy haricot of the dead bodies of Italian operas no longer slop, drip, and plash upon the ears of expectant audiences, and is as rare as the resurrection of De Beriot violin airs with unnecessary "worryations." The intimate music which is gradually spreading among amateurs is the means of developing a purer taste; insensibly the cultivation of a finer style in performance is growing to be a necessity.

All the horrors engendered by Chelich's method are in full progress. In private and in public the siiff wrist and finger hammer actions are produced without any trepidation. The better teaching, the returned students, and the musical magazines might as well not exist as far as many of the pianists and amateurs who perform these wonderful evolutions are concerned. Men and women of talent have spent periods of from thirty, forty, to fifty years in cultivating a muscular action contrary to natural laws, ruinous to the nervous system, and innocent of a suggestion of freedom and grace.

Because several German pianists of genius, who in their own performances carefully abstained from practicing what they taught, issued printed dogmas half a century since, numbers of our pianists of talent sat down and declared the art of piano playing was finished, nothing remained but to carry out the axioms of the celebrities. To these people the playing of the greatest living artists is unadulterated insanity. The freedom of gesture, the variety of means, the distinctions in qualities of tone, all these things are direct insults to the jealously-guarded and assiduously-practiced precepts of half a century. Observation counts for nothing, nor the evidence of the senses with this dogged talent. The fact that the art and science of gesture is being carried out in every possible phase in the dramatic art seems never to have struck a larger number of our pianists.

That every kind of tone should be produced by an identical action is the first principle of the technical and artistic side of the work done. Of the countless possible positions of the hand, wrist, and arm only one is used, and that a false one. The electric current of will never passes through the fingers in the old methods; a cramped attitude and a harsh striking of the keys in two or three gradations of tone is the result. At the bottom of the method practiced and taught by these musicians are two words "hammer" and "strike." The results sometimes are nervous prostration, consumption, and diseases of the spine. Thanks to some capable teaching playing of good intention is becoming less infrequent, and in the amateur world of music the piano is beginning to take a position a trifle higher than an instrument of torture, or as inducement to social gabble; indeed, there are a devoted few who think there is, perhaps, more than an artful tinkle of sounds in a classic composition. Every girl whose education is alleged to have been cared for, has, of course, taken piano practice in the same way as she has the multiplication table, with the difference that she masters the last, and the first almost invariably masters her. The exceptions, however, grow to have some control over the instrument and a knowledge of musical works.

Piano playing fiends of all types are common enough, but the fantasia and variation scratching type has passed away; in its place we have the execution decapitation and total disguise of Chopin. The pianist who never practices is also a thing of the past, as well as the performer of such gift that he never required any study. Numbers of amateurs there are who devote conscientious years to acquiring the use of their muscles and a repertoire of good music. The value of their efforts is greater than the whole course of five seasons of local concerts put together, and the development of amateur music, particularly of piano playing, promises liberally for the future. LESLEY MARTIN.

Parisian papers please copy this, from the Los Angeles *Herald:* "The record is broken. A French duel has at last resulted in a fatality."

The Stockton *Mail* insists on having the best of everything: "The *Mail's* editorial rooms are the hottest in town. But the characteristic good nature of the paper is not permitted to suffer any deterioration on that account."

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MINING AND FINANCIAL.

On Tuesday Senator Stewart's Silver Bill passed the Senate by a majority vote and will now go to the House. From indications it is said, unless amended, the bill as passed will not benefit the mine owners, as first it leaves the silver certificates unprotected and also does away with the monthly purchases of silver aggregating 4,000,000 oz., but instead coins the bullion now in the vaults, which will take at least two years. Silver already has weakened, selling in New York on Wednesday at 87 per oz.

Much interest is involved to mining men in the outcome of the suit now being argued before Judge Gilbert of the United States Circuit Court, in the case of the United States against the Bloomfield Mining Company, a suit growing out of the alleged violation of the injunction of hydraulic mining. The defendants base their right to hydraulic mining on the clause in Judge Sawyer's notorious decision which specified that it would doubtless be possible to continue using the system if a proper set of dams were provided.

The Company claim to have a series of dams and sluices which prevent the debris from reaching the river.

Sacramento County, through its attorney, R. T. Devlin, has served injunctions on two mines operating at Gold Run for permitting debris to run into the river.

The Miners' Association do not sustain these mines in their actions, as they violated the agreements made the Association.

After adjourning for five days the different Mining Stock Exchanges met on Tuesday and the brokers were ready to do business. At the close of last week shares looked panicy, and many speculators who had been carrying a line of securities passed a nervous vacation, as the outlook was anything but promising, and dreaded to see the financial statements filed of the different mines the first of the month, but a welcome surprise awaited them, as the old favorite bonanza mine, Con. Virginia, instead of showing a deficiency and the need of an assessment, made a shipment larger than for the last twelve months. On July 2d there were shipped ten bars of bullion to the Carson Mint valued at $50,552. This closed the June account, making a total of $118,141 for the month, the largest since July, 1891, of $185,000.

This will leave a surplus in the treasury, after paying expenses, of about $20,000.

On this showing all the market revived and brokers' orders came in thick and fast, the Northenders showing the first strength. Ophir, which closed at $1.50 (with an assessment of 50 cents due), sold freely at $2.25. Con. Virginia closed at $3.40, rallied to $3.80, Mexican from $1.40 sold up to $1.65. In the Pacific Board, which met an hour earlier than the San Francisco, Gauthier, the French syndicate's broker, bought everything right and left, buying blocks of 500 share lots of Potosi, Mexican, Gould and Curry, Seg. Belcher, etc., also 1000 shares of Chollar, at 85 cents from Miller.

In the San Francisco Board, Walls, Hadley, Dyer, and Hall bought freely of all the leading stocks. In the lobbies many new faces were seen, and anyone passing would at once observe the old-time crowd and activity; even Chief Crowley could not resist the temptation, but came into the Board the first time, as he observed, in three months (he being a member of the Board during bonanza days).

But it was on Wednesday when the bulk of the business was executed, and the whole line was booming, especially the Gold Hill group, and as I notified the patrons and readers of THE WAVE in the last few issues, that these Belcher, Crown Point, Yellow Jacket, etc., etc., were the stocks to watch and invest in, so those who took advantage of the advice could have made a handsome turn.

From last Wednesday, when Belcher was selling at $1.10, it rapidly advanced, and on the purchases of Hadley, Crocker, and Schmitt, at the morning session, it sold up to $2.05. Crown Point advanced in the same time from 85 cents to $1.40, Yellow Jacket from 80 cents to $1.10.

The whole line sympathized with Belcher, Con. Virginia selling up to $4.00, Best and Belcher to $2.00, Ophir to $2.70, Savage to $1.70, Union Con. to $1.25. These figures indicate a rise of from twenty-five to forty per cent.

The volume of business was large at the two informal and regular sessions of the San Francisco Board. On Wednesday alone there was bought of Comstock mines 48,720 shares, of which 5700 were Belcher, 3500 Crown Point. Of course, the advance brought sellers into the market who were willing to take a fair profit and let anxious investors have a few shares, and on free sales by Walls, Hirshfield, King and Coursen, the prices receded, and Belcher sold down to $1.60, Crown Point $1.10, Ophir to $2.35, Con. Virginia to $3.65, Savage to $1.50, etc.

Although the Gold Hills may recede some, still the outlook is very encouraging and prospects bright, and higher figures and busier times will be the rule.

In outside districts the Bodies, Quijotoas, Tuscaroras, etc., nothing of note occurred, and from the present outlook it is good policy to let these districts severely alone, as nothing but assessments and poor returns seem the rule, many of the brokers not even allowing their clients credit for these stocks in figuring on their accounts, while no matter how low a stock may be selling on the Comstock it still passes as a credit.

From the weekly report of the Con. Virginia is shown there were extracted 992 tons of ore and shipped to the Morgan Mill, of which 980 tons were milled at an assay value of $25.30 as against $23.41 of the previous week. There was also worked at the Vivian Mill 140 tons. Bullion valued at $40,834 were shipped to the Carson Mint.

The monthly report shows that the Morgan Mill crushed 4350 tons, yielding bullion of an assay value of $105,881, being $62,722 gold and $43,159 silver. At the Vivian Mill 748 tons crushed, assay value of $12,259.

The annual meeting of the Associated Brokers will be held this month, at which it is claimed a new set of officials will be elected with more progressive ideas, less legislation, and more practicable business issues.

The following companies will also hold their elections: The Savage, Best & Belcher, Union, Overman, Benton, Lady Washington, Utah, and Yellow Jacket.

During the month of June the Comstock mills and mines paid out for labor $169,000.

On July 1st the Potosi showed an indebtedness of $26,464, with bullion product and mine expenses for June not reported.

The Chollar had a debt of $15,740.

Frank Wilson, one of the owners of the April Fool Mine, Pioche, made a shipment of 130 sacks of ore. Of this lot 30 sacks will run over $6000 in gold and the balance $500 to the ton.

The Old Dominion Copper Mine, of Arizona, is the largest producer in that section, the output daily being 30,000 pounds.

During the month just ended, local incorporations disbursed a total of $333,600 in dividends, of which the banks paid $73,500; gas, $66,000; water, $70,000; mining, $163,100; and miscellaneous the balance.

During July there will become due assessments to the amount of $250,300.

The Mayflower Gravel Mine made a shipment of $2000.

Dividends have been declared by the following corporations: Pacific Gas Improvement, 50 cents per share; Spring Valley Water, 50 cents; California Safe Deposit, semi-annual, $1.50; California Guarantee 3½ per cent on Class B shares; First National Bank, semi-annual, at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, and the Nevada Bank, quarterly, at the rate of 6 per cent.

But one assessment has been levied since our last issue, the Peerless Mine of Quojotoa, of 5 cents per share.

At the Stock and Bond Board, which met for business Wednesday, business was light. The following quotations were made, all bonds being ex-coupons; California Street Railroad, 5's 103; Contra Costa Water, 99; Spring Valley 4's, 91¼; Market Street Cable, 120; S. P. of Arizona, 120; Nevada C. narrow gauge, 100; Anglo-California Bank, 65 bid, 70 asked; Bank of California, 270 asked; Oakland Gas, 38¼ bid; San Francisco Gas, 70½ bid; Pacific Improvement Gas, 80 bid; Atlantic Dynamite Powder, 45½ bid; Vigorit, 2½; Safety Nitro, 9⅜ bid, 10 asked; California Electric, 15¼ bid.

Of sales recorded we note 70 Spring Valley Water @ 99, and 10 @ 98⅞; 50 Hawaiian Com., @ $2.25, and 1000 Spring Valley 6's @ $120.25.

We note the departure of C. Spreckels for Honolulu, presumably in the interest of the Hawaiian Commercial, of which they hold 60,000 shares which were selling three years ago at $37 per share as against $2.25, the present price. SURETY.

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SECURE STORAGE. Families about closing their homes for the summer months should bear in mind that the vaults of the "California Safe Deposit and Trust Company," in the Safe Deposit Building corner Montgomery and California Streets, are the most secure for the storage of silverware, jewelry and other valuables. The terms are moderate. Valuables stored there will not be stolen or destroyed by fire, and the peace of mind secured thereby will greatly enhance the comfort and pleasure of summer vacations.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—SAVINGS AND Loan Society, 101 Montgomery St., cor. Sutter.—The Board of Directors declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1892, at the rate of five and one-fifth (5 1-5) per cent per annum on term deposits and four and one-third (4⅓) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1892.

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Gentlemen suffering from any blemish of the skin, I recommend the use of Bleach, as well as to ladies. Call or send 6 cents for particulars.

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PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

I am told that George H. Foster has decided to drift with the tide, and incorporate his brokerage business. This announcement rather surprises me for "George" has always been as independent as one can well imagine, and it is rather difficult to picture him the servant of a corporation even in name. Without reflecting in any way upon Foster, who is as straight as any broker can be, and make a living, the fashionable practice of incorporating brokerage companies, strikes me as being a perfectly feasible method of indirectly rebating, and one that, talk as he may, is entirely beyond the control of Manager Du Val. There is no law, insurancewise or otherwise, that can prevent the purchase, by large insurers of stock in these concerns, and the collection of such dividends as may accrue from their operations. Even the Stockton Investment Company, in spite of Compact excommunication, experienced no trouble in securing agencies, and it begins to look as though the next few years will find the insurers of every town placing their business through an incorporated local agency, and drawing their little dividends with gratifying regularity. In fact, I am already considering the advisability of placing my own business on this basis.

The fact that corporations are but inanimate and soulless individuals, is emphasized by their servitude to custom. In this connection I would strongly urge the opening of an annex.

* * *

I warned Colonel Taylor some weeks ago that the "wreckers" were after the stock of his company, but fear that he did not take the hint. Notwithstanding the unprofitable character of the trans-mountain business, none of our locals can, in the present stage of the game, afford to pull out, even though influenced by a sincere determination to fight it out at home, for the local agents immediately begin to "stand from under." I, for one, cannot blame them for this, for experience in this field has shown the re-insurance of Eastern liability to be but the beginning of the end. Take, for example, the Union, the announcement of its retirement from the Eastern field was soon followed by the Alliance and oblivion. The "Old Reliable" became discouraged by the result of its operations on the other side of the "backbone"—outcome, wreckers and retirement. All things considered, then, I fear that the Sun's days are numbered. Perhaps the announcement explains a certain mysterious Eastern trip, which is said to have bewildered the Directors of a couple of local companies recently. By the way, the Oakland Home ought to be able to pack this additional load? *Sabe?*

* * *

The Home Mutual's Marine Department is now open for business, but I am told that "Cyrus" finds sole management very different from following the routine of an established office. The remodeling of the California's old quarters is about complete, and I suppose the Home Mutual will soon take possession.

The Fourth, just past, has been an unusually severe one upon the companies, and, as a natural consequence, adjusters and specials are scattered all over the country. San Jose came to the front with a "scorcher," but as the loss is pretty well scattered, none of the "boys" are complaining very bitterly. Woodland, Sacramento, Red Bluff, Ogden, and a host of smaller towns, called on the companies to contribute, and this aggregate, with the numerous minor claims not yet reported, will run up the July fire losses very materially.

"Jake" Levison, of the "double F," has gone East, and "Fred" Butler, of the Western, has headed for the Northwest. What a host of friends "Fred" has, and what a capital fellow he is! LOCAL.

Mr. A. G. Heyl, for many years connected with the United States Marine Hospital Service, is now a member of the well-known undertaking establishment of Martin, Morrison & Heyl, 118 Geary Street.

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DIVIDEND NOTICE

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 CALIFORNIA STREET

For the half year ending June 30, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1-10) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and four and one-quarter (4 1-4) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1892.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

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Electro Deposit Dental Plates

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These plates are made by an entirely new process, by depositing chemically pure silver and gold directly upon the plaster model. Its perfect accuracy of fit is thereby insured. Its advantages (aside from the fit), are its strength, cleanliness and absence of heating qualities, being far superior to the ill-smelling, non-conducting, and, in some instances, injurious, rubber plates.

Full and Partial Plates, saddle bridges and crowns can be made to perfection by this method. The most difficult cases are solicited by Dr. B. W. Haines, who has had much experience in this work, and has met with great success, and takes pleasure in recommending it to those desiring the best artificial denture that art and science can produce.

B. W. HAINES, D. D. S.

MANUFACTURER, Sole Right of California.

14 GRANT AVE., over City of Paris, SAN FRANCISCO

SANTA CRUZ NEWS.

SANTA CRUZ, July 7th. DEAR WAVE:—The first of the week was, of course, devoted to patriotism and pyrotechnics, though I am bound to say that they were both a little like a bottle of champagne too long uncorked—there wasn't a great deal of "fizz" to them

There was a Fourth of July parade, with oration and the reading of that much-revered Declaration, of which we all retain in our memories at least the opening sentence and a few prominent catch-words to quote when we wish to point a moral. I must, however, record the fact that the yachts, the beach, the Casino, and the surf attracted the multitude rather than the sublime utterances of the early fathers and grandfathers of the Republic. Let us not argue from this that America is growing unpatriotic; young America would fight as readily as old America did, if need were; it is only our *fin-de-siècle* method of enjoying the privileges of liberty.

Business, excepting the business of feeding, lodging, and entertaining the crowds who were here, was pretty much disregarded, and pleasure was the business of the day. Sullivan, of the Sea Beach, tasted some of the bitterness as well as the sweets of popularity, for the man and his assistants were nearly worked to death "over the Fourth." Considerably over 400 people shared the hospitality of the Sea Beach, and that number, with all their real and imagined needs to cater to, would make quite a respectable village.

McCollum & Bilicke, of the Pacific Ocean House, found themselves as crowded as ever with the new third story. They will have to take the country school's motto as their own, "Climb higher," and build a fourth story by 1893. Then, too, they had to look in occasionally upon the Casino, which, under George Casanora's management, has been headquarters for jollity all the week.

The opening hop at the Pacific Ocean House took place on Thursday last and was a pleasant affair with plenty of gentlemen.

At the Sea Beach on Saturday evening the hop was "informal" as far as invitation cards and full dress was concerned, but the auditorium was crowded with dancers.

On Monday evening at the same hotel a very special ball was given and the ladies blossomed out in some of their prettiest gowns.

I have not yet spoken of the yachts—they have made the most brilliant part of the week's festivities. It's an old story now—how the "Lurline" won—John T. Dare declares that the Spreckels family have been hand in glove with Neptune and the goddess of fortune since far back in the centuries—how the "Aggie" came in a good second, and "Jessie," "Penelope," and the other girls came drifting in during the evening at their own sweet wills. "Ramona," "Chispa," and "Sappho" awaited them, and the little electric launch of the Wieland's bobs in and out among the fleet like a spoiled child or a pet pug, and at night is a lovely sight with its jeweled lights. Monday was reception day on the decks, and I'll wager the Santa Cruz public imbibed more kinds of punch on that day than it was ever before introduced to. Hospitality on both sides has been unbounded.

Monday evening the yachts came out in evening dress and indulged in fireworks, and later the "Lurline's" crew, headed by Commodore Adolph and escorted by the other yachtsmen, went out to the reception and ball given at the Casino by the citizens. Here Mayor Jeter formally delivered to Commodore Spreckels the pretty punch bowl I mentioned last week and there was speech-making, and cheering, and dancing, while the bowl was duly christened. Dr. Beverly Cole immortalized in his old-school eloquence the beauty and charm of the ladies. He is evidently proud of his position as fleet-surgeon.

A pleasant house party spent the Fourth at Golden Gate Villa, Major McLaughlin's lovely home. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Williams. The former is resting from the excitement of two national conventions, and Mrs. Williams will spend a month with Mrs. McLaughlin. Miss Anna Waldeyer is still Miss McLaughlin's guest. Mayor Rucker, of San Jose, and William Gill were also of the party. A new arrival at the villa, just brought from England to the Major, is "Tiger," a magnificent thoroughbred English mastiff, brindled as to the body, and jet black as to muzzle and jowl—only eight months old, but a big, powerful, and intelligent fellow.

Life at the "Golden Gate" is as charming as a perfectly appointed house, open-handed hospitality and exceptionally lovely surroundings can make it. The house is a mansion for size, but is as daintily finished in every part as a cameo, and it is like a first-class steam yacht, in the utilizing of every inch of space for the comfort and convenience of its inmates. The white and gold drawing-room is the most delicate and dainty apartment in the house. One knows that one is surrounded by costly fittings, yet good taste has subdued detail to artistic effect. Among the delightful water colors which adorn the walls are some of the best bits of Prosdocimi, two of Krainella, exquisite miniature fall and winter scenes by Abigail Tompkins, a wonderful marine by Franceschi, a Yosemite in oil by Hill, and one of Keith's finest Sierra views.

Space fails to tell of the artistic treasures scattered throughout the house; of the cozy billiard-room and den; the big English-looking hall with its noble fireplace and its staircase window in which the Major is immortalized in his miner's dress; of that very noble apartment, the dining-room, where a lovely corner cupboard, Mrs. McLaughlin's own especial corner, is crammed with choice porcelain and pottery, and the sideboard ought to groan if it doesn't, under that magnificent $4000 set of silver that Oroville presented to the Major; of the charming music-room and the cozy and comfortable nooks and porches and balconies, the many guest chambers, the dainty room of the "sole daughter of their house and heart" and all the rest that unlimited wealth and just as boundless good taste have wrought. The location gives the fairest views of the scenic beauty of Santa Cruz. Here the Major's wonderful *chef* serves his masterpieces and the Major himself finishes off the evening by concocting a Welsh rare-bit which he claims as his crowning accomplishment.

At Sunshine Villa Mr. and Mrs. Morris Newton, always welcome to Santa Cruz, have spent the Fourth, and this week with Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Smith. Jollity reigns at Sunshine these pleasant days.

KATE KEARNEY.

Great Semi-Annual

CLEARANCE SALE

Now in Progress

Our Mammoth Surplus Stock

—OF—

SPRING and SUMMER

Dry Goods——
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ESTABLISHED 1856.

The Dining-room connected with our establishment offers the best inducements to those who are in search of a quiet elegantly appointed restaurant of undoubted excellence.

Finest Wedding Cakes.
Wedding Breakfasts a Specialty.

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MRS. M. E. PENDLETON, Prop. and Mgr.

EXCHANGE THOUGHTS.

I'm inclined to think there is some truth in this from the Sacramento *Bee:* "Some of the alleged Irish comedians now devastating this section of the country were evidently sent over here by the British Government in order to stir up a bitter feeling against the cause of Ireland."

The Sonoma *Democrat* rises to remark: "Mr. Harrison must be alarmed about his State. He has chosen both the Chairman of the National Committee and the new Secretary of State from Indiana. He recognizes the fact that for his side it is a doubtful State. The Democrats do not so regard it."

Kate Field's *Washington* drops pearls of truth here: "Grover Cleveland is better than his party, and therefore leads by divine right. Not to have nominated their standard bearer would have been suicidal. It would have been basely ungrateful, and ingratitude is the worse of crimes."

Out of San Bernardino cometh greatness, and from the *Courier* wisdom flows: "It is better to follow a stuffed prophet who is a man of marked ability than to fawn upon a brainless idiot whose only recommendation is the napless hat of his grandfather."

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Professor Leonard will call you by name, state the object of your visit, and give you desired information on any subject, viz.: The outcome of lawsuits, result of speculations in stocks, mining enterprises, and real estate. Professor Leonard has no equal in bringing about marriage with the one you love and also bringing the separated together. So positive is he of this power that he will make no charges until work is done; to all those that are inclined to mediumistic he can surely develop, and make no charges until work is done.

Professor Leonard wishes it understood he makes no charge in advance, and will not accept payment for his services unless results are satisfactory.

Professor Leonard does not recognize any medium in the world as his equal in forecasting the future and explaining the mysteries of the past. He is ready and willing to deposit $1000 with the Nevada Bank as a challenge to any medium who will equal his work, any reputable business man of this city to be the judge.

Office hours from 10 A. M. to 8 P. M. during the week and Sundays from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. strictly.

Persons unable to call at his office may consult the professor by mail, inclosing usual fee and lock of hair, and will receive reply by return mail.

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Stage connects at Pieta with N. P. R. R. to the Springs for dinner.

J. P. STOCKWELL, Prop.

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First-class accommodations either in Hotel or Cottages, now ready for engagement. The Most Beautiful Summer Resort near the city.

Three Trains Daily Each Way. Two Round Trips Sunday, leaving San Francisco at 8 A. M. and 9 A. M.; returning, leave Camp Taylor at 5:30 and 6:25 P. M.; giving all a chance to see the Beautiful Redwoods and have a full day's outing. No Public Picnics are Allowed. No Bar room in the Hotel. A neat Club room with everything first class is maintained across the river.

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Steamers will sail at NOON on the 5th, 15th and 25th of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—July 15th, S. S. "San Jose," July 25th, S. S. "San Juan," August 5th, S. S. "City of New York."

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at NOON 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San Jose de Guatemala, Acajutla La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—July 18th, 1892, S. S. "Colima."

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.: S. S. "China," Saturday, July 9th, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "Peru," (new) Thursday, August 4th, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "City of Rio de Janeiro," Saturday, August 27, at 3 P. M.

Round trip tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE	FROM JULY 1, 1892.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*12.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	First and second class for Ogden and East, and first class locally	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	Sunset Route, Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso New Orleans and East	8.45 p
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton	*8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Martinez	12.45 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced and Fresno	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.30 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	8.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
*6.00 p m	Sunol and Livermore	.....
6.00 p m	Ogden Route, Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9.15 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo	‡8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡7.45 a. m.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p. m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos, Saturday and Sunday to Santa Cruz	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.38 p m
†7.30 a m	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excur'n	‡8.28 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
‡9.30 a m	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations	‡2.45 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.03 p m
12 15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.30 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.37 a m
*3.30 p m	Menlo Park, San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*9 47 a m
*4.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
‡11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	‡7 30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

San Francisco and North Pacific Railway.

San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 30, 3:30, 5.05, 6:20 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, :30, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days	Leave San Francisco. Sundays	In effect Apr. 24, 1892. DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco. Sundays.	Arrive San Francisco. Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5.00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

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SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, July 7th. DEAR WAVE:—No social events to chronicle—nearly all the people who pretend to be anybody have left us. The Murphys are still here, and as Martin has just returned from Georgetown, and the Lick House burned, I think they will spend the summer in town. Dwight Ryland is also back from nearly a year's absence in Denver, and he is looking remarkably well. Of course, we are all working hard for Johnny's election. What a lovely Congressman he will make—so eloquent, so handsome, so graceful, and above all, such an open-hearted and liberal fellow. I hear that he has even offered to rent a hall and furnish gas and music for the Reformed Democrats from now until November. I do hope he will marry and let some of us have a chance to see the Capitol. We may thank Manager Snell for the only festivity on the Fourth, for with fire-works and an informal hop we spent a really pleasant evening at the Vendome. Amelia and Bessie were there and Addie and Sallie clung for dear life to Gilbert and Dwight. Noisy Harry acted as though he had by hook or crook secured a few dollars and had tried to celebrate the glorious day in true Hibernian style. Didn't know they were Irish? Well, they are, notwithstanding their love for soap. A Lord, a Duke, or a Marquis, we were unable to find out which, has recently been a guest at the house with a history, but as they send all their social items to the papers in your city we did not know that the nobleman was here until after he had taken his departure. Did you read how the "Encyclopedia of the *Mercury*" spread herself in describing Mrs. Woodrow's wardrobe? I tell you there are many of us jealous of Mrs. M——.

Mrs. Jim Rucker is at Santa Cruz. It seems though the most of the elite of this city will congregate at Pacific Grove this year, while the crowd will revel on the sand at Capitola.

Maggie and Norma have been visiting Benny's sister on the ranch. Dear me, what a bonanza it would be for the *suave* attorney if he could form an alliance with that great house. At one time we all thought that he had succeeded, but alas, the fastidious lawyer seemed to stand in his way. BABBLER.

SACRAMENTO NOTES.

SACRAMENTO, July 7th. DEAR WAVE:—Well, the Fourth, the glorious Fourth, is over, and I, for one, am thankful. I had expected to be asked to join Mrs. H——'s party to go to Auburn, but she has at last attained her object and succeeded in getting into Society, so her old friends are cast aside and those "in Society" cultivated. She is not the only person who has done this trick; it is most common. Lucy, Adelaide, Mae, and Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Carroll were among the number bidden; rather slow for some of them, as I heard of no men, still it is better than remaining at home even with a procession and two circus performances as attractions. The small boy with fire crackers started out even earlier than in former years, in order to get everything in, and from the amount of noise made have no doubt of his success. The weather very obligingly cooled off, so the day left nothing to be desired as far as temperature was concerned.

Will C—— went to San Rafael; his sister is visiting friends there; why does he continue to bore himself by living in a place he so thoroughly dislikes? Ruth is there, and Leila, so Sacramento is very well represented. Most of those "in the swim" will not leave here for another month, and Santa Cruz, as usual, bids fair to claim the largest contingent, though I suppose the young married set will hie them to Soda Springs as in former years, and pretty Mrs. S—— will be true to her old love Napa Soda. The "Undines" are a selfish lot; got up any number of rows and picnics for to-day and did not ask a single girl. "Billy" was willing, but "Ned" said they could have more fun without them; just think of it, is he not most inappropriately named? After that I am sure he is anything but a *darling*. Ella D—— is home again, while Mamie has gone to San Mateo to spend the Fourth.

What a handsome couple Eva and Wilbur would make; they drive out together very frequently, behind that fast horse of his, and I tell you they are a pleasant sight to see. Mr. and Mrs. Van—— have returned from their Eastern trip and may be seen driving out every evening in their swell turn-out; they always have someone with them. I am told that the popular pastor is really going to leave us, no amount of persuasion inducing him to change his mind; it really is too bad, for some of our young men could be seen there every Sunday evening, and now, I fear me, the place will know them no more.

Why can't we have some kind of a tournament? San Rafael has a Tennis and Stockton a Bicycle Tournament, and we, the Capital City, have nothing; our climate is just as good and our girls as attractive. What makes Mr. A—— so unsociable this summer? I won't use a stronger term although sorely tempted; day after day he drives out entirely alone; it is just too mean of him for any use these lovely evenings, not to ask some one. There are several others afflicted in the same way, while some have improved for the better. There is such a thing as taking one person too often, don't you agree with me, dear WAVE? I won't mention names, though, for that would be unkind, and I do not wish to get myself disliked. I hear that Jesse Douglas is soon to take to himself a mate; why does not the other brother go and do likewise, can you tell me? Yours, NINA.

The following is from the San Jose *Mercury*, and if the Mr. Morehouse spoken of is the Hon. Harry Viscera of that name, his "dealing with the social and literary aspects of the campaign" must have aroused a spirit of envy in the fishwives present: "Mr. Morehouse came next. He did not attempt any exhaustive speech, but rather dealt with the social and literary aspects of the campaign."

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Moles, Warts, etc., destroyed forever by the

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"California's Favorite Summer Resort."

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Terms Reasonable GEORGE P. SNELL, Manager.

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The only First-class Hotel in Santa Cruz, and the only Summer Resort on the Coast where can be found the finest land and marnie view in America. New Dance Hall; Concerts and Hops arranged for throughout the season. Tennis Court and Croquet Grounds, the finest on the Coast. Two minutes walk from railroad stations and steamship landing. Street cars pass the door. Free Bus to and from all trains. JOHN T. SULLIVAN, Proprietor.

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Table of Peculiar Excellence. A Perfect Retreat for the Refined

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OAKLAND HAPPENINGS.

OAKLAND, July 7th. DEAR WAVE:—Another Fourth of fire-crackers, gin-fizz, tennis, and defeat has passed, and, will you believe it, I still live to tell the tale? Oh, how sore we Oaklanders are over Charlie Hubbard's defeat. We wore our prettiest gowns and sweetest smiles, as well as bet all our available cash on our favorite, and, as usual, were "not in it." Never again will Frou-Frou let her colors be known until the victory is won. The downfall is too humiliating. When Floy Brown, May Tubbs, Emma Farrier, Frou-Frou, and Nancy Powning drove from Larkspur, it was with the feeling that, at least, Oakland had a chance to distinguish herself, and that San Francisco would have to admit our supremacy on the tennis-court, and what a downfall!

With all those dashing, worldly San Francisco heiresses, we girls had but a poor chance. In the words of the illustrious Byron, "We stood among them, but not of them." Of course, Ella Goodall, as an heiress and beauty held her own, as did Minnie Houghton, who has lived elsewhere so much that she can scarcely be termed an Oakland girl. My! Did you notice the attention that a certain Yale graduate, who used to live in Oakland, lavished upon Ella? He scarcely gave her other admirers a chance to speak to her. I often wonder if she doesn't weary of his too ardent devotion.

All of the Breck-Coffin wedding party were at San Rafael, and were so disappointed that Flossie and Sam did not appear. Wonder why? If Sam is to blame it was real selfish of him, but that is always the way with young husbands. I'd prefer to take my chances in the role of an old man's darling.

All of our tennis friends, old and young, girls and boys, were at the great match, and didn't our colors wave, and didn't we act like a lot of wild savages when Charlie made a point! Now that it is all over we are ashamed of our hilarity.

Kittie Waters Bowers was quite a belle. From her present pinnacle of fame and happiness you would never recognize the plain, simple, little country girl who rose to attend Snell's. I tell you Miss Mary Snell has proved that she can create a woman of the world out of nothing.

Among the Oakland boys who spoke to me were George Wheaton, who is noted now-a-days for his pugilistic ability (haven't *you* heard about it, dear? Well, that's strange. I'll tell you some other time), Charlie Culliver and Charlie Comstock, who are authority on tennis matters, the Haights and Howards, as well as Neels and young Al Moore who will enter Yale in September, and dozens of other "broilers." Of course, the young girls were there, too, and Mamie Griffen seemed quite content without the presence of her latest admirer.

Our party are more than thankful that we chose Larkspur for our headquarters, instead of San Rafael, as our Oakland-made gowns did show to some advantage at the former place, but would have cut no figure at the latter. After all we made a mistake to follow up Charlie Hubbard and the *beau monde*. How much better our chances would have been at some out-of-the-way place, where real men of the world go. I did so much want to join Tom and his party, who are on a fishing expedition. Edson Adams, Harry Knowles, and Harry Adams are of the party. Tom says that the poor fellows are usually so pursued by the Oakland maiden that they intend to escape them for a few weeks, if such a thing is possible—horrid old men!

Our party intend remaining here until the fifteenth, when we will again take wings for a new bent, in the neighborhood of Castle Crags, and, if we meet with no better success than on our San Rafael and Larkspur trip, we may as well reconcile ourselves to the inevitable, and acknowledge that the days of cats, parrots, and spinsterhood are upon us.

On the seventh we all are going to attend the nuptials of Alice Bayley and Fred Torry. Like sensible people they are to have a home wedding, and only those who are on their list of friends are to have an opportunity of witnessing the ceremony.

Tommy Driscoll, another eligible for these same young girls, is fishing on the McCloud River. The girl who wins Tom will have a formidable rival in dear, handsome Father McSweeney, as, if his wishes are gratified, young Tommy will enter the priesthood.

The Melvin camping party are having their usual round of pleasure at Healdsburg, and the Johnstone camping party have returned from their summer's outing. Yours only, FROU-FROU.

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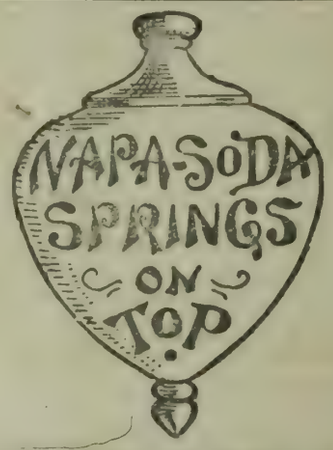

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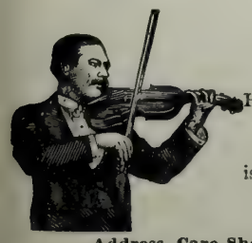

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THERE had been only three weeks of it, and then he had been called away to the city for a whole fortnight. Roberta wanted to know if that sort of thing were not just a little too hard for a newly-made wife. Of course, there were letters, sometimes two of them in a day, but that awful business would not let him cut short his stay in town. There was a will to be broken. Uncle Harry had been out of his mind toward the end of his earthly career, and had not done the right thing by his nephew. If the money came, it would mean the buying of the new vineyard which the disgusted Englishman had planted alongside their forty acres, and was now crazy to get rid of, as America was an outrageous sell, you know. Delay might mean the purchase of the vineyard by others, and there was not a prettier piece of land within miles and miles of Clear Lake.

Roberta Nash was a city girl, and she enthused over the beauties of the lake country in a way that amused the natives, while at the same time it pleased them mightily. Just now, in spite of the depressing fact that Ben would not be at home for five whole days, she could not help letting the lake entrance her, as it had first entranced her when she had taken up life in her new home near her husband's native village, after the short wedding journey.

Sapphire, emerald, gold—gold, emerald, sapphire. What a waterscape! Beyond the broad sweep of water the Coast Range made a ragged sky-line, and over there to the north the tules made a long streak of gray-green. The ducks made black dots where the sunlight glimmered strongest upon the water, and along the shore the ground was aflame with wild poppies.

It was not enough, that view from the little veranda. She must go down near enough to the lake to smell it. She put on her flat-crowned straw hat and struck out in a gait that she had learned from the Englishman's daughter. Soon the crisp grass, that crackled under foot gave place to green weeds, and she trampled through the poppies, by the tule clump and down to the sandy shore, lapped by low waves.

She walked along in her own old gait now, for she had forgotten the affected one, and came to where a lone pine sent its roots toward the water. The wind was moaning and wuthering through the branches, and its dismal sound made her shiver. A small dark object lay just ahead upon the sand. It looked, in the fading light, like a cutting from a small tree. Then its outer texture showed as that of a little basket, curiously woven. Over one end was a red bandana handkerchief. Roberta stooped and lifted the bit of cloth, starting back as a pin-point wail issued forth from the basket. A little black head moved restlessly, two jet-black eyes popped open, and two red lips quivered and puckered. But the face was almost white, though the cheek-bones were Indian, and so were the temples and forehead. The mouth opened wonderfully wide, and was preparing to give forth a wild Indian whoop, but the shadow of a woman fell across the sands. The pin-point wail had been enough to bring the mother out from the willows, beyond the pine. The whoop was smothered upon the woman's breast, and Roberta, standing back, saw that the mother was not at all angry, as she had feared. Something else she saw at a glance. The woman was very young—a mere girl, in fact—and she had white blood in her.

The wild one answered the questioning gaze, saying, "Yes, I am part white, but I stay with my mother's people, just as this little one does."

She looked a mother's look at the child in her arms.

"But he is not to be treated as I have been. He is to have his own. His father promised it long ago, when we walked this shore together in the moonlight."

Roberta shuddered. She, too, had walked by the lake with one she loved. But on her side there had been trusting faith, while on the wild girl's side—well, may there not have been faith and trust, too?

"I was very happy then. The sun danced on the lake, the birds sang gay songs. The songs are not gay now, and the sun burns red. He was to meet me here, but he has not come. I have walked all round the lake, but I cannot find him."

There was something hard in Roberta's throat when she asked, "Have you been long away?"

"Yes, nearly a year. My people went over beyond the Blue Lakes and into the Mendocino hills. The child came to me there. I was happy with him, but he is a white man, his father is a white man, and he should not live with our people. He would curse his mother when he grew older, and that would kill me. And then my people would make pain for him. A white man cannot go in the sweathouse. I cannot go myself—there is white blood in me. I would to God there were not, for it has made me so unhappy. It made me unhappy until I met him that was to be my husband. It had been the dream of my life to have a white husband, and he was good and noble and true. It must be that he is ill somewhere that he cannot come."

The child wailed again, and, chanting soft and low, the girl walked up and down the sands, Roberta looking on with a woman's interest and a woman's sympathy. She even followed the brown one toward the willow clump and to the little gunny-sack tent she had made in the deepest shade. Then she went home, with a glad heart, for her husband would never forsake her. There was no need for a single foolish fear on that point.

The five days dragged themselves out, but Ben was kept away for another three, and these she did not see how she could get over. She walked again by the lake shore and went to the willows to catch sight of the Indian girl and her babe, but the gunny-sacks had been

taken down and there was only a little beaten place on the weeds that showed where mother and child had lain.

"She has given up the search for her miserable lover, and gone back to her tribe," said Roberta. But the brown one was at that moment on the other side of the lake, looking, and looking, and looking.

Then Ben actually did come home, and he brought the best of news. The "Society for the Destruction of Sheep-Ticks" was not to have the legacy after all; it was to go to them, and the Englishman's vineyard was as good as theirs.

"I feel like singing that Salvation Army song, 'Joy, Joy, Joy,'" said Ben, after he had waltzed Roberta three times around the room and out upon the veranda.

"Just see how bright the lake looks," she cried. "It has been wearing a leaden blue for the past week. Isn't it just awful when it looks so dull and dead?"

"Chromatic aberration, due to causes beyond the patient's control. Wouldn't have staid away another day for three legacies." And there came several sounds not unlike to the drawing of a goose's foot out of the mud. After which Roberta's face looked pink, and her long lashes drooped, for this sort of thing was still new to her.

"But the strangest thing has happened while you've been gone," said she.

"While you were gone," corrected he.

"An Indian girl—sort of a half-breed, she looks to be—has been

"A BROWN FIGURE STOLE OUT OF THE GLOOM."

prowling around the lake looking for a white man who promised to be her husband. The poor thing has a little boy baby—a cunning little fellow, not much bigger than a kitten. I wish you could have seen them."

Ben took up one of the coffee-cup flower-pots from the window sill, and looked intently at the plant growing therein.

"Did she tell you her name?"

She did not notice the change in his voice.

"Yes—Lolita. Spanish, isn't it? Goodness me. There goes my China lily. Your getting awfully clumsy, Ben."

She picked up the fragments of the flower-pot and tossed them over the bank near by, and his wonderful solicitude for the fate of the lily, badly overdone as it was, did not call forth any comment from her.

Nor did it seem strange that he staid closely at home for the next few days, for he had been away so long. But his interest in the vineyard transaction did not begin to come up to hers, and he brought in the deed in a very un-Ben-like fashion, without one wave of triumph.

It gave Roberta a very bad half hour when she finally made up her mind that her husband could retire within himself and that she could not always hope to reach him. She had not expected this so soon after the church ceremony. But it had come.

When he saw that she noticed it, he made quick attempt to erase the impression it had made. He sent to town for a lot of things that he thought would please her, and he drove her out in their new carriage. Their drives were always through the cañons and over by Big Oaks.

"Why don't you take me along the lake shore?" she asked one evening. "You never go there."

"Oh, do you like the smell of dead fish? Why, I thought you said once there was nothing so beautiful as Manzanita Cañon."

"So I did, but I like the lake, too. And it's cooler there after a warm day."

He set his teeth very tight.

"Very well," said he.

They drove along the shore almost to Soda Bay, he sitting as silent as if the whole world were not his and he had not the best woman on earth for a wife, as he should have felt, and as any other newly married man would have felt

But on the way back he seemed to regain his spirits. He managed a little joke at the expense of some campers from the city, and they were both laughing when they made the turn in the road that brought them within sight of the red roof of their cottage.

Then a brown figure stole out of the gloom with something tied to its back.

"It's Lolita. Stop the buggy and let me speak to her." Roberta's voice was full of glad surprise, and she made a move of the hand as if to pull at the reins that lay in his gloved fingers. The Indian girl lifted a pinched face and looked straight at the man, with big, blazing eyes. Then she stretched out her hands and parted her lips to speak. But at that instant a heavy cut of the whip made the horse plunge forward.

"You're wrong, Ben—she's no beggar," said Roberta, stung.

He said nothing, and they jolted on over the ruts and through their gate.

At breakfast, next morning, he did not look as though he had slept, and Roberta, thinking him ill, fussed and fidgeted about him, as a new wife will.

"What do you think," he asked abruptly, "of a trip to Santa Barbara?"

"'Twould be awful nice, but we're going to buy those sheep next Tuesday, and the trip'll cost a whole lot of money. Why, it's 500 miles to Santa Barbara."

"Oh, let the sheep go. We can't be young always. Our wedding journey was unconscionably short, and we have more money now. Let's go down for a few months. 'Believe you said once you'd like to live there. If we like it we won't come back. I dare say that's the way it'll turn out. Come, let's get ready."

The suddenness of it made her gasp, and the extravagance of it made her groan. But he was her husband, and all that was left for her to do was to cry a little and pack up.

With their luggage piled around them, they stood on the little pier by the lakeside next morning. The fussy little steamer, with its air of great importance, did a good deal of coughing and puffing in getting under way. From the low deck Roberta looked at the fading red roof over beyond the tules and the big square patch of alfalfa near which it stood, and the vineyard, and at the big swing Ben had put up for her. She would know later that the place was in an agent's hands to be sold.

Who was that rushing toward the pier, waving her hands and throwing her dress into wild disarray?

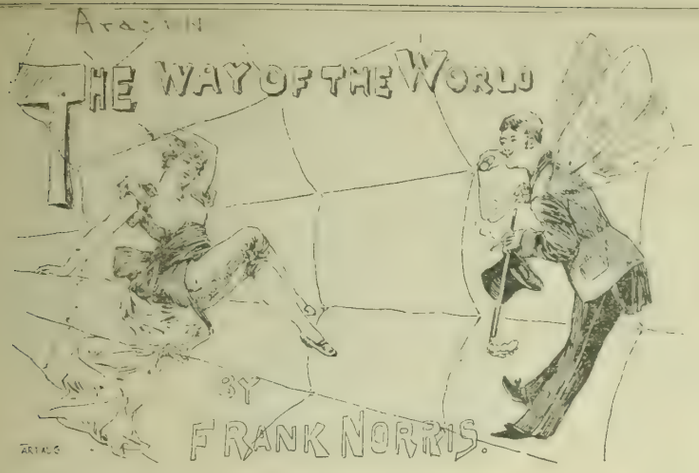
"It's the Indian girl!" she cried, nervously nudging her husband with the tip of her parasol. "See, she is holding up her baby and shouting to us. I suppose she wanted to bid me good-bye. She was awfully grateful for the interest I took in her and her child. She's disappointed because the boat left the wharf before she got there. How wild she looks, poor thing! How frantically she holds up her child! Cunning little fellow! Wish I could have a good look at him once more. It's a boy, you know."

"Is it?" he asked, taking a cigar from his pocket.

"Yes. I do wish I could have seen him once more. I'll hardly know him when we come back."

He scanned the shore with a rather indifferent "good-bye-for-all-time" look.

"No; I dare say you'll not," he said, lighting his cigar.



NOW, spiders have spun their webs for flies ever since the days of their respective ancestors, and flies have been taken therein; but though of the kind of flies there are few, of spiders there are many. There is the spider Lycosa and the spider Epeira, the spider Segestria and the spider Trachearia. But the spider of which Outhwaite told me was not an Arachnid of any of these branches. She belonged (be assured and, consequently, at ease) neither to the family of the Venantes, nor Vagantes, nor Enantes, who wander up and down seeking their prey. Oh, dear, no; she was not such a flagrantly wicked Arachnid. On the contrary, she was a very nice one—one of the Sedentes, if you like, who attract rather than attack, and who attract, not to devour, but to amuse. Oh, yes; she was a nice little Arachne, good-hearted, gay, and generous. But for all that, an Arachne. She was an actress—a—well, a *bouffe* actress, if you will have it, but then she was *so nice*. Nice is not a nice word, I know, but I can find no other, that more roundly, completely, and appropriately modifies Arachne.

The particular fly of this story was one whose species were rarely found in Arachne's web around which actors, artists, Bohemians, and other Ephemerids fluttered, and in which they allowed themselves to be delightfully entangled. He was of better breed than the rest of them, and at first shuddered at the thought of owning them as his associates, good fellows enough as they were. *He* was insanely in love with Arachne; considered her as below her station; had lofty ideas of raising her from the level at which the trifling accidents of birth and circumstance had placed her; ennobling her by the witchery of his great love, and of "one day being proud to stand up before the eyes of all the world and acknowledge her as *His Wife*" (as though Arachne, as we knew her, were worth it all), and thought of Camille. For it was a characteristic of the Fly to see none of the faults and more than the merits of any person who claimed his affection. He was a very young fly.

Now, take for instance, his father. The Fly was a boy, to be sure, but Papa Fly was "one of the boys," which is another matter quite. Papa Fly was none too old to hold his bottle and a half of wine with steadiness; to play écarté till five A. M. at the club, and lose without winking; to play the favorite at the rooms of the Turf Exchange, and win with well-bred calm. None too old to have his private box at the Opera; none too old to allow his coupé to be seen waiting at the stage entrance of the same after the performance, and none too old, either, to be one of *the* particular few who were admitted to the inner sanctum of acquaintance with Arachne.

But the Fly saw none of this—to him his father was almost an object of reverence. His ideas, as I said, were all of the most exalted pitch. Father, country, wife—these names were almost sacred to him (he was deplorably young), and as his mother was dead, as he had no wife, and as his country was far away, he persisted in uniting in his wretched old papa the sentiments which, even in their exaggeration, should have been shared among all three. To him his father was the quintessence of all that was manly, upright and noble; was everything that he was not; was everything that he himself wanted to be. His self-deception was as complete as it was pathetic.

Well, as I told you, the Fly at first held himself almost as contaminated by elbowing with long-haired artists, pool-sellers and billiard-markers, in the little salons of the web, but perhaps I might set it down as a law that whatever is the station of the woman relative to that of the man, she will bring him down to her level long before he can lift her to his—if hers be the higher, she will raise him to it; if it be lower, though by ever so little, she will bring him down to it. At any rate, this is what happened in the case of Arachne and the Fly. By degrees he began to fall into the ways of the Ephemeria; little by little he began to associate with them; to drink with them a little more than was his habit; to play more than he used to, and for higher stakes, and to find a certain pleasure in the amusements which delighted them and which he had formerly sneered at as the extreme of vulgarity. The pity of the thing was that he recognized that he was backsliding, and yet did nothing to stop himself. He lost his self-respect and hated himself, while he loved Arachne more than ever. He took everything too seriously, though, to be really one of the Ephemeria. He was one of those uncomfortably earnest people that can do nothing by halves.

Now, when a young fellow, especially such a deplorably, hopelessly young fellow as was the Fly, takes his first leap into that which the writers of elegant English call "the troubled waters of life," and all that sort of thing, he goes in pretty deep and generally finds bottom at the first plunge. The Fly found it.

We took him to his club one night hopelessly drunk.

As I have said, the Fly took everything altogether too seriously, and now, when he had slept off his liquor, considered himself as irretrievably disgraced, and disgraced, too, in the eyes of Arachne;

"WHY! IT'S PAPA!"

thought that he had forever forfeited her esteem, and went to her and told her so in confidence (think of anyone talking that way to Arachne), and stormed up and down her little parlor, going on after a terrible fashion, wringing his hands and talking incoherently about a "tarnished honor," "lost self-esteem," "ruined character," and all that. The worst of it (or the best of it), was the way he carried on about his father, and what his father would say when he heard of it, and drew such a picture of that old *roué's* "anguish and disappointment over the blot on his (papa Fly's) stainless name, and the grief that was to cloud and embitter all the closing years of his life," that Arachne hardly knew whether to laugh or cry.

It was not from him that we heard of all this. Dear me, no! he was far too proud to talk to us on the subject; it was from Arachne, herself. She told us all of it between peals of gaiety, when the confession was yet warm upon the miserable boy's lips.

But it *was* a pity to see the Fly throwing himself away so completely, and as the moment seemed propitious, several of us resolved gently to draw the veil from his eyes and disclose to him the true nature of things.

We talked to him for the better half of an afternoon, and though he cursed us feebly at first, was, at last, by a master stroke of Vandover's, wrought up to a pitch of the liveliest jealousy.

"You have thought," said Van, "that you alone were the favored one who was admitted to the little blue boudoir and the 'feed'

after the play. Well, we all used to think that, but, believe me, old man, every time Sarah opens the door of the ante-room to your knock, and tells you 'Miss Arachne very sorry, but she's little indisposed 's evening, and *could* she be excused,' inside the place, at the table that you thought especially your own, is one, or perhaps two, of a ring of elderly gentlemen who, by virtue of brass, hold the inside track as well."

But the Fly for a long time refused, with the most pathetic indignation, to believe this until Van proved it, no matter how, and even then insisted upon learning the truth from Arachne's own lips. He would go to her that very evening.

Well, he went. Fifteen minutes after the curtain went down on the last act of "Carmen," he stood and knocked at the door of the boudoir adjoining Arachne's dressing-rooms in the opera house. Was it chance or fate: 'Miss Arachne very sorry, but she was not very well 's evening, and——' The Fly turned gray and pushed past Sally, crossed the ante-room, and entered the little blue room itself.

Yes, Van was right; it was all true. Arachne sat there at the table, still in her stage dress, and opposite her, with his back to the Fly, was Van's "elderly gentleman." At his sudden entrance, Arachne blushed, laughed a little confusedly, and the elderly gentleman turned quickly around.

As he did so, the Fly faced him, then suddenly stiffened, and stood rigid and breathless.

"*Why, it's father,*" he cried.

Outhwaite didn't know what became of the Fly after that, but we found out, afterward. I am not going to tell you how he turned out, it doesn't make much difference to you, anyway. But what do you think would likely be the outcome of it all. Ask yourself the question.

But it was all very pitiful.

POLITICS AND LAW.

Here are two stories, the best that politics and law, have offered for some time. The first has to do with politics, which, has intrinsic and extrinsic interest far above any other subject at present. The scene is laid at the Union League Club, and the *dramatis personæ* are too numerous to mention. The gathering sat in the reception room, where the bust of B. Harrison beams on the Republicans like the gargoyle on the White House.

"It's too bad," said one of the statesmen present; "too bad."

"It's likely to knock us silly," was the elegant comment of another. "Why, he'll be flattened out in California. Oh, if Blaine had been nominated."

"Yes, sir; had we had the Plumed Knight to lead us to victory we would have swept the country like—like—like——"

"An Illinois cyclone," suggested a fourth sore-head.

"Harrison won't carry his own State. Look at our leaders all against him," remarked another statesman, who had failed to discover an office. "And Reed, a newspaperman—actually as bad as an actor. But it's Harrison that I kick against. He's——"

"No good," remarked all in sad chorus.

"Say, what are you up to?" cried an observant railer, who is eminent in the science of politics, as Col. Laidlaw reached up to the bust of the President. "Are you going to throw that into the street?"

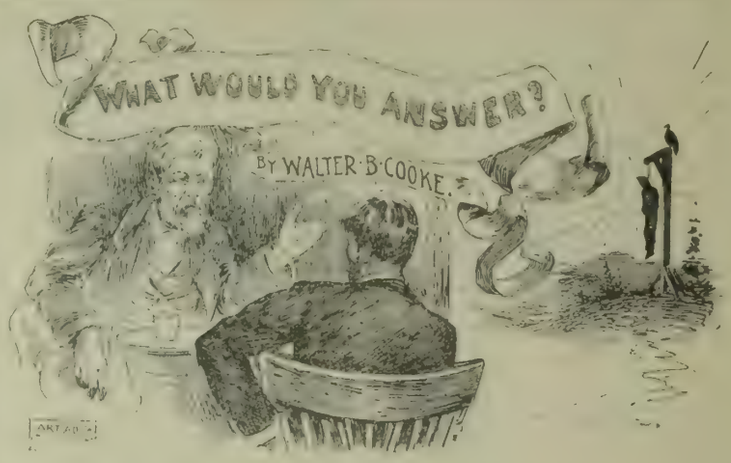
"No, sir," answered the Colonel, "I'm putting cotton-batting into his ears so that he won't hear what you say, and refuse you the office you'll demand if he's re-elected."

When Laidlaw went out the statesmen said: "He shouldn't be admitted to anything but a Ward Club."

Mrs. Clara Foltz met Charley Hanlon at the bar of Justice when the former appeared for Mrs. Clarke, whose fight against the Crocker Old People's Home attracted so much attention. Mrs. Clarke was alleged to be ravenous; her favorite method of securing enough to eat was by stretching out her arms, gathering in everything that she could reach, and devouring *ad lib.* until she was satisfied.

Mrs. Foltz tried to show this was false by the testimony of the accused. "You did not," said this bright woman-lawyer, "put out your arms like this—(suiting the action to the word, and describing a circle)—and gather everything in to your—your—your bailiwick?"

"Your Honor," cried Mr. Hanlon, "if that is my learned opponent's bailiwick, no one here would object to being drawn into it." In the smiles that followed Mrs. Foltz joined.



I AM not a Catholic, still there are times when I derive much satisfaction from visiting the Cathedral of St. Mary on Van Ness Avenue. Contrary, probably, to the strict rules of hygiene, I take a long walk every evening after dinner, and as I reach the Avenue, on my return, I always stop at the Cathedral. I take a seat in the rear of the nave and pass half an hour in rest, at the same time being calmed by the quiet interior and taking a certain degree of enjoyment in observing the architectural beauty of the edifice, its windows of stained glass, its myriad of burning tapers on the altar, the ceremonials in the sanctuary, and the devoteness of the many worshipers.

One evening, probably about eight o'clock, while meditating in one of the pews, a man passed by me so quickly that I obtained but a hurried view of his face, but that little made me wonder and think. I had seen him before. But where? Who was he? These were the questions that flitted through my brain and occupied my thoughts for hours afterwards. A week passed and the same thing happened again, and the same thoughts took possession of me. This time, however, I left the Cathedral immediately and followed the man. After a brisk walk imagine my surprise when I saw him enter the doorway of a club of which I am a member.

I waited without; half an hour passed, but still he did not appear. Then I entered the club, and, going directly to the bar, ordered a drink, as I needed refreshment. From there I went to the library, and just within the doorway I came face to face with my man. We both stopped, exchanged glances, and then, extending his hand to me, he asked quickly, "Why, old boy, don't you know me?"

Under the bright light it needed but a second to tell me that he was George Leland, whom I had supposed to be dead years ago. My greeting to him was a hearty one, for we had been chums and confidants ever since the days of childhood, but I could not help noticing how he had changed. From a face once religiously kept guiltless of hair, he was transformed to resemble a veritable beaded pard; eyes that were once bright were now sunken and listless; his well-remembered erect form was somewhat bent, and the man of thirty-five years, that I knew him to be, was before me in appearance two decades older.

Why this change? How did it occur? What had he been doing since last I saw him? These were the questions I at once propounded, and in answer he said: "Come to the seats in the window and I will explain. I have wanted to see you of all men, for I know of no one else whom I can trust."

We were soon in our comfortable seats, a quart bottle was ordered, the lights near us were turned down (we were the only occupants of the room), and he commenced his story.

Our preliminary conversation, his inquiries about myself, etc., I will pass over, as they are not of interest. I had known George seven years ago when he held a responsible mercantile position here, had a large income from realty left him by his father, and lived happily with a very pretty wife. He had been a wild rake prior to his marriage, but matrimony seemed to make him forget his past to enjoy the blissful present. We drank to each other, lighted our cigars, and then he commenced talking of himself, and his story I will relate as he told it.

"The last you remember of me," he said, "was in '85, when I

left here to go East and take charge of the wool interests of a prominent firm. Well, I went to Chicago, was soon well established there and met with success. The summer after my arrival my wife was taken ill, and her physician advised her to go to Colorado Springs for the benefit of her health. She did so, and I was left alone. Three weeks after her departure I made an error in a purchase of wool that cost my firm several thousands of dollars. Owing to this I became fretful and morose; then the devil crept into my brain and I sought solace in drink. In a saloon one night I met a jolly crowd and we adjourned to one of the rear rooms.

"Soon I heard the *frou-frou* of silken skirts, and rather a handsome girl appeared at the doorway. I recognized her at once, the recognition was mutual, and in a moment she was in my arms caressing me. It is possibly needless to tell you who she was, for you will intuitively say Edith, my *chère amie* of days gone by. She, like all of her kind, had drifted there, and though not a *nymph du pave* was a worldling. In the excitement, the delirium of drinking, I forgot home and family, and, as a diversion, somewhat enjoyed her company. We left the noisy crowd I was with, sought a quieter room, and talked and drank. I awoke at three o'clock in the morning in a strange apartment. Of course, Edith was with me.

"The full moon shone into the room, through the window, brightening it. My head ached, my stomach troubled me, my eyes seemed swollen, and my senses deadened. I arose carefully, washed my face and head, and then looked out of the window through the lace curtains. A more beautiful morning I have never seen, and as my eyes gradually became more and more accustomed to the light, I saw

"I SAW THE MAN FALL."

across the street an opening in the centre of the block, forming a *cul de sac*. A six-foot fence was at the end, and beyond that I knew not what. Standing at the entrance to this blind alley were two men who were engaged in an angry altercation. One of them I knew by sight as a political rounder, a general tough; the other man I did not know.

"Words passed between them, evidently not of a pleasant nature, then there was a flash, a report from a revolver, and the man I did not know fell to the sidewalk in the throes of death. The murderer was the politician. He dropped his revolver, ran quickly down the *cul de sac*, climbed the fence, and disappeared. Simultaneous with his disappearance a man emerged from the house in front of which the murder had been committed. He picked up the revolver, and then paid attention to the inanimate form before him. At almost the same moment two policemen, who had been attracted by the shot, ran to the spot. Seeing this second man bending over the murdered man, they seized him, handcuffed him, and bore him to jail, at the same time taking the victim of the assault in the patrol wagon.

"It took but ten minutes for this scene to be enacted, and through it all Edith slept calmly. My brain at once became active, and a hundred thoughts were conjured up. What was I to do under the circumstances? Go to the jail and tell what I knew? No, I could not do that, for I would ruin my future with my wife in my explanation of my position at that time. What was I to do? I immediately thought of discretion, and quietly donning my clothes I left the room for my own house. Great heavens! what a night I passed, what hours of agony, and what days and weeks of torture came afterward. I cannot attempt to describe them.

"The newspapers published columns about the murder, everything pointing to the prisoner in charge as the assassin. This was due in a measure to the knowledge that his past record had not been of the best, and particularly to the fact that he had been acquainted with the murdered man and, only a few days previous to the affray, had publicly threatened him with punishment. Then, again, the men had been seen together early that same evening. In the meantime the trial took place, the accused was sentenced to be hanged, and a few months later saw the accomplishment of the act. Previous, of course, to this, my wife had returned from Colorado Springs, but she was still in ill health and, near the time of the hanging, she faded away and died, trusting implicitly in me. Can you imagine my sorrow, my anguish? No, I am sure you cannot. I was so much occupied in caring for and attending to my wife in her last serious illness that I paid no attention and, in fact, lost all interest in the man who was to suffer the death penalty for an uncommitted crime. However, after the execution and the demise of my wife, I then thought it too late to make public my knowledge of the murder, as the deed, according to the dictates of law, had been avenged, and I could gain nothing by a confession. Previous to my wife's death I could not divulge my secret as it would have been a death blow to her in her delicate condition.

"I was totally unfitted for business and gave up my position. Since then I have lived on my income, traveling here and there, like the Wandering Jew, ever with a guilty conscience, and always having the faces of that murdered man and his unjustly accused assassin for my companions after nightfall."

Here he ended his narrative by asking me, "Would you, had you been in my place, have confessed the truth of that murder to the proper authorities?"

After due deliberation, and in answer to his inquiry, I said——.

Well, what do you think I said?

THE BETTER PART OF VALOR.

"I thought you said your friend Drinkgore was a brave man."

"He is. Why he has assured me that he personally defeated a thousand Confederates in one of the battles of the late war."

"Indeed; well, when Quietboy called him a liar for telling that same story, Drinkgore didn't smite him, but said he'd argue the matter out with him."

"Oh! that doesn't prove Drinkgore's a coward. He merely believes that discussion is the better part of valor."

SONNET.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON ENTERING A CONVENT.

Who hemm'd a sweet-voiced bird within a cage
Hath sin committed against God and man;
As he hath ta'en what Nature gave: Freedom,
And 'prived the universe to please the few.
He hath robbed its mates of their companion,
Whose silvery throat was well ordained
For their happiness. Besides, 'twill sing
Less sweet within a cage than on the wing,
So wouldst thou sin and thou a cloister choose?
Virtue is virtue whether caged or free.
The imprisoned bird is tethered for its song;
From veiled nun come virtuous deeds along;
From every artist we expect his art;
Good is less good, that duty doth impart.

WILL J. LONERGAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 12, '92.

THAT a beautiful young aristocrat like Miss Helen Carrol should be searching the advertising columns of a daily, was in itself a suspicious circumstance, but when, for the space of three minutes her eyes remained fixed upon one advertisement, suspicion grew to conviction that she was face to face with a crisis. Miss Helen Carrol was aristocratic to her finger-tips; that is, to her ungloved finger-tips; for once gloved, the dainty tips of her dainty fingers showed rifts and rents that were plebeian if not anarchistic. For this inconsistency nobody was responsible except Mr. John Carrol, himself a remarkably consistent man, who, after living royally for forty-five years, died comfortably one bright day, leaving to his daughter the tastes of an heiress and the income of a milliner's apprentice.

Helen never attempted to solve the problem offered by her conflicting tastes and circumstances. Her sensitive soul shrank from the thought of wearing last year's gowns disguised in new modes, as her stomach would have resented a steady diet of stews and hashes. Her needs were as stable as her allowance and as incapable of readjustment.

What generally occurs in such cases did not fail to happen here. The problem solved itself. The crisis came in the form of a sudden shower that gave to her bonnet the *chic* of a drowned spider. To her that sorry mass of bedraggled plumes had the inexorable force of a Fate.

Had her make-up been of the proper character, a few feminine touches might have remedied the disaster—but alas! Miss Carrol could neither darn her gloves melodiously nor turn her dress poetically.

She felt nothing of that craving to sew that a financial crisis is wont to create in the bosom of the properly constituted heroine. Even at this vital moment, when she indulged in a vision of herself, bareheaded for the season, her regret was not that she could not use her needle dexterously, but only that she had not the means to purchase a new bonnet. She must have money, she told herself. She would better her circumstances (even to herself she did not say "earn a living,") by some occupation (she would not call it employment,) that would be at once lucrative and congenial. For example, there was copying, or, or—oh, well, there must be a dozen occupations open to a cultured young lady. No doubt she would find variety enough in the morning papers.

She ran her eyes over the pages of the *Times* in hope of finding there an expression of her own qualifications. She turned first to the personal column; it held nothing for her. She tried the educational advertisements with equally poor success. At last the horrible truth burst upon her—she must be "female help."

She shuddered, tossed the paper aside—hesitated—picked it up again, and without glancing at the obnoxious title, ran her eyes more carefully up and down the columns. Anticipation gave way to doubt, doubt to despair, as she realized that the world wanted all sorts and conditions of women, except the young lady of limited brains and unlimited refinement.

Stung by an awakening sense of her own possible uselessness, she was about to give up the whole enterprise, when her eyes lit upon an advertisement at the extreme end of the page. Here, at last, was something for which she was fitted:

WANTED—A YOUNG LADY TO TEACH MUSIC.

She had not thought of her music as a possible resource. Now, however, that it was suggested to her, she resolved to avail herself of her talent. She already liked the woman who had written that advertisement. There was a certain delicacy in the wording of it, an instinctive appreciation of her position, that left no doubt as to the refinement of the writer. Yes, she concluded that she would accept the position.

In her old home, among her friends, such a course would have been preposterous. But here, in a strange city, where she knew almost nobody, she was ready to risk the consequences.

Suddenly she remembered having heard that all people who have taught for any length of time have something characteristic about them that he who runs may read. That thought was death to her resolution. Above all things she piqued herself upon her individuality. No, she would not teach.

After all, perhaps without knowing it, she possessed the touch, the knack that makes the milliner. Perhaps she could repair the injury done to her hat. She gathered her material, and gave full rein to her artistic impulses. But when all was ended, and she found that the little poem that she had created was decidedly elegiac, she knew that the music lessons were no longer a choice but a necessity.

She dressed feverishly, tore the address from the paper, stole stealthily across the hallway, and closed the door behind her.

Once outside the house, she cast aside all scruples. She felt rather exhilarated by the novelty of her adventure and her new role of independence.

She looked at the direction that she held in her hand—"32 Brandon Street." She was acquainted with but three streets in the city—and Brandon was not of them. A small urchin directed her to a horse car.

During her ride she indulged in a vision of the home she was about to enter. She saw the mother, a sweet, sad-faced woman, who would know how to appreciate her fortune in having a Carrol to teach her children; she saw the children—two bright-eyed girls—alert, affectionate, perhaps.

"Brandon Street!" called out the conductor, and Helen's dream came to a sudden end.

She stepped to the sidewalk and looked curiously around her. "Ship Chandlery," "Iron Works," "Steamer Supplies"—signs like these confronted her on all sides. She walked on hesitatingly and paused. Number 32 was not more reassuring—a great, uninviting, six-storied building. What did it mean? The truth burst upon her. The woman who had written that advertisement was a man and this was his place of business. She would return home, but why? Now that she was here, why not see it out? Nine chances out of ten he was an old man—a widower, probably, and a gentleman, certainly. That much she could glean from this advertisement.

So she stepped into the hallway and peered around her.

After that she could remember nothing clearly. She had an indistinct remembrance of an elevator descending, of somebody asking if she wished to go up—and then she found herself in a tremendous loft.

The noise was appalling. Whence it came, what it signified, she could not tell. It seemed to sweep through the place. She turned, thinking to beat a retreat. Before her yawned a square black hole. Not knowing what to do, she stood still and waited. She seemed to be the victim of some strange delusion. To right of her, to left of her, everywhere were huge piles of those articles of male apparel which women may see without a tremor but never mention without a blush.

At length a young girl with high cheek bones and a remarkably short nose, came up and asked her whom she wanted to see. "The owner, the proprietor," Helen answered, whereupon she of the abbreviated nose conducted her to an office where she knocked and shambled off.

In response to a short "Come," Helen opened the door and entered. A man sat at a desk writing rapidly. "Sit down," he said,

without turning. Helen obeyed. The old man—he was an old man, Helen noted—continued to scratch away untiringly. All her timidity gave way to resentment of the discourtesy to which she was being subjected. She tapped the floor impatiently but without effect. Her indignation had resolved itself into premeditated flight, when the old man gave a vicious dot to an i, ran a hand through his bushy gray hair and wheeled around. "You see," he began, but finished the sentence by a long stare of questioning surprise.

Helen answered with the little speech that she had prepared.

"I have come in response to your advertisement in the morning paper."

"Indeed," the old man said, his bright little eyes wandering over the exquisite details of her toilet. "Indeed, did you make that dress?"

"What an extraordinary question," Helen thought, as she disclaimed the authorship of her gown.

"Well, what experience have you had?"

"Not any, I'm afraid."

"Just what I thought," the old man interrupted. "And now, my young lady, the best thing for you to do is to go home and make it up."

"Make it up?"

"Oh! you know well enough what I mean. You've quarrelled with your mother or father, and threatened to earn your own living. To-morrow you'll be down from your high horse. I've had enough experience with hands like you."

Helen gasped for breath. Had it come to this? When she included herself under "female help" she thought that she had reached the limit of humiliation. Here was a lower depth. She wondered vaguely whether she was two "hands" or only one.

"You are mistaken," she said bravely. "There is no reason why I should discontinue any work that I have undertaken, and although I have had no direct experience, a daily practice of three hours is not without results."

The old man seemed mollified. "To what machine are you accustomed?" he asked.

Helen smiled politely at the small joke. "I prefer the 'Nobby,'" she said.

"Hm! well—we use the 'Shouter.'"

"The 'Shouter?' I have never heard of it. Really, Mr. ——," she hesitated.

"Tompkins."

"Really, Mr. Tompkins, if you take my advice, you will buy a 'Nobby' or 'Steiroad,' or, perhaps, you could change yours? People do, you know."

"Well we won't for the present," Mr. Tompkins answered, his beady eyes brighter than ever. "Do you think that you can run it?"

"Certainly," Helen said, forcing a smile. She wondered whether an appreciation of the father's peculiar wit would be counted among her duties. "The instrument makes no difference. To 'run' one is to 'run' all."

"You're very much mistaken."

"Oh! no I'm not," she replied pleasantly.

"I tell you that you are. Out of the 500 girls who have been in my employ since the beginning of the year at least 450 had to be broken in."

Five hundred music teachers in two months! What a terrible old man, thought Helen, her mind busy with a picture of a procession of applicants filing in one door of his residence and out the other.

"I do not believe that I will satisfy you," she said rising.

"Sit right down. I didn't say anything about you. You may be the exception. Now, as to your wages?"

Helen felt the ashes of her pride quiver at the word.

"You understand, I suppose, that you'll be paid by the piece."

"By the piece?"

"To be sure."

"There can be no such thing," Helen protested. "You do not understand. Such an arrangement would be impossible."

"Oh! it would be impossible, would it? You expected—" He regarded her quizzically.

"Well," hesitatingly, "considering that I have had no experience I suppose that $1.50 an hour would be about right."

"$1.50 an hour," the old man thundered, "you mean a week."

"I believe that a two years' course under Moskowsky counts for something," Helen said with some heat.

"Moskowsky? Moskowsky?" the old man repeated reflectively. "Don't know him. What line does he carry?"

"He's the greatest German——"

"Stop right there. A German and pays $1.50 an hour. A very likely story. In Germany you wouldn't earn $1.50 a month; $1.50 an hour—indeed. Bah!"

Helen cowered beneath the storm she had raised. Why had she ever come? She looked eagerly about for some means of exit. The old man sat between her and the only door. He was still fuming "$1.50—Germany—Moskowsky. I suppose that he served you refreshments and played the piano to entertain you."

"Yes," Helen answered faintly, "but not often, only when he was in very good humor."

The old man laughed explosively, a mocking, mirthless laugh that filled Helen's mind with strange suspicions.

"I am surprised that a young lady of your imagination should stop at anything," he said. "Are you sure that you did not make that dress?"

"No, I did not make it. I never sew," she said, mentally wondering if a jump from a six-story window was necessarily fatal.

"You never sew?" He was regarding her intently now.

"No. I can't sew. That's why I'm here."

"That's why you're here?"

She wished he wouldn't echo her words like that. His steady glance, too, was driving her mad.

"Yes—you see—if I could sew, I wouldn't have been obliged to—obliged—to—Oh! to come here. But you see I can't sew a stitch—not a stitch, so I thought that perhaps by teaching your children——"

"My children!" the old man cried, jumping from his chair with a suddenness that set her heart throbbing. "Who told you that I was married? I'm a bachelor."

"Then whom did you want me for?" Helen asked fearfully.

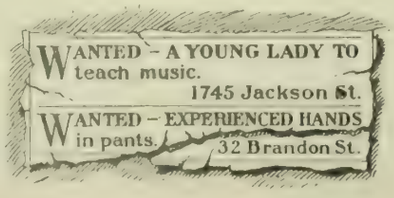
"For myself!"

Like a shot Helen darted from the room. Past the old man she ran, past the hundred girls that seemed suddenly to have materialized about her, down one flight of stairs after the other, and into the street.

In the street-car she glanced about her fearfully. Not until she was in her own chamber, behind locked doors, did she pause to draw a breath of security.

She was about to remove her veil when, without any logical reason, there came to her a suspicion, a flash of divination that made her heart stand still.

She opened her purse and took from it the scrap of paper that she had torn from the morning paper. This she fitted into its place at the end of the fifth column of the *Times*. Her face was a composite of a hundred varying emotions as she read:



When Bishop Fowler, who has left us for new fields in the Northwest, belonged to the Rock River Conference, I had some slight acquaintance with him. He was educated in Chicago, and his preceptor was Professor Jones, a gentle, kindly, lovable man, whose death some years ago caused sincere regret. "Charley"—Bishop Fowler is called "Charley" by those who know him—was in the habit of painting the Professor's calf to resemble a zebra, and engaged in other pranks as wild and mirth-provoking. As a result, he occupied what would have been a vacuum at the foot of his class had he not been there. Graduation day was close at hand—Charley was in danger of being plucked.

"It'll kill you if you don't pass," said a sympathizing friend.

"Yes, my 'jig's up' here," said the embryotic Bishop.

"Can't you do anything?"

"Do anything? What's to be done. By —— I'm willing to go to h——l on Saturday, if I graduate as a full-fledged preacher on Friday." He graduated, but he hasn't gone yet. However, he's in Minneapolis.

THE TORNADO.

BY CLIFTON S. SYLVESTER.

As the evening approached of one of the most perfect days I can now recall, a day when the skies were bright, the breezes fragrant with the perfume of forest flowers, and when all nature smiled and seemed to say, "Come and know me better," we had been gathered by the resonant blasts of the whistle to board the steamer for our homeward journey after a day spent in the military camp on the beautiful banks of Lake Pepin.

Evening had come, however, shrouded in the storm-clouds, scowling and ominous. The clouds were lurid with the lightning's flash, and tinted with the threatening glow of the tornado; but ever and anon they broke apart and we could see through and beyond their rents glimpses of the waning twilight and the infinite blue of the heavens.

Yet the thoughts of the joyous home-journey—the hours of which were to be whiled away in the delights of the terpsichorean art—and the faith which we all felt in our sturdy old captain, made us forget the fears to which the threatening clouds overhead had given rise.

As we progressed the darkness deepened—darkness such as incessant lightning sometimes makes visible. The black clouds were hurled and tumbled in fantastic masses, closing the jagged rents through which a few short minutes before we had peeped, shutting out—to many forever—the fast-fading twilight and the blue sky above.

To some the fast-gathering storm caused a restless feeling, which could be detected only by the close observer; to others the thoughts of the approaching waltz was uppermost, and these had gathered in the stern of the commodious barge made fast to the steamer's side wherein the festivities were soon to commence.

Some kindred spirit proposed a song with which to fill in the interim, which met with hearty accord by all, and with one acclaim that beautiful old hymn—

"Nearer, my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!"

rang out from a hundred throats. Everyone seemed to throw their whole soul into the sacred lines, and I sat, mute and silent, listening to what seemed the sweetest hymn I had ever heard. It seemed to touch every chord in my soul, and I was soon lost in a reverie and became totally oblivious of all surroundings, hearing only the words of the singers:

"Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dream I'd be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!"

Thus I sat and listened until a nervous hand was laid on my shoulder, which rudely brought me back to my surroundings. Looking up I recognized in the uncertain light the anxious face of an old friend.

"Don't you see that an awful storm is raging? Can't you realize the danger? Instead of sitting here, oblivious of all, you should be looking to your own safety! You will find tule-jackets in the cabin."

I arose and walked—or rather staggered—to the gunwale of the barge, and peered out over the black waters.

The wind had gathered in intensity; at first a gale, it had increased to almost the tornado's blast.

Soon the rain came; then the pitiless hail. Great flashes of lightning followed, forming the footlights to the tragedy soon to be enacted. They disclosed the impending danger, and the more observant realized that God's awful power was upon the water!

As I turned toward the cabin intent upon securing a jacket, another verse of that subtly sweet hymn rose above the roar of the wind and waves. I stopped and listened:

"There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given."

I hurriedly secured the jacket and returned to my seat, intent upon hearing the hymn further:

"Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise——"

The barge quivered from stern to stern! One of the cables by which it was attached to the steamer had snapped in twain at the stern. The accident warned the singers of the impending danger, and with one accord they clambered from barge to boat, and—to death!

With one mighty lurch the steamer rolled partly over, but the cable at the bow, which still held it to the barge, served the good office of again righting it, but with the disastrous result to the barge of breaking in its frail roof.

At this supreme moment one of the steamer's crew cut the last remaining cable that bound them together, when the steamer, with an awful lurch, precipitated her precious freight of humanity into the angry waves! It was a moment of terror—of despair—of death!

The buoyancy of the jacket held me up. The angry waves buffeted me hither and thither, and seemed to gloat over me as another victim. The thoughts of home, wife, children, friends, came to me as in a dream, and then I seemed to hear, drifting across the waters, the refrain.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!"

I listened, and it seemed a mockery; my past life appeared to be a waste—a treacherous game. I had been led to hope and expect; to toil and plan—only to be disappointed at last. Soldiers die in battle—but death in battle is what the soldier expects; others fall victims of disease—but disease is the infraction of some law and death the result that others may learn to obey the laws. A verse from Saltus seemed more appropriate:

"I see a fertile, sunny town,
Fruitful on mountain slope and down.
Pest passes; and a few remain
To registrate the cruel bane.
And in the village church, not far away,
I heard the austere, bearded preacher say,
'Poor mortals here below,
Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"

The elements raged in all their fury. The rain gave way to hail again, and as it was hurled with full force into my face the stinging pain seemed more than mortal could bear. Once more a thought of the dear ones at home flitted through my now disordered brain—then all became a blank.

* * * * * * *

When next I regained consciousness I found myself in a dimly-lighted room, with a kindly face bending over me. Upon inquiry I was told I had been washed up on the beach by the waves, and there found by my host, who had noted a spark of life still remaining, and carried me to his home. I was still weak from the night's exposure, and must remain quiet.

I sank back upon my pillow and was lulled to sleep by the refrain as it seemed to float gently across the dark waters—

"Nearer my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!"

LOVE'S RHAPSODY.

BY CLARENCE URMY.

O love is such a wondrous thing!
So swift of foot, so fleet of wing,
So soft of voice, so low of laugh,
In air we breathe, in wine we quaff,
In rose of June, in winter snow,
In calm, blue seas, in brooks that flow
Adown to meet the calm, blue seas,
As to thy heart flow lines like these!
These very lines, for thou cans't see
Wherein I weave my thoughts of thee;
Love's alchemy can change each word
Into the notes of some sweet bird,
That all day singing to the sun,
Still pauses not when day is done,
But far into the twilight dim
Warbles its soft-toned vesper hymn,
And greets the first star's silver light
With one faint, dreamy, fond "good night."

Dear Love! I wonder if you ask
The wherefore of my pleasant task,
Why I have sent these lines to thee
So full of love's sweet ecstasy?
You handed me a flower last night,
You kissed its petals small and white,
You looked into mine eyes—I think
That to that white-souled, perfumed pink
Belongs the honor of the hour!
Because in that small, simple flower
Love came to me in wondrous guise
And pressed thine image on mine eyes!
In that sweet flower there stood revealed
The truth thy lips had long concealed,
And since thy lips did on it rest
And it has lain upon my breast,
The love that binds my heart to thine
Is love unfathomed, love divine!

SAN JOSE.

TOO LATE.

BY FRANCIS SALTUS.

Joy stood upon my threshold mild and fair,
With lilies in her hair;
I bade her enter as she turned to go,
And she said, "No."

Fortune once halted at my ruined porch,
And lit it with her torch;
I asked her fondly, "Have you come to stay?"
She answered, "Nay."

Fame robed in spotless white before me came,
I longed her kiss to claim;
I told her how her presence I revered.
She disappeared!

Love came at last—how pure, how sweet!
With roses at her feet.
I begged her all her bounty to bestow—
She answered, "No."

Since then, Joy, Fortune, Love and Fame,
Have come my soul to claim;
I see them smiling everywhere,
But do not care.—*Chicago Figaro.*

BURLINGTON ROUTE EXCURSIONS.

Commencing Tuesday, March 15th, at two P. M. from Los Angeles, and Wednesday at eight A. M. from San Francisco, and every Tuesday and Wednesday thereafter, the Burlington Route will run its regular summer excursions with Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars to Chicago *via* Salt Lake City and Denver. For particulars and excursion folder, apply to agent, Burlington Route at 204 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, or 32 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

Mr. A. G. Heyl, for many years connected with the United States Marine Hospital Service, is now a member of the well-known undertaking establishment of Martin, Morrison & Heyl, 118 Geary Street.

The Wave

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL,

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

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SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 16, 1892.

THE WAVE.

In San Francisco weekly journalism no paper has had greater success than THE WAVE. Its influence has steadily increased, and it has now the largest circulation of any weekly in this city. A canvass of the newsdealers proves this conclusively. At the Occidental Hotel news stand more copies of THE WAVE are sold than of any other of the weeklies. The same is true at the Grand Hotel, and at the Baldwin THE WAVE sells better than all the other weeklies combined. Mrs. Cornwall, No. 431 Montgomery, John N. Philan, No. 211 Sutter, F. W. Barkhaus, No. 213 Kearny, S. C. Blake, No. 503 Kearny Street, all sell more copies of THE WAVE than of any of its competitors. The other newsdealers say THE WAVE is up to, if not ahead of the weeklies that profess to be its rivals. This is certainly an excellent showing.—The Post.

A FEW WORDS TO THE READER.

This is the mid-summer edition of THE WAVE, and the many readers are left to judge of its value as a literary production and advertising medium. The proprietors of this journal have been the recipients of so many flattering words from the public and press generally on the splendid success of THE WAVE, that even with this evidence of its vigor and prosperity before them they feel as if they need say nothing for themselves. As is well known, THE WAVE has the largest circulation of any weekly paper on the Coast; its influence is marked, as it is the organ of no man or set of men; it is without fear, and is published in the interest of the public. THE WAVE is truthful and honest in every department; its editorial columns are not now and never will be for sale; the threat of publicity has never been held over private error to make a business man advertise; the right is reserved to refuse objectionable advertising, and no offensive advertisements will ever appear in these columns.

The regular price—ten cents—has not been increased for this issue, and it is safe to say that no better paper has been printed on this Coast before for that sum. In the near future, THE WAVE will offer extra inducements to subscribers and others.

SPLASHES.

IT WAS AN EVENT, that garden party at Santa Cruz. For weeks the splendor of the preparations furnished the topic of conversation for the town. One heard of the illuminations, the decorations, the supper, even above the thunder of fire-crackers on the Fourth. Invitations were generously distributed; belles ordered ball costumes from San Jose *modistes;* some few richer and more enterprising actually sent orders for confections to San Francisco. The hostess announced her intention of adorning herself and the occasion with a *Worth* gown. Dark rumors of a freight car laden with champagne had circulated round the beach and added to current anticipation. Confident assertions about the amount of a given vintage one man might comfortably get away with were heard on all sides. Those who found themselves near the villa on Saturday beheld with deep inward satisfaction the workmen placing Japanese lanterns in position.

* * *

Night fell at last. The illumination began as the yellow moon climbed over Capitola and changed the dark waters of the bay into molten silver. One by one the tiny lanterns were lit. The villa seemed environed with tiny flames. In front of the door was a huge triangle of flame, and in the garden they hung from tree to tree like strings of fire-flies. The effect was very beautiful. Carriages rolled up by the scores and deposited fair and male burdens, and returned for more. The hostess wore the jewels of "the ill-fated Catherine Parr," beside the Worth costume. In their efforts to express appreciation of the gorgeousness of the occasion some of the guests coined new adjectives of admiration. Sweet strains were discoursed by an orchestra from town stationed in the ballroom.

* * *

In spite of all this glow and beauty the congregation seemed unsatisfied. Something was lacking. A few danced, the others meandered around the lawns or found dark corners where the tell-tale lanterns hung not and there whispered soft nothings. Supper time drew near, and at the command of the hostess in her Worth costume, the company sought the tennis court. In the centre was a huge bowl flanked by an array of glasses; in front a profusion of jellies, salads, cakes, piles of pink and yellow ice cream nodded uneasily to castellated mounds of angel cake. I heard someone murmur "Champagne punch," and then like an echo it reverberated through the multitude. Champagne punch, pagne punch—cham—pagne—*ad infinitum.* A gentleman of bibulous tendencies, with a lovely blonde in a *decollete* costume, led the van. His fair partner and himself touched glasses, and as they drank I saw an expression of disappointment overspreading his visage. He moved on the salads and sandwiches. The reason I soon learned.

The punch was claret cup.

* * *

Alas for the rarity of Christian charity and the ingratitude of humanity. I began to hear murmurs. Someone said the affair was a failure; a man insinuated he had been tricked into coming. Someone asked the whereabouts of the hostess, and rumor assented she was locked in a secluded corner of the veranda with half a dozen of her city friends sipping the much-coveted champagne. And then the crowd began to disperse; the lanterns still glowed, but the admiration seemed to have gone out. Such is life at Santa Cruz.

* * *

IF SANTA CRUZ is not the gayest place in California this summer I should like to be where the floating population is obtaining more enjoyment. Picnics are of daily occurrence and moonlight excursions continued as long as the orb of night was in evidence. The week of the Fourth was a round of gaiety that culminated on Saturday night in a riding party given by Mrs. Welch. It was a regular cavalcade that rode from the steps of the Sea Beach Hotel. Twenty-four horses and three carriages accommodated the party, and soon they were strung along the road to Capitola, Jeremiah Lynch, on a fine black charger, leading the way. The maidens in their trim riding habits and pretty hats looked very charming. The night was glorious, the moon shedding a silver glow on sea and land.

* * *

Reaching the destination, some of the party headed for Aptos, all returning about eleven o'clock. A cold supper was then served in the dining-room of the Sea Beach, and Mr. Lynch expressed the company's thanks for Mrs. Welch's hospitality. Mrs. Carroll, on Sunday, gave a picnic to Capitola. Five large carriages transported her guests to the comfortable hotel at this pretty resort, where a delicious hot luncheon was served. There were forty-seven in the party, and they all had a most enjoyable time. Afterward they drove to Aptos and then returned to Santa Cruz. On Tuesday, the Misses Enright gave a picnic to the Big Trees, and on Wednesday evening Mrs. Dr. Luke Robinson gave a hay ride, which proved one of the most enjoyable entertainments of the series.

* * *

THE BATHING SEASON is always productive of acrimonious discussions on costumes. At Santa Cruz the beach crowd have done little but discuss the Jenness Miller confection in which pretty Miss Muller has entered the waves. It is of alpaca, and exposed her arms and a portion of her shoulders, not so much, however, as an ordinary belle does in a ballroom. In place of the lengthy, clumsy skirt, she wore a short, fluted arrangement that displayed her graceful figure to the best advantage. There was nothing in the costume that the most captious could stigmatize as immodest, but it was not conventional, and therefore to be contemned. However, the young lady, though quite aware of the controversy her appearance excited, calmly continued to bathe every morning, thereby exhibiting a

proper spirit of indifference to current public opinion.

* * *

An athletic maiden who is one of the strongest swimmers at Santa Cruz, tempts the Argus-eyed multitude by a display of bare limbs. Their sumptuous, if rather muscular, development excites admiration, and, of course, envy, and I know not what dreadful accusations are preferred against her. She wears the conventional skirt, however, but rumor alleges that on reaching the far raft she calmly discards its cumbersome folds and swims out to sea in a costume very similar to that of a ballet dancer. But she does swim splendidly. A mile or two is nothing. She circled all the yachts on the Fourth and went out far beyond anyone alse. The great difficulty with Santa Cruz is the absence of a covered way from the dressing-room to the water's edge. The cost of erecting such a structure would be slight and it would so relieve men and maidens whose limbs lack adipose tissue.

* * *

AT DEL MONTE the glorious weather has been made an excellent excuse for picnics and driving parties. Waiting at the porch every afternoon is a string of vehicles bound for the Grove or Cypress Point. The moonlight, too, has afforded an opportunity for excursions, and boating parties on the lake are quite the thing. Though the crowd of fashionables is not as large nor so gay as in years past, still they are active enough in their own way. The Haggin and Tevis families are very well represented. The Fred Sharons and Janins are still among the guests. Next week there will be large accessions to the numbers of those who are now here.

* * *

The event of the week of the Fourth was a leap year cotillion, which Miss Hager led. It was not a very large affair but it proved a decided success. There were plenty of young married people to take part, and, besides, the co-operation of some of the Eastern guests was invited. Some twenty couples took part, and a number of simple and graceful figures were executed. Brandt's orchestra supplied the music. Another festivity was the picnic given by the Brugiéres. This was quite a large affair. Their guests were driven to the pretty grounds near Cypress Point, and there a delicious lunch was partaken of.

* * *

OVER IN SAUSALITO they have yet to learn the meaning of the word stagnation. It is true the current gaiety is not of the active type, there are few important festivities to chronicle. Every night, however, the floating population is to be found on the placid bay, pouring out its soul in melody. Not that it would desire to submit the type of music which is most popular as a sample of its soul, though the latter element, at this stage of the season, is not obtruded even in Ross Valley. No new girls have come to the hillsides these last weeks, and the belles of June continue the belles of July. I shall mention none of the soft, sweet stories wafted me about moonlight rambles, or budding attachments. That would be unkind.

* * *

If I am to believe rumor, however, Hymen is having some work cut out for him these lovely evenings. I am assured the summer campaign, at least, so far as Sausalito is concerned, will not be without results. Given a maximum of males and a minimum of maidens, it would be anomolous if Cupid did not find some work to do.

* * *

On Saturday evening last there was a hop at the Pacific Yacht Club. The "Relief" brought to Sausalito a very jolly party and they, re-inforced by a delegation from the villas, danced until midnight or beyond there. The homeward trip, over the moonlit bay, was an experience to remember. On Sunday Captain Dan Haskell took a party of friends for a trip round the bay on the new tug "Fearless." The outing was specially tendered to Mr. and Mrs. Van Bergen, and proved a very pleasant affair. The swiftness of the steamer was tested in several brushes with passing ferry steamers.

* * *

Frank D. Willey is passing the summer in Sausalito and, having in view the laudable object of reducing his constantly-increasing adipose tissue, he has purchased an oak-finished Whitehall, deeming rowing just the proper thing for his complaint. Apropos to this it is a painfully beautiful sight to see him on the cushions every evening at twilight, as the boatman of the Pacific Yacht Club rows him over the placid waters from the wharf to the boathouse. It is the boatman who is getting thin.

* * *

A lull followed the wild excitement of the Tennis Tournament at San Rafael. The guests at the hotel have settled down to the ordinary regimen of driving and riding, bowling and billiard-playing, and have concluded, after all, that a quiet life is far more fascinating than the period of excitement that culminated on the National Holiday.

* * *

Jeremiah Lynch and Dr. Whitwell spent last week at Santa Cruz, and entered very actively into the enjoyment of the festivities current there. Lynch rode down on his charger, and Dr. Whitwell made the journey in a small carriage behind a capital pacing horse he owns. *En route* they stopped at San Jose and Los Gatos. On Friday evening of last week the ex-grand juryman escorted a party of fair maidens to the Big Trees. They made the trip on horseback by moonlight, and were much edified by the beauty of the scenery along the cañon. Besides, Mr. Lynch has been much in demand in connection with the various drives and picnics that have been organized in such profusion during the last week or two. In fact, he is easily the most popular man at Santa Cruz.

* * *

Larkspur Inn has enjoyed a splendid season, and the resort has become one of the most popular in the State. Early this month there was not a room to be had in the house; and those who intended passing the holidays there were compelled to write for accommodations. The early season's rush is now over, and yet Larkspur Inn holds its place in the public regard. Guests who purposed remaining there only a few days, have stayed weeks, and people are now engaging rooms for August and September.

* * *

Miss Reinstein, who is to be married Tuesday to Charles Shainwald, has been the recipient, during the week, of several entertainments. On Monday night she was given a moonlight ride to the Cliff and along the beach to the Ocean House by a number of friends. The big Russ House coach and its four-horse team was chartered for the occasion. A supper at the residence of Miss Shainwald, on Clay Street, followed. On Thursday night Mr. and Mrs. Milton S. Eisner gave a reception in honor of the prospective bride that proved a very pleasant affair. The marriage ceremony will be celebrated at the residence of J. B. Reinstein, 906 Ellis Street.

* * *

W. Greer Harrison's play, "The O'Neil," is to be presented for the first time this season, probably at the California Theatre, by James O'Neill. It is written in blank verse and embodies the exploits of the great Shane O'Neil, who presented the claims of Ireland to Queen Elizabeth. There is considerable action in the play and several strong situations. Mr. O'Neill is delighted with the character and prophesies a great success for the play.

* * *

The interest taken in "The Life of Mark Twain" by Will M. Clemens, his cousin, shows how much the people of the West think of the humorist. The book was put on the market only a short time ago and has had a good sale. It is more interesting than works of this kind are likely to be, as it contains many of Mark Twain's brightest sayings.

* * *

D. P. Belknap entertained C. F. Cook, of Boston, at the Bohemian Club on Monday evening, and the affair was made the occasion of the discharge of much oratory that had been left over from the Fourth. Dan O'Connell spoke at considerable length on a variety of topics; then Ed Hamilton followed with "the best off-hand speech he ever made," which must be time-worn by this time. Dr. Swan denied any relationship to the artist of that name, and Dr. Beverly Cole told how he rode across the desert in 1849. Mr. Belknap contented himself (and the company) by saying several times in an undertone: "Fill them again."

* * *

Alfred Bouvier returned to town this week, after a short and painful vacation at a health resort. Stricken with rheumatism some weeks ago, he was compelled to leave the city, but I am glad to announce that he is now so much

better that he was able to return to make the necessary preparations for the tenth season of the Baldwin. Mr. Bouvier has managed this playhouse for six years with signal success. The tenth season begins on Monday, when the Frohman Company will present "The Lost Paradise," which is said to be the greatest play yet written by an American author. It is by De Mille, and it is quite probable that its production will be seen by a large number of people who could not be wooed from the summer resorts by any other company.

* * *

Charles Rollo Peters, according to latest advices, is in Brittany studying effects for his picture of Napoleon. The great Corsican is Mr. Peters' hero. On the literature of the subject he is deeply read, and it is his ambition to depict him in as many guises as possible. With the Brittany coast Charley is familiar. The subject of his largest canvas represents a fisherwoman at the foot of a huge crucifix praying for the safe-keeping of the boats at sea. In Paris he has found a very comfortable studio, and since his departure has worked harder than ever before in his life.

* * *

There was a charming dinner at the old fish market restaurant on Pacific Street near Davis last Monday night. It was given by Signor Antholdi and Signor Locher to Mrs. Splivalo, Mrs. Bigelow, and Mrs. Lopez, with Mr. Lopez and Mr. Splivalo to aid in entertaining the guests. It was only equaled by a Spanish dinner given on the following Wednesday by C. M. Palmer, with Willis Polk as his lieutenant, at "Gabriella's" over in Broadway Street. At this latter affair Mrs. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie, Miss Palmer, Miss Sill, Signor Dominico Rossi, and several others were guests. These Italian and Spanish dinners are getting to be very popular with Society people, and at this latter affair Spanish music and Chinese lanterns were a happy accompaniment.

* * *

HOW MUCH TRUTH there is in the following story I dare not guess. It was told me by one of the rounders who hang out in the lower end of town. Here it is, however: One evening before the late Republican Convention at Minneapolis, "Judge" Maloney was taking a stroll down towards the Latin end of Kearny Street, and, as usual, had his sensitive modesty with him. Near the junction of Montgomery Avenue is a small street oyster stand where one can purchase, if his purse will not stand a dozen of the succulent bivalves, one or more for a small sum. In front of this stood a Chinese looking perplexedly at an extremely large oyster on a plate; he had evidently disposed of one or two previously, but this seemed to be a little too large for his swallowing powers. While engaged in contemplation, Maloney came along. Seeing the heathen's dilemma he stepped up and asked :

* * *

"What's the mather, John; no can swallow him ?"

"No; too biggee," was the answer.

"Ah, yez don't savey," said the irrepressible Maloney. With that, he lifted the oyster off the plate and dropped it gently down his capacious gullet.

The Chinese gazed in evident admiration at the easy way in which it had been put away, and said:

"Irishman heap smart, me try swallow him six times, no can do."

Those that were standing near say the expression on Maloney's face when he heard this would have stopped a clock.

* * *

ANENT THE ELECTION of Max Popper as Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, rather a funny story is told by Mr. McGonigle, editor of the leading Ventura paper, the Democratic organ of the county. Appointed a member of the committee by Barney Murphy, he made up his mind that Max was the man to conduct the fight. Before starting for town he received a call from a prominent Democrat of the town—a patriotic Irishman with strong prejudices against all who are not of the true faith, whether in politics or religion.

* * *

"Who are ye goin' to vhote for, Mac ?" he asked.

"For Max Popper," was the reply.

"Poppher, Popper—quare name. An' what counthryman is he ?"

"Irish, of course," was the editor's answer.

"Irish ? Shure, Mac, that's no Irish nhame. Popper, indade. Popper. Who iver he'rd tell of a Popper in Ireland ?" He waxed wroth.

"His name is not Popper, but McPopper—Macpopper—as good a County Mayo name as there is."

"An' he's a Mayo man, is he ? Well, vhote for him, Mac."

And Mac did.

* * *

I rejoice that the Democratic State Central Committee hearkened unto the voice of wisdom (which was mine) in its selection of Chairman. From the first I held that there was no serious opposition to his election, and that it was made by acclamation was a strong endorsement of my judgment. Mr. Popper is certainly the best man for the position at this time, and if this does not prove to be the warmest and most successful campaign the Democracy has had in many years I am no prophet. The country members were unanimous in their desire for Mr. Popper, and all promised faithful allegiance to him if he were elected. I will wait to see how they carry out their promises; the election, in a great measure, depends on them. Republican corruption and debauchery have made the people of the city so disgusted that they will vote for any honest candidate the Democracy nominates. It is quite likely that the rascals will be turned out in large numbers.

* * *

In the choice of Vice-Chairmen the committee showed excellent sense. O. M. Welburn, of Gilroy, is one of the best organizers in the State. The interior has rarely in the past been represented by as good a man. He is a hard and capable worker, a forcible and logical talker, and a thorough Democrat. He was elected, not for the work that he promised to do, but for the splendid work he had already done, and city and country alike united in asking that his choice be made unanimous. James Murphy, of Del Norte, and Mr. Marsh, of Los Angeles, were the other Vice-Chairmen, and form a combination hard to beat. Barry Baldwin will fill the position of Treasurer acceptably, and Mr. Troy will make an excellent Secretary.

* * *

WHAT A CONTRAST between the architects' dinner and that given by the artists in the Palace Hotel. There sat down some 112 personages and a few painters at the latter. At the former, given on Friday evening at the Vienna, only 22 were at the festal board—all *bona fide* professionals, however. The personages were not art patrons save in the sense of owning galleries of imitation masters purchased at foreign picture sales. The architects, however, had all built houses. George H. Sanders presided, gave out toasts and awarded medals to successful students. David Farquharson, of the California Savings and Loan Society, discoursed on old-time architects. The majority of people have forgotten that he designed the Bank of California, the Stock Exchange, and the Nevada Bank.

* * *

Clinton Day talked of the architects of today. Albert Pissis spoke of the advantages of academical training, and Page Brown was to have responded to the toast "Adopted Sons," but both he and Willis Polk, who was also down for a speech, were absent. Altogether it proved a very enjoyable affair. By the way, the *menu* cards, designed by Dan Polk, were really works of art.

* * *

The "Monastery" boys gave a very jolly fish dinner at the Pacific Yacht Club on Tuesday last. Their *menu* was confined to products of the bay and embraced all sorts and conditions of oysters, clams, shrimps, besides fish of a dozen varieties. In fact the supply was greater than the demand. That none of the ethics of the culinary art were violated is vouched for by Mr. Dexter who had charge of the details. There was a pleasant gathering of young people besides considerable music at the Monastery on Sunday. Among the guests were some capital vocalists, who gave part songs without number.

* * *

A MORE LAUGHABLE SET of bosses never existed anywhere than those with which the Republican party is afflicted in this city. In addition to being utterly devoid of the

honor that is usually supposed to prevail among thieves, they all suffer from an uncontrollable desire to abuse each other in the newspapers. Scarcely a day passes that Kelly does not tell a reporter what he thinks about Burns, and Burns what he thinks about Wilson. Verily, the corpulent ghost of the late Boss Higgins, if it ever returns to earth to take an observation, must frequently burst its vest-buttons when contemplating these loquacious fellows. The curious feature of the political situation, however, is that while Burns, Kelly, Wilson, and Quinn are satirizing each other, the Republican party, for whose success they all profess so much concern, is rapidly going to the dogs.

* * *

When Quinn and Wilson at the Stockton Convention bolted the programme they had agreed upon with Dan Burns, and formed the combination which resulted in the election of rival delegates at large, I predicted that they would soon reach the end of their ropes as bosses. In politics men cannot play the role of Benedict Arnold with any more success than in the other walks of life, and that is what the perfidy of these two bosses amounted to on that occasion. The slate agreed on was Estee, Barnes, Rideout, and Spence. The ticket came out De Young, Felton, Rideout, and Spence. That ticket, through M. M. Estee, has cost the party the services of Judge Fitzgerald, who has resigned as Chairman of the State Central Committee, and it has split and probably destroyed the Republican Alliance—the only hope the party had of making a decent municipal ticket in this city. The latest "deal" by which Mr. Wilson has sold out the Alliance to Kelly and Crimmins in consideration of securing the Shrievalty for H. H. Lynch and the Congressional nomination for his friend Alexander, the young Harbor Commissioner, is on a par with all the rest. What hope of success has a party, the leaders of which are guilty of such dishonorable conduct as this?

* * *

I am informed that Internal Revenue Collector Quinn has been ordered from Washington to cease his fight against Martin Kelly and Phil Crimmins by no other person than President Harrison himself. The fact that he has obeyed shows that his principles are worth just about as much as his bread and butter. He has abandoned the public whom he has been assuring all along that Kelly and Crimmins were rascals of the deepest dye, for the favor of the man who owns him. In other words he has no principles. He is a mercenary politician. He would associate with the devil if to refuse would jeopardize his salary. Months ago I expressed the opinion that Dan Burns was altogether too decent a man to associate with such bosses as these. With all his faults Burns is true to his friends. In some respects he is a high-minded, noble fellow. Lying he regards as a dishonorable practice, and treachery with him is impossible. Rather than enter into a league with the two saloon keepers who boss the local Republican party, he would retire from politics forever.

* * *

It does not appear, however, that the Republican party will accept decent leadership under any circumstances. With individuals in charge who are chiefly distinguished for their lack of character and disregard of the code of honor that prevails among honorable men, it can never hope to succeed in this city. And yet there is no way to repudiate them. If a primary is held Burns cannot carry a precinct without hiring a gang of ruffians to fight the ruffians who will be sent out by the new firm of Kelly, Crimmins, Wilson, and Quinn. Of course, he will not do this. The party machinery, therefore, is destined to fall entirely into the hands of these men. They will find, however, that it will do them no good. For all practical purposes the municipal election this year is separated entirely from the National one. The new ballot law requires separate boxes for the two tickets, and each voter will be compelled to choose between the candidates of the Reorganized Democracy and those of the Republican bosses. Unless all political virtue has departed from the people, therefore, the ticket nominated by Kelly, Crimmins, Wilson, and Quinn cannot hope to succeed. These four men must be fools to think that a community in which they are so well known will indorse anything they may do.

* * *

THE DEATH in this city on Sunday last of Thomas M. Dawson, former Consul of the United States to Samoa, will bring to the minds of all old Californians a forgotten chapter of San Francisco church history. Dawson was a Presbyterian clergyman, and between seventeen and eighteen years ago was one of the leaders of that denomination in this part of the country. He was the pastor of a church in Oakland where he had worked up a large congregation of fashionable and intelligent Presbyterians. In those days Dawson was a young, handsome, and brilliant fellow, a writer of some vigor and an orator of considerable fluency, and he was generally esteemed as a youth likely to attain distinction in the business of saving souls by the religious method he had adopted. But, like the Rev. John D. Ellis, who recently sued the Presbytery of San Francisco for damages for slander, Dawson was not left long to enjoy the prosperity that was opening upon him.

* * *

For some reason, the exact nature of which I cannot now recall, he became involved in trouble with the peppery little Scotchmen who then, as now, composed the Presbytery. Charges were preferred against him. One of the counts of the indictment was that he had been guilty of unprofessional conduct, or conduct unbecoming a minister of the gospel. This consisted of gambling in stocks. In 1875 and 1876 the stock-dealing mania was at its height. Everybody, from the servant girl to the church deacon, invested in mining "shares," and at the conclusion of each "deal" there was usually a complete social collapse, showing that stock gambling was well nigh universal. At the time the charges were preferred against Dawson, however, it was supposed that the ministers, nearly all of whom inveighed regularly once a week against the vice, were about the only members of the community free from it. Therefore, the allegations against Dawson created a profound sensation throughout churchdom.

* * *

In due time the Presbytery tried and convicted him, just as it has recently tried and convicted Dr. Ellis, and Dawson appealed to the Synod of the Pacific—the Presbyterian Supreme Court. The trial and appeal occupied months, during which Dawson's affairs and those of his fellow Presbyterian clergymen were pretty effectually mauled over in the newspapers. Finally the Synod affirmed the decision of the lower court. Dawson was now effectually cashiered. He could no longer preach Presbyterianism, and having been taught that creed in his early youth it was too late to pick up any other religious method. So he turned on the Presbytery like the wounded snake.

* * *

He gave the newspapers the names of all clergymen in town for whom he had acted as broker in buying and selling mining stocks! The revelations were a veritable religious bombshell. They shook the foundations of every church in town. A howl of rage went up from the accused dominies, and for three weeks or more Dawson was called a liar in all the ways available in English and in most of the ways possible in other languages. The ex-minister retaliated for awhile, but he was finally overcome by the general denunciation and left the city.

Then he wrote a letter to the newspapers saying that he feared personal violence if he remained. Some of the fiery Scotch preachers had, so he intimated, threatened to sandbag him. What strange changes are wrought by the hand of time! Less than twenty years after the sensational events every man, I believe, who participated in them is dead, and Dawson himself is forgotten. After his tussle with the Presbytery he served in Samoa and other places as United States Consul and then drifted back to San Francisco.

When he died he was a clerk in the Recorder's office.

* * *

The Citizens' Defense Association was organized some months ago, and I entertained high hopes of its future. In my verdant way I imagined that it would seek to effect needed reforms in the conduct of our municipal and State governments. But, like most of the organizations of recent times designed to expose and punish public malefactors, it is turning out to be an arrant fraud. With a great flourish of trumpets it has arrested and arraigned Assemblyman Bruner. All the vigor and energy of its being has been compressed into a prosecution of this pygmy

offender, with the result that when he is tried he is quite certain to be acquitted. Bruner is accused of asking a ticket scalper to bribe him, and upon the ticket scalper's unsupported oath it is proposed to convict him. Laying aside for the moment the fact that he is one of the most insignificant boodlers turned up by Judge Wallace's Grand Jury, it will hardly be disputed that his word is as good as that of a ticket scalper. For myself I would believe a boodle legislator any day rather than a ticket scalper. As Bruner denies the charge an average jury can be relied on to express the same opinion.

* * *

It is not too much to say that if the Citizens' Defense Association has no other purpose than to prosecute Bruner it had better disband. But if, as now seems probable, it was organized to promote the political prospects of its members, it should at once throw off all disguises and get down to business. The campaign is progressing rapidly, and if it waits until the Municipal Conventions are called, it may get left. Evidently, as a cleaner of Augean stables, it is a failure, but as a "piece" club or as a campaign whooper-up it may succeed.

* * *

THAT H. H. BANCROFT has found in N. J. Stone a foeman worthy of his steel is apparent. One after another he threw out of the business his brothers and the associates who during the long years of struggle and trial had stood by him. The same treatment applied to the Manager of the History Company, however, finds less tractable material. Stone has commenced suit, and in a complaint that must have made interesting reading for the alleged historian he sets forth what seems to me excellent cause of action. Indeed, he goes to the length of calling this eminent old gentleman a blackmailer. It is rather amusing to learn the methods whereby large sums were won from unwilling Argonauts.

* * *

In early California nearly every man had a history which he was willing to conceal. If he brought none with him he soon acquired one. Acting thereon, Mr. Bancroft devised cunning biographies detailing events undeniably true, but better left unrecorded. He contrived to have the subjects learn the character of their historical presentation and they were always willing to pay the cost of cutting out or excluding entirely the obnoxious paragraphs. It often proved a very expensive operation, if one were to judge by Mr. Stone's complaint. Imagine the value of a history prepared under such conditions. The most checkered of careers, under the influence of a certain number of subscriptions, becomes pure and untarnished as that of a saint.

* * *

H. H. Bancroft is credited with possessing about a million and a half dollars. Besides the book and stationery business on Market Street, which he owns all but a few shares, he has a ranch of 200 acres at Walnut Creek, real estate in Berkeley and in San Diego. He owns a controlling interest in the History Company, a block of stock in the Bancroft, Whitney Publishing Company, the History Building on Market Street, the library on Valencia Street, and a residence on Van Ness Avenue. In spite of his accumulations, the concern was in serious trouble at the time of the fire, but it was then that Mr. Stone began pushing the history, and by his splendid management settled with the creditors, and lifted a mortgage of some $450,000 on the Market Street property. It was he who put the scores of agents in the field and pushed the sale of the books. There is no doubt that had the original plan been adhered to, the work would have proved a bonanza.

* * *

The method of history-writing which Bancroft inaugurated is well known. Of the series of volumes that bear his name it is doubtful if a single one was written by himself. The volumes on Arizona and New Mexico are the work of H. L. Oak; those on Mexico and Central America were written by Oak and by Thomas Savage. These are, perhaps, the best of the series and perhaps the cheapest. Oak is a man of excellent education, a retired school teacher, and during his years of labor in the Bancroft vineyard received about $150 per month. He is now residing at Siegler's Springs. Mrs. Victor is responsible for the history of the Northwest Coast and Oregon, besides assisting in preparing that of California. She averaged between $90 and $100 per month.

* * *

A Mr. Nemus was one of the most industrious of the great man's collaborators. A Swede by birth, he was a very hard worker and is credited with having produced the bulk of the History of California. Of course others assisted, but it was his speciality. I believe the munificent salary of $125 per month remunerated him for his services on behalf of the Bancroft reputation. Another servitor is Alfred Bates, a writer of polished English, who is responsible for most of the occasional fine passages one finds in the thirty volumes. He has been a slave for over twelve years and averages about $75 per month, though at times has had $100. The books treating of Wyoming and Colorado are mainly his, besides several of the biographies in "Chronicles of the Builders."

* * *

Of the business methods of H. H. Bancroft, it is difficult to speak temperately. There is no device so low that he will not descend to it for the purpose of obtaining money. His rapacity knows no bounds; beside him Asa Fisk is a philanthropist. He quarrelled with his brother, A. A. Bancroft, shortly after the fire. They separated, the latter taking the piano agency with an agreement that the old firm should give up dealing in musical instruments. That did not prevent Hubert Howe immediately re-entering that line with a new make of piano. Now, they hate each other. A. A.'s ranch on Walnut Creek adjoins that of his brother. The offspring of one are not permitted to speak, even to look at, the children of the other. His rencounter with W. B. Bancroft has been detailed in the papers at full length.

* * *

His son-in-law, C. O. Richards, tried to do business with him, but had to give it up in despair. A brother-in-law, now located at San Diego, had a similar experience. Oak, who worked for him so long, threatens to sue him for some breach of contract. In fact he seems to be in difficulties all round. It is rather amusing that in spite of Stone's accusations he remains in the service of the concern and has not thought it necessary to resign.

* * *

In mentioning the authorship of the histories I forgot to speak of the volumes on Utah. The Mormon Church, as can readily be imagined, desired to go before the world as creditably as possible, and when the emissaries of the firm approached the community, an agreement was made to take a large number of copies, provided Franklin D. Richards was permitted to write the book. He furnished most of it, but the name of H. H. Bancroft appears on the title page.

* * *

IN EARLY DAYS General William H. Brown, the Harbor Commissioner, was Sheriff of El Dorado County, and he now tells with enjoyment of a peculiar incident that occurred to him at that period. He was *en route* to San Quentin, from El Dorado, with a prisoner who had been convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to solitary confinement for twenty years. Upon arriving here they registered at the Russ House, intending to go to San Quentin the following day. Sheriff Brown wished to be somewhere else that evening, and, having unlimited confidence in his prisoner, left him alone at the hotel, telling him that he would call for him at nine o'clock in the morning.

* * *

That hour arrived but Brown did not. The prisoner waited for him one hour, and then another, and finally, becoming worried at Brown's non-appearance, he started out to find him. After a long search he saw Brown on Kearny Street talking to a friend. He approached him from behind, and, tapping on his shoulder to attract his attention he said: "By —— Sheriff, I thought you had escaped me."

* * *

THAT AMUSINGLY ECCENTRIC individual, Hugh Craig, seems to have a faculty for getting himself into the papers. That there is any reason, personal or otherwise, for the notoriety he has achieved must be denied. Among underwriters he ranks as one of the luckiest men in the business—without discrimination he seems to reap the rewards that are denied the more skillful. Perhaps it is this very quality that has made him a fanatic. His casuistry argues from his own luck the

existence of a special Insurance Providence in whose inner eye he is. His devotion, therefore, is an expression of thanks, as much as anything else. I was rather surprised to notice that Father Montgomery had condescended to a controversy with Mr. Craig on any topic.

* * *

If he were in any sense of the word a representative underwriter one might understand, but he is not. As I have said, among his associates he does not rank at all high, and such expressions as he may happen to give voice to on the subject of church insurance are solely his own. He does not speak for his profession.

* * *

THE ENGAGEMENT of Willie Oothout and Mrs. Edgar Saltus was no especial surprise to the former's friends. Mrs. Saltus comes of a very good New York family and she has known Mr. Oothout since childhood. The story of her divorce from the erratic novelist is too well known to require repetition. It appears he had to resort to stimulants to maintain that brilliant style of his. He indulged in opium, brandy, and heaven knows what not, and poor Mrs. Saltus had to bear the infliction of his condition. Finally she sought relief in divorce, and since then she has traveled a great deal. Two years ago she undertook a voyage around the world with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Andrews. During a lengthy sojourn in Teheran Mr. Andrews became quite friendly with the Shah, who appointed him to represent Persia at the World's Fair.

* * *

The party arrived here about a month ago, and, shortly afterward, they went East accompanied by Mr. Oothout. Among their friends it was generally understood that the two were engaged. Mrs. Saltus is a very charming and interesting woman and a bright talker. Mr. Oothout is now a very rich man. Some eight months ago he inherited a fortune of half a million dollars by the death of his grandmother, Mrs. Morgan. He is Vice-President of the California Petroleum and Asphalt Company, which owns extensive mines of bituminous rock in Santa Barbara County. Their marriage will take place very soon, and Mr. Oothout returns almost immediately to Santa Barbara where he will reside.

* * *

With all his butterfly instincts, however, Willie did have a romance once upon a time. It was seven years ago, and the scene was the Palace Hotel and other places. She was a lovely bride, who played as divinely on the piano as she could upon men's hearts. Willie was new here and had a big allowance; and he lavished it with a free hand. They were seen everywhere together, and the fond, smiling husband was in their train. Trips through California and Oregon were in the programme, and a lovely cottage in the country completed the illusion.

* * *

Business called Oothout to Paris suddenly, and he agreed to be back in six weeks. Once in the French capital, he met a young Californian of whom he made a confidant.

"I have to return at once," he said, "for I cannot be separated longer from the loveliest woman in the world."

"Ah!" sighed his friend, "would that I could go with you. I, too, have a fair creature waiting in California, from whom separation is madness. She writes me daily the most ardent letters. Come up to my room in the Chatham and see her portrait"

* * *

The pair sought the room, and with proud grace the friend displayed to Willie a beautiful miniature set in diamonds.

"Ten thousand demons!" cried the latter, snatching the bauble, "where did you get that?"

"From the woman who loves me and writes these letters."

"But here is its mate!" cried Willie fiercely, producing a counterpart dangling from a chain at his neck.

How the affair was settled was never plain, but, at all events, the bride who was so generous with her graven image lost two birds at a single shot.

* * *

THE PERSONALITY of Egbert Judson is no less remarkable than that of his partner, J. L. N. Shepard. Both have lost a large sum in the powder explosion at Fleming's Point, but they have plenty more back of that, and could easily afford the sudden drain. Judson was in the candle business here in the early 'Fifties, and shortly after ventured on chemical works. He had in his employ a tall, clever, young New Yorker named Shepard, whom presently he took into partnership. From that day their fortunes began to increase, until now they are worth several millions apiece. For years the chemical works were situated at the northeast corner of Fifteenth and Valencia Streets, where also lived the Judsons. Shepard attended to the outside business while Judson ran the works. If I remember rightly it was in their works that the famous Paraf made his first experiments toward working the gold transmutation fraud with which he afterwards duped men with millions in Peru.

* * *

In 1864 Shepard secured a large tract of land in the San Pablo Road in Oakland, and next to the Dietz Tract. Here he built a large, roomy house, which has been increased from time to time. His six beautiful daughters grew up, and one by one received their training in the East or abroad. Miss Evelyn, the youngest, is now in Europe, studying the violin, of which instrument she is already a proficient player. Their home has been the scene of the most brilliant balls Oakland ever saw, and the extensive grounds afford grand scope for Japanese lanterns in these fêtes. The eldest daughter, Miss Madeline, never married, but took the veil at a convent in England. She was considered the best amateur pianist we ever had in San Francisco.

* * *

IF THE CONTEST over the will of the late Major Camp does not develop some material of extreme interest, I shall be disappointed. He was almost a Californian by adoption, was the Major. His winters he spent between the Occidental Hotel and the Bohemian Club—until his wife died—that is, she committed suicide in Lake Minnetonka about twelve months ago. She was an invalid. Released from the matrimonial bonds he became gay. He blossomed forth in new clothes, and became a regular old masher, insisting on falling in love with every presentable maiden he met. He could afford to be generous, for his assets were something in the neighborhood of $1,000,000. Just how he fell in with Mrs. Seal, rumor saith not. He did, however, and made up his mind to marry her.

* * *

Mrs. Seal is a daughter of Jesse D. Carr, of Salinas, and in her own right she is wealthy. Not a woman whom the ordinary mortal would describe as fascinating, she seemed to possess a decided charm for Major Camp, for when he returned to Minneapolis he changed his will and divided the million between his daughter and his betrothed, share and share alike. Then, most inconsiderately, he died. Naturally Miss Camp objected to Mrs. Seal's good luck, and has commenced a contest on the ground of undue influence and other causes. Mrs. Seal will, of course, fight for her own, and between the two there will be little left of the Major's reputation for mentality. I believe Arthur Rodgers has been retained on the daughter's side, while Mrs. Seal is amply provided with able counsel.

* * *

Colonel Savage's new book is selling on the reputation of his "Official Wife." There can be instituted no comparison, for the latter bears the same relation to the former that a graceful table does to a chopping block. I believe Archie Gunther claims responsibility for the dramatic completeness of the first novel. He went over Savage's material and had him leave out not only pages, but chapters. This pruning gave it compactness. He desired to treat "Lagunitas" similarly, but Savage would have none of his revision, and it came out without. That is, the author published it on his own responsibility.

* * *

THE INNER CIRCLE of the Owl's Nest Club is busy frowning at a bill for $587 sent it by De V. Graham. He is a member of the Second Form, and in his private capacity exploits a brand of champagne. This line of endeavor, though hardly as elegant as banking or insurance, seems to develop the species of rapacity that on Front Street is called business ability. The small anecdote that goes with the bill I may be forgiven telling. The Owl's Nest had a festivity at San Carlos to celebrate the laying of the foundation stone of their new clubhouse. It was quite an affair.

An elaborate programme arranged for the occasion had Mr. Graham among its vocal features. He was to sing an ode composed by H. J. Stewart—a beauteous melody, of course.

* * *

A special train was engaged, and that the entire membership would assemble, was regarded as a matter of course. Reasoning in his calmly British way, De V. G. concluded the combination would be very thirsty after the ceremony and that, if it collectively could, it doubtless would, purchase champagne. So he went to the expense of hiring a pretty striped tent, a brace of expert openers, besides sundry glasses, and these he sent to San Carlos, together with many cases of wine. It arrived, was located and iced ready for the great event, when one of the committees and a few of the members concluded this was not a commercial occasion, and that the preparations were uncalled for. So Mr. Graham was telegraphed to, the tent was closed, and the result was he arrived very late and refused to sing.

* * *

No persuasion could induce him to exhibit his cultivated vocal powers, and the result was the Ode missed fire. However, as a sop to Cerberus, the committee served out the Brand to the assemblage, and, I believe, concluded that two cases must have been disposed of. That is why they are so at a loss to comprehend the $587 bill. For it is quite an amount in these days of commercial depression and opposition railroads.

* * *

CHIVALRY MAY BE DEAD, but there are still extant a few fiery spirits who will resent insult if it cost a life. Among them are Al. Stetson and Gerald d'Aquin, and at Santa Cruz last week they met in mortal combat on the beach. Mr. Stetson's identity requires no definition, but Mr. d'Aquin is less known to fame. The scion of a French family now settled in Holland, he came to San Francisco in search of fortune. I believe the fickle goddess has eluded him so far. However, on the night after the Fourth, prior to going bedward he turned into the Café of the Sea Beach Hotel, and there found a group of yachtsmen and *habitués* of the region amusing themselves. He was introduced all round, and in some mysterious way an altercation arose. Between Mr. Stetson and the "Count," for that is what his friends call him, words passed.

* * *

The latter knows but little English, and was easily persuaded that Stetson's refusal to drink with him constituted a deadly insult. Blows might have followed but it was suggested that the civilized way was to fight with weapons more deadly. So someone found a pair of dueling pistols and the cortege descended to the beach. Behind D'Aquin were Mr. Hellman and Paul Delmas, and Will Kruse supported Mr. Stetson. With due formality the distance was measured off, the seconds loaded the weapons, the principals took their places, and word was given to fire. Both men discharged their weapons simultaneously. There were two reports, a flash, a cloud of smoke. But no one was hurt. D'Aquin demanded another shot, but his seconds insisted that honor had been satisfied. The party then adjourned to the Café, where the event was celebrated in champagne.

* * *

I presume it is unnecessary to say that the bullets had been carefully extracted from the cartridges by the seconds, and that had a series of shots been exchanged instead of but one, the results could not have been more disastrous. However, the episode has given the Summer Colony a topic to talk about, and I am sure Mr. Stetson and Mr. d'Aquin are satisfied to have achieved so important a result.

* * *

AMONG LOCAL OPERATORS in real estate, few are more adroit or successful than Mrs. Eugene Fritz. Her husband was a member of the plumbing firm of Fritz & Kean, but he has retired from business and finds plenty to occupy him furthering the ambitious schemes of his wife. She is a pretty little woman, of pleasant manners, very intelligent, and with the quickest pair of brown eyes I have ever seen, full of snap and go. She is thoroughly versed in the intricacies of real estate, and knows as well as any man in town not only how to conduct a deal, but the best ways of making a turn. She commenced operations some years ago on a very small sum, and then invested what she could gather in Los Angeles in boom time. The result of her work there was a sum of $60,000 which she brought to San Francisco.

* * *

Very soon she began dabbling in the local market, and, later, on her own judgment, purchased the property now known to the world as Ashbury Park. It was then an uninviting tract of brush dotted here and there with stunted scrub oaks. She saw the possibilities of the site, however, and cheerfully paid the $100,000 which was asked. On her acquisition she soon obtained enough money to lay it out in streets and blocks. She lost no time about going ahead, but applied to the Supervisors for whatever she wanted. Her plan had hardly time to develop when someone, recognizing the same possibilities that she had seen, offered her $200,000 on her bargain. She refused, however, went on with her task, and to-day is reaping large dividends on her foresight.

* * *

She has built a handsome residence at Ashbury Park, and drives thence from town behind a pair of very handsome sorrel horses. Two railroads are headed through her property, one a branch of the Market Street cable system, another the line of the Metropolitan Electric. Already a large portion of the land has been disposed of, and handsome residences dot the tract in all directions. I believe this clever little woman is now looking out for more worlds to conquer. If similar luck is hers in future deals she will soon be a millionairess. With all her business capacity, Mrs. Fritz is not in the slightest degree unfeminine. About her manner there is no suggestion of the capacity that has attained such brilliant results. In her rounds she is frequently accompanied by her young daughter, a pretty and very attractive girl, with her mother's eyes.

* * *

The more successful a business man is the more success he will have. Customers leave the firm that is financially embarrassed, and that is probably why Joe Rosenberg, 40 Geary Street, has so many people call to take advantage of the bargains he is offering.

* * *

A GENUINE COUNT is among us, and an Italian at that. Seniboldi is his name, and he shaves the dead for undertakers. That is the only way he can manage to get a living, for he is old and poor. All the Italian colony vouches for his genuine nobility, for he comes of one of the oldest and proudest families in Turin, although he is the last of his race.

When I asked him the other day why he didn't go into some regular barber shop and make more money than he could out of the undertakers, he replied, drawing himself to his full majestic height:

"Sir," he said, "it would be a violation of my nobility to shave the living, but as for the dead that is a different matter; you see, the living might revile me if I cut their cheeks, but the dead are at my mercy."

The Witness.

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MUSIC.

SOME METHODS OF STUDY.

There is a declaration extant that no such thing as a royal road to learning exists. This theory is of the arbitrary kind and is disproven in a hundred ways at pleasure of as many individuals. The best, most comprehensive fashion of acquiring intimate control over the intricacies of the theory and technique of an art seems to be to follow the example studiously set by their reverences the daily journals. Four technical terms, a few pallid thinkings, and a tacit understanding that nothing further is to be known, and musical education of many brilliant people in and out of Society is profoundly accomplished. Assumption and intellectual development meander daintily, hand in hand, in the broad macadamized ways followed by the people who wish to be truly smart. Music, as the art most fitted to attune itself to the fine feelings of that emanation of all things exquisite, Society is honored with some of its patronage, a trifle of contempt, and a modicum of toleration. Any damsel or dandy really in Society knows "all about music." When such weighty matters as "Mrs. Silas P. De Jamb's reception and what shall I wear," or "Who is that rip-staver in blue?" occupy that large and well-advertised thing the attention, it is very easy to settle the merits of the new opera and the artists. Profundity is quite common in matters musical, meaning allusions to technique phrasing, method, quality, rhythm, and harmony and counterpoint studied years ago, make a very nice sensation. Indeed, there is a lady in Society whose studies have gone so deep that she has discovered "Musical rhythm," believing that explanation is the thief of time, less gifted persons are left to follow in the triumphal procession of learning, and there you have it.

One inexpensive method of studying music has quite a following in our city, not quite as high-handed or effulgent with the light of many golden dollars as that chosen by the gifted beings of Society, but still as effective in its way—the Tivoli, with its liberal odors of tobacco and aromas less polished, its chorus of houris in beautiful flame-colored wings and costumes specially adapted to be passed through wedding-rings, its principals wonderderful and fascinating to eye and ear, and its high-class standards in general, is the secret giver of all good gifts to many a one whose reputation for musical knowledge shames the bravest. Carefully persisted in, a year's course of listening to comic operas at the Tivoli, assisted by the occasional illumining of very serious opera at the Orpheum, where, by the way, there are nightly coruscations proceeding in Spanish at the present moment, gives the man who "sings some," and has "taken" of Professor Trembello a month, good ground to show learning and wit. "Punk, rank, knocked 'em silly with a b flat, off his base, she's a Jim-dandy, best in the world, he don't know beans, she's great, he's a lulu," and trifles too numerous to mention, and you have something like an inventory of the gamut of the education of this type.

The sublime method of attending a few concerts is becoming popular. The appropriator of easy musical honors is not hard to find. Painted to the shoe point in resignation sits the martyr. A few meek raising of the eyelids, faint murmurs of horrible, terrible, execrable and an exit made in the most interesting passage of the best number, and the pure exquisite taste is best known. There have been rare instances when this incarnation of refinement has been heard to whisper with the penetrating quality of summer fogs "not so —— bad," such praise is not to be risked often, however.

The most telling method of studying music, however, appears to assume an inheritance of knowledge and to assiduously and calmly throw the most copious draughts of ice water upon all and sundry things not recognized among the classics. LESLEY MARTIN.

LAWN TENNIS.

The main topic of conversation among tennis cracks at present is the showing made by Tobin and Hubbard at Chicago during the week, while the Taylor-Hubbard match is, at this late day, being as freely discussed as ever.

The showing made by Tobin and Hubbard, considering that they played against a style of play to which they were not accustomed and on courts altogether different to the California courts, is certainly very creditable, particularly so as they had never played as a team before, while the Chicago players have practiced some time for the event.

Hubbard created a very favorable impression in the singles, and by the time he reaches Newport he will be well accustomed to grass courts and will, no doubt, make it quite interesting for more than one of the first-class men in the United States championships. Hubbard's style of play is particularly adapted to grass courts, and a noticeable feature of his play at Chicago was his Lawford stroke, a drive from near the ground, with which he has been very successful on this Coast, and which he played quite frequently.

The Directors of the California Tennis Club have elected W. H. Taylor, Jr., the clever, as well as handsome champion of the Pacific States and Territories, an honorary member of the club, in recognition of the many times which he has carried off the championship in singles while playing under the red and white of the California Club.

Taylor has been a member of the above-named organization almost since its foundation, and his clever victories have done a great deal toward elevating the club to its present high position among the crack tennis clubs of the United States.

While Taylor will not take an active part in any future tournaments, it will please everybody to know that he will not forsake the tennis court but will play for the pleasure that there is in the game.

The rumored resignation of C. R. Yates of the California Club, who will shortly take up his residence in Oakland, has caused the members of the California Club a great deal of uneasiness, as they have already lost two of their best players by the departure of O. Hoffman and Gray. As Yates has always taken an interest in developing the young players of the club, and also a great interest in advancing tennis matters generally throughout the Pacific States, it is more than probable that the members of the above club will make strenuous efforts to keep Yates in their ranks, as it is hard to part with such a clever player, especially after a pleasant acquaintance of seven or eight years.

Taylor has not touched a racket since the tournament, while his brother Gus has evidently given up the game for good.

The Hotel Rafael has already declared its intention of offering another challenge cup, equally as attractive as the one now held by Taylor, for next year's tournament. The courts will also be covered with another inch of bitumen and will, in all probability, be in excellent shape for the gentlemen's double and ladies' singles events in September.

The above events will surely prove very exciting this year, as there are more teams, and good teams a that, that will compete, while the ladies' event, with the additional entries of Mrs. Sherwood, Miss Morgan, of the California Club, and Miss Sanderson and Miss Lee Hooper, the last two very clever players, will make the outcome very doubtful.

The long set record was broken during the week, in a match between Stetson (Lorenzo) and Field *vs.* Code, and O'Connor (Farmers' Alliance), the latter team received odds of fifteen and proved victorious after a hard and stubbornly contested match of a score of twenty-one games to nineteen. A return match is booked for the near future.

Stetson and DeLong, the clever team of the California Club, winners of first prize in the consolation doubles, have left for a few days outing in the Lake Tahoe region.

In mentioning the departure of good players from the California club I omitted the name of Colonel Linderman who is at present in Mexico.

Entries for the club tournament are coming in rapidly. Among others may be mentioned the name of J. M. Kilgarif, one of the old-time experts.

The continuous tournament has been discontinued until further notice.

Bates and Carr Neel will represent Oakland hereafter in all important double events. SCORER.

THE SHADOW SONG.

W. G. H.

'Neath castle wall a pris'ner he,
Upon the wall a mourner she.
He for his country pris'ner kept,
She for the pris'ner fondly wept.

No sign might she the prisoner give,
Or bid him hope, or bid him live.
Shut out from light, shut out from day,
The pris'ner in his dungeon lay.

And yet each day the maiden came,
Each day more fondly spoke his name.
But no dear answering voice replied,
Her sad heart feared that he had died.

At last the sun in friendly mood
Took pity on her maidenhood,
And daily threw her shadow where
Her own dear love knelt in prayer.

He saw and knew the shadow there,
And joy-bells mingled with his prayer,
All sorrow fled from his lone cell
When her shadow o'er it fell.

In after days they mated were,
But the memory is ever there,
In the sunshine, and in the storm,
Of the days of the shadow form.

COLUMBIA—A PROPHECY.

Puissant land! where'er I turn my eyes
I see thy banner strewn upon the breeze;
Each past achievement only prophesies
Of triumphs more unheard of. These
Are shadows yet, but time will write thy name
In letters golden as the sun
That blazed upon the sight of those who came
To worship in the temple of the Delphic One.

—*St. George Best, in Kate Field's Washington.*

DRIFTED SNOW FLOUR

MEN WE KNOW

PICTURES AND BIOGRAPHIES OF GENTLEMEN PROMINENT IN THEIR PROFESSIONS.

"THE WAVE" takes much pleasure in presenting to its readers the portraits of some of the best-known citizens of San Francisco. Among them are the foremost men in their professions, men whose names are spoken every day, and whose prominence in the affairs of the city justify the space devoted to them here.

WILLIAM S. BARNES.

Several of the native sons of California have attained distinction in the profession of the law. Judging from the record they have made they have a brilliant future before them.

Lawyers by their profession are conspicuous figures, and no doubt many people, particularly old Californians, follow with interest the progress of those raised here. A natural interest centers in the native-born, and especially in one who has shown so much talent and been the recipient of such flattering promotion as William S. Barnes, the present District Attorney of the City and County of San Francisco.

This only son of W. H. L. Barnes was born in this city in 1864. He prepared for college in the Trinity school, graduated from Harvard in 1886, and was admitted to practice law in 1887, after taking a course of study in the Columbia Law College. The accomplishments of Mr. Barnes for a young man but twenty-seven years of age are unrivaled. To the profession of law and the trust of the position of District Attorney he is now dedicating the freshness of manhood and exhibiting his legal acumen and research. Results indicate his supervision of prosecutions in this city and county as most valuable. These he has conducted personally, the most important duty he was elected to perform, in the doing of which he is a notable exception to his four immediate predecessors. Out of perhaps seventy prosecutions brought to satisfactory termination may be mentioned the now famous Sydney Bell case, which has lasted for weeks; the James M. Daly murder case, occupying two weeks, tried on the question of sanity, and the Beck murder case, in each of which a verdict was obtained of murder in the first degree. Thus he has himself been tried as a public prosecutor and not found wanting. His career has been characterized as a series of unbroken successes. Mr. Barnes is the organizer and President of the Association of District Attorneys of this State; is an active member of California Lodge, No. 1, F. and A. M., a member of the Pacific-Union Club, also of the Union League, of which he is one of a committee on political action, of the Juarez Manufacturing Company, of which he is President. Thus his mastery in the legal profession is no less equaled in his social and business associations.

JOHN HENRY MILLER.

The rapid advancement of Mr. Miller in the profession of the law is a striking example of what a man with talent and energy can do. Graduating at Richmond College with degree of M. A., when only nineteen years of age, he came to California in September, 1875, and accepted a position as school teacher in Shasta County, remaining there a year. In 1877 he entered the offices of Pringle & Hayne, of San Francisco, and for two years he had opportunities to become familiar with practice. In October, 1879, he was admitted to the bar, and since that time he has built up his present large practice.

In 1883 he became associated with Mr. Langhorne under the title of Langhorne & Miller, which was only dissolved in May, 1892, and the present firm of Estee, Fitzgerald & Miller was established. Mr. Miller makes a specialty of patent laws and enjoys the distinction of having been pronounced by the late Judge Sawyer the best patent lawyer on the Coast. His reputation as a thoroughly sound lawyer is an excellent one among the members of the California Bar, which is a decided tribute to him personally. A large part of his practice comes from other members of the San Francisco Bar, and also from Eastern clients. His reputation as a patent lawyer was made in his first case—Harnan *vs.* Sutter Street Railroad Company—which was tried before Judge Sawyer. Mr. Miller acted for plaintiff, who had a patent for a device for turning curves on cable roads. The defense was conducted by the combined cable roads of this city, and were represented by the three foremost patent lawyers on the Coast, namely: M. A. Wheaton, J. H. Boalt and M. M. Estee. The case was on trial for over a month, the jury being out twenty-three hours and were unable to agree, standing ten for plaintiff and two for defendant, the case being subsequently compromised. As was natural Mr. Miller arose into prominence, and since then has been on one side or the other of nearly every large patent case that has been tried here for the past ten years. Mr. Miller has a distinguished future before him, and has the esteem and respect of all who know him.

CHARLES S. TILTON.

There are few citizens better known in this city than Charles S. Tilton, the present City and County Surveyor. Mr. Tilton was born at Lowell, Mass., August 1, 1846, and arrived here with his parents July 7, 1852. Mr. Tilton's father, S. S. Tilton, was well known here in political circles in the '50's, he having served three terms in the Board of Supervisors, and was three times appointed as Harbor Commissioner. Mr. Tilton was educated in this city and graduated with flying colors from the High School in 1863. In March, 1884, he entered the office of George C. Potter then City and County Surveyor, and learned the art of "sighting" and "dragging chains." He performed his duties capably, and the result was his retention as Chief Clerk in the Surveyor's office until the autumn of 1884, when he received the nomination for and was elected City and County Surveyor. At the expiration of his term of office—in 1887—Mr. Tilton went into business for himself, at 420 Montgomery Street. In 1890 he was re-elected to the office which he now holds and fills so efficiently.

Socially, as well as politically, Mr. Tilton has many warm friends, whom he attracts to him by his affability of manner and kindness of disposition. Mr. Tilton was married some years since to Miss Chloe F. Andrews, daughter of a leading citizen of Providence, R. I., and they have a family of bright children, of whom they are justly proud.

GEORGE G. GERE, M. D.

Dr. Gere is a persistent student, a hard worker, and full worthy of the high esteem in which he is held by the profession. His extensive practice is due to skillful and thorough execution and the deep personal interest which he takes in the welfare of his patients. He was born in Chenango County, N. Y., in 1848, and comes of a hardy and active stock on both sides—ancestors that have for several generations served in positions of trust and distinction. Heir

to a high ideal, molded by the learning and refinement of his early surroundings, Dr. Gere enjoys the respect and confidence of those who have the pleasure of meeting him.

As a boy he went to Pawnee City, Neb., and received his preliminary education in the public schools there. He was a prominent member of Company F, First Nebraska Veteran Volunteer Cavalry, and claims the distinction of being one of the youngest G. A. R. men in the country. He is Past Surgeon of Lincoln Post, No. 1, G. A. R. On receiving his discharge he at once turned his attention to medicine and went to Cincinnati, O., where he entered the Eclectic Medical College, an institution of renown all over the world. From this college he graduated in 1871, and returned to Pawnee City and entered into partnership with Dr. Stewart, a well-known physician. He decided to come to this Coast, first going to the mining regions in Utah, where he had a varied and extended practice, chiefly in surgery. He next went to Tulare County, and after practicing there some time he decided to seek the wider field which was offered in this city and came here in 1881 to fill the chair of anatomy in the California Medical College. He held this position for four years, and in 1886 was appointed Professor of Surgery, which chair he has filled ever since in a most creditable way. He is a general operating and consulting surgeon, and has given special attention to the correction of facial and physical deformities. For two years he was President of the Eclectic Medical Society of the State of California, and is President of the Society of Physicians and Surgeons of San Francisco. Besides, he has enjoyed many other distinctions, being a delegate for the past ten years to the National Medical Association, and one of the Board of Examiners of the Eclectic Medical Society of the State.

GEORGE W. FOX.

Among the able jurists of San Francisco none ranks higher than the subject of this sketch. Mr. Fox was born in Canojoharie, New York State, August 28, 1842, and his early boyhood days were passed in working hard by day on a farm, and attending school at night. He commenced the study of law in 1858, and in three years' time, when only nineteen, the great ability which seemed born in him, came to the surface and enabled him to pass a most successful examination, graduating from one of the most noted law firms in Albany, New York, and then began to practice in his native county, Montgomery. When the Civil War broke out Mr. Fox was one of the first to respond to his country's call for volunteers, and enlisted in the First New York Artillery. He served with distinction, and at the close of the war he was filling the command of Chief of Artillery of the Department of Texas, being the youngest officer holding a position of such importance in the Army of the United States. After the war he returned to Buffalo and practiced law till 1870, when he moved to Kansas, and decided to locate in Chipota, and in a year's time was elected Mayor of the city. Mr. Fox came to California in 1885, and, being taken by the beauties of Oakland, decided to reside there, and is now engaged in the practice of law in San Francisco. Mr. Fox has the esteem and respect of all who are fortunate to know him, and more cannot be said of any man.

GEO. A. KNIGHT.

Although born in Worcester, Mass., George A. Knight, the brilliant advocate and popular orator, is one of the most typical Californians to be found within the limits of the State. His parents removed to Humboldt County while he was a child and his education was received in Eureka and the old colleges of California. Young Knight learned the art of printing on the Humboldt *Times*, and was subsequently reporter and editorial writer. His natural tastes and remarkable gift of oratory led him instinctively to the law, and he was admitted to practice by the Supreme Court in 1872. Returning to Humboldt he was three times elected District Attorney. So popular had he become that in 1880, despite his youth, he was nominated by the Republican Party for Congress. In 1881 he began practice in San Francisco. His reputation had preceded him, and he immediately sprang into the front rank of his profession. Before a jury Colonel Knight has few equals. He is one of the most popular political orators among California Republicans to-day. In 1884 he was a Delegate to the National Convention, and in 1889 he received the highest vote as a Presidential Elector. He is a member of Governor Markham's staff with rank of Colonel. He was Delegate to Republican Convention, and one of the advocates for the nomination of James G. Blaine.

HON. CHARLES ALLARD LOW.

Hon. Charles Allard Low, one of the Justices of the Peace of San Francisco, was born at Frankfort, Maine, in 1843. He came to California in 1857, and was educated at the College of California and at Santa Clara College. In 1865 he entered the Harvard Law School, from which sterling college of law he graduated in June, 1867. After a year devoted to European travel, Justice Low returned to San Francisco, and was admitted to the bar on January 4, 1869. Subsequently Justice Low was appointed Court Commissioner of the Seventy-ninth District Court, and also held the position of United States Commissioner by appointment from the late Judge Lorenzo Sawyer. Justice Low comes of good old Whig and Republican stock, and cast his first vote in 1864 for Abraham Lincoln. In the same year Justice Low's uncle, F. F. Low, was Governor of California. Justice Low is well known among newspapermen, having been connected with San Francisco daily journalism for several years. He is well equipped for his present position, being a hard student, a close reasoner, and a thoroughly practical man. Justice Low is a member of the Press Club, and also belongs to the Knights of Honor and the A. O. of U. W.

ROBERT ASH.

Men are usually judged by what they have done; lawyers are counted successful by the outcome of the cases they have had. By this standard, Robert Ash is entitled to a high rating. Since coming to this city in 1872, Mr. Ash has built up a practice that is influential and lucrative. Endowed by nature with a legal mind—shrewd, cool, and with an immense capacity for detail, which is the life of the law—he received an education with Governor Hoadley of Ohio (graduating from the Cincinnati law school in 1870) that made him the peer in knowledge of the brightest lawyers in the country. His cases here have been important, and he is recognized as one of the best probate and real estate attorneys at the bar. As lawyer for the Real Estate Protective Association he did excellent work, and saved that organization from the assaults of title sharks. In the big suits involving title to land and water rights, Mr. Ash has been singularly successful. Considerable interest is taken in his forthcoming work on "Marriage and Community Property," which will be of value to lawyers and lay readers.

A. H. RICKETTS.

This gentleman is a lawyer almost by nature, as his father was a prominent member of the English bar, and was afterward raised to the bench as a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas—no ordinary distinction in England. Mr. A. H. Ricketts received his early education at the public schools, and subsequently went to St. Ignatius College, where he graduated with distinction. He then went to Virginia City, Nevada, in which city he was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court, receiving a larger percentage than any student graduating up to that time. He was several years in the office of Judge B. C. Whitman, ex-Chief Justice of the State. He also took a leading part in militia affairs, and was on the staff of the Governor of the State. About eight years ago he decided to remove to this city, and has continuously practiced his profession here ever since, devoting himself more particularly to work in the Federal Courts and in the Land Department of the Government at Washington, D. C. Mr. Ricketts has worked faithfully, and been rewarded with success, proving himself to be a thorough and painstaking lawyer, ever alive to the interests of his clients; and, while he makes a stubborn fight in their behalf, he never descends to bul-

lying tactics in trying a case. In mining law he is an acknowledged authority, and is counsel for many leading companies. As a debater and cross-examiner he stands in the front rank, and argues his cases with coolness and adroitness.

CHARLES. F. HANLON.

The career of Charles F. Hanlon has been a series of successes, and though he is still a young man he has achieved a reputation that many men have retired on. In probate and land cases he has been most successful, and his ability has been shown in some of the biggest suits ever tried in the State. Mr. Hanlon was educated in San Francisco, although he is a New Yorker by birth. At St. Ignatius and St. Mary's Colleges he took the highest degrees, and began his legal career in the office of John M. Burnett. In 1877 he was admitted to practice before the Supreme and Federal Courts, and a short time afterward was admitted to the bar of the United States Supreme Courts. Mr. Hanlon's practice now is as large as that of any lawyer in the State, and his corps of assistants, stenographers, and clerks is of no inconsiderable size. As Chief Counsel for the San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company, he has a position that is no sinecure. For eleven years Mr. Hanlon was identified with the State militia, in the estimation of which he holds a warm place. He has been a staff officer under a number of Governors. As an anti-boss Democrat he showed his ability as an organizer. As President of the old Manhattan Club, which defeated the boss at the primary, he was instrumental in forming the County Convention of 1879. He was President of the Independent Convention of 1885, and was instrumental in gaining many votes for that party. Mr. Hanlon has refused time and again to run for office.

JOS. ROTHSCHILD.

The man who stands as advocate for a large class of citizens must have genius. Jos. Rothschild is attorney for many of the best-known mercantile houses in the city, and has a large court practice. He is a native of California, and has been singularly successful in his profession. Mr. Rothschild graduated from the State University, and then took his degrees at Yale in 1873, where he was probably the most popular man of his class. On his return here he was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court, and has been most successful. He is regarded as the best lawyer in commercial practice here and has won many important suits. Mr. Rothschild belongs to many leading organizations. He is Past President of the Independent Order Free Sons of Israel; Past President Unity Lodge, I. O. B. B.; Past President Golden Shore Council No. 5, United Friends of the Pacific; Ex-Vice-President Young Men's Hebrew Association; Past President Board of Relief, I. O. B. B. He is a member of the Masonic Order. He is also Past Grand President of the Independent Order B'nai Brith. The favor with which he is regarded by his own people is the very best test of his integrity. In politics Mr. Rothschild has always been a consistent Democrat. He was elected School Director six years ago, and the flattering vote he then received shows his popularity with the whole people. He was elected Vice-President and Executive Committeeman of the recently reorganized Democracy, and is a member of a number of political clubs.

DR. R. D. JOHNSON.

San Francisco boasts of a number of specialists who stand confessedly at the head of the profession in their chosen lines. Among them none enjoys a more enviable reputation than Dr. R. D. Johnson, the noted specialist in gynecology. Dr. Johnson was born at San Jose in this State, in 1860. His father, Dr. F. D. Johnson, was a celebrated surgeon in the early days, and was for many years the county physician of Santa Clara County. In 1845 the elder Dr. Johnson established the first marine hospital at Galveston, Texas, under the U. S. Government, and in California was noted for his skillful operations in ovariotomy. Dr. R. D. Johnson, after taking his degree in medicine in the old Medical College of the Pacific, now Cooper's Medical College, visited the principal hospitals in New York and Philadelphia, and extended his travels to Japan, China, Australia, and New Zealand, making careful studies in the various hospitals. In 1883 he had charge of the immense practice connected with the Arizona Central Mining Company in Arizona. In 1886 he was superintending physician of the small-pox hospital in this city, and as such vaccinated over 40,000 children. Since 1887 Dr. Johnson has been engaged in general practice in San Francisco, and for the past few years has been compelled to devote the major part of his time to gynecology or diseases of women.

JOHN D. SIEBE.

The present Assessor, John D. Siebe, has shown a splendid capacity for dealing with the business of his office. Always an earnest worker for the Republicans, Mr. Siebe has received considerable honor at his party's hands. Several times he was elected to the State Legislature, and was given much important committee work there. As a public official he has made an enviable record, and his continuance in power is not to be wondered at. In the management of the affairs of the Assessor's office he has been economical, and the tax-payers have no reason to complain. He has shown himself to be an excellent disciplinarian, and has exercised considerable care in the choice of his clerks.

Notwithstanding the increase in the business of his department each year, Mr. Siebe has kept down expenses, and evidently gives to the office the same attention that he would if the position were part of his private business. In 1891, he effected a saving of more than $3000 in his department, and during the present fiscal year will save to the tax-payers a like amount. His assistants are careful men, and it is the Assessor's desire to run the office as economically as is consistent with the proper discharge of business.

F. A. ROULEAU.

F. A. Rouleau is a Canadian by birth, and first saw the light in St. Bartholomew. There he received his early education, finishing it at the College of Berthier some nine miles distant, where he graduated. After completing his education Mr. Rouleau had the laudable ambition of achieving his share of success, and as the conditions of Canada were not promising he determined to come to the United States. He came overland and by river to St. Paul, Minn., in 1856, and at that then rising town began his present profession of searcher of records. After four years of practice in that city the bright prospects of California led him to turn his attention to this State, and he resolved to come here. He arrived in San Francisco in August 28, 1860. Shortly after his arrival Mr. Rouleau began the present business which he has been constantly engaged in from that early date. His is an intricate business and requires close attention, and its importance to the community cannot be over estimated. So thoroughly is search conducted under his direction that his statement is considered an authority. His office is equipped with the most experienced men, aided by every paper, map, or drawing that may be deemed necessary. He is a pleasant, genial, well-read gentleman, and makes a friend of all who come in contact with him.

JOHN M. CHRETIEN.

John M. Chretien is one of the best-known and most successful of the junior members of the San Francisco bar. He was born in this city, August 29, 1853, and was graduated from Santa Clara College in the class of 1872. He pursued his preliminary legal studies in the office of Winans & Belknap, and was admitted to practice by the Supreme Court in 1875. For a period of seven years Mr. Chretien was managing clerk for the well-known legal firm of Jarboe & Harrison, and in this position acquired habits of study, business, and thought which have been of inestimable benefit to him in his subsequent career. At the time when Mr. Chretien

severed his connection with Jarboe & Harrison, his individual practice had assumed such proportions that it absorbed all his time, and he is to-day one of the hardest-worked attorneys in the city. Mr. Chretien is the legal representative, in San Francisco, of every dramatic author and manager in the United States, except T. Henry French. On his list of clients are Augustin Daly, A. M. Palmer, the Frohmans, Harrigan, Charles H. Hoyt, Charles Thomas, David Henderson, Jacob Litt, Kiralfy Bros., Colonel William E. Sinn, Professor Hermann, Sells Bros.' Circus, Barnum's Circus, the Boucicault Estate, and the Bartley Campbell Estate. Politically, Mr. Chretien is a staunch Republican, and was one of the organizers of the Dirigo Club. He was also one of the organizers of Company "G," Second Regiment. Mr. Chretien is a member of the Masons and Elks.

EDWARD B. READ.

One of the most deservedly popular of city officials is Recorder Edward B. Read. He is a native of Albany, N. Y., where he was born in 1840. His father was a brick manufacturer who stood very high in the business community. In 1860, Mr. Read came to San Francisco and began clerking in the hardware store of William T. Alvord. Mr. Read remained in the hardware business until 1878, when he entered business for himself as a dealer in oils, etc., at 16 First Street. The reputation he had gained in business circles for honesty and integrity, coupled with a wide-awake, enterprising spirit, soon placed him in the front rank of local well-known merchants. For years he took an active interest in Republican politics without, however, seeking any of the emoluments of office, but in 1890 his friends in the Western Addition, where he resides, secured his nomination and election as Recorder. His official career since January, 1891, has been characterized by faithful and honest service to the public. His management of the office shows that he possessed executive ability of a high order. Under his administration the business of the office has increased from $37,361 in 1886, to $62,990 in 1892. Mr. Read is a gentleman of becoming modesty, and his personal traits have won for him the respect and well-wishes of a legion of friends. His re-nomination at the forthcoming Republican Convention is almost assured, and once gained his re-election is certain.

HON. W. G. BRITTAN

Is one of the youngest and, at the same time, one of the most level-headed of the new Justices of the Peace for San Francisco. Justice Brittan was educated at the University of California and Hastings College of the Law, from which latter institution he graduated in the class of 1886. Since his elevation to the bench he has developed a remarkable fitness for the office, and has shown himself possessed in a marked degree of what is known to the profession as the legal mind. He easily detects the vital points of a case, and his decisions have very rarely been reversed on appeal. Justice Brittan's impartiality and his strict interpretation of the spirit of the law have given him an enviable reputation among the members of the bar. He is a well-known clubman, and is very popular.

J. H. WIDBER.

Mr. Widber, who has been Treasurer of this City and County for the past two years, is probably one of the most well-known men occupying a public office of trust in San Francisco. Elected to the Treasurership in 1890 on the Republican ticket, he brought to the office the experience of a life time, both from a banking and mercantile standpoint. His administration has been characterized by zeal and good judgment in discharging the responsible duty of handling the public's funds, and San Francisco's citizens are to be congratulated upon electing and securing Mr. Widber's services for the most responsible and important office in its municipal government. Mr. Widber is a pioneer of '49, having made the journey across the plains in that year. After spending two and a half years in the interior of the State he reached San Francisco in 1852, and for nearly forty years has been actively engaged in business. His pharmacy and drug store, situated on the corner of Market and Third, is one of the best known in the city, and has the confidence of the general public.

Mr. Widber comes of a good New England family. His ancestors settled there at a very early period, being among the first colonists.

Mr. Widber's vast knowledge of finance has made him one of the most able incumbents of his office that the City of San Francisco has ever had, and if he again seeks re-nomination, his re-election beyond a doubt is assured.

WILLIAM H. JORDAN.

Few of the younger generation of the legal profession enjoy a more enviable position at the bar or are more highly respected by the public than William H. Jordan. Born in the City of Cincinnati, Ohio, on the third day of September, 1849, he crossed the plains in an ox team with his father in 1850, bound to the Golden State, so that he can be called a pioneer in the truest sense of the word, and almost a native son. After various vicissitudes they reached this State, and he has resided here ever since. After passing through the schools here, he went to Yale College, and after completing his course graduated with honors. On his return here he was admitted to practice by the Supreme Court and has remained here ever since. For a time he was President of the Oakland Woolen Mills and also engaged in the grape business. Being devoted, however, to his profession, he began to practice in 1885, and his career has been an upward one ever since, until to-day he stands as one of the leaders, as a general practitioner, although he has devoted himself more particularly to corporation and railroad law, and is attorney for some sixteen large corporations, including the Southern Pacific. He is a stanch Republican, and in 1885 and again 1887 was elected to the Legislature and was the unanimous choice of that body for the Speakership, which position he filled with manifest ability. During this time he was *ex-officio* a member of the Board of Regents of the University of California. He was for four years a member of the Board of Education of Oakland. He is an active member of several societies.

PETER DEVENY.

There are few officials of the municipality who command more general admiration and respect for their many good qualities as public servants, than Peter Deveny, the present Under-Sheriff of San Francisco. Mr. Deveny is a native of Ireland where he was born about forty-five years ago. When he was a mere child his parents removed to New York, where they remained until 1860, when they came to this city. Mr. Deveny spent several years in the mining districts of California, Washington, Montana, and British Columbia, gaining and losing several fortunes up to 1875, when he took up his permanent residence in San Francisco. In the following year he entered public life as a Deputy County Clerk, and a few years later he went to the Legislature from the old Democratic Thirty-first Assembly District, an honor that had never fallen upon a Republican up to that time. His excellent record at Sacramento gained for him the appointment of Clerk of the Justices' Court, on his return, which position he filled with credit until 1889, when he was appointed Under Sheriff by Sheriff Charles S. Laumeister. This position he still holds, having gained the fullest confidence of his superior and the profound respect of his subordinates. Mr. Deveny is a man of sterling qualities, kind, affable, generous, painstaking, and possesses executive ability of a very high order. His friends are legion, and they are now pushing him forward for the Republican nomination for Public Administrator, an office which all must admit he is eminently fitted for.

GENERAL S. W. BACKUS.

It is but fair to say that the consensus of opinion in the business community is that our Postoffice is as ably administered as any in the country. Though handicapped by an insufficient appropriation solely limiting the number of employees, it serves its thousands of patrons with precision and efficiency. The Postoffice is in charge of a thorough disciplinarian, directing the labors of over 500 clerks and carriers to the very best advantage. A feature of General Backus' administration has been his willingness, nay anxiety, to be always in

touch with the wishes of the business community, whose interests, to a large extent, are subserved in a faithful mail service.

General Backus is a worker and tolerates only workingmen in his employ. Since his last entry into the Postmastership he has caused six branch offices to be opened in various parts of the city—a series of invaluable conveniences to the people in whose districts the stations have been located. To his energy is due the establishment of forty-eight stamp agencies; to his patience and push the erection of a useful addition to the old building, costing nearly $15,000, and largely increasing the comfort of employees in, and patrons of, the main Postoffice. It is the policy of General Backus to use the utmost courtesy and thoughtfulness in attending to even the most trivial details of his trust.

SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE.

It is hardly possible to say anything of Samuel M. Shortridge that the people of California do not know. Among the ablest jurists Mr. Shortridge is regarded as a lawyer of splendid ability, a thorough student, a successful jury-talker, and an earnest and conscientious advocate; in the councils of the dominant political party he has an influence that his confreres willingly accord because of his superior talents; personally, he is a charming, lovable man, with enough vanity to keep him from doing a meanness, enough pride to save himself from displaying it, and a spirit that deals out to a friend or enemy in full measure a receipt for favor granted or injury done. There is in Mr. Shortridge a great deal of that stuff of which successful men are made: ability in the chosen profession, tenacity of purpose, a dogged determination to reach the top, the natural endowment (it is a gift) of making friends, and a true appreciation of one's own talents. He has an enviable record at the bar, and what I said of him some time ago has been accepted as a truism: That it is only necessary that a prisoner should be palpably guilty for Mr. Shortridge to secure his release, or that his side of the case should be a forlorn hope for him to win.

HON. THOMAS O'BRIEN.

Thomas O'Brien was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, where his people had lived prior to coming to the United States. He came to New York with his parents when a mere child, however, and he was raised and educated there. He came to California by way of the Isthmus and arrived here October 30, 1851. He proceeded to the mines in Calaveras County, and afterward went to Tuolumne. The political situation of 1854 was full of difficulties, and Mr. O'Brien naturally took part in the discussion. Always a firm and consistent Democrat, a bold and outspoken Union man and one of the organizers of the Union party, which became merged into the Republican party, and thus Mr. O'Brien became a Republican, and a man who never disguised his opinion, his judgment carried great weight He was universally respected for his clear views and candor. In 1857 his party nominated him for the Assembly. He was elected and re-elected, serving in the Assemblies of 1858 and 1860. He was a stanch Free-soil man, and a friend and follower of David C. Broderick. He was again elected to the Assembly and subsequently was a candidate for the Senate. On coming to this city he entered the service of the San Francisco Gaslight Company. For twenty-five years he remained with them. In 1884-86 he was a member of the Board of Education, and his services there have been fully recognized by his promotion to his present position. He was elected and re-elected to his present office of Tax Collector by large majorities.

CAMERON H. KING.

Colonel Cameron H. King, the well-known lawyer, and recent Chairman of the Code Commission of Arizona, is the grandson of the late Fletcher M. Haight, United States Circuit Judge, and a nephew of the late Governor Henry H. Haight, with whom he studied law. He was Secretary of the California Code Commission, of which Creed Haymond was Chairman. Colonel King attained reputation in numerous famous criminal cases, and especially in his successful defense of Muybridge, who killed Harry Larkin for the seduction of his wife. In the civil practice Colonel King has been eminently successful. In the John S. Manson estate contest Colonel King and Arthur Rodgers, his partner, received the handsome fee of $33,000. Colonel King in Smith *vs.* San Francisco, recovered for his client $66,000, for lumber burned on Beale Street wharf during the Kearney anti-Chinese agitation. The case was remarkable from the fact that Colonel King proved the existence of a riot in that neighborhood entirely by circumstantial evidence. King & Rodgers' contingent fee was $30,000. In the recent celebrated case of Henry McDonald, the illegitimate son of Captain Charles E. S. McDonald, deceased, who claims the Captain's large estate, Colonel King represents the Captain's brother, Duncan F. McDonald, for whom, as a partner, Colonel King has already obtained judgment for one-half of the property.

Colonel King is a close student, and an earnest, forcible, and eloquent advocate. Associated with Colonel King at 533 Kearny Street, is Purdy Relyea, a talented young lawyer, the grandson of the late Governor Sam Purdy.

HENRY B. MAYO.

One of the most deserving of our many rising young attorneys is Henry B. Mayo. This gentleman was born May 28, 1861. Considering the many hardshisp and adventures through which he has passed, his youthful appearance is something unusual, and is a sign of vigor and constitutional advantage to be envied. The village of his birth was Jubilee, Peoria County, Ill. His father was Col. H. H. Mayo, of the 14th Illinois, and was in business for years at Rock Island. At the age of twelve, Henry came to California with his father and the rest of the family, but had not been here long when his father died, and he then returned to his native State, where he attended school for several years. From 1873, when he started in the battle of life for himself, to 1887, when he was admitted to the bar in this State, he led a very adventurous life, which the brevity of space compels us to omit. He has been a hotel clerk, mule-driver, cowboy, and miner. He is a genial companion, a close student of human nature, and a man whose various experiences in his different occupations in earlier years have eminently fitted him for any position which requires fearlessness, sagacity, and honest effort.

JOHN J. STEPHENS.

Among the prominent young members of the bar, John J. Stevens holds an enviable place. Born in the Empire State, he graduated from Hastings' College of the Law, and entered the office of McAllister & Bergin in 1878, and enjoyed the benefit of the instruction of those distinguished lawyers for ten years. In 1888 he began practice on his own account in Santa Barbara and met with exceptional success from the start. While in Santa Barbara, Mr. Stephens organized, and was elected the first President of No. 39, Y. M. I. At the Third Grand Council of the Y. M. I., held at Sacramento, he was elected First Grand Vice-President. Returning to San Francisco he became associated with Eugene N. Deuprey in the practice of the law. Mr. Stephens is at present Assistant City and County Attorney. He was a Delegate to the Republican State Convention of 1890, and delivered an eloquent speech, seconding the nomination of Ralph C. Harrison for Justice of the Supreme Court. He is one of the Trustees of the Howard Club and is a prominent Forester, being Chief Ranger of Court Aurora, No. 6450, and a member of the General Board of Relief. He is one of the authors of the second edition of "Proffat on Notaries" now in press. In August last Mr. Stephens

was married to Miss Sadi Gummer, an estimable and accomplished lady well known in Society circles.

CHARLES LYONS.

Probably the best-known man in his line of business is Charles Lyons, whose picture is presented here. Ten years ago Mr. Lyons came to San Francisco, practically unknown; now he has interests in almost every city in the State, and is known personally or by reputation all over the Coast. Thoroughly familiar with his business, Mr. Lyons opened a large tailoring shop in this city, and before long was at the head of three first-class establishments, whose combined income soon made him rich. There were no spasmodic jumps to his well doing; his success was steady, and it was assured by the excellence of the goods he offered and the satisfaction he gave his customers. He was the pioneer of low prices and stylish tailoring. Giving his personal attention to every detail of his business, he has had no mistakes to rectify, and has lost no customers.

His first store was at 1214 Market Street, where he led the fashions not only in the making of clothes, but in the material. He became known as the "London Tailor," and his styles and cloth were imported. His prices were low, and his business increased so rapidly that he was compelled to open another shop. This he did at 302 Kearny Street, where he followed the same methods that had brought success in his first venture. Again his capacity for handling business was not adequate to the orders he received, and he had to open a third establishment, at 908 Market Street, between Stockton and Powell Streets. With these large stores to control, Mr. Lyons is a busy man. To every order he gives his personal attention, and nothing leaves any of them that has not been examined by him.

DR. C. D. CLEVELAND.

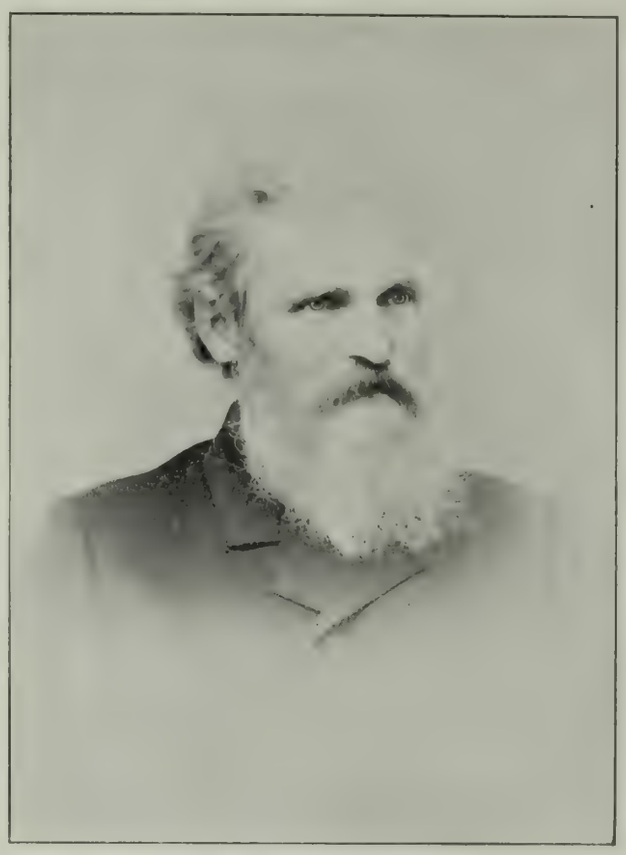
Charles Dexter Cleveland stands high among those generally spoken of as "representative men." The class which he represents must, of necessity, however, be exceedingly small, involving, as it does, the rarest of individual combinations—a powerful mentality and an equally powerful physique, both joined to the practicable ability of the "man of affairs." In one sense Dr. Cleveland is representative; he represents the best class of our pioneers, those who, born of good families, finely educated, and trained to honorable principles, came to this golden land in the early dawn of its greatness and demonstrated the superiority of mental and moral development over brute force by their endurance of the hardships and exertion incident to roughing it in a new country. The first company formed for Californian emigration in Mississippi was organized by Dr. Cleveland in 1848, and started across the plains in '49. Though a very young man, the Doctor's administrative abilities must have been remarkable, as he landed his party (seventy-five men) *intact* at Weaverville, El Dorado County, a feat almost isolated in the history of "Crossing the Plains." Every old pioneer will realize its difficulty and its rarity. Nailing his shingle to a large oak tree near a log house, built by his own hands, the young physician began the practice of his profession, while sharing with the company the manual labor of the new mining camp, then known as "Mud Springs."

In 1850, Dr. Cleveland went to Grass Valley in which he built the third house, and subsequently aided largely in the permanent prosperity of that now important town, where his name is still, after nearly thirty years' absence, held in honored remembrance. During this thirty years the Doctor has resided in this city in the practice of his profession and the enjoyment of well-earned respect and prosperity.

The subject of this sketch was born in Howard County, Missouri, August 8, 1824. Counting by years this fact places the Doctor among our older men, but his erect and stalwart frame and youthful activity of movement contradict the fact. Retaining to the full all the fire and vigor of youth, Dr. Cleveland should he live to be a hundred, will be of those who "die young."

Coming of an intellectual family, the Doctor's education began early in the best schools of his section and continued until his graduation from an Eastern college and later in the taking of a medical course and degree. After six years in California, he "went back home," in the then current phrase, but not to remain. In 1856 he was married to Miss Mary L. Duty, of Texas, a noted beauty of her time and State, returning to California, his chosen home, in 1857. After her death, which took place a few years ago, the Doctor married again and has two beautiful bright little girls of whom any young Benedict might be proud

A man who, at Dr. Cleveland's age displays so marvelous a conservation of mental and bodily forces, is a lesson to youth, and his habits of life assume, therefore, a general interest. Temperate without abstemiousness, the Doctor has always gotten the most out of life without wasting one of its moments or its opportunities. A close and eager student, he has yet always been addicted to plenty of outdoor exercise, to which his abounding health



JUSTICE C. N. FOX.

Charles N. Fox was born in Redford, Wayne County, Mich., in the spring of 1829. Not being possessed of wealth and having to depend entirely on his own exertions as a boy his early education was comparatively neglected. Having a strong love for books, and being of a literary turn of mind, on learning of the establishment of Ann Arbor University, he determined to work his way through. As the classical course was the only one open he was forced to abandon the idea and sought employment in a printing office. He subsequently became known as a country editor, and after a period of activity in politics took up the study of the law, and was admitted to practice in 1856. In the following year he came to California and settled in San Mateo. He became a general favorite at once and was honored by the people electing him District Attorney of that county, which office he held for five years. Frequently, after that, judicial and legislative honors were offered him, but with the exception of a nomination on the legislative ticket in 1879 he declined them. In July, 1889, he was appointed to the Supreme Bench to fill the unexpired term of Justice Temple. He was an honor to the bench and is a citizen of whom all should be proud.

and strength are, no doubt, largely attributable. Of rare conversational powers and a genial temperament refined by the chivalous courtesy of "the old school" (pity that it cannot be made the young school), Dr. Cleveland is eminently fitted to take a leading place in Society, from which, however, his devotion to study and scientific research has led him, in a great measure, to isolate himself. The few who enjoy his friendship are alternately amused at his whimsical originality of thought and diction, and amazed at the apparently exhaustless fund of knowledge, philosophy, political economy, and scientific speculation, which rolls out in his every day conversation (apt, by the way, to be a monologue) with the same unconscious ease and readiness with which most men talk about the weather, and the markets. In this respect and in the polished, well-chosen language which clothes his originality of thought—in violent contrast to the slangy and slipshod speech and puerility of subject which prevail in present social converse—the Doctor is a living anachronism, his hearers feeling somewhat as if suddenly wafted back to the days of Addison, Steele, Johnson, and other masters of virile thought and "English undefiled." Dr. Cleveland is one of the few modern talkers who seem to call for a Boswell.

While holding decided views on political subjects, and backing them by vote and voice like a man and a Democrat, Dr. Cleveland has, during his residence here, persistently declined political office with the exception of two years' service as a member of the Board of Education, where his judgment and influence made themselves felt. It is to be regretted that the demands of his practice and his study compelled his refusal to continue in a department wherein brains and honesty are so badly needed and often so conspicuously absent.

Such men cannot be too prominently brought before the rising generation as an incentive to a better choice of amusement and occupation, in view of the ultimate reward of a prosperous, honored, and young old age. Few men have enjoyed life more than has Dr. Cleveland, yet, using its good things but never abusing them, he can enjoy all to-day with the zest of twenty-five. As a practical sermon to youth, better than all the verbal ones ever preached, I have no apology to offer for this somewhat lengthy, but, in truth, inadequate and curtailed sketch of one of San Francisco's best and most public-spirited citizens, yet whose very name is known, perhaps, to one where hundreds are familiar with that of some accidental millionaire, blatant politician, or over-confident and obtrusive writer, to whom literature, honesty, and grammar are alike unknown quantities. K. W.

HENRY C. DIBBLE

At the age of seventeen, a schoolboy, left his home in Indiana, enlisted for the war, marched to the front with a division of the Union Army and in the van of a charging column was shot down. At the improvised hospital next day his leg was amputated, and Henry C. Dibble's term of service had expired. That was in 1863, and two years later Mr. Dibble began the practice of law in New Orleans. He soon became interested in the politics of that quaint old city, and his sagacity, honesty, and courage were quickly recognized. Civic honors were offered, and Mr. Dibble accepted his first office. The splendid abilities that have won for him distinction here gave him place and fame in New Orleans, and when only twenty-five years old he was appointed to an important judicial position. In 1874 he became Assistant Attorney-General of Louisiana, and filled the post with honor. Then he came North and after holding important positions in other parts of the country came to California. In 1888 he became a member of the Legislature, and was practically leader of the House. At the last election he was again chosen as a representative, and introduced some needed laws that have been given place in our statute books.

While Judge Dibble is regarded as one of the brightest attorneys in the State, and represents some important interests, it is not alone as a lawyer that he is known. He is a bright, entertaining writer, and has contributed some articles to the local press that bear the stamp of literary genius. While in New Orleans he was a constant editorial contributor to the leading paper there.

BENJAMIN ROMAINE.

The young lawyers of to-day will be the leaders of the bar a few years hence. When that time comes, in the front ranks will be found Benjamin Romaine, who, with a splendid general and legal education, hosts of friends, and excellent social connections, is thoroughly equipped for the place. Mr. Romaine was born at Leonia, N. J., and came to California when he was twelve years old. He attended the Lincoln Grammar and High School of this city, and in 1883 entered Yale University. Four years later he graduated with honors. Determined to fit himself for the law, he matriculated at the Columbia Law School of New York, and stood high in his class on graduating in 1889. In the same year he was admitted to the New York bar, and in the fall returned to San Francisco, where he has been practicing ever since. With the qualifications spoken of Mr. Romaine has already built up an excellent practice, and has every prospect of success.

HENRY MILLER.

There is no man better known throughout the State than Henry Miller, who holds undisputed right to the title of "The Cattle King." He came to California in 1850, and success smiled on all his efforts. A year later he was in business for himself. He bought and raised cattle, made money, and bought more stock. In 1857 he became associated with Charles Lux, and the men became wealthy. Mr. Miller's possessions are enormous; in the San Joaquin and King River country you may travel for a couple of days and never get off his land. He is a shrewd business man, honest, upright, and generous. His friends are legion, and he has the respect of a vast army of acquaintances.

S. C. DENSON.

S. C. Denson is a native of Illinois and was born on a farm. Unlike many a farm lad he received a thorough education. When twenty-one years of age he came to California and settled in Butte County. After a thorough preparation and a certificate of admission to the bar by the Supreme Court, he commenced the practice of law. Success greeted his efforts from the outset. From Butte he removed in a short time to Carson, Nev., where he soon rose to the front rank in his profession. He was elected by a large majority to the first Legislature ever convened in that State. There he made a record by opposing every measure calculated to rob the people, and became an eloquent and influential advocate in all legislation conducive to their best interests. The same strict adherence to duty was exemplified in his administration of the office of District Attorney of Ormsby County, a position he occupied for two successive terms. Shortly afterward Judge Denson removed to Sacramento, Cal., and was elected Superior Judge, a position he held with credit to himself and his constituents. In 1889 he moved to San Francisco where his sphere of action might be enlarged, and his present large and lucrative practice bears evidence of the wisdom of his action.

DR. THOMAS FLETCHER.

Dr. Fletcher, although not an American by birth, is one by inclination. He was born in Manchester, England, his father being a large Lancashire mill-owner. The boyhood of our subject was spent in his native city, where he attended school. When only thirteen years of age he passed the examinations in chemistry, physiology, anatomy and physiography, at South Kensington, receiving the second highest certificate, which was something remarkable in one so young. Began the study of dentistry at Manchester, England; later, in Toronto, Canada. He returned to England on a lengthy visit, but, by virtue of his appreciation of American institutions, could not settle there. He came to the Coast in November, 1890, and began practice with Dr. Lundburg, the well-known dentist of this city, with whom he remained for over a year. In 1891, Dr. Fletcher engaged in practice for himself, and is now located at 836 Sutter Street, his specialty being crown and bridge work, which, for its excellence, brought him into note on the Canadian side as well as here in San Francisco. Dr. Fletcher has been and is an earnest student, and, while he has had no large stroke of good luck, his

untiring and aggressive work, which has made him a success in his profession, is the result of his own efforts.

DANIEL J. GORDON.

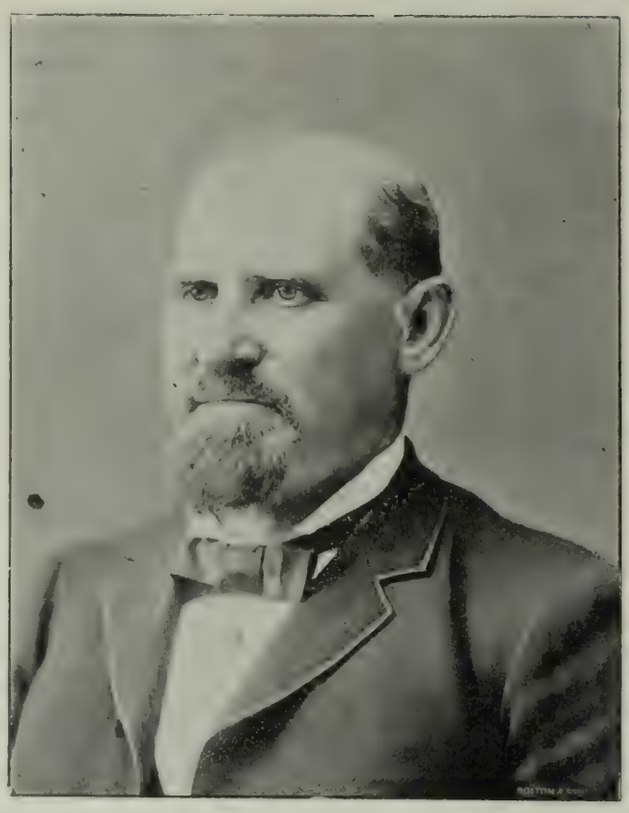
Daniel J. Gordon, the efficient Clerk of the Justices' Court, was born at the now obsolete village, Volcano Bar, El Dorado County, Cal., July 15, 1858, where his father was engaged in mining. In 1865, when seven years of age, his parents removed to this city, and eight years later, in 1873, he graduated from the Lincoln School. In order to complete his education, he took commercial course at a business college, and subsequently identified himself with Democratic politics. In 1883 he was a candidate for the Assembly from the Thirty-seventh District, but the Blaine boom of that year resulted in the election of his opponent, M. J. Sullivan. His business and clerical qualities met with recognition in other channels, however, and for ten years past he has filled various responsible offices at the City Hall. In December, 1890, Mr. Gordon was appointed Clerk of the Justices' Court, which office he will hold until the expiration of his term in December, 1892. Mr. Gordon is a bright man of considerable promise, who has many friends irrespective of party affiliations. He is one of the charter members of the Iroquois Club of this City, a member of the Manhattan Club, besides being District Vice-President of the Forty-second Assembly District, by virtue of which office, he is a member of the Executive Committee of the Democratic Party of this City and County. He is taking an active interest in local politics the present campaign and is being pushed forward by his friends as a candidate for the County Clerkship at the coming election on the Democratic ticket.

Mr. Gordon is a married man, having a wife and two children. He is a man of character, and performs the duties of his office with fidelity and skill.

AMOS MECARTNEY.

Mr. Mecartney is one of our early pioneers and has identified himself with this Coast in various pursuits for the past forty years. Here his energy and honorable ambition have found fitting success, and to-day, though well advanced in years, he enjoys a vigorous frame and sound intellect. He was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and is a thorough American, both sides of his family being born in that State, which has made most of the history of this country. His father, John McCartney, was a man of prominence in the Keystone State and held large interest in connection with banking, insurance, etc. It was he who organized the Lancaster County Mutual Fire Insurance Company, of which he was President for a long time.

Mr. Amos Mecartney received his education in his native State, and when quite young the news of the great gold discovery here excited his ambition and made him resolve to venture to the far off Pacific. He was yet in his teens, indeed, when he set sail from Philadelphia bound for California. The spirit of determination he then showed he has given evidence of all his life, for obstacles in his path he overcame by the pluck and energy of his nature. He made some success in the mines like most of our pioneers, but his success in life has principally accrued from his transactions in city real estate.



JEFFERSON G. JAMES.

Hon. Jefferson G. James, the subject of this sketch, was born in Missouri in 1829, and emigrated to this State in 1850, coming overland in a mule team, and settling in Placerville. He engaged in mining until 1857, when he went to Los Angeles, and, buying a herd of cattle, drove them to Fresno County, where he located at the site of his present ranch.

In 1868 he moved to San Francisco, where he has since resided. During his residence in the city Mr. James has served with honor on the Board of Education, also on the Board of Supervisors. He is a member of the Masonic Order, the Ancient Order of United Workmen, and the Knights of Pythias. He is the head member of the firm of J. G. James & Co., the well-known wholesale butchers. Mr. James is respected and esteemed in the community, and is a representative California citizen.

The Badlam Brothers are too well-known to require any extended introduction to the people of this Coast. These young men, both sons of Alexander Badlam of this city, have been engaged for many years in the manufacture and construction of gas works and gas-lighting plants, and by their attention to business have gained a standing and reputation in the mercantile community enjoyed by few as young in years as they.

A. T. BADLAM. E. B. BADLAM.

Al. T. Badlam, the senior member of the firm, received an early business education several years ago with the once prosperous firm of Wm. T. Coleman & Co. and in other occupations in commercial circles during the past ten years, and the knowledge thus acquired now stands him well in managing the financial affairs of a large and constantly increasing business where a large force of men is employed. The unqualified success attending the management of the affairs of the firm is due much to the executive ability of Al. T. Badlam, while the younger brother, Edgar B. Badlam, is one of the best mechanical engineers in California, having, in his early life, passed through the various mechanical and engineering departments of the Risdon and Union Iron Works. When but sixteen years of age he patented a valuable improvement on steam boilers, which had been put to practical use, and from which he has derived a large income. He is the inventor and patentee of the Peerless Gas Machine, manufactured by this firm. The invention is covered by four different patents, overcoming all the objections heretofore existing in the generating of gas from gasoline. This means of illuminating has been adopted by such people as Colonel Charles F. Crocker, of the Southern Pacific Company; John Parrott, of San Mateo; Colonel J. D. Fry, of Yountville; Honorable Robert Y. Hayne, ex-Governor Blasdel, of Nevada; George Schonewald, the Manager of Del Monte, and the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, Catholic Orphan Asylums, many State institutions in the interior, and in hundreds of places less prominent. The success of these young men in bringing their business to the front with so

much prominence shows what can be done by a thorough knowledge of the profession engaged in, and by the pluck, energy, and strict attention to business in all its details as displayed by them.

EXCHANGE THOUGHTS.

Brother Colnon, of the Stockton *Mail*, is to be congratulated. He has a hat: "Queen Victoria's crown is estimated to be worth $1,500,000. Our best hat cost $3. It is evident that Queen Victoria's subscribers must pay up without uncomfortable delay."

Sam Davis, of the Carson *Appeal*, has had a stroke of conscience, and it hurts. He wants to know: "Whether it is better to lie rather than hurt anyone's feelings." Will Brother Green of the Colusa *Sun* kindly furnish the information?

The Oakland *Tribune* asks a question that I am unable to answer: "Can the Orangemen command enough votes to beat Blaine in New York? That is the pivot on which this whole affair turns."

"Tom" McCarthy, who handled the big Utah case so successfully, is back from Linkville, where he has been gathering evidence in an arson case. As usual, "Tom" has the entire evidence down "pat," and I am told that his trip will result in the showing up of an elaborate conspiracy to burn, and a saving of a number of thousands to the companies.

Sam Davis, having run the silver ticket to the *Appeal's* mast-head, bursts into Fourth of July poesy thuswise: "To-day a smile illumes the face of Fate, the pen of history records us free, and time looks on this glorified estate, but the beginning of a realm to be."

What a miserable celebration they had at Santa Cruz. The *Surf* says: "It may be recorded as a remarkable and almost unparalleled fact that there was no serious casualties or conflagrations throughout the whole country on the recent Fourth."

The Sonoma *Democrat* remarks: "Mr. Cleveland told Mr. Anderson that when he wrote his celebrated tariff message he had but one man in mind—the American farmer. Four years later, when the American farmer wanted a man for President of the United States, he had but one man in mind, and that was Grover Cleveland."

Jack—I dined with Buskin the other day. He's a dry wit—called the turkey Douglas.
Tom—Why?
Jack—Because it was tender and true.—*Truth.*

Laundry Farm still continues to draw crowds every Sunday. As a picnic resort for parties desiring to spend a day or a few hours in the hills it easily takes first rank. Here one can forget for a time the struggle for existence, and enjoy to the full the attractions of nature in her most bounteous mood.

He—I know it's awfully impertinent, but tell me are you engaged?
She—I could tell better if you were to ask me another question first.—*Truth.*

THE JOHNSON-LOCKE MER. CO.

AGENTS

SAN FRANCISCO

THE PLAIN PEOPLE.

HOW THEY BEHAVE ON THE SUNDAY PICNIC BOAT WHEN AT PLAY.

BY ARTHUR McEWEN.

The Sausalito Sunday boat with a homeward-bound picnic on board. And Hell.

They were the plain people—in whose morality and wisdom the statesman has a faith as profound as it is touching. But the plain people, especially when at play, are not pleasing. They offend taste. That may not be a serious fault since, after all, taste is but an acquired repugnance for what most people like. Nevertheless those who have taste—that is to say a capacity for being pained by bad or loud language, raucous laughter, loutish abandon, and coquetry as obvious in its intent and as delicate in its allurements as that which charms the monarch of the pasture—would prefer to be in a good many places rather than on board a Sausalito Sunday boat with a homeward-bound picnic.

We got the first taste of it when the train stopped at a way station. There occurred an inrush of salesladies and shopladies, led by the males of their species. You know them—undersized young men with their hats on the backs of their heads, their hair tousled down over their little foreheads, their coats flying free as they dash into the cars, their loose mouths open, and their flat voices bawling, "Hey, fellers, here's seats!" Dull of eye, impudent, truculent, self-conscious, stupid, and, above all things, "fly," they are the mere savages of civilization. One of them in his forward crush in search of seats smashed into a young German woman with a baby in her arms. She staggered and all but fell, crying out in her fright a protesting "Gott in Himmel!"

"Well, Gott in Himmel," mimicked the unregretting young man, "why don't you keep your eye peeled? Come on, Sal!"

They laughed, the girls with the rest, at the merry collision and the manly jest.

The man was wrong about their being vacant places. So he climbed up upon the backs of two seats, with his legs dangling in the aisle, beamed upon the young lady whose escort he had the happiness to be, slapped his knees invitingly and exclaimed: "Put it there!" She gayly mounted the perch, and the shoulders of the passengers in the seats beneath supported them on either side.

Hails from one end of the car to the other, mouth-organs and shrilly-sung ditties, cyclones of meaningless laughter, hand-patting, and foot-stamping, made the journey to Sausalito as agreeable to persons with nerves and sensibilities as the gallery of a theatre when the curtain drops.

There were thousands on that boat, it seemed, and every one of the thousands possessed by a noisy demon.

The men one could stand, for one is used to them. We encounter the shopboy, the young mechanic, the apprentice, the dissipated clerkling, the bar-keeper, and the drummer in our daily life. It does not surprise, therefore, when we see him at play—a boisterous, skylarking ass, brutal in his facetiousness, and impelled through all his fooling by a masculine wish to make himself engaging in the eyes of the fair.

But the women! Heavens, what a lot! Hard working no doubt, not bad-hearted, sufficiently well-clad, most of them with the good looks of youth, and I dare say a comfort as well as a financial prop to their not over-particular parents, but for the rest as repulsive a pack of wenches as poor brains and blindness to the beauty of delicacy could manufacture.

That half hour on that fearful boat would have had a fine educational effect upon those ladies and gentleman who scribble so believingly and plenteously on the theme of woman's natural moral superiority, her innate capacity for exerting a refining influence in social and domestic life, and the desirability of bringing her to the polls to purify things there. These picknickers are the women who would be sure to vote.

Few of these girls were vicious; they were only ignorant and coarse—the natural woman, as their he counterparts were the natural man. They were as eager as their gallants to be entertaining and fascinating, and to this end played tag, ran about squealing and screaming, pretending to resist kissing with clawing, and in the end sat panting, flushed, and gratified on the knees of the pursuing youths, not one of whom bore the mark of a sincerely virtuous nail. They wriggled, they pouted, they curveted and pranced, and put their sex and their joy in it as prominently in evidence as so many she quadrupeds would have done.

Some of the men were drunk, and each weary head found a female shoulder to rest on, and a female arm to encircle his limp body.

This was in the cabin. Outside, in the screening darkness, the behavior was such that modest women, who were not picnickers, preferred to subject their lungs to the stifling atmosphere of the cabin, rather than take the cool air at the expense of an intolerable shock to their eyes and sense of decency.

The plain people were not conscious of anything reprehensible in all this hurly-burly of flirtatious activity. Even those women to whom years and marriage had brought the sedateness of diminished desire, sat grinningly tolerant of the exuberance of the young people, who were but "having a good time." The stray outsider—the respectable resident of San Rafael, the returning lady or gentleman from a summer resort—had a shocked and alarmed feeling that the police ought to be there and do something. If the boat's captain had ordered in the deck-hands with a fire-hose to abate the noise and cool the love-making, the outsider would have perceived the fitness of the action. An athletic clubman, with a rose in his buttonhole, who has no more morals than a cat, but whose ears and eyes are accustomed to civilized sounds and sights, stood near me, and his scowling face betokened that it would have given him pleasure to sail in with his fists and knock down a few dozens of the whooping and cavorting male animals that surged in his vicinity. He'd have been murdered had he attempted so incomprehensible an outrage.

That boat increased one's appreciation of the intellectual and social value of money. Money can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, but it can and does create an environment and atmosphere conducive to refinement—conducive to the development of a civilized ideal in men and women, and that observance of the amenities of life that constitutes good manners. There are gentlemen and ladies who live in poverty, but they don't go on Sunday picnics, and don't, when they have leisure and a disposition toward gayety, make a revelation of mental penury, rudeness, and lust that would shame a menagerie.

That picnic would have discouraged any hopeful soul who expects the movement to make the world better to get its force from the plain people. It would have given despair to the political reformer. I believed the picnic would have pained even Isador Gutte.

Mr. Willis Polk, architect, has his studio on Vallejo Street, Russian Hill.

A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—To decide when Kipling begins or where Wolcott Balestier ceases, requires more literary ability than I possess. "The Naulahka" is an exciting story of adventure, full of incident, abounding in brilliant pictures, but it lacks the quality of compressed power and vividness that characterize "The Light that Failed." The story is not of the type that would occur to the mind of Kipling, nor does the hero, Nicholas Tarvin, possess an individuality he is familiar with. He may have made suggestions, he may have revised the Indian chapters, he may have written the many admirable passages describing the country round Rhatore. That ride over the desert to the royal city of Gunnaur sounds like him. There are traces of him in the scene between the Sitabhai and Tarvin; surely he is responsible for that situation in the palace wherein the Queen and the woman of the desert weep over the little Maharaj. The passages in which occurs the sentence, "From all except such as have borne a child, the world is hid," is worthy of the author of "Without Benefit of Clergy." I would not deny him the authorship of that last sunset scene where the bullock cart creaked down the road to Rawput Junction with Nick and Katie.

Further than this I do not find Kipling. Among English writers he is remarkable for a strong sense of form. This story is hung together as loosely as its hero. Then, the basic idea, the search for the Naulahka, is without any artistic value. That a Colorado real estate agent should set out on any such wild goose chase is too wildly improbable to constitute a good theme for literary treatment. The characteristics of Tarvin develop in response to the necessities of the plot. He is endowed with fresh talents for every new situation. No emergency that he is not equal to can present itself. He is omnipotent physically and mentally—a trick that Rudyard's heroes have not hitherto exhibited. It must not be imagined, however, that the book is any the less interesting for these drawbacks. Nick is so daring and so clever, Katie so foolishly obstinate in her refusal to marry him, the Maharajah so indolently Indian, the Silabahai so diabolically wicked, and above all the Naulahka is so mysterious, so marvelously beautiful that one reads on page after page just to learn if Mrs. Mutric obtains the coveted jewel. That Tarvin should return the stakes after his signal victory, is unlike the man. Alas, one closes the book without learning if the Three C's come to Topaz.

Zola has written a war epic in La Débâcle. There have been many descriptions of the horrors of battle, the terrors of combat, but nothing is there in literature that compares with this narrative of the downfall of France. You know the power of his style, its wonderful scope, how he can render in words incidents the most horrible, scenes the most poetic. Remember the photographic quality of *Nana*, the graphic force of *L'Argent*, the passionate beauty of *L'Abbé Meuret*. *Le Débâcle* is greater than all of them. It is tremendous. To enter into an analysis of this novel, one would require pages, not paragraphs. The bulk of it is given up to the retreat of the French troops from Mulhausen to Sedan. One learns of camp life, its difficulty, its drudgery, of the cruel fatigue engendered by forced marches, of the criminal bungling of generals, of their ignorance of the country, of the disastrous blundering of the Empress and her ministers in Paris. That France went into this fight without preparation, that her army was disorganized, that she lacked a single leader of first-rate ability, is made apparent. The terrible consequences, the awful slaughter, the destruction, loss, are depicted with a master hand.

Interspersed with the awe-inspiring narrative of battles and carnage are soft pastoral bits of scenery that serve to relieve the dark and bloody tones that dominate the picture. There is a charming scene in a little inn whereat he has breakfast in a green arbor, the trellises of which were loaded with big clusters of ripe, golden, luscious grapes. One has glimpses of the Valley of the Meuse, surrounded by wooded hills veiled in bluish mists. The river, a ribbon of pale silver, unrolls its length upon a broad expanse of verdant plain. In the midst of the horrors of Sedan there is a charming passage. Emperor William sitting on his horse watches "the sun, slanting downwards to the woods, about to set in a sky where there was not a cloud. The golden light that lay upon the landscape was so transcendently clear and limpid that the most insignificant objects stood out with startling distinctness. To the North the forest of Ardennes, an ocean of sunlit verdure, while the Meuse, loitering with sluggish current through the plains, was like a stream of purest gold in that caressing light." Then follows the retreat through the woods of la Garenne, riddled with the artillery and musketry of the Prussians. It is terrible. Then the vivid horror of that hospital scene, the factory turned into an operating room, and Major Bouroche in charge. Then follows the burning of Paris, the dreadful episodes of the Commune. It is a book, this "Downfall," that all should read. An epic of war, it is the most powerful of arguments for peace. As a lesson it is the most instructive ever penned.

"The Song of the Sword" is the strongest poem I have read in years. It is rhythmical fiery, spirited. Perhaps it is not full of ideas, but there is power and variety of imagery. The author, W. E. Henley, is a new man, his poetry is essentially modern, his landscapes, if dark, are admirably painted. In the use of words he is only inferior to Swinburne in copiousness; he is far more definite, if less versatile. Among the "London Voluntaries" are some fine passages. The "Rhymes and Rhythms" include several most graceful songs whose versification is delightful. Through most there runs a strain of sadness. No. 6 reminds one a little of Matthew Arnold. No. 10 is a beautiful poem containing several exceptionally fine lines. No. 13, dedicated to Whistler depicts a strange weird, landscape with graphic force. These poems are worth reading. Indeed, I will go further and say that several of them belong to literature. ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Naulahka, A Story of West and East," by Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. Macmillan & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"The Downfall," by Emile Zola. Cassell Publishing Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"The Song of the Sword," by W. E. Henley. Chas. Scribner's Sons, publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

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Respectfully,
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THE MUMMERS.

"GLORIANA" AT THE BALDWIN.

It would be an easy matter for the world to get along without a play like "Gloriana." As usual, it is from the French, and is as objectless as a farce-comedy need be. There is just one thing that surprises the theatre-goer more than that Mr. Charles Frohman should put on "Gloriana," and that is that Mr. Charles Frohman should entrust such a company with a play of any kind. The average of ability in the cast is very low. With Mr. E. J. Henley and Mr. Frederick Bond out of it, it would be a dull aggregation of mediocrity. This is neither a high-priced play nor a high-priced company, and many better performances have been seen at other theatres than the Baldwin for a great deal less money.

The performances given by Mr. Henley and Mr. Bond were very pleasing, and aside from a slight appearance of over-acting on the part of the former, were perfect. Count Evitoff's character is one that permits a wide stretch of comedy, and it is hard to tell where the actor should stop; yet it seems to me that Mr. Henley indulges the exuberance of his humorous faculty just a trifle too much.

The curtain-raiser was "The Major's Appointment," a dull, teary, sepulchral play, calculated to make hypochondriacs of the audience. It was notable merely for giving us an opportunity of renewing acquaintance with that admirable actor, Mr. Edwin Stevens. As Major John Huntley, Mr. Stevens had a most difficult part. The ordinary comedian is not expected to show the versatility that Mr. Stevens possesses; to make an audience laugh can well be counted a full life's work for anyone. For the same man to make the same audience weep in sympathy with him, is beyond the skill of most of those comedians who are now before the public. Mr. Stevens filled the part admirably; yet with those others who hold him very highly in their regard, I shall rejoice to see him in a part where he will be given an opportunity to make us laugh. In a very short time he will play Count Evitoff. The reception he received last Monday night was the prettiest compliment that any actor has been given at the Baldwin within my recollection; but I am quite sure had he appeared in any guise other than that of the bent and time-worn Major Huntley that the ovation would have been warmer. Many of his old admirers did not recognize him in his make-up.

On next Monday the ninth regular session of the Baldwin, under its present management, will open with Frohman's stock company of New York in "The Lost Paradise," which has been very successful in New York. William Morris, who won so much flattering notice in this city on his last trip, is leading man, and the company includes some of the brightest mummers under the Frohman management.——

STOCKWELL'S.

The splendid opening at Stockwell's Theatre presaged a success that has been continued. Daly's company of comedians have rarely played to larger or more enthusiastic audiences than those that have crowded this playhouse. "The Last Word," bringing out as it does the entire strength of the company, was well received and the theatre was filled at every performance. The interest in this company's productions certainly centers in "The Foresters," Lord Tennyson's poetic comedy, which has attracted more criticism and attention than any other play produced in the last ten years. It will be produced for the first time in this city on Thursday night, and the scenery and cast will be as elaborate as those that marked its first appearance by the same company in New York.

On next Monday evening Mr. Daly will present "The School for Scandal," which will be presented with all the original scenery and cast which have made Daly's presentation so successful.——

The patrons of the Bush Street Theatre will have an opportunity of enjoying a historic play next week, "The Witch." This is new to the San Francisco public, and the star is a stranger. Miss Marie Hubert Frohman has the leading part, and if one may judge of her abilities by what the Eastern critics have said, she is a charming actress. "The Witch" tells the story of olden days, when they were hanging men and women for the riding of a broom. The quaint dresses, the oddities of speech, and the queer ways of the old Salemites are reproduced accurately. Monday being the 450th performance, the management will present to each lady a beautiful silver souvenir spoon, which is certainly worth the price of admission.——

Following Reed and Collier, "Gloriana" will be seen at the California. The play will be presented on Monday night and will continue there for two weeks. It is quite likely that any success it may have lacked at the Baldwin it will make up at this popular playhouse. The cast in the curtain-raiser and "Gloriana" will be the same, so everyone will have an opportunity of seeing Mr. Stevens, Mr. Henley, and Mr. Bond.

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With all the original music, by Sir Arthur Sullivan
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Engagement Positively Terminates ..... July 30

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Grand Souvenir Event, Monday, July 18. 450th Performance
The Ladies on the Lower Floor will be presented with Sterling Silver "Witch" Souvenir Spoons.

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200 Nights in New York
William Morris, Cyril Scott, Orrin Johnson, W. H. Crompton, James O. Barrows, Walter Perkins, Odette Tyler, Elaine Ellson, Maude Adams, Etta Hawkins, Annie Adams, Etc.
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Duett for Tenor and Baritone.

TENOR.

Soft winds are sighing thro' the

BARITONE.

PIANO.

Andante.

mf dim. *p* *p* *p*

si - lent air, Hushed the sounds of day As near approaching starry eyed and fair, Night wends her way, night

p *p*

fastes.

wends her way. Ah! lit - tle moonbeams id-ly play-ing Light well the path where she is straying.

Slowly and sustained.

No fair-er

Slowly and sustained.

p

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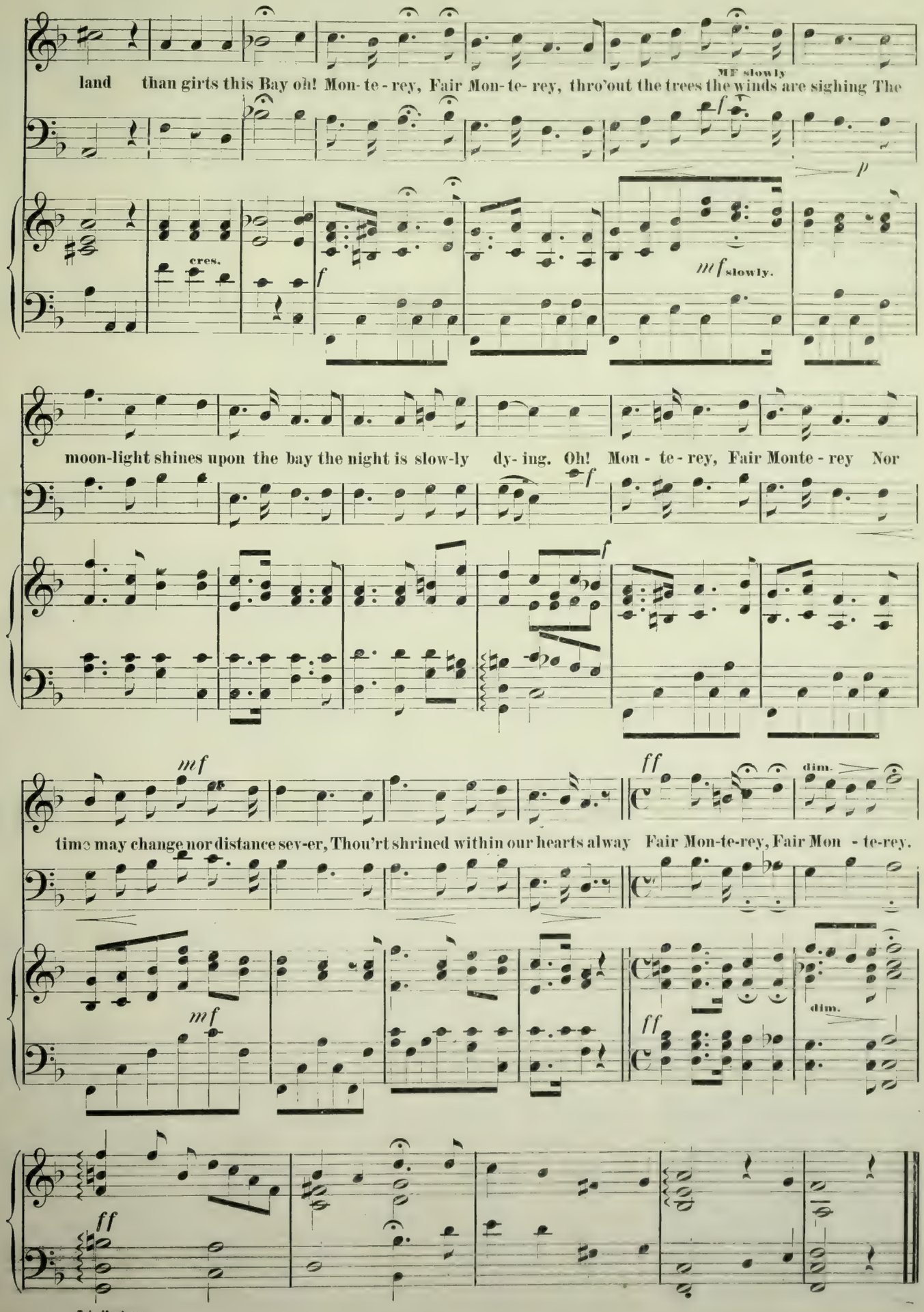
land than girts this Bay oh! Mon-te-rey, Fair Mon-te-rey, thro'out the trees the winds are sighing The
MF slowly
cres.
mf slowly.
moon-light shines upon the bay the night is slow-ly dy-ing. Oh! Mon-te-rey, Fair Monte-rey Nor
time may change nor distance sev-er, Thou'rt shrined within our hearts alway Fair Mon-te-rey, Fair Mon-te-rey.
dim.
Fair Monterey.

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Cudlip—I wish the man on the corner who grinds that beastly hand-organ would take up his quarters elsewhere.

Sapley—He can't, poor fellow. He takes up only nickels and pennies.—*Truth.*

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Way line sailing—July 18th, 1892, S. S. "Colima."

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

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Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc. S. S. "Peru," (new) Thursday, August 4th, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "City of Rio de Janeiro," Saturday, August 27, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "China," via Honolulu, Tuesday, September 27, at 3 P. M.

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SANTA CRUZ NEWS.

SANTA CRUZ, July 14th DEAR WAVE:—There was a grand exodus after the Fourth, but those who departed were largely those who had but a three days' holiday and were obliged to go back. This left more room, more bathing, more comfort, and more happiness for those who stayed behind, and these were some of the best people. Other best ones have been arriving since, and now the Sea Beach, the Pacific Ocean House, and the country houses and cottages are well filled with the pleasantest crowd of the season.

Bathing, swimming, beaching—if I may so christen that special amusement which consists in sitting on the sands under a big umbrella, against a log softened by down pillows, and poking the pointed toe of your gray kid Oxford into the cool sand while a man in white flannels talks tennis to you—these, with riding, driving, dancing, boating, salmon-fishing, and spasmodic tennis constitute the amusements, and the weather has been absolutely glorious, the full moon having obligingly lent itself, for a whole week, to the enhancement of all sorts of evening pleasures.

The culmination of the season—for surely nothing so beautiful and so altogether delightful can occur again—was the *fete de nuit* given at Sunshine Villa Saturday night by Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Smith. The lovely grounds, crowning Beach Hill and looking off toward the bay on one side, where, in a golden wake of moonlight, the "Lurline" lay at anchor, and on the other toward the town which sparkled with electric lights against the dark background of the mountains proved absolutely perfect for the purposes of evening party *al fresco*. Eighteen hundred Japanese lanterns, fairy lamps, and incandescent lights illuminated the place, and red fire and red lights lent theatrical effects at intervals. An immense triangle of light, visible for miles around, was formed by swinging lines of lanterns from the very apex of the flagstaff which surmounts the tower to join the line which encircled the ground. Mr. and Mrs. Morris Newton assisted Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Smith in the reception of their guests. Both ladies were elegantly and becomingly gowned; while the handsome house was elaborately decorated, the drawing-room and dining-room canvassed for dancing and the whole thrown open to the guests, it was out-of-doors that the chief fascination was found. The white walks curving among the lawns and flower beds were thronged with white-gowned women and their escorts; the tennis court, in its frame of vines, was set forth with cozy tables and the guests served from a buffet with champagne punch, bouillon, and a supper during the whole evening; just beyond the grounds lay the moonlit bay; an orchestra on a balcony played dance music—pardon me, I should have said, in the language of a local reporter, "discoursed sweet strains"—the whole scene was delightfully like a fairy spectacle, especially as seen from the little *loggia* on the seaward side of the house, whence one almost listened for a "Bridal Chorus" to burst forth and carry out the illusion. The guests of honor were Commodore Adolph Spreckels, of the lucky "Lurline," and Mr. Perry Cramp, the millionaire ship-builder, of Philadelphia.

If I should attempt to give you a list of the other guests there would be no room to tell you of other pleasant things which have been happening here. On the same evening the Ladies of Santa Maria del Mar held a housewarming at their pretty new hotel, owned by the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society. After the adjournment of the Grand Council in San Francisco, the Grand Officers, delegates, and many visiting members came down to Santa Cruz and took the new hotel by storm. The formal opening was a pleasant affair, the broad verandas, big reception-room, and the whole house crowded with guests, who enjoyed the music, the moonlight on the sea, the dancing, and a collation. A pleasing episode was a presentation. Judge J. H. Logan, President of the Bank of Santa Cruz County and of the electric railway, is an owner in Santa Maria, and has been of the greatest assistance to the President and Grand Directors. It was because of this that Mrs. Margaret Deane, Grand President of the order, on behalf of the Grand Board, in a graceful speech, presented to Judge Logan a watch charm of gold set with a diamond, a ruby, and a sapphire. Mrs. Paul Lohse, a wealthy and beautiful woman, who is the foundress of the order, has been at Santa Maria all the week, also Mrs. Laogier, of Stockton, and many wealthy and earnest Catholic ladies from all over the State.

At the Sea Beach Hotel there is now the merriest and jolliest set of the best people who have been here this season and their numbers are daily augmented. From San Jose there are Judge Spencer's wife and daughter, J. T. Rucker and family, and Miss Blix Smith, while Mayor Sam Rucker makes many a flying visit to the town to take part in the festivities. From Santa Rosa, are Commissioner and Mrs. Mark McDonald, and from San Francisco an almost endless list, among whom I have noticed Mrs. Dr. J. S. Keeney, Mrs. Arques, and Miss Arques, Mrs. R. T. Carroll, the Misses Carroll, and Mr. J. Carroll, Mrs. Dr. Luke Robinson, Miss Rita Robinson, Miss Feeny, Miss Romie Wallace, who are spending all the season here, Jeremiah Lynch, Miss Mollie Taafe, Mrs J. L. Martel and the Misses Martel, Mrs. R. C. Spaulding and Otis B. Spaulding, Colonel Moorehead, H. F. Hudnall and family, Mrs. Henry Williams, Mrs. Welch and Miss Bertha Welch, Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess, Mrs. Robert Graves, Miss Graves, and many more. Two eligible widowers are the artist, W. H. Hilliard, who paints industriously, having done some fine Santa Cruz views, and Thomas P. Robb, Jr., son of Colonel and Mrs. Thomas P. Robb, of Sea View Villa, a young and prepossessing Civil Engineer.

From the cottages near and far came Mrs. A. D. Sharon, Mrs. Castle, Miss Meininger, Mrs. William H. Mills, Miss Della Mills, and young Mr. Mills, Mrs. Delmas, and the Misses Delmas, Misses Nellie, Louise, and Marguerite Enright, and Messrs. Joe and Jack Enright, and a number more.

On Saturday evening—that was prolific in fun Mrs. Welch gave an equestrian party which included forty with a *petit souper* at the Sea Beach on their return.

On Sunday evening Mrs. Arques and Mrs. Carroll gave a coaching party to fifty friends with lunch at Capitola, and on Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Enright gave a large picnic at the Big Trees in honor of their daughters, Misses Nellie, Marguerite, and Louise. A special car was engaged and the day was a most delightful one to everybody. It is quite possible to be millionaires and yet have simple, unaffected good times and the people at this picnic represented between fifteen and twenty of the millions alluded to. There were the Enrights, the Arques, the Carrolls, the A. P. Hotalings, senior and junior, the Welches the Brookes, James and Martin Murphy, Mrs. F. Murphy, Miss Lizzie Murphy, Callaghans, Lewis, Corcoran, Wheeler, and Wallace, Colonel Morehead, Messrs. Jeremiah Lynch, C. Welch, John Brooke, Marius Kast, J. Carroll, Waddell, and George Shedden.

A very pleasant house party at Henry F. Kron's has just broken up. There were Mrs. Walter Bickford and Miss Edith Bickford, of Missonea, Montana, Miss Kathryn Sinnott, Miss Delia Sinnott, and Major Dave Bryant, of San Jose, Miss Lillian Richardson, of San Francisco, and ex-Mayor Robert Effey.

Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Kron, of San Francisco, have been visiting Mrs. A. K. Kron. The Krons are the large firm of tanners whose manufactory is here and whose business houses are in San Francisco and Australia.

The Cotillion Club give a hop at the Casino the last of the week, and Messrs. McCollum and Billicke keep their guests at the Pacific Ocean House on the go constantly with driving parties, dances, musicales, and the like. KATE KEARNEY.

FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

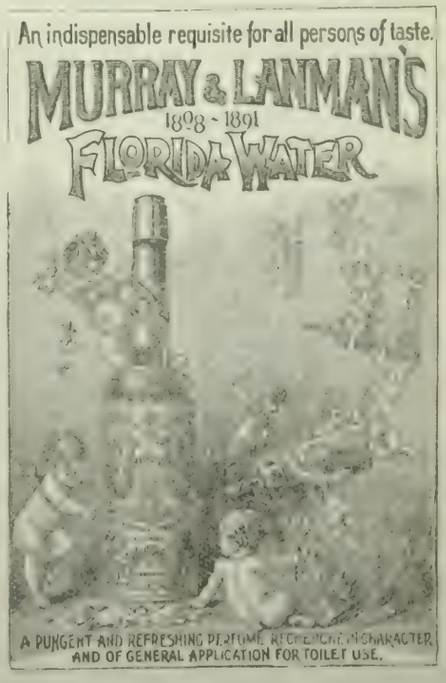
FRESNO, July 14th. DEAR WAVE:—My patriotic spirit rebelled at the lack of enthusiasm displayed here on the Fourth, so I and my little grip hastened to Modesto, where the day was becomingly and enthusiastically celebrated by the "truly American" citizens and our own soldier boys. I found the city so attractive that my stay was considerably lengthened, consequently I missed my weekly effusion to you. A number of new departures occurred during my absence. Mrs. Hughes and brown-eyed Lizzie left for your city where they will summer. Mr. and Mrs. Brown have gone to the mountains on a hunting trip! Fatty Hayes, Father Guard, Ward McColson and the artist and musician Fiester departed Monday for a few week's hunting trip. I am devoutly praying that Am will find the mountain air conducive to the cultivation of a hirsute adornment on that generous upper lip. Am's tenacity to this purpose deserves reward. The traditional "little bird" has been whispering to me again, and it attributed Ward's "washed-out" appearance to the fickle heart of an Eastern butterfly Were I as well up in the uses of cosmetics I would delude Society until I had reached the outskirts of town at any rate. Eastern maids are becoming as uncomfortably numerous here as Stockton girls. There's our "Handsome Charley" Bonner gone and renounced his hopes of single blessedness (and spoiled our hopes of sharing the Locan Villa) by engaging himself to a Boston girl. Imagine it! I hear they are to be married in October and will spend the "honeymoon" in several months of travel before making their bow to the Fresno 400. Miss Tripp is well acquainted here, and is very popular with the younger element. I must congratulate Charley on his choice, and am equally as sincere in my best wishes. George Allen, the handsomest young insurance agent adorning Shep's office, will enter into matrimony Wednesday, the twentieth of this month. After a month's sojourn in Southern California, George's restless spirit will be at peace with the world, enjoying the happiness of the Benedict, at the Hughes. Wonder what's the matter with the Grand Central? Jack says it's "more popular with the bachelor than with the Benedict." I see W. D—— is convalescing under the tender hands of the fair creatures who have established themselves as nurses.

We have had no subject for gossip lately. I hardly believe the "fifteenth of the month" was ever so anxiously awaited before. We will see Sam W—— and not a few others in deepest mourning if the fifteenth should fail to connect. Such are the vagaries of fortune. Speaking of fortune, think of Phonse Newhouse's luck! Seventy thousand dollars as a wedding present! Just as if he hadn't more than his share of this world's goods already. The good things of life always do fall to the unappreciative, don't they? I hear there is some talk of nominating "our Mr. Butler" for Governor. Won't I just work for him, though. Besides his fitness for the office, when did California ever have such a handsome couple in the gubernatorial mansion? Were Mr. B—— elected I would predict the most brilliant social season the Capitol City has ever known.

Major Pollasky has returned from the East and will proceed to furnish his handsome villa. Wonder when that electric road will be in operation? How affairs do deteriorate when the "all-seeing eye" is not on them. Yours, IMP.

NOVELTIES FOR SOUVENIRS.

The improvements that have been made in copper-plate work recently can only be guessed by those who have been having their cards and invitations done by the old process. The advance in this art has given Sanborn, Vail & Co. the opportunity to offer for inspection the very best work ever done here. The excellence of the work and the reasonable prices have caused the total disappearance of the old-style card. Among the many novelties shown by this firm are the sealing-wax sets in many designs. No house in the city handles a greater quantity of fine stationery than Sanborn, Vail & Co. The very finest importations from the best-known makers are always on hand, and the variety that one has to choose from is very large. Among the many samples suitable for a gentle correspondence is Hurd's Wicker linen, a stylish paper, with a fine surface. The stock of souvenirs that Sanborn, Vail & Co. handle is quite interesting, and nothing to be found anywhere is better suited for sending East to friends than the pressed California wild flowers.



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beautifies the skin and feeds the tissues, preventing the shrinkage which produces wrinkles. Not a Cosmetic, but a **Natural Skin Tonic** which most skins, hungry for nourishment, absorb like a sponge. Druggists or by mail, $1.00. Send 10c. for Sample, with Lady's paper Illus. Seven Ages of Woman's Life and devoted to the care of Face and Body. J. G. BROWN, 47 Grand St. Jersey City, N. J.

FIRE

LION FIRE INS. CO., of London
Assets, $4,712,747. Commenced in Cal. 1879
IMPERIAL INS. CO., of London
Assets, $10,190,349. Commenced in Cal. 185
WM. SEXTON, Manager — R. C. MEDCRAFT, Sub-Manager
Pacific Department, 211 SANSOME ST., S. F.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE OF LONDON
Incorporated by Royal Charter A. D. 1720

CAPITAL PAID UP,	$ 3,446,100.00
ASSETS,	21,584,413.00
SURPLUS TO POLICY HOLDERS,	8,980 251.00

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager, SAN FRANCISCO
City Office, 501 Montgomery St. General Office, 401 Montgomery St.

London Assurance Company
Of London. Established by Royal Charter 1720.
Northern Assurance Company
Of London, Established 1836.
GEORGE F. GRANT, Manager,
Northwest Corner Sacramento and Montgomery Sts., San Francisco

ALLIANCE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF LONDON, ENGLAND
Capital, - - $25,000,000
—PACIFIC BRANCH—
Office, Alliance Building, 416 and 418 CALIFORNIA St., S. F
NATHANIEL T. JAMES, Manager

PACIFIC DEPARTMENT
Guardian Assurance Co. Sun + Fire + Office

Of London Established A. D. 1821		Of London Established A. D. 1710	
Paid-up Capital -	$ 5,000,000	Cash Asse - -	$9,031,000
Cash Assets - -	$21,911,915	Assets in America	$1,956.33

WM. J. LANDERS, Gen'l Agent, 205 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

MINING AND FINANCIAL.

The Free Coinage Silver Bill of Stewarts came up for final action in the House on Wednesday and was defeated. The vote was 154 noes to 136 ayes. This ends all silver legislation for the present Congress.

Attorney-General of State W. H. H. Hart, Director of the Hale & Norcross, and W. S. Lyle, President of the Quojotoas, left for Helena, Mont., to attend the National Mining Congress as delegates from San Francisco. At a meeting they were authorized to vote the proxies of thirty-one delegates.

Business at the Stock Exchanges during the past week was quiet, and the flurry of last week in Belcher, which created such a large volume of orders, seems to have petered out, and brokers in a measure, have been complaining of dull and hard times.

Still, notwithstanding the stagnation, there was an undercurrent of strength in all the North Ends and higher prices were the rule, and though stocks are selling at low prices the majority of brokers complain of a scarcity of shares, especially Con. Virginia, Ophir, Mexican, and Sierra Nevada; these stocks should be plentiful on the street, but some unknown cause seems to have consumed the floating stock and it would not take much of an effort to create a deal, and with a little good news, the time will soon arrive when some of the manipulators will take advantage of the situation and start the ball a-rolling.

The Gold Hills, Crown Point, and Belcher during the week hardly held their own, and unless the 400 foot level shows up better in the Belcher than at present, some other part of the mine must be explored before higher figures will rule.

Although neither of the above mines are extracting much ore, still the average runs so high that it is thought enough will be earned to make unnecessary an assessment for some time to come.

The strongest stock on the list for the past few days has been Ophir, the main buyers being Cope, Barrett & Tindel. On Monday the price was $2.30, but the advance was gradual until Wednesday, when it reached $2.80, and at the present writing it looks as though top had not yet been reached. The rise is based on the crosscuts, which have been run on the 1565 foot level; this is the level where they had the ore, about two months ago, when the stock advanced to $4.50.

Sierra Nevada was in demand by Marshall & Gurnett, and in the Pacific Board Miller has been a steady buyer of the stock. This mine is working jointly with the Union Con., thereby greatly reducing expenses. The west drift on the 900 foot level has streaks of quartz which give low assays.

Superintendent Ryan, of the Hale & Norcross, has arrived in the city. He reports on the 1800 foot level a large station is being excavated After much study he is confident that good discoveries of ore will be made in that part of the company's ground where there is a large area unexplored.

Theo. Sutro, President of the Sutro Tunnel, is now visiting the Comstock. It is thought he is investigating the feasibility of establishing mills run by electrical power, at the mouth of the tunnel, for the purpose of cheapening the crushing of ore. The plan is thought to be impracticable.

At the Gower Mine, Amador, on the 700 foot level, a 2 foot ledge of ore was struck on July 1st that mills $20 per ton.

The following dividends have been declared: The Mollie Gibson, 15 cents; the Champion, 10 cents; Coptis, 12 cents; San Francisco Gas, 35 cents; Oakland Gas, 20 cents; California Powder, $1; Atlantic Dynamite, 40 cents; Omnibus Cable, 40 cents; Pacific Surety, 3½ per cent per annum, and Bank of California, 3¼ per cent, Firemen's Fund, $3 per share.

It is said at the annual meeting of Wells, Fargo & Co., to be held August 11th, Lloyd Tevis will resign from the Presidency.

The annual meeting of the Spring Valley Water has been called for July 20th for the election of officers, etc.

At the Stock and Bond Board, business in local securities was very light, the most noted sale being in Giant Powder at $20, the price before the explosion of last Saturday being $53.50, a decline of $33.50 per share, and as there are 14,400 shares in the company, this represents a heavy shrinkage.

Robert Sherwood, President of the Union Con., and a large operator, leaves for Europe next week.

R. E. Kelley, Secretary of the Justice Mine, has returned from a trip to Nevada.

The following sales were recorded, Spring Valley Water 1.15 @ 99 to 99½; San Francisco Gas 20 @ 70½ to 71; Pacific Gas Improvement, 50 @ 80; California Electric Light 135 @ 15¼ to 15⅝; Omnibus Cable 15 @ 56 to 56½; Pacific Borax 15 @ 95; Bank of California, 30 @ $264¾; Safety Nitro Powder, 100 @ 9½ to 9¾; Giant Powder, 20 @ 25; S. Pac. of Arizona Bonds, 1000 @ 102¼, 1000 @ 102¾; Spring Valley Water 4's 1000 @ 91⅝, 5000 @ 91½; Hawaiian Commercial, 300 @ 2⅛ to 2¼ per share; Spring Valley Water 6's, 2000 @ 120. SURETY.

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SPRING and SUMMER
Dry Goods——
——and Cloaks
NOW ON SALE AT
Sweeping and Un-Reserved
——Reductions——

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Thousands of Bargains in Every Department

J. J. O'Brien & Co.
MURPHY BUILDING
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NATIONAL Fire Insurance Company of Hartford
CAPITAL ONE MILLION DOLLARS
Assets Jan. 1st, 1891, $2,620,213.19
GEO. D. DORNIN, Manager.
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FIREMAN'S FUND INSURANCE CO.
Its Agents are found throughout America, and its Record for Prompt and Equitable Settlement of All Honest Losses is Firmly Established.

D. J. STAPLES, President — WM. J. DUTTON, Vice-President — BERNARD FAYMONVILLE, Secretary
J. B. LEVISON, Marine Sec'y — LOUIS WEINMANN, Assistant Sec'y — STEPHEN D. IVES, General Agent

THE RAILROAD QUESTION.

A CLEAR, HONEST, AND IMPARTIAL EXPOSITION OF THE SUBJECT.

In common with thousands of my fellow-citizens who believe that no lasting or substantial prosperity can ever come to California through a political agitation that will make the possession of any kind of property insecure, I sincerely deprecate the anti-railroad or anti-Southern Pacific sentiment that some of my esteemed contemporaries are now engaged in fomenting. I do no accuse them of conspiring to blackmail, nor of a desire to be "caved down the bank," nor, to use an expression common in politics, of a yearning to be knocked on the head with a bundle of greenbacks, because such an accusation would be no argument. To say that a man is "another" who calls you a liar or a poltroon means nothing, except that you are willing to descend to the billingsgate method of settling disputes.

But I deprecate the attempt of my esteemed contemporaries to arouse popular prejudice against the Southern Pacific Company, not because I love that corporation, nor because I wish to see it receive any more consideration at the hands of the liar than any other corporation (which, perhaps, in all cases is very little), but because I believe, and can show to any reasonable man, that such an agitation defeats the very purpose it is alleged to subserve, and is destructive of the very best interests of the State and people.

This is a broad assertion, and it cannot be made to fools or demagogues with any hope that they will pause to hear it demonstrated—it will not appeal to fools, because they cannot understand it; nor to the knaves, because they are unwilling to understand it. Therefore, THE WAVE does not address itself to fools or demagogues, nor to blackmailing newspapers, nor to newspapers that are being used by blackmailers, but for a moment it wishes to whisper a few words in the ears of sensible, honest men.

Take, for example, the idea of a competing overland railroad. All of my esteemed contemporaries pretend to be in favor of it. How can they expect capitalists to come here and build such a line under the conditions that they themselves insist on imposing?

A line to Salt Lake cannot be constructed for much less than $50,000,000. If all the ready money in California were gathered together it would not aggregate more than half that amount. In fact, there is only about $25,000,000 in coin and greenbacks on the entire Pacific Coast. Credit, you say? Credit is good to raise money with, but it will not pay workingmen nor buy wood and iron. We must have coin—real, hard coin. Where are we to get it? Go East, you say. Of course; but how do we expect to induce the capitalists of New York, Boston, and London to lend us $50,000,000 while we are howling for the blood of the men who have $200,000,000 already invested in the Southern Pacific? In case the $50,000,000 came here what guarantee do we offer that it, too, will not be confiscated with taxation and "regulation," as is proposed with the Southern Pacific?

But let me describe the conditions under which my esteemed contemporaries invite the investment of Eastern capital in railroads in California. We have in this State what we call a State Board of Equalization. It consists, generally, of five inexperienced and often ignorant politicians. As between counties it equalizes taxes—that is, makes them uniform and equal, but as to railroads it fixes the valuation and the rate. There is no appeal from its judgments. Under recent decisions of the State and Federal Supreme Courts it has been held that no body of men having the power to regulate the charges of corporations can ever use that power to destroy them, but it has never been held that the power of taxation cannot be exercised with that effect. In fact, taxation itself is confiscation, pure and simple.

There is no doubt that our Board of Equalization is an unconstitutional body, but it has never been so held, and I am considering it as a living and breathing entity. At present, therefore, it possesses the undisputed right to tax railroad property in this State to death. Mind you, it has no such right with other property, but with respect to railroads no Russian Monarch ever wielded a more absolute power.

On the other hand, look at the Railroad Commission. This body consists of three men, elected as are the members of the State Board of Equalization, by districts. They possess legislative, judicial, and executive powers most despotic. They can make a schedule of rates of freight and fares, decide that it is just and enforce it. From their decrees there is no appeal.

Now, THE WAVE submits, as a proposition plain to any mind, that where these two Commissions meet there is destruction for railroad property. One may tax, and the other regulate receipts, and combined they have all the power of a Roman Emperor. I have nothing to say as to the capacity of three men to make a schedule—a work that requires years of experience and months of toil—but I have supposed that any three politicians whom the people might select would be capable of such a work.

Here, then, are the conditions under which my esteemed "anti-railroad" contemporaries invite $50,000,000 to enter California. Do they think Eastern capitalists are fools? Do they think that men with money do not consult lawyers and railroad-builders before they invest? Do they think that with the absolute power of confiscation resting in the hands of two small groups of pot-house politicians (the evanescent froth, so to speak, of nominating conventions), that $50,000,000 or any other sum is going to enter this State and build a competing overland railroad?

But even if this were not so—even if we suppressed our blackmailing newspapers and demagogic politicians—on what basis would a new overland railroad enter into competition with the present lines? The interest on $50,000,000 would amount to $2,500,000 per annum. This would have to be paid before a single man could be given his salary or a single ton of coal be paid for. It is not pretended that a new road would create business for itself. It could bring no more to California for the present, at least, than is now consumed, nor carry away any more than is now produced. It would, as every thinking being knows, simply divide the business with the present railroads.

What would it have to do in order to pay this interest and to live? Enter into a pool with its competitors at once and increase overland rates. The greatest ass on earth ought to see this. To hold any other conclusion is simply to say that a new competing overland railroad would be governed by different rules of business than prevails with railroads everywhere else on the globe.

But even if THE WAVE did not believe that the agitation now being fomented by its asinine contemporaries would be effectual in driving away the capital they profess so much to desire to come here, it can see other reasons why it will result in injury to the State.

The Southern Pacific is out of politics. I know these same newspapers will receive this statement with a chorus of jeers. But every man who has attended a local or State convention since Mr. Huntington took charge of that corporation, knows the statement to be true. It is easy enough to bawl about the "railroad hirelings" in this convention and the "iron hand of the Southern Pacific" in that one, but it is all a lie, and the men who have written that kind of stuff during the past two years know it well. It has been said that there is but one way to refute a lie—never contradict it; but in this instance I have departed from the rule in order to point this argument. The Southern Pacific, then, is out of politics. My esteemed contemporaries declare that it shall not stay out any longer than the meeting of the next Legislature.

As a remedy for what they call the present "oppressive" and "grinding" policy of the Southern Pacific, they call on the people to abolish the Railroad Commission. They do not want that Commission abolished because it has no power to deal with the railroad "oppressions" complained of, nor because there is no appeal from their decisions, nor because it is not elected by the people, nor for any other sensible reason, but because its members decline to combine with them to "cinch" the Southern Pacific. This is the proposition in a nutshell. If it is not, then my head is a cocoanut.

The people elect the Railroad Commission. Why not appeal to them to choose men who will reduce the freights and fares of the corporation? No; the purpose of abolition is to throw the whole question of railroad regulation back where it was prior to the adoption of the Constitution of 1879—into the Legislature. The operation of blackmailing the Southern Pacific is too slow as it is now conducted, and if it can be got back into the Legislature fat dividends can be declared every two years. But let us see what the effect would be upon the State.

I presume no man familiar with the legislation of California prior to the adoption of the Railroad Commission system will deny that attempts to regulate freights and fares in the Legislature always failed, and in failing determined the fate of every other bill. If he does his observation is at fault. Not only this. The same abortive attempts made Governors, Senators, Congressmen, Mayors of cities, Sheriffs even, for every man ambitious of political preferment began by "fighting the railroad." If he had any ability, the railroad soon took him into camp, and assisted him to attain his desires.

In proof of this need THE WAVE cite history? It could give the names of many men now dead—resting in honored graves—who climbed to political power upon this very ladder; but respect for the living forbids it. But what effect had all this on the business of the State? It debauched the commonwealth, as every intelligent man knows.

It is useless to talk about the Southern Pacific Company staying out of politics and permitting the legislative rascals at Sacramento to destroy it. It would have to organize lobbyists and move, "sack" in hand, on the State capital. This might be fun for the legislators, who rejoice at opportunities to sell their votes, and for my esteemed contemporaries, who would howl about the sales, but it would be a condition of affairs that every good citizen could not but contemplate with sadness.

It may be asked by my esteemed contemporaries why, if the Southern Pacific merely desires a fair chance to live, does it persist in seeing that only its friends get into the Railroad Commission and upon the Board of

Equalization? That question ought to be answered by the character of the powers possessed by those bodies. It is impossible to conceive of $200,000,000 in capital trusting itself to the tender mercies of eight ignorant politicians—for, be it remembered, these eight men acting together can, in a month, destroy the power of that $200,000,000 to earn a dollar of interest.

THE WAVE never contemplates the problems that have been solved by the organization of our railroad regulating and taxation system that it does not turn with interest to the history of the same problem in Iowa. A few years ago in that State the railroads were the subject of more bitter abuse than they have ever received here. The Legislature took the complaints up and attempted to abate them. Failure followed failure, until the feeling ran so high that when railroad property fell under the hand of the fire fiend, in various towns, the firemen refused to save it. Things have never reached that pass in California.

The Iowa Legislature, finding it impossible to regulate the railroads by general laws, or to frame a schedule that would work, finally established a Railroad Commission. It was not a despotic body like ours, designed to "cinch" somebody, and which at once struck terror into the hearts of the railroad managers, but it was a judicial body, pure and simple—an honest railroad court.. Its decrees were appealable to the District, and then to the Supreme Court. Its process was simple, and governed by the ordinary rules of law. A person with a grievance filed a complaint, which was demurrable. The law points settled, the corporation answered, and, the issues being joined, the case came on for trial. All this had to take place within ten days.

The first decree of this Commission was in favor of the railroads. It was not received with ignorant jeers and coarse abuse, as such a decision would be and has been received from Railroad Commissions in this State; but it was read and discussed, and finally declared to be right. The question involved was simple. A shipper complained that a railroad running to Chicago in summer charged him twenty dollars a car and in winter eighty dollars. The railroad proved that in summer there was no traffic, and the shipper practically fixed the rate; that in winter, when the heavy corn and wheat crops were going forward, the road was overwhelmed with business, and competition among shippers fixed the rate.

The history of Iowa shows that the decrees of this Commission, composed of eminent lawyers, settled the question in that State. No attempt was made to fix a schedule, but the railroads were required to conform their schedules to the decrees. In this way every complaint was adjusted and the last cause of conflict removed. Yet with this history before them, my esteemed contemporaries, who are now engaged in an attempt to "cinch" the Southern Pacific and prevent the construction of another overland railroad, would laugh at a project to establish such a body here. Nothing will answer their purpose except the present threatening system.

I am free to say, and history in other States will prove the truth of it, that if our Railroad Commission was a court of original jurisdiction with limited powers, not only would the Southern Pacific permit the people to elect to it whomever they pleased, but that corporation would welcome the opportunity for a fair hearing and would cheerfully abide by all the decrees rendered. So long as it is threatened with absolute destruction, as at present, it cannot avoid—in fact it would be the height of idiocy to avoid—taking every means to protect itself.

For these reasons, as I have already remarked, THE WAVE deprecates the so-called anti-railroad agitation that is being fomented by my esteemed contemporaries. The California Traffic Association, organized by my friends, the merchants of San Francisco, to revive the commerce of the port, is being led astray by the demagogues. The stagnation in trade is no more due to the "exactions" and "oppression" of the Southern Pacific Company than to the late eclipse of the moon.

For ten years the interior has been growing at the expense of the city. Estimate the recent progress of Sacramento, Stockton, Napa, San Jose, Fresno, and Los Angeles, all of whom ten years ago depended on this city for everything, and it is easy to tell where our trade has gone. The construction of the Northern Pacific took the North entirely from us. Owing to the establishment by the Western Traffic Association of what are called the Eastern terminals, every large town in California is now dealing with the East cheaper than they can deal here, while the fruit, wine, and wheat is going East and to sea without touching San Francisco. This is all in obedience to the inexorable laws of the trade. How idle for the merchants of the Traffic Association to seek a remedy by employing Traffic Manager Leeds to howl at the Southern Pacific. Why do they not build ships, bring their goods here, and undersell the drummers of Chicago and New York who now swarm through the interior? THE WAVE might answer this question, but it would reflect on the intelligence and enterprise of the mercantile community, and I shall not do it.

THE WAVE sincerely desires to see California prosper. I would that her fields might be perpetually weighed down with the golden wheat, that her orchards might continually groan and creak beneath their precious loads, and that her valleys might perennially run with wine, but I am convinced that I shall never realize such hopes until the present race of politicians, merchants, and newspaper editors is dead. There is no hope for a city that is cursed with men who will not build, who will not create, who will not plan and execute great enterprises, but who unitedly grumble and growl at the laws of trade and toil to tear down the things that others have built, planned, and created.

Oh, that I might burn into the brain of every intelligent man in California this one sentiment: Capital and enterprise go hand in hand with peace, security, and tranquility. And the demagogues who find their profit in arousing the passions of the ignorant masses only to sell them out, and the fat-witted editors who ignore the logic of events and attempt to turn aside the laws of commerce, are the worst enemies of the State.

Cazadero Hotel

SONOMA COUNTY.

Terminus of the N. P. C. R. R.

The popular resort, fine scenery, drives, walks, redwoods, trout fishing, hunting and a delightful climate, etc., two trains daily each way—For Cazadero leave San Francisco 9 A. M. and 5 P. M.; leave Cazadero 4 A. M., arrive San Francisco 8:45 A. M.; leave Cazadero 1:45 P. M., arrive in San Francisco 6:15 P. M.; daily stage for Pt. Reno. Send for Circulars. C. F. BURNS.

SCHOLZ & AVELINE

LADIES' HAIR DRESSERS AND WIG MAKERS, 14 Grant Avenue (over City of Paris) Rooms 34, 35, 36, 37, San Francisco, Cal. Commutation Ticket for Hair Cutting, $3.00 worth for $2.50. Open Sundays from 9 a.m. until 1 p.m. Shampooing done with the latest Patent Washing and Drying Machines. Hair Dyeing and Bleaching also performed with care. Manufacturers of Human Hair Goods. Take Elevator.

EDUCATIONAL

ZISKA INSTITUTE

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For Terms, Etc, Call or Address

Mme. Alice Waltz Grey,
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MISS GRUNDIES

Teacher of Modern Languages in Mills' College for the last five and another years wishes to establish herself in San Francisco. I will receive pupils in private and in classes at 1315 Hyde St. Call between 11 and 12 A. M. or 2 and 3 P. M.

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In important respects the most elegantly equipped School for Girls in America. Term begins August 9th. Send for Circular.

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San Jose, California

FORTY SECOND YEAR

STUDIES RESUMED MONDAY, AUGUST 8th, '92

MR. LESLEY MARTIN

Pianist.

Has resumed Instruction,

705 Sutter St.

REMOVAL NOTICE!—Mr. Joseph Roekel and Mme. E. C. Roekel have removed their Vocal Conservatory to their new residence 1429 Bush St., below Van Ness Ave where they are making special arrangements for evening tuition

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COR. CALIFORNIA & KEARNY STS.

Use ROSORA CREAM

An elegant and efficacious compound for Chapped Hands, Face, or any Roughness of the Skin, rendering it soft and smooth, and allaying all irritation caused by exposure to the sun and wind.

25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

RIPANS TABULES regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, and purify the blood; are safe and effectual for all ages and conditions. Known for indigestion, biliousness, headache, constipation, dyspepsia, chronic liver troubles, dysentery, bad complexion, dizziness, offensive breath and all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. One tabule gives immediate relief. Take one at meal time. Sold by Druggists. A trial bottle sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents. RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., 10 Spruce St., New York.

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Rooms 119-121, Phelan Building, 3d Floor

A HOUSEHOLD WORD.

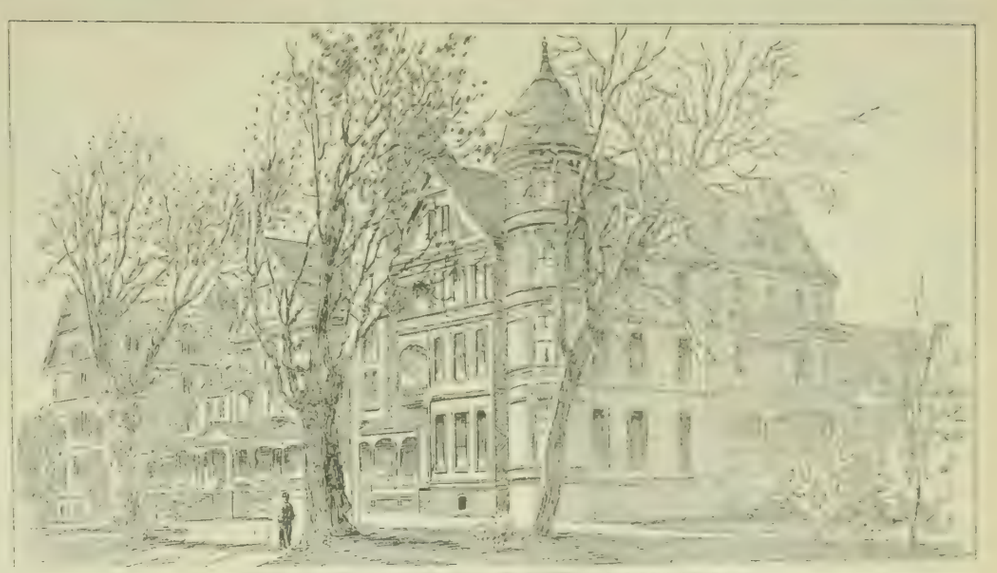
REMARKABLE DEVELOPMENT OF AN INFANT HOME INDUSTRY.

It should be a source of genuine pride to San Franciscans to know that in a surprisingly brief time a home industry has sprung up among them that has already grown to proportions that not only insure its permanent success, but place it in the front rank of commercial prominence. The firm of Wieland & Dinmore was practically unknown three months ago. To-day every man, woman, and child is familiar with the name and the article they manufacture—Dinmore's Soap—has become a household necessity. It is seldom in the history of infant industries, no matter how promisingly or how well managed, that such stupendous strides in the direction of prosperity have been made in such brief time. It is likewise interesting to note the several causes to which this surprising success is due, and in them may be found a lesson which it would be well for the projectors of new enterprises to commit to memory. The first, the most forcible, and the clearest cause, is that the article they sell is the best that skill, enterprise, and money can turn out. Its manufacture is the result of broad experience, coupled with practically unlimited means. The next and practically as powerful a cause is the stability and standing of the firm of Wieland & Dinmore. The name of Wieland is, in itself, well nigh a talisman of success. Coupled as it has been for years with one of the largest brewing plants of the United States, it is at once a guaranty of business integrity and excellence of the article offered. In addition to the prestige of the family name, Mr. Charles S. Wieland, the senior member of the firm, enjoys a personal popularity and a business standing that is unsurpassed. Mr. Wieland is a native son and one of the most active as well as popular members of the order.

Mr. Walter R. Dinmore, whose distinctive name the soap bears, is deserving of the credit of having produced an article that has immediately endeared itself to every housewife. Mr. Dinmore is a chemist of undoubted skill and long experience, and in person superintends every detail of the manufacture of the soap at the works on Folsom and Nineteenth Streets.

The arguments which have been advanced in the novel and broadcast advertising of Dinmore's Soap are at once convincing and direct. It is claimed that the soap is absolutely free from any deleterious chemical ingredients, and is simply the result of the combination of the best and most successful properties of all other brands. It is further claimed that one bar of Dinmore's Soap will outlast three of any other make in durability, and that by its use one-half the labor and time required for a week's washing is saved. These two economies of labor and cost are powerful arguments to every housewife, and if one can judge by the sale of the soap since its introduction, they have been convincing. All that Wieland & Dinmore ask of the public is that they buy one cake of the soap and see for themselves if what is claimed is not fully realized.

And this plea for the popularity of the soap is that it is especially adapted to the washing of fine linens and laces, as it is said to wash "whiter" than any other, and to leave the garments in a condition of ideal freshness and purity with absolutely no damage to their texture, however fine. It would seem, indeed, that Dinmore's Soap will certainly succeed in "washing everything *but* morals and conscience," as is claimed for it.



HOTEL VENDOME, SAN JOSE

"California's Favorite Summer Resort."

This Hotel is the most commodious and comfortable in the country. With its charming grounds, beautiful drives proximity to San Francisco, elegant appointments, and unexcelled table, it is an ideal abiding place.

Terms Reasonable GEORGE P. SNELL, Manager.

SEA BEACH HOTEL.

The only First-class Hotel in Santa Cruz, and the only Summer Resort on the Coast where can be found the finest land and marine view in America. New Dance Hall; Concerts and Hops arranged for throughout the season. Tennis Court and Croquet Grounds, the finest on the Coast. Two minutes walk from railroad stations and steamship landing. Street cars pass the door. Free Bus to and from all trains. **JOHN T. SULLIVAN, Proprietor.**

EVAN'S POISON OAK SPECIFIC

A Preventive and Cure for Poison Oak. Perfectly free from any poisonous ingredients. Its application is followed by immediate relief, and a few applications produce a cure. **A Perfect Cure Guaranteed.**

It is also an excellent remedy for

Chilblains, Itch, Cuts, Burns and Ulcers

Price 50 Cents per Bottle

Prepared by C. C. HIGGINS, Druggist and Apothecary

603 MONTGOMERY ST., near Clay

The Queen of Perfumes

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128 Post Street, San Francisco

The Original Swain's Bakery

ESTABLISHED 1856.

The Dining-room connected with our establishment offers the best inducements to those who are in search of a quiet elegantly appointed restaurant of undoubted excellence.

Finest Wedding Cakes.

Wedding Breakfasts a Specialty.

EDWARD R. SWAIN **SWAIN BROTHERS** FRANK A. SWAIN

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Incandescent Electric Lamps lighted from our own plant.

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Between Stockton and Grant Avenue

IS THE NEW ADDRESS OF

MRS. M. DAVIS

Fashionable Dress & Suit House

(Formerly of 232-234 Taylor St.)

☞ Ready-made suits of all descriptions, from $20 upwards.
☞ Children's and Misses' suits a Specialty.
☞ Mourning orders filled in four hours.
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☞ Suits made to order in twelve hours and perfect fit guaranteed.
☞ Cloaks and Wedding Trousseaus made a specialty.
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☞ Correspondence solicited.

Ladies' Own Goods Made Up

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LEADING SUIT HOUSE

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Pacific Congress Springs

LEWIS A. SAGE, PROP.

OPEN ALL THE YEAR

TERMS: $2.50 Per Day, $12 to $14 Per Week.

Stages connect at Los Gatos with Narrow Gauge Trains leaving San Francisco at 8:15 A. M. and 2:15 P. M.

Through tickets from either end, $2.25.

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122 DAVIS STREET, - SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Packers of the following celebrated brands:

CELEBRATED LUSK BRANDS
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SAN LORENZO PACKING CO.

DIVIDEND NOTICES

The German Savings and Loan Society
526 CALIFORNIA STREET

For the half year ending June 30, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1-10) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and four and one-quarter (4 1-4) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1892.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

☞ DIVIDEND NOTICE.—SAVINGS AND Loan Society, 101 Montgomery St., cor. Sutter.—The Board of Directors declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1892, at the rate of five and one-fifth (5 1-5) per cent per annum on term deposits and four and one-third (4⅓) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1892.

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

GOLD AND SILVER

Electro Deposit Dental Plates

PATENTED FEB. 5TH, 1889, AND DEC. 31, 1889

These plates are made by an entirely new process, by depositing chemically pure silver and gold directly upon the plaster model. Its perfect accuracy of fit is thereby insured. Its advantages (aside from the fit) are its strength, cleanliness and absence of heating qualities, being far superior to the ill-smelling, non-conducting, and, in some instances, injurious, rubber plates.

Full and Partial Plates, saddle bridges and crowns can be made to perfection by this method. The most difficult cases are solicited by Dr. B. W. Haines, who has had much experience in this work, and has met with great success, and takes pleasure in recommending it to those desiring the best artificial denture that art and science can produce.

B. W. HAINES, D. D. S.

MANUFACTURER, Sole Right of California.

14 GRANT AVE., over City of Paris, SAN FRANCISCO

THE SUPPLEMENT.

FACTS FOR OAKLAND PEOPLE TO DIGEST.

The illustrations of the double page supplement this week are intended to give some idea of what is all in all the most notable improvement in any suburban section that has so far been carried out in this decade. The enterprise of some half-dozen intelligent and far-seeing Oakland and San Francisco business men has created a suburb with all the advantages and improvements of the city within the short space of two years, out of what was in reality but an unimproved tract of country land, albeit a very pretty one.

The advantages of Piedmont Heights as a residence section has long been known, but they had only been contemplated afar off on account of the lack of transportation facilities. The opening of the Piedmont Cable Railroad, extending from the heart of Oakland, has placed this beautiful region within easy distance of San Francisco, a fact which many of her business men are beginning to appreciate. This is one of the best conducted cable lines in the country, perfect in construction and equipment, and extensions are contemplated which will make it a very important system to the suburban resident in a short time.

Other great enterprises planned and carried out by the same syndicate are the Piedmont Baths, which is unquestionably the finest bathing plant in the United States, and Blair Park, a pleasure ground of immense size and wonderful natural attractions.

It is not too much to say that in the combined directions of recreation and general public improvement the projectors of these enterprises have produced a greater result already than has ever been attempted by any local syndicate. And the realization of their plans is as yet almost in embryo.

A ride over the Piedmont cable road will convince the intelligent reader of this fact better than any description can, and he will have had a delightful pleasure excursion into the bargain.

THE PARKINSON TRACT.

This is an eighteen-acre subdivision, along the line of the Piedmont Cable, about midway between the City of Oakland and Piedmont Heights. It is the property of J. H. T. Parkinson, of the Contra Costa Water Company, who has made its care a labor of love almost. Some very nice residences have been erected here, including those of C. H. P. Buck and Mrs. Hawley.

Mr. Parkinson also owns the Boine tract, adjoining this one, the old wagon road from Lake Merritt to Piedmont being the dividing line.

Lots in this tract can be secured on very advantageous terms, on application to the owner at 458 Eighth Street, Oakland.

THE PIEDMONT SPRING WATER AND POWER COMPANY,

has solved the problem of the water supply of this most important region.

This is not the first improvement for which Oakland is indebted to the far-seeing intelligence of that most enterprising citizen, Wm. J. Dingee, Esq.

It had long been the belief that water existed on these heights. Persistent energy and the investment of nearly $200,000 have been necessary to develop it, and to-day the Company owns a perfect plant, the equal of its size of any in the United States.

The sole projector and backer of the enterprise is Mr. Dingee, and he has joined with him a few of his more intimate business associates.

Work was begun less than a year ago, and the Company now has completed five great cement-lined reservoirs, with a combined capacity of 20,000,000 gallons. Work on the mains is being pushed, and they are now laid as far as Twenty-fourth Street, on the line of the Piedmont Cable Railroad.

The source of supply is a subterranean river located in the Piedmont hills, to tap which there are three tunnels completed, the highest being at an elevation of 1400 feet above the sea level. It is estimated there is a water supply here, and that of the purest quality, equal to the needs of a great city, and it is needless to say that, in its present hands, everything connected with this enterprise will be of the highest standard.

The officers and incorporators of the company are Wm. J. Dingee, President; W. F. Boardman, Vice-President; E. H. Benjamin, Secretary; Geo. D. Metcalf and E. G. Vinzent.

LINDA VISTA TERRACE

is one of the most important tracts along the line of the Piedmont Cable Road. Splendidly situated close to the city (Oakland) with every advantage of pure air and delightful surroundings, the rapid sales of the past twelve months are sufficient evidence of its value as a residence location. There have been more sales on this subdivision than any other suburban property, and beautiful residences are rapidly going up. The neighborhood bids fair to be one of the most select and delightful in Oakland. Linda Vista Terrace is as beautiful a bit of hill and dale as can be found within a twenty-four hours' ride of San Francisco. There are but comparatively few lots left, and the surprise is that they are still offered so low and on such very liberal terms. E. A. Heron at Broadway and Eleventh Streets, Oakland, is the owner of this property.

WELLS FARGO & CO. BANKING DEPARTMENT

Cash Capital and Surplus, - - $6,000,000

DIRECTORS:

LLOYD TEVIS, President — JNO. J. VALENTINE, Vice-Pres.
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Oliver Eldridge — Geo. E. Gray — W. F. Goad — Wm. Norris
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier

Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.

MME. A. RUPPERT

THE LEADING Complexion Specialist

Ladies, remember that this is the season for Mme. Ruppert's Bleach. Do not neglect to take with you for use while at the seashore to prevent Freckles, Tan and Sunburn.

Gentlemen suffering from any blemish of the skin, I recommend the use of Bleach, as well as to ladies. Call or send 6 cents for particulars.

Goods sent to any address on receipt of price: One Bottle $2.00, 3 bottles $5.00.

MME. A. RUPPERT

121 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE	FROM JULY 1, 1892.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*12.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	First and second class for Ogden and East, and first class locally	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	Sunset Route, Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso New Orleans and East	8.45 p
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton	*8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Martinez	12.45 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced and Fresno	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.30 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	8.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
*6.00 p m	Sunol and Livermore	.....
6.00 p m	Ogden Route, Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9.15 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡7.45 a. m.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p. m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos. Saturday and Sunday to Santa Cruz	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.38 p m
‡7.30 a m	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excur'n	‡8.28 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
‡9.30 a m	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations	‡2.45 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.03 p m
12 15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations.	3.30 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.37 a m
*3.30 p m	Menlo Park, San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*9 47 a m
*4.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7 30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

San Francisco and North Pacific Railway.

San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, :30, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		In effect Apr. 24, 1892.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5.00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

SYSTEMS—"Slattery" Induction; "Wood" Arc. FACTORIES—Fort Wayne, Indiana; Brooklyn, New York.

ELECTRIC IMPROVEMENT CO.

General Agents for California, Nevada, Oregon, Arizona and Washington of the Fort Wayne Electric Light Co., Fort Wayne, Ind.
Estimates furnished for Electric Railways, Electric Light and Steam Plants, House Wiring, etc. Marine Work a Specialty.

35 New Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

FASHIONS AND FANCIES.

FOR THE LADIES.

Though the summer season is now at its height and the average girl is so well equipped with costumes for all occasions that it would seem she could not find an excuse to visit her *modiste*, or even glance at a fashion paper for at least three months to come, yet she is as insatiate for new ideas as ever—ready to remodel her prettiest frock upon the slightest provocation. But to be quite frank, new ideas for summer costumes are at a premium just at present All the summer importations in dresses, wraps, and millinery have been duly received and exhibited, and the unsold articles can now be purchased for a third or fourth the original price; but beware of these bargains, and remember that though an article may seem exceedingly pretty and remarkably cheap now, you will find, if you have any idea of utilizing it for next season's wear, it will appear, when you come to resurrect it, dear at any price.

* * *

In consequence of our peculiar climate, it occurs to me that the necessity of a few distinctive fashions is quite apparent, at least from a point of comfort, and I think with a little ingenuity a very satisfactory result could be obtained. For instance: The woman who might enjoy a good long walk these summer days, over the hills or along the country roads, finds the pleasure a questionable one, hampered as she is on one hand by the heavy dust, tarweed, and "stickers," and on the other by long skirts and low shoes. Now, we must accept the former, but the latter can be remedied and in this way.

* * *

A short skirt reaching half way between the ankle and knee should be made of some material heavy enough to do away with the necessity of underskirts. For instance: Blue-jean corduroy or awning materials all shed dust and burs, and consequently are most suitable. Four breadths would be required; the front one slightly gored and having either two wide or six narrow tucks running lengthwise to within six inches of the bottom of the skirt; the fullness should be gathered into the narrowest possible space at the back of the waist band; the hem on the bottom should not be over three or four inches in depth, as even a few inches in these heavy materials add much to the weight. Low tan shoes can be worn, and leggins reaching to the knee made of light leather or the same material as the skirt if jeans or awning be chosen; these, of course, button up the side; a light cotton shirt waist, tan leather belt, and a wide brimmed sailor hat would complete a jaunty and appropriate costume. Of course, it would cause almost any girl a pang to lay aside even for an hour a daintily beribboned India silk or organdie for anything so stubbornly common sense as the garments suggested, but if that prejudice could only be laid aside with the frills, and a good long walk of three or four miles at the least taken by our girls every morning, we would be rewarded by the sight of brighter eyes, fresher complexions, and straighter figures in our homes and ballrooms next winter.

* * *

There is, at least, one novelty to refresh us even at this late season, and that is the evening dress of fine white piqué so much worn at the extremely fashionable Eastern summer resorts. They are, in fact, the fad of the hour, and are considered far more elegant than either silk or wool. The rep of the piqué used is almost as fine as that of bengaline. The corsage is half low with tight fitted coat back and Directoire front turning back at the top with immense reveres. The jacket opens over a full gathered front of white silk mull and a deep fall of fine lace; crossed at the waist is a deep sash of green and blue Scotch plaid silk, which is considered very stylish, though sometimes a crepe sash of some delicate shade is chosen in preference and is fastened on the side with a long Directoire bow. The full puffed sleeves have a deep flaring cuff of the piqué. The bell skirt has a slight train and is without trimming. MME. X.

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SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, July 14th. DEAR WAVE:—A new society has been formed here, within the past week. It is the S. F. P. B. Society, which means, "Society for the Protection of Boys and Young Men from the Advances of Girls and the Vengeance of Irate Mammas." The immediate occasion was the castigation of an exemplary young man by a mamma who could not control her daughter. At last the youths realize their danger. If they fail to respond to the attentions of the girls, they are called stupid and cold; if they reciprocate there hangs the horse whip, and Al declares that a whole lot of damages won't make him forget the bruises. It is almost another case of Scylla and Charybdis.

The latest fad in dress, here, is red shoes on large women. Painful, isn't it? I saw a pair the other day that reminded me of a headlight on a locomotive. The young lady had a handsome face, but good sense ought to have taught her to wear black shoes.

Mrs. W—— affects the red, but to her credit only in the house and with proper costume.

"Aunt Mary Dan" has a bran new rig, "English, you know," and fine enough for the Queen—room for a lot of us, and as "Aunt Mary" knows a horse, she drives good ones, so we are all anxious for a seat in the brake. I am going up there early this week to call. I always loved Aunt Mary.

Georgie is down at Santa Cruz. She is one of the most agreeable girls in this town, and it is a mystery to me that she remains single.

"Bobby" and Billy have been doing escort duty to a lot of ladies. It is good practice for the boys, for girls are not so exacting in their earlier youth as later, and the lads will be well trained by the time the season opens.

The Spencers are in Santa Cruz. Grace has her saddle horse, and between riding and swimming she will make time fly.

Cora is off with Dave's mamma. We are all waiting for our cards, for the Edwards will do the handsome thing by Cora. They can afford it.

Miss Calhoun is now "Rocked in the cradle of the deep," all through the generosity of the *Mercury*. We await her letters impatiently.

If anything happens this week, a whipping, a wedding, or an elopement, I'll tell you. BABBLER.

SACRAMENTO AFFAIRS.

SACRAMENTO, July 5th. DEAR WAVE:—There is absolutely nothing going on; everyone who is lucky enough to get away for a few weeks is rushing around in the all important work of getting ready, while those less fortunate are waiting, Micawber-like, for something to "turn up." "A word to the wise" has been sufficient. It is not the first time that "Nina" has been hearkened to; in other words, the "Undines" have followed the advice given them, and have made up some parties for rowing. I was one of the number who went last Tuesday. Minnie C—— has a friend visiting her and it was gotten up in her honor; it takes a stranger in our midst to stir up the boys, but now, that they are started, I hope they will continue in well doing Will C—— was extremely *blasé*, and talked of nothing but his trip to "Del Monte," and his proximity to the charming widow at the picnic.

Lucy is a very attractive girl and looks particularly well in light dresses; why is she not at Monterey? I suppose the family will occupy their cottage at Pacific Grove this summer, as in former years. Mrs. Wright is also with us still; she expects to go to Castle Crags in August.

The weather has been so delightfully cool that no one has found it necessary to leave. The Bontes and Woods go to Big Meadows this week. With Mrs. H—— away and the other members of their set scattered, Soda Springs will seem deserted.

There was a concert last week given for the choir of the Episcopal Church; Emma sang, something unusual for her, and the new man, as well as all the other stand-bys; it was very good, and the singers very obliging in the matter of encores. Mrs. Harrison is paying her usual summer visit to her family, and looks as sweet as when she was Fannie T——; why does not her sister imitate her manner? 'twould be a great improvement.

The concert last Sunday evening was very largely attended, but goodness! wasn't it cold? I had no idea of going, but started out to take a walk, when I saw "Dollie" standing on a corner looking pensively up and down the street; poor fellow! his "occupation's gone" with both young ladies away. We went to the concert, where I saw any number of people I knew; truly, these affairs are the only form of amusement we have; there has been nothing at the theatres or any other place, in consequence of which I am bored to death; and; for fear you may be also, will bring my letter to an end. Yours, NINA.

LOS ANGELES LIFE.

LOS ANGELES, July 14th. DEAR WAVE:—Nearly all of our Society people have packed their trunks and gone to the seaside. Santa Monica opened up in fashionable array on the second everybody was there. The band played on the veranda of the Arcadia, and the ocean kept time to the musical strains, in its incessant splash against the shore, and the night was a glorious one. Colonel Chadbourne, of San Francisco, was there, and may remain all summer.

There is a deadly rivalry between the Santa Monica and Redondo beaches. Of course, the new hotel at the latter place makes it very attractive. I saw Captain Geo. Ainsworth on Spring Street the other day. He is looking rugged and bronzed, and speaks of his new hotel with great pride.

Our would-be Ed Greenway, the dashing Henry J——, is getting his social tactics in line at Redondo. The tall and handsome Lieutenant C——, with his pretty blonde wife, is settled comfortably at this resort.

Long Beach is the place for a good quiet rest. Mrs. W——, with the golden hair, has a cottage there, and Fred F——, just from college, sports his new yachting suit along the beach every day. C. V. D—— takes his morning canter there, and Dr. F—— is often seen at the Seaside Inn. Next week all the *dilettante* will hie themselves to this resort for the Chautauqua Assembly.

But Catalina Island is *the* resort. All the gallant Knights Templar went over there on the Fourth, and what a gay time they had! Sir Henry L——, the would-be politician, was in camp. Colonel T—— of the Governor's staff, put in an appearance, and Judge H—— was at the hotel.

We have been very much agitated over educational matters. About fifty of our lady teachers were to be dismissed from public school service, and such ugly rumors were afloat that the members of the Board of Education got scared and reinstated them all. It is said that the "girls" were too old, and all the members of the Board are young and good-looking. One of the teachers, Miss S——, is a Christian Scientist, and four of the Board members are M. D.'s, so there was a conflict on the score of *materia medica*.

Some one has said that there are more women in Los Angeles with bank accounts than there are men in Heaven. Be that as it may, certain it is that the women here are both independent and industrious. Drop into one of the Women's Exchange meetings on a Friday morning, and you will hear some good, straight, business-like talk.

I saw Eva C—— on the street last week. How she hates Los Angeles! Cora V—— and Mamie B—— like it. Cora's husband is one of our best judges, but they seldom go into Society.

I wish that our prominent Society girl with the white hair would dress in better taste. Some one mistook her, the other day, for a second girl out for an airing, and B—— is the laughing stock of all the boys. And such swell people, too!

Ada D—— writes from Boston that orchids are all the rage now for bridal bouquets. They ought to try our Spanish Bayonet, not the deadly weapon, but that curious white flower we get from Azusa. K.

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OAKLAND HAPPENINGS.

OAKLAND, July 14th. DEAR WAVE: When that dreadful powder explosion occurred Saturday morning, the question, "What is it?" was answered by genial Harry Houghton who said, "Don't know, unless Cleve Dam is at large again with his cannon." Poor Cleve! It is, to say the least, a trifle unkind to attribute all the mischief in this dull place to his inventive powers. But wasn't it awful? I'm trying to persuade papa that only a trip to the Islands will restore my lost energy. Speaking of the Islands, reminds me that, while Judge Henshaw and party are enjoying the *dolce far niente* of a visit to the Kanaka Kingdom, Grace is rusticating at home. It is too bad that he went without her, but a man's brain must have recreation, I suppose. I often wonder if it wouldn't be just as well for the mammas to take an occasional outing, and leave the little ones to the tender mercies of some one else. Hetty always does, and the babies get along just as well. A. A. Moore took his wife and Ethel. Poor Bob Fitzgerald also tore himself away from the fascinations of this place. How did he manage to do it?

Did you see that horrid article in one of the papers about the Stones? Surely they don't carry their luncheon all the way from San Leandro? I can't give it credence. Why, dear, that would be almost as preposterous as a certain Society youth who carries his in a little satchel to San Francisco every day.

The only social event of last week was the wedding of pretty, womanly Alice Bayley and Fred Torry. All of the arrangements were too pretty and sweet for anything. The bridesmaids, Leila and Mabel Stevenson, wore lovely pink gowns, and Katherine Bennison, the maid of honor, was attired in white, and Alice never looked so well as in her wedding gown, at least Fred said so. Lou Brech was there and was as beautiful as a dream. She had on the same white gown in which she appeared as maid of honor at Sam's wedding. One of our song-birds, Carrie Northy-Roma, will leave us the latter part of this month, as she contemplates marrying a Nebraska youth. It is to be hoped that he will teach her the art of dressing in a becoming manner. She will be missed by the music lovers, as she is a bright little girl and manages to keep matters in a whirl when she is around.

Isn't it my misfortune not to be on that hunting trip with Tom? I felt that some one would get there, and, perhaps, cause me to lose the chance of winning Edson Adams. Now, what girls do you suppose are making their headquarters at Tom Prather's ranch? None other than Nannie and Laura. Of course, it is natural that the girls should occasionally visit the ranch, but it does seem strange that Tom always has them go when the Adams boys are somewhere in the vicinity of Montague. He might have extended the invitation to me.

What do you think of the latest escapade of one of our belles? Prepare for a shock! This certain girl, of whom I speak, attended a place of amusement in San Francisco, not long ago, and had for her escort a certain youth, who is supposed to be wealthy. They missed the last boat, and she, not caring to arouse any of her friends at that late hour, insisted upon awaiting the departure of the tug that brings the morning papers to this side, and, had any one been in the neighborhood of Oak Street on this morning of which I speak, he would have been a witness to the return of this same bewitching damsel.

The Uphams, also little Grace Playtor, have returned from their Alaska trip. They had a delightful time and say that there was not an objectionable person on board. Yours, FROU-FROU.

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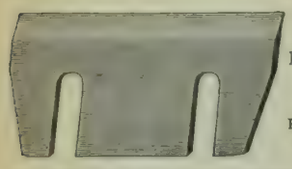

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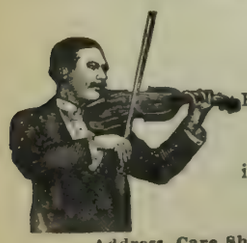

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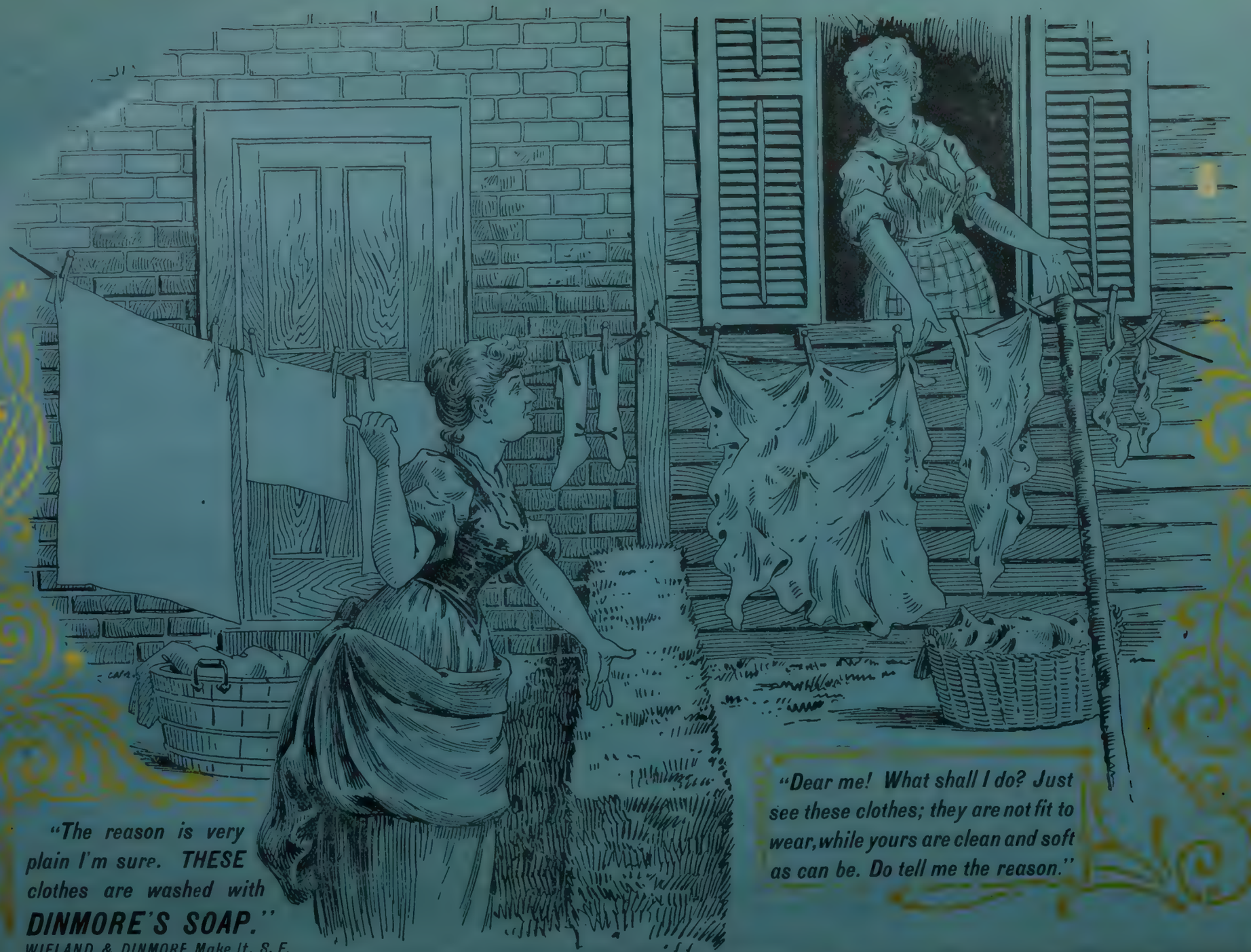

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

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SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 23, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

The picture that adorns the cover this week is that of a gentleman who is probably known personally to more Democrats and Republicans in the State than almost any other man. Max Popper's selection as Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee gave him the prominent position in his party that his abilities as a leader entitled him to, and that his campaign will be a success there can be no doubt. THE WAVE has every confidence in Mr. Popper's political ability and integrity; he is a clever business man, a good friend, and a gentleman,

SPLASHES.

THE DEL MONTE SEASON, if later than last year, promises to continue longer and prove gayer. The nucleus of the San Francisco crowd is already there, and a number of very delightful Eastern people have blended interests with it in the common pursuit of amusement. The band plays morning, noon, and night, and the weather averages within a few fractions of perfection. There's just a touch of fog at respectable intervals as a form of artistic relief to the prevailing azure of the sky and pervading ambience of the air. Besides atmospheric attractions, one must not forget to mention the chair cars which have absolutely revolutionized travel through the valley. Whoever has made the Saturday afternoon trip knows its pleasures are purely abstract. Between the narrow seats and the stifling heat it seemed a species of purgatorial preface to the charms of Del Monte.

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The Saturday night hop last week was quite a gay affair. The guest list has been re-enforced by a delegation of bright Eastern men and girls who are apparently not afraid to trip the light fantastic. Of course, there was ample room on the floor, but the state of affairs wherein a waltzing couple figured as a species of oasis seems to be of the past. Some beautiful costumes were displayed, among them those of Miss Hager and Mrs. Sharon. To do their confections the justice the art displayed deserves is beyond me. The effect was charming. Mrs. Janin looked superb in black, Mrs. Hastings was irresistible in the palest of lavender, Miss Childs, Miss Chabot, and Miss Cunningham all wore very pretty gowns.

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A Chicago girl, Miss Dalzell, was one of the belles, and Miss Holmes, in pale blue, was another. Among the Eastern people sojourning at Del Monte just now, Miss Dickerson attracts the most attention. She is a tall girl, stylish, with a fine figure, and an interesting type of face. Among the lady swimmers she easily bears off the palm. She is the daughter of Commodore Dickerson of New York, whose name is so intimately connected with yachting.

* * *

On Thursday evening of last week a small german was danced in the ballroom. Miss Hager led a series of pretty figures, and I am told the participants displayed some very handsome costumes. Besides, there have been subsidiary hops picnics, and drives in sufficient number to keep the gathering in circulation. In fact, there have been such substantial additions to the crowd of young people that the complaints of dullness are no longer heard. About the Country Club there is little new to be added. The demand for rooms exceeds the available accommodations, and I should advise those who have not yet applied, and who are determined to be present, to look out for rooms at Monterey.

* * *

THE AMATEUR CIRCUS at Mill Valley, last Saturday night, was a brilliant success. The centre of a grove of redwoods near J. F. Harrold's camp made an admirable ring, a segment of the circle opening on the roadway being curtained off with portières. Scores of Japanese lanterns supplied illumination, their arrangement being specially artistic. Some eighty guests formed an appreciative audience for one of the most amazing performances ever given out of a lunatic asylum. Willis Polk, in white satin tights, high boots, and a full dress coat, was ring master. Mr. Beckett and Mr. Fay were excellent clowns, Miss Miller, the Hawaiian nightingale, wearing a skirt composed of 100 sheets of tissue paper pasted on a single string, rode an untamed hobby-horse.

* * *

Miss Gertrude Hopkins (engaged), a very pretty blonde maiden, imitated the "peerless equestrienne" of Sells', and Fritz Gamble, Samoa's greatest barebacked rider, gave an exhibition of prowess on the back of a wooden steed that defies description. The culmination of the fun was reached in Mr. Harrold's rag doll dance. He was costumed as a performing poodle insufficiently shaved and inefficiently stuffed. He protruded where obtrusion was inaccurate, and lacked covering in the most obvious quarters. Four assistants conveyed him into the ring and then followed a series of contortions that threw the audience into convulsions. Besides these there was rope walking by the world's most intrepid and daring tight-rope walker, card tricks, and mind reading by the ring master and confederates, banjo playing by Dan Polk, and violin solos by Nathan Landsberger.

* * *

The programme is a curiosity. Printed on a half sheet of yellow paper, it abounded in neat hits and unique advertisements. The concluding announcement conveyed the information, "This scenery was designed in a lucid moment of one of his most brilliant aberrations by the world-famed and justly-renowned architect, Willis Polk." In fact, so great a success was the affair, that I understand they are talking about having an amateur circus in Oakland. Among the bright youthlings of that burg are many with the type of histrionic talent requisite for such an effort, and I am sure their performance would be worth seeing. One scheme is well under way, and some charity or other is to reap the benefit.

* * *

WHILE I AM disinclined to believe the members of the Cosmos Club would willingly merge the identity of their institution with that of the Bohemian, still there is a great deal to be said in favor of the project. Some months ago the members subscribed several thousand dollars to relieve the institution of a floating debt that had for some time proved a drag. That is something, however, that can hardly be repeated. The truth is that the Cosmos requires about sixty more members than it boasts at present in order to give it an income liberal enough to meet requirements. What chance has it to obtain them against the Bohemian Club whose new building will soon be under way.

* * *

I know the Directors and officers of both institutions deny there is anything in the rumor of a possible consolidation. It is true, however, that certain prominent members of the Cosmos have seriously discussed the idea with equally influential Bohemians. The Post Street institution has just passed a resolution advancing the membership limit from

600 to 800. If it were to acquire the Cosmos, at least 160 of the increased total would be obtained at a swoop. Of course there would be objections, for the Cosmos has a certain identity that those who have built it up would be loath to sacrifice. Its clubhouse has been made eminently comfortable, the grillroom is in full swing.

* * *

In fact, so far as quarters are concerned the Cosmos offers every luxury. Of course, it does not indulge in "jinks," and the days of a new building are very far off. However, there is no danger of aught being done in a hurry.

* * *

THE BOHEMIAN CLUB has a new Vice-President. Some months ago Ed. Hamilton resigned, ostensibly because he was unable to devote to the institution the time the duties of the place required. The fact was, however, that both he and Mr. Stafford, who gave his in at the same time, were disgusted with the manner the Board had treated Lansing Mizner. The resignations were not accepted; Gerberding *et al.* protested, expostulated, without avail. They were not withdrawn. Finally, after long waiting, General W. H. L. Barnes was appointed in Hamilton's place and R. I. Woods to the vacancy in the Directorate.

* * *

The prospects are that the midsummer jinks will be held under the Club's own redwoods this August. Negotiations for the purchase of the fifty acres near Mill Valley are proceeding most satisfactorily. It is really a magnificent property, admirably adapted for that or any other purpose, and it can be protected from brush fires or other disagreeable characteristics of that region, without a large outlay. Henry Gillig has offered the Club an advance of $5000 to make the first payment. The project of purchase will be broached to the collected membership at the coming jinks, and it is anticipated that the exuberance incident to the occasion will cause the capitalists to come up.

* * *

The Concordia Club's theatre night is *fait accompli*. At a recent meeting, the Directors decided on the desirability of giving the proposition a trial, and have selected Friday, August 19th, to commence. For six successive weeks the clubhouse will be opened to the lady friends of the members, and after the performance at the theatre they may partake of supper. The scheme seems to have met with approval, and the chances are that in future the Concordia will be well represented of a Friday night at all the temples of Thespis.

* * *

THE UNIVERSITY CLUB is converting the basement story of its Sutter Street house into a reception and dining-room for ladies. It is quite an undertaking, as something that almost approaches reconstruction is necessary. Page Brown has the work in hand and he purposes decorating the new apartments in a manner befitting their purpose. A light and graceful design will prevail. Some time must elapse before the rooms are ready, but by the opening of the winter's gaieties I presume the Club will be ready to give an opening ball or festivity. In addition, the wide corridor that opens into the billiard-room is being converted into a snuggery.

* * *

A large tiled fireplace occupies an entire corner opposite the foot of the stairs. The change will certainly add to the attractiveness of that quarter of the clubhouse.

* * *

The Olympic Club will have on exhibition, to-day the sketch in plaster of "The Runner," by Kuhne Beveridge. The work is said to be quite artistic, and the young sculptress has been warmly commended for it. A heroic size bronze statue will be made of it, and will be exhibited at the World's Fair.

* * *

NO ONE COMPLAINS of dullness at Santa Cruz There is a variety of incident to supply conversation, and of entertainment to pass the time. The latest sensation is a wealthy widow who passes the afternoon driving up and down the beach in her own carriage. Quite a companionable personage in her way, it appears her matrimonial experience was a matter of but three months, and concluded a trifle over three weeks ago. After nightfall, she reverts to the beach and wanders in contemplation of the waves till midnight. United with these pleasing characteristics is a manner charmingly familiar and a graceful generosity that has made her most popular with the men.

* * *

The future intentions of this most interesting of widows do not, I believe, include a husband, but are concerned with a trip to the Holy Land, where she purposes uniting religion and pleasure as instructively as a fortune of several hundreds of thousands will admit. Her costumes are pronouncedly sable, and the proximity of her bereavement is emphasized by the portentous magnitude of her cap.

* * *

Jeremiah Lynch gave a breakfast at the Casino to the Arques, Robinsons, Carrolls, Enrights, and Murphys on Saturday. The tables were spread on the broad balconies that overlook the blue waters of the bay. The *chef*, who is an artist, served a delicious *menu*, and every one had a jolly time. On Monday the same party was treated by Colonel Moorehead to an excursion to the Big Trees. Besides these events there have been a variety of smaller affairs that have more than made the time fly.

* * *

Mrs. D. M. Delmas entertained quite a number of young people at her comfortable and very spacious cottage on Beach Hill, last Saturday evening, and on Sunday morning she took a party of sixteen over to the Casino for breakfast. A charming repast was served, and afterwards all adjourned to Phelan Park, where the afternoon was delightfully spent. A swim in the surf was the climax of the day's enjoyment. On Sunday night Mrs Delmas entertained a smaller party. After dinner Mrs. McGavin and Miss Delmas sang and played a variety of vocal and intrumental selections.

* * *

One by one the select cortege of ushers who went to Chicago to grace the nuptials of Frank Carolan and Miss Pullman are returning homeward. It is presumed they had in the Windy City a very ornate time and that, as the guests of the sleeping car magnate were given the freedom not only of the new mansion but of Illinois and its railroa's. Whisper it not in Gath, but I am told they were given the privilege of entertaining themselves. They were no one's guests and no intimation reached their willing ears that the Marquis desired an opinion of the merits of his sleeping car system. They gloried in the legendary freedom of the wild ass—and paid their own hotel bills.

* * *

Dr. Amy S. Bowen of whose triumphant admission to the very exclusive hospital clinics of Berlin I wrote some weeks ago, has returned to town and is to be given a reception by the Woman's Club at the Pleasanton, next Monday evening. I believe her achievement is regarded as unparalleled, and she has been engaged receiving congratulations since her arrival. Dr. Bowen is now a full-fledged surgeon with a plentiful endowment of degrees, but, besides, she is very interesting looking. To say she is as pretty is she is clever would be exaggerating, but her appearance far more than justifies her existence from a purely feminine point of view.

* * *

Mr. S. Gump arrived from Europe this week, and following him is a large number of pictures purchased in the best-known studios of Europe. Among the notable paintings are some that appeared in the Salon, the best works of the modern masters. He was successful in arriving in Paris before many other purchasers, and had, therefore, his choice of a large collection. Mr. Gump was equally fortunate elsewhere.

* * *

Mr. Lou Swabacker arrived here early this week with matrimony as his pleasant mission. He will marry Miss Gump, daughter of Solomon Gump, at the California Hotel next Wednesday evening. Mr. Gump, *en route* from Europe to this city, went to Wheeling, W. Va., Mr. Swabacker's home, and the father-in-law and groom elect came to San Francisco together.

* * *

The Shainwald-Reinstein wedding was a very quiet affair. It was so of necessity, for had either family attempted to invite all their friends the ceremony would have had to be celebrated in a hall. The happy pair stood under a wedding bell in the residence of J. B. Reinstein, at 906 Ellis, and Dr. Voorsanger read the service that made them man and

Richardson & Robbins' Plum Pudding—A Delicious Dessert.

wife. Afterward, there followed a delicious supper, served in the Maison Doré's best style, and the health of bride and groom was drunk in flowing bumpers. Mr. and Mrs. Shainwald will go to Australia to live.

* * *

THE CROWN OF BOHEMIA is being shorn of its ornaments. Here is Fred Zeile who has just resigned and now spends his evenings round the University Club with Lou Mizner. Zeile, if I remember right, was a member of the last Board of Directors, and in asserting the necessity of strictness in the payment of bills, was a veritable Draco among clubmen. He is the author of the mandate that compels the posting on the Club black-board of all debts that are a certain time over due. Under this arrangement one can, by a cursory glance at this tell-tale record, learn just who is and who is not in funds. It appears Mr. Zeile was treated to a dose of his own medicine and it proved so nauseous that he resigned.

* * *

There is a story in connection with it, of course. He had not been notified or something, or there was a dispute. The appearance of his name aroused in him intense indignation, and, refusing explanations, he presented his permanent absence to the institution. Mr. Zeile is a rich man, and is, moreover, one of the few of that ilk who purchase the productions of San Francisco artists. He has some fine Keiths and several examples of the best work of Matthews, Carlsen, and Joullin. Besides, he has been actively identified with the Art Association, and is really the very type of man the Bohemian Club requires.

* * *

The reception given by Mrs. M. Brown in honor of the engagement of her daughter to Mr. Gans, of Portland, on Sunday evening last, was an enjoyable affair. The parlors of the Brown residence, on the corner of Sutter and Franklin Streets, were elaborately decorated for the occasion, and the hostess was assisted in receiving her guests by a cortege of fair maidens which included Miss Henrietta Meyer, Miss Dora Sheidemann, and Miss Ettie Jacobs, who wore very handsome costumes. Dancing commenced about nine o'clock and at midnight the dining-room was thrown open and an unusually good supper in the Maison Doré's best style was served at *tete-a-tete* tables. The marriage has been set to take place early in the autumn.

* * *

The Citizens' Defense Committee, I am assured, means business. Its fight against Assessor Siebe will be vigorously pushed and will be followed by proceedings against other officials of the municipality. Certain members of the body who proved to lack the earnestness which the work demanded, have been dropped, and in their absence more substantial progress will be made. Mr. Lezinsky is no longer one of the thirty, he having been retired at a recent meeting. Of course it is very difficult to effect substantial results with a body such as this, but I am not exaggerating when I say it has some of the best material in the community in it.

* * *

Colonel and Mrs. Marceau are now in Constantinople, having journeyed there from Paris *via* Brussels, Berlin, and St. Petersburg. They are having a delightful trip, and *en route* Mrs. Marceau is making a collection of spoons which has already assumed extensive proportions. They will return to Paris by way of the Italian lakes and Switzerland, and will probably be back in San Francisco by Christmas.

* * *

It is not improbable that before the end of the century there will be several billionaires in the United States. And yet the condition of the masses of the people is becoming poorer and more wretched every day and the struggle for existence is growing fiercer. It is not the fate of the many to always be robbed by the few, though that seems to be the natural order of things, and those who are interested should take warning in time. A few more platforms like that adopted at Omaha, coupled with a little more discontent among the masses, and the sleeping lions of covetousness and starvation will be liberated. Once they are set free and the present yawning gulf separating the tramp and the millionaire will be closed forever. Fire and dynamite will level all the distinctions between them.

* * *

THE MOST HIGH-HANDED proceeding I have ever heard of was the shooting of Fred Wheeler's dog by a carpenter named Barr over at San Rafael. The affair has created considerable talk over in that suburb. Wheeler has a pretty cottage on Fifth Street near H and has lived there for eight years past with five poodles. He is very fond of dogs and he looks after them as though they were human beings. One Sunday, recently, he stood at his gate when Barr rushed up to him, a shot gun over his shoulder. He seemed half frenzied with anger.

"One of your dogs has bitten my boy," he said, "and I'm just going to shoot it." Wheeler expostulated, begged an explanation, endeavored to stop him, but Barr threatened to shoot him if he interfered. The fellow rushed into the house, selected the dog, and killed it.

* * *

A dog is only a dog, of course, but it is not difficult to sympathize with Mr. Wheeler. He followed the shooter down the street and found that the little boy had been bitten, but that he had been teasing the little animal. There was no mark on his leg and he had sustained no damage. The shooting was an outrage and entirely uncalled for. I am given to understand that Wheeler has no adequate redress in law. As a result, Wheeler has determined to leave San Rafael. Most of the residents over there have determined to send the carpenter to coventry and it is confidently asserted things will be made so unpleasant for him that he will have to depart.

* * *

The Country Club hoodoo, which of late has incapacitated several fine fellows from active exertion, got in its deadly work on Will Kittle. Kittle was up at Bear Valley, wandering round with his gun and dogs, looking among other things, for a bird's nest. He slipped, fell, sprained his ankle severely, and is now suffering at his mother's house in San Rafael. However, he will not be confined very long as he enjoys the best of care and an excellent constitution.

* * *

It is only the Spanish who have the truly delicate sense of gentle compliment. One does not require deep knowledge of the language of Cervantes to appreciate this. It was at an afternoon tea and the Spanish Cavalier was gazing infinitely tender things at the maiden who poured the soothing beverage. She lifted her languishing eyes to say:

"*Quiere te Señor?*"

With readier wit than a Hibernian he replied:

"*Si—te quiero.*"

* * *

I cannot recommend you to read "December Roses." It has an Australian heroine whose husband has ill treated her and who lacks that knowledge of her own mind that relieves the tedium of some female characters. There is a dreamy Scotchman who does the true lover, whose sentiment burns bright after many years, and there is also an unfortunate creature to whom Alec is engaged when he encounters his ancient inamorata. She dies to help the plot to a climax; the death of Mr. Darlow removes another obstacle, and in the last chapter there are December roses, which, translated, means a marriage ceremony in which the heroine and the dreamy Scot are principals.

* * *

The outlook is already very brilliant for the engagement of A. M. Palmer's New York Company in Augustus Thomas' brilliantly successful play "Alabama." The cast is nearly the same which gave this play here last year, including J. H. Stoddart, E. M. Holland, Charles L. Harris, Miss May Brookyn, Miss Nannie Craddock, etc. Mr. Frank Carlyle will be seen here instead of Maurice Barrymore.

* * *

IT SEEMS that by general consent the so-called Republican leaders have all concluded to throw Colonel Dan Burns overboard. Among those, who, strange to say, have also reached that determination are the members

Richardson & Robbins' Potted Ham for Picnics and Teas.

of the Republican State Executive Committee, many of whom were placed where they are by him. The refusal of that Committee, after an exhaustive hearing, to recognize the Colonel's County Committee means just this, and nothing more. That the action is a job designed to break Burns' power cannot be doubted, when it is considered that the Committee which failed to receive recognition contains a majority of the body elected at the primary in April. Some time ago I outlined the plan by which Burns, Ruef, and Mahoney, proposed to outwit Kelly and Crimmins. It consisted in securing the recognition now referred to and then moving on their works in detail. A part of the plan was the control of the election machinery of the city through Registrar Brown.

* * *

But all Colonel Burns' plans seem to have flattened out through his failure to obtain recognition by the Executive Committee. It is true, he still controls the organization which has been built up by Ruef and Mahoney around the Pioneer Hall County Committee, but it now lacks the strength of a "regular" party and is a mere protest against the Kelly and Crimmins' machine. I regret to see Colonel Burns in this plight, not only because I think his opposition to the Third Street saloon-keepers is founded on a sincere desire to give the people of this city good government, but because I believe he is a man eminently superior to the ordinary boodling political boss and deserves to succeed. The triumph of Kelly and his partner, however, seems to be complete. Through the sale of the Republican Alliance by Johnnys Wilson and Quinn, the local Benedict Arnolds, those bosses have been, as it were, placed in possession of the enemy's capital. Naturally there are always connected with every political movement a lot of soldiers of fortune who desert to the enemy at the first reverse, and these are now leaving the Burns organization like rats climbing out of a sinking ship. Their defection cannot fail to weaken the Colonel's army materially.

* * *

It might be interesting to inquire into the causes of this triumph of Martin Kelly and his partner, but it is not necessary. The mere fact that in a controversy between Kelly and Burns the State Executive Committee has selected Kelly as the leader of the local party is sufficient to stamp the organization as essentially rotten. Probably this has all been done on orders from Washington. I am informed that President Harrison himself, having been made acquainted with the facts, has, through Senator Felton, ordered Internal Revenue Collector Quinn to at once "harmonize." I am informed also that Colonel W. W. Stow, who has long been an eminent Republican mediator and peacemaker, being called upon to interfere, has counseled the consolidation of the party under the Kelly and Crimmins' standard. The threatening aspect of things in the State and Nation—the lowering cloud that hangs, so to speak, over the armies of "Protection" and Grandfather's hat—have caused a general moblilization of forces and, being forced to choose between a gentleman and a grog shop keeper, the leaders naturally took up with whisky and the slums; for, on the heels of his victory, Martin Kelly has proceeded to the City Hall and counseled the Supervisors to reject the anti-dive ordinance. Thus the Republican party of this city is committed to the dives, whisky selling, and boodleism. It is not necessary to inquire further into the causes of the triumph of Kelly and Crimmins.

* * *

But the revenge that is now being planned by Colonel Burns will not be long postponed. It was for the purpose of outlining his campaign that I began the discussion of this subject. Burns will make no effort to antagonize Kelly and Crimmins in the State Convention which meets at Sacramento next week. He will not abandon the Pioneer Hall County Committee, nor will he disband the Assembly District clubs already organized. It is claimed that these clubs have a membership of 7000. That is probably bosh, just as the claim of Kelly's gang that their clubs have a membership of 8000 is also bosh. Aside from the men who have given their names to officer the clubs, neither side has aught but dummies enrolled. Burns' clubs are as good as Kelly's, and neither amounts to anything more than a nucleus around which to build an organization so necessary in a vote-getting fight.

* * *

In a few days a self-constituted committee, among the members of which will be Thomas Magee, the real estate man, and John Nightingale, the millionaire, will publish an address to the people devoted to the deplorable condition of municipal affairs. They will conclude by naming thirty citizens to call a Citizens' Municipal Convention. The programme is for this Convention when it meets to nominate a full city and legislative ticket, to adopt a platform denunciatory of Kelly and Crimmins, and to pledge its nominees to decent municipal government. Behind all this will be Colonel Burns, Senator Mahoney, and Mr. Ruef. They will throw into the citizens' movement the Pioneer Hall County Committee and their district clubs, thus saving it the trouble of organizing a new set of workers. A petition will be circulated and the necessary number of signatures obtained to secure for the ticket a place on the Australian ballot.

* * *

This done, Colonel Burns will sit down and await the explosion. After the election he thinks Kelly and his partner will be enabled to devote all their time to the conduct of their grog shop. He is of the opinion, also, that if they will open a back door entrance to their saloon and establish a massage department upstairs, they may be able to make an honest living hereafter. But their boodling days will be over.

* * *

ALMOST EVERYONE KNOWS Alexander Badlam, and to know him is to be aware of the fact that he loves a practical joke about as well as an Irish peasant cherishes the family pig. "Doc" Abby, who is the manager of Freddie Gebhardt's farm in Lake County, is Badlam's latest victim. Mr. Badlam has a country villa, aptly termed "Arcadia," nestled in a picturesque little valley among the mountains back of Calistoga. He devotes his attention there to pisciculture, and has ten ponds well stocked with mountain trout in various stages of growth. Scattered around the grounds are about seven or eight cottages, all comfortable and well furnished, and strikingly peculiar as regards architecture. His latest cottage was built on the top of an immense tree and is about thirty feet from the ground. There is but one room in it, but it is of good size, and access to it is obtained by means of a ladder. Badlam bored a hole in the wall, behind the bedstead, and ran a speaking tube from it to his telephone room, a short distance away, and anyone speaking through it can be heard very distinctly in the aerial chamber.

* * *

During the holidays Mr. Badlam had a number of friends visiting him, among whom was "Doc" Abby. On the night of July 3d, when the hour of retiring came, Badlam said to Abby: "Well, Doc, I guess I'll have to put you up in the tree." There was no objection, and in five minutes' time he was in bed and ready for the somnolent caresses of Morpheus. Badlam, however, desired things to be somewhat different, so he stationed his son Edgar, who has a basso-profundo voice at the speaking end of the tube. Edgar groaned sadly, and then, item by item, he revealed Abby's career in the East and West to some extent. "Doc" heard the groans and the talking and his terror increased momentarily, as he had no idea whence the sound came. Finally he could stand it no longer, and jumping from the bed he descended the ladder, attired in his *robe du nuit*, and sought Badlam.

* * *

"Look here, Badlam," he said excitedly, "that confounded room up there is haunted. Groans come from every part of it, and spirits have told me my history from childhood up. For Heaven's sake put me somewhere else."

"Very well," said Badlam, "go up and get your clothes." "Not much," he replied, "you get them for me." Badlam climbed up the ladder, got the clothes, and as he was descending to meet poor Abby, who was shivering in the cold night air, all of the boys appeared on the scene and gave "Doc" a tin can serenade. Of course "Doc" was delighted!

While it has nothing to do with the story, I may add that next day he went to Middletown, where he had a horse entered for a race.

Richardson & Robbins' Potted Ham for Picnics and Teas.

A dispute arose over the decision, and the grangers proved that they were right by giving Mr. Abby two black eyes.

* * *

IN CALIFORNIA it is stupid to be sensitive about statuary, but I do claim the privilege of resenting that Sutro monument on Mt. Olympus. For years it has wounded my artistic faculties in silence until it seems to me their patience has lost their virtue. When the strange being with her uplifted torch was first erected, she was alluded to as a western replica of Bartholdi's "Liberty," her mission that of enlightening the Pacific. Alas, by the manner in which the Sutro property in the vicinity was disposed of, it became evident that the young woman's motive in life was that of illuminating the philanthropist's real estate. Here is a story told me by a friend of mine who drives a good deal in the Park.

* * *

He became interested in the movements of two country people, evidently husband and wife, who were exploring Commissioner Stowe's domain. For some reason he could not apprehend, they kept looking back at Mt. Olympus. Finally, as he drew nearer, he heard, in a rasping female voice:

"I tell you, John, it *is* a windmill. I can see the arms."

He turned and beheld the statue—the sun shooting a special ray on the uplifted torch.

* * *

I HAVE JUST HEARD of a joke the delegation played on Eli Dennison on the way to Minneapolis. Just before the convention special started, some of Eli's friends presented him with a whisky decanter filled with an admirable vintage of old Bourbon. It was an eminently artistic affair, silver mounted, of course, and secured from all foreign inroads by a cap which was fastened to the neck by the daintiest of locks. Now, Mr. Dennison, as every one knows, does not care for whisky, but he was the centre of an admiring throng when he produced the decanter for inspection. It passed from hand to hand, and, of course, the contents were sampled and pronounced admirable. As he calmly adjusted the cap and turned the key the eminent news agent remarked gently that he would like to see the man who could open this bottle without his permission.

* * *

This sounded like a challenge, and was duly registered. A day later the delegation again demanded "some of that fine whisky of yours, Dennison," and round him they gathered. Out of its resting place the decanter came. Eli deliberately adjusted the keys; glasses were produced. The liquor gurgled out—it was not whisky but cold tea. The delighted laughter that succeeded was not so loud as to drown Mr. Dennison's invitation to adjourn to the buffet at his expense. Then it transpired that two keys had come with the decanter, and that Colonel Sanborn wore the duplicate on his watch chain. After the Delbeck had circulated the jokers presented Eli with the abstracted Bourbon in another bottle, but after that there was not enough left to make the rounds again.

* * *

HOW IS IT that not one of the cortege of talented interviewers connected with the dailies discovered Count Szabrowski and his bride who, a few weeks ago, were at the Palace? The Count is a personage in several capitals, is rich, presumably Polish, and distinguished himself by eloping with the wife of the Belgian Minister to France. She is a blonde, tall, striking-looking, with a superb figure, and, I believe, was regarded as the belle of Legation circles in Paris. The manner of her meeting with Szabrowski, who is a very handsome man, is not told, but she succumbed to his bold wooing and fled. They departed *via* Suez to India and Japan where they have wiled away their happy honeymoon days.

* * *

The outraged husband lost no time in obtaining a divorce, and thereupon Szabrowski sanctified his escapade by having a formal ceremony performed. The twain made a very handsome couple and attracted a great deal of attention in the restaurant of the Palace during their stay. The Countess wore very stylish costumes, and apparently had made a few friends on her trip across the Pacific. Count Szabrowski, among his other accomplishments, is reputed an admirable equestrian. He was noted as a daring rider in England where he figured prominently at several hunts. He is also very popular in New York.

* * *

HE WOULD, INDEED, be a Columbus who could discover harmony in the medical profession just now. Dissensions are all the vogue. The Board of Health is at outs; there's a rift in the Polyclinic lute; the Cooper Medical Institute is indignant with the University Regents; the Toland College is not satisfied with Polyclinic interference at the City and County Hospital. Among themselves, the doctors are disputing about advertising—a controversy having been precipitated by the Medical Journal and Dr. Regensberger. Altogether the outlook for peace is poor, and it is almost possible to get one doctor to give you an honest opinion of his best friend's ability. One phase of the situation, at least, is not lacking in humor. Dr. McNutt has recently been elected a member of the Polyclinic and he and Dr. Stallard are at loggerheads.

* * *

This institution has been a kind of close corporation, swayed by the good Dr. Stallard. No exterior physician could become a member of the staff unless balloted for by the rest, two blackballs excluding. At first there was no ardent desire to belong, but, owing to the intervention of the *Chronicle*, the institution now cuts a fine figure in medical circles, and it is quite the thing to preside over a speciality there. A special effort on the part of Dr. Stallard was required to get McNutt on the staff, and he expected, naturally, that the latter would "stand in" on most general and all particular propositions, affording him that valuable co-operation that is so valuable in the abstract.

* * *

But McNutt out and McNutt in were different individualities. He had the audacity to suggest reforms, and actually assisted Mr. de Young to have the Regents pronounce the Polyclinic a post graduate institution. That, of course, created a veritable rumpus in the profession. It was denounced by the physicians who figure in the Faculties of both the Toland and the Cooper Colleges. The Polyclinic, of course, was happy until to promote harmony the wily McNutt suggested the admittance to membership of prominent medicos connected with the University. A batch was let in by a majority vote of the staff, but the individual names were not submitted to the secret ballot ordeal. Now, Dr. Stallard threatens legal interference, states the constitution has been violated, and has gone so far as to insinuate that the Regents have overstepped their powers.

* * *

The end is not yet. I presume the new men will vote with McNutt if Stallard fails in his fight, and then the question will be—where does Dr. Regensberger come in?

* * *

OF THE LATE MRS. MARIA COLEMAN I have heard not one disparaging word. She was a woman of excellent character, as sensible as she was charitable. To her children she gave an admirable education, beside much of her own shrewdness and intelligence. The two daughters did not inherit the largest share of their mother's good looks, but they were well developed, bright girls, and in their way quite attractive. Tall and strikingly handsome, Mrs. Coleman's was the rare Irish type that unites so many of the finest qualities of womanhood. Before her brother, W. S. O'Brien, struck the bonanza that made Flood and himself so many millions, she had lived very quietly in Brooklyn, New York. With fortune came no change of manner, she was not pretentious—nor even excited over the sudden turn in her circumstances.

* * *

Many stories are told of Fred May, whom Miss Coleman married. Of an excellent Baltimore family, he was by far the handsomest man in San Francisco. Wild he had been, but he possessed an admirable physique and was brave enough to accept the consequences of extravagance—work. He came to San Francisco in '76, ready to turn his hand to anything, and he found a place at Wells Fargo's. It was not bookkeeping but delivering packages he was engaged at, but the menial nature of his employment did not prevent his going into Society. It was not long before he met Miss Coleman, and to her he began paying devoted attention. They became en-

Richardson & Robbins' Potted Ham for Picnics and Teas.

gaged, and the story goes that O'Brien met Eugene McLane, the banker, and said to him:

"What do you think, McLane; here's this young May, clerking for seventy-five dollars a month, wants to marry my niece."

"He has a name and you've got money; perhaps the exchange is not so bad."

* * *

This plain view commended itself to the millionaire and the two were married, May delivering his parcels up to the day before the ceremony. Rumor says the two are eminently happy but that she has her hands on the purse strings, dealing him out just what he asks for—one of the penalties of marriage with an heiress when the male end of the transaction has no dollars of his own. Soon afterwards Henry May, who had been educated for a physician and had gone through the Franco-Prussian war, came West and married the other sister.

* * *

When O'Brien died, the Colemans were living in his big house on Sutter Street that Mrs. Parrott now occupies. He left an estate of some $15,000,000, and to his seven nieces and nephews he left something over $300,000 each. His sisters, Mrs. McDonough and Mrs. Coleman, divided nearly $12,000,000 between them. Their affairs have been in the hands of E. F. Preston, who, these many years, has administered the estate. The income is very large, but is fated to be spent out of San Francisco, though I believe James V. Coleman will eventually settle down here. The Mays are wedded to Baltimore.

* * *

THE FIRST ACT of Max Popper's administration as Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, justifies all that I have said with reference to his capacity for political generalship. It is said that the strategic quality of the human mind is a natural gift. No amount of education will produce it. It consists in the ability to forsee combinations quickly and to seize the advantageous points of a battlefield. Bonaparte possessed this faculty to a degree that amounted to transcendent genius. The field of carnage once selected, he swept it with his eagle eye and ordered his corps into the winning positions. At Gettysburg one of the first men on the field was General Sickles. He seized the hill called Little Round Top. But for this, military critics now agree the Union forces could not have won the battle. Mr. Popper's record as a politician has shown that he carries a large amount of this natural quality. The first act of his administration to which I have referred shows it.

* * *

Who ever thought of organizing Southern California into a separate political department until Popper proposed to appoint a sub-committee of the State Central Committee with headquarters at Los Angeles? And yet, now that it is suggested, everybody can see how effective such a plan will be. Los Angeles is twenty-four hours from this city by the shortest route. The country surrounding it is, to all intents and purposes, a foreign clime. Its politics cannot be conducted from this city without expensive telegraphing and vexatious delays. How much more effective will be the work of an Executive Committee at Los Angeles with full power to whoop it up and draw on the main committee for the funds?

* * *

If Mr. Popper's idea is adopted Southern California, for the first time in its history, will have the war carried into its own country. The Republicans of the South are mostly of the long-haired, one-lunged variety. They vote according to the orders of the bosses and rarely inquire for particulars. Thus it happens that a few short-haired, double-lunged fellows like Walter Moore and Colonel Otis are able to do all the bossing down there. An active, aggressive Democratic campaign Committee at Los Angeles, busily at work on the consciences of the one-lungers, will be likely to make it exceedingly interesting for the Republican bosses, especially since it can have the advantage of Popper's San Francisco experience.

* * *

IT IS ASTONISHING how soon the perambulating Englishman sojourning at a summer resort is taken up by Society. Down at Del Monte, just now, there is a group of the species; very nice, fresh-looking young men who rejoice in the shortest of sack coats and the most nondescript of hats. One asks:

"Who is Mr. Soandso?"

"Oh, he's an Englishman," is the inevitable reply, just as though but one type of this nationality existed. Inquiring into the antecedents or characteristics of these foreign males is apparently deemed superfluous. For all a soul knows, the charming Mr. Soandso—Englishman—may be the heir of an affluent Birmingham green-grocer. Not that he is the worse therefor. On the contrary, probably he is equally as admirable a specimen of humanity as his San Jose prototype. If Society could but hear said perambulating Britishers comparing American notes their vogue would be shortlived.

* * *

The Englishman of prestige who comes to the States bent on authorship, is the most liberal of Democrats compared to the British school boy just emerged, with all the insular prejudices strong in him. Traveling in parties these youths criticise the table manners, style, accent, characteristics of all with whom they come in contact. The standard is home; all variations are either "beastly" or "bad form, you know." Their strictures are exuberantly impertinent. *Verbum sap.*

* * *

The latest fashions, even if they be in undertaking, are not uninteresting to most intelligent persons. I may be forgiven for speaking of the funeral of the late L. L. Bradbury, who died on Saturday last, leaving some $3,000,000. The casket was an exquisite example of fine art, and was borne from the house to the hearse by six sable servitors in severe mourning and white gloves. Behind marched the cortege of capitalists who acted as pall bearers. It is conventional to have the coffin carried out by the indifferent looking assistants of the undertaker so that the sable servitors in white gloves must be regarded as a step in advance.

* * *

CALIFORNIA HAS NOT had so many wits that I need apologize for repeating one more of John B. Felton's *bon mots*. He was in Nevada at the time of the big mining excitement and enthusiastically bought "feet" in all the claims that seemed to possess merit. What proportion of his fees he thus took out there is no means of ascertaining, but certain it is that he accumulated, after a series of disappointments, a very hearty hatred for prospectors, projectors, and all who had to do gold quartz. One St. Patrick's day he stood with a friend looking at a Hibernian procession filing through the streets of Virginia City. Their talk had been about current impostures, he commenting bitterly on the last swindle a client had beguiled him into. Before the carriage of the president of the occasion was borne an immense green banner emblazoned with the harp and the floral insignia of Ireland in all its four-leaved brilliance.

* * *

"There's the banner for Nevada," he said pointing to the flag. "Here, indeed, is the land of the shamrock and liar."

* * *

There is no cleverer amateur 'cellist in San Francisco than Alfred Seligman of the Anglo-California Bank. Few who have listened to him play know the history of the instrument he uses. Several years ago, according to himself, he was wandering on the shore of the Bay of Naples, and, belated by a storm, entered a fisherman's hut for shelter. While waiting he glanced about at the bare interior and, to his surprise, saw a 'cello leaning against the wall. Seligman at once inspected the somewhat dilapidated instrument and, to his surprise, found it admirable. Satisfied of its value he asked the fish-wife if it was for sale.

"For sale, yes," said she, "but wait till my man comes in."

The ardent Birdie had no great necessity for patience, for soon afterward the husband entered. The price, 500 francs, gratified him to the extent of purchase, and his joy was unbounded when the *cognoscenti* informed him that his new-found treasure was worth at least $3000.

* * *

Those who contemn the Keeley Institute should run through Los Gatos and observe how that burg has grown since the inauguration of the chloride of gold era. To attribute its prosperity entirely to the bibulous who flock there to have their thirst eradicated, would be unjust, perhaps, but it must be admitted they cut quite a figure in the revenues and expenditures. It does seem incongruous that this little town, cinctured as it is with vineyards, should be selected as a Califor-

nia Dwight, but doctors know best. If San Jose does not look out for its laurels Los Gatos will capture the valley, and then I am sure the Supervisors will establish a large chloride of gold fountain in the centre of town.

* * *

THE DAILIES are not doing Tim Lyons justice in this Fuller controversy. He is depicted in the light of a grasping attorney demanding a fee out of all proportions to the value of his services. The truth is that he did more for the Fuller cause than the entire constellation of high legal lights retained by executrix. Lawyers remember the novel point he sprung in Judge Coffey's court that resulted in the Probate Judge confirming the sale of the property to young Mr. Fuller. Between the partners there existed a contract, agreeing in case of death the surviver had the right to purchase the deceased's interest at a million and a quarter. This amount Mr. Whittier offered, but Mr. Fuller bid $150,000 more and was given the business.

* * *

Suit was brought by Whittier to enforce the contract and on the day that the matter of confirming Mrs. Fuller's action was before Judge Coffey, the assembled attorneys and the family were served with an injunction from Judge Wallace's Court enjoining them from proceeding until the legality of the contract had been determined. They were powerless to go on, but at that critical moment Lyons, who had been appointed by Judge Coffey to act for the minor heirs, arose and made a brilliant impromptu argument to show that the injunction did not control him, as in the proceedings he was an officer of the Court and not merely an attorney of the estate. It was a novel point, and the speech in which it was made was an excellent piece of reasoning. Coffey sustained his position and it then devolved on Lyons to conduct the rest of the proceedings unassisted.

* * *

His colleagues being enjoined were debarred from even consulting him, but he went on, examined the witnesses and obtained from Judge Coffey a confirmation of the sale. About that time the Whittier family could not find terms eulogistic enough to use about Lyons, but when he demanded the same sum, $10,000, for his services that W. F. Herrin, Russell Wilson, R. Y. Hayne, and the others were paid, he became rapacious and grasping. As his promptness saved the Fullers $150,000, it does not seem to me he is asking an unfair fee, for his services were conspicuously valuable. But Mr. Lyons is a young man, and, of course, has to make his way. He is a friend of Judge Coffey, but that fact will militate against rather than in his favor, for the Probate Judge is hardly the type of man who stands by his friends.

* * *

A judge who dares construe a point susceptible of the interpretation in his friend's favor has backbone. Judge Coffey is too fearful of his reputation for integrity, for impartiality, to do so. However, I believe that the result of the Lyons case will be to cut down the fees, not only of Lyons but of Herrin, Broth, and the rest. As the big firms operated under a contract with young Fuller they will lose nothing.

* * *

Miss Ada Rehan has been the sensation of the week. Ladies have stood in rows in the passages of her hotel to see her go by, and when she has walked the streets they have followed her. Her Rosalind and Lady Teazle were certainly revelations. Those who have been so fortunate as to meet her in private life describe her as charming, frank, good-natured, and always in good spirits. Her smile is simply irresistible; if she cared to slaughter hearts, she could raise a hecatomb of them. But she lives quietly, her intimate society consisting of Mrs Daly, and Mrs. Gilbert, with "the Governor," as many call Manager Daly, to look after them. Mrs. Daly herself, notwithstanding the awful bereavement which befell her a few years ago and which brought her to death's door, is a genial person, full of humor and good nature; she adores Miss Rehan, and heartily appreciates her genius. There is not anywhere in the city a kindlier and more simple-minded, unaffected circle than these excellent people constitute.

* * *

On leaving San Francisco the quartette cross the continent and embark in the "Tonvaine" for their annual holiday in France. The three ladies make their headquarters at the Continental Hotel at Paris, and Miss Rehan orders her dresses for next season, while Mr. Daly runs over to London to inspect the theatre he is building there. Three weeks from their arrival they re-embark for home and duty, but Miss Rehan thinks it doubtful whether she will again play in San Francisco.

* * *

Railroad traveling, even if it be in the most luxuriously appointed of Pullmans, is not all it is cracked up to be. How much a good-natured general agent can do to render the trip across agreeable no one who did not travel with the Republican Delegation to Minneapolis can know. Colonel Sanborn did wonders on that occasion and has, since his return, been busy accepting the congratulations of his charges. Their gratitude took a very substantial form, however, for at the rooms of the Union League Club, on Monday evening last, the Colonel was presented with a magnificent gold watch and a set of resolutions thanking him and the Burlington for services and attentions rendered on that memorable occasion.

* * *

Of course, there were speeches, though I believe Sanborn's was very limited in volume, being confined to a "thank you"—and an invitation to champagne. The presentation was a genuine surprise, and it operated to estop the flow of his eloquence.

* * *

The Grand Jury is at work, I am told, on the municipal books. Not especially on accounts, but on the manner of their binding. It appears that the huge volumes wherein are enshrined the records of the Assessor and the Tax Collector are falling to pieces. Contracts for their manufacture were allotted to Le Count and other good Republican firms, the result being most inferior workmanship and a fine draw-down. The fraud on the municipality is so apparent, however, that the Jury is forced to recognize it, and I would not be surprised if there ensued trouble for someone, which may make interesting reading.

* * *

The social gap that separates the wife of a Major from the spouse of a mere subaltern, is almost as great as the abyss that divides her from the better half of a Major-General. That, of course, is in the regular army where promotion is by favor of death and time. In the militia the Lieutenant's lady very frequently looks down on the wife of a Colonel who owes his place to politics. One of the best stories of the year comes from Ben Lomond and is told on Mrs. Major Wildrick, who, when she is in San Francisco, resides at the Presidio. Among the temporary sojourners at this pretty resort is the brother of a well-known Society girl married to a Lieutenant in the First Infantry. Introduced to the lady he bowed and said:

"As you live at the Presidio, Mrs. Wildrick, of course you know my sister, Mrs. Lieutenant ——?"

"I don't know the wives of lieutenants," returned the Major's spouse with crushing hauteur.

The Witness.

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THE TREATMENT.

The Vicomte Tugdual de Saint Monokhl was surely not ill. A vigorous fellow who lived with his mother, the dowager Marquise, in their manor and spent his time in hunting, drinking, and making love to all the girls in surrounding towns. But since the last hunting season he felt ticklings in his throat, as if a small animal with a thousand feet took daily exercise there. They consulted Kerfauzon, their doctor. He declared that the Vicomte had granulations and needed a trip to Aix-les-Bains.

"They say it is a charming place," said the Vicomte.

"Is there a chapel?" asked the Marquise.

"Two superb churches!" said the doctor. "Besides, I know Doctor Lamiroux there. I will give your son a letter of introduction."

This is why Saint Monokhl landed at Aix-les-Bains, with a collection of suits of flannel with stripes not chosen for their vague hue. After getting settled at his hotel in a room with windows overlooking the lovely gardens, he presented himself at the house of Doctor Lamiroux, who was somewhat astonished to see enter his office that stout fellow with the figure of a major, the shoulders of a porter, and an anxious face.

"You have the rheumatism?"

"No, doctor, no; merely a tickling in my throat."

"Ah! Ah! Let us see that. Exactly. Very marked granulations. Lead to chronic catarrh."

"The devil! You alarm me. Chronic catarrh! A Saint Monokhl have it! It has never been known."

"But it can be stopped. I will prescribe, but you must follow my directions *to the letter*. Do you promise?"

"I swear to you on the head of Saint Tugdual, my patron!" said the Vicomte, solemnly.

The doctor wrote: "Every morning a sulphur bath, three-quarters of a glass of Challes water, half a glass at night. In the afternoon an hour of inhalation. For twenty-one days no late hours, no liquors, no dissipation, and one cigar after each meal—no more. I have your promise?"

"It is understood," said Tugdual, "and you know a Breton never breaks his word." He carefully carried with him the doctor's writing and from that day he retired at midnight, wholly abandoned *eau de vie*, kummel, and *chartreuse*, lighted one cigar at the end of each meal, and lived quietly.

Certainly there was merit in it. Such charming women filled the hotels. All, all the most elegant, the most bewitching, and the greatest flirts. At night in the great hall, at dinner time it was a delightful sight, that show of dainty costumes around the small tables softly lighted by lamps with rosy shades. It was a grand symphony in white, a triumph of pale colors, with splashes of bright mauve, green, blue, and scarlet, clouds of festooned transparent stuffs, ruffles of lace, and bows of ribbon. Under white gowns petticoats of pink and lavender silk, black silk stockings embroidered in rose, or of white lace point d'Alencon inlaid with lilac. On the head, Directoire hats of white lawn or manilla straw, or the little Italian bonnet of lace and plumes. It was truly dazzling.

The Vicomte de Saint Monokhl—one might say, from this view, Saint Anthony—remained unmoved in the midst of all these temptations despite the luring glances from brilliant eyes. He had promised Dr. Lamiroux. He kept his promise. Each day a long walk, the unflinching swallowing of Challes water, the inhalation. Each day, after a meal without liquor, he lighted the cigar permitted by the doctor, disappeared a moment, returned looking rather pale, and, like a stoic, went off early to bed. When tempted to change one iota of his strict rules, he remembered his oath sworn by his saint, and the hideous catarrh.

With this rigid monastic life one would have thought the Vicomte might regain his superb health. On the contrary, he was visibly perishing. His cheeks wrinkled, his eyes were ringed with purple, in less than fifteen days he had lost half his weight, and the garments of beautiful striped flannel instead of outlining as before a powerful frame, hung from his shoulders in loose folds.

"Monsieur le Vicomte does not look well," said the hotel keeper, with interest. "Monsieur le Vicomte ought to marry and settle down. If I might be allowed to give respectful advice to Monsieur le Vicomte I would counsel rare steaks and cutlets and no more dissipation."

Strong in his conscience Tugdual made no reply, but he was forced to own to himself that something must be done. The dowager marquise would not have known him. He had lost all appetite and the sight of steaks and chops horrified him. He staggered as he walked and had fainting spells. He decided to visit Doctor Lamiroux.

"Heavens! how you have changed!" he could not keep from exclaiming at the sight of his patient.

"Is it not so, doctor, is it not so? It is necessary to tell you that for fifteen days I have not been able to keep my breakfast nor dinner. Nothing stays in my stomach. Nausea twice daily."

"The devil! That's a very bad sign. Ah! you have not followed my treatment then?"

"Yes, just because I had made you a solemn promise. But I knew very well, from the first day, that treatment would make me ill."

"Impossible! Perhaps—the inhalation—"

"No, I am quite used to it."

"It may be the Challes water. I own there is a certain scent—"

"No. I have grown to drink it with pleasure."

"I cannot believe that going without wine—"

"No, no, doctor, only you told me: One cigar after each meal."

"Well?"

"Well, your two damnable cigars are the cause of my not being able to keep breakfast or dinner since my arrival. I have obeyed, because I had sworn by Saint Tugdual, but—I have never in my life been able to smoke!"

—*Translated for* THE WAVE *from the French of Richard O'Monroy*, by E. F. Dawson.

LAWN TENNIS.

The approaching tournament for the ladies' singles and gentlemen's double championship, which are to take place on September 9th and following days, promises to be as interesting as the single championship contest held at San Rafael. The Oakland Club has adopted a very wise plan of playing a ladies' continuous tournament, which shows that they are evidently bent not only on retaining the championship (now held by Miss Cronch of that Club) but also on winning the all-comers. Miss Ethel Bates, one of the most promising of Oakland's lady players, who has in practice defeated Miss Cronch, will not take part in the coming tournament..

The continuous tournament at the California Club has been postponed until September 15, '92, when it will be replaced with doubles.

Tobin and Hubbard have left Chicago for New York and Boston respectively; they will not take part in any tournaments as a team but will be heard of in singles. Hubbard's performance in the singles at the Longwood Cricket Club, which takes place this week, will give a fair idea of his chances in the annual championships at Newport.

W. H. Taylor, Jr., Robert Coleman, Gus Taylor, and George Loughborough had a very exciting double match at the California Club last week. The champion was victorious with Loughborough and also with Coleman as partners.

The close match between Carver and Ryerson and Tobin and Hubbard at Chicago, has made quite a reputation for California players, and a great many people are of the opinion that had Taylor gone East with Tobin and Hubbard, California would have came out on top, as Taylor would, in all probability, have played with Hubbard, which would have made a very strong team.

Entrees for the California Club's quarterly cup tournament are coming in rapidly, twenty entries have already been received, with good prospects of the list increasing at least ten before the entries close on Thursday next. The entries to date are Kilgarif, Davis, Collier, O'Connor, Field, Stetson, Code, Moore, Whitney, Bradshaw, Allison, G. de Long, Eyre, Bee, Loughborough, Mitchell, Keeler, F. de Long, S. Hoffman, Wilberforce.

Miss Alice Roberts, the lady champion of San Lorenzo, has been practicing at the courts of the California Tennis Club.

Stetson and Daily played a set with empty bottles before a small but enthusiastic audience. The remarkable skill displayed by the Professor in this, his initial performance, led those who were present to believe that the Professor would soon, with practice, equal, if not surpass Hovey or Pettitt in this particular style of play.

We soon expect to hear some interesting reports of Sam Neel, the clever Oaklander, who is now in Chicago and doubtless will soon cross rackets with some of the Lakeside cracks.

The genial Secretary of the California Tennis Club, Geo. V. Gray, paid the Club a short visit during the week, and reports that tennis is still in its infancy in Calaveras County.

Harrison and Collier have decided to enter the double tournament in September, and if they acquit themselves as creditably this year as last, they may be looked for somewhere near the finals.

The condition of the courts at San Rafael is the subject of much discussion among the clubs at present who realize that many points were lost in the single tournament owing to depressions in the surface caused by neglect of the hotel management. Unless these courts are in better condition for the September tournament it is more than likely that the Association will hold the event at some other place, either the California or Oakland Clubs courts, which, by constant care, are kept in perfect condition.

The absence of Tobin, Hubbard, Gray, S. Neel, and O. Hoffman have encouraged the younger players to most energetic practice in doubles. THE SCORER.

DRIFTED SNOW FLOUR

A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—If "The Wrecker" had appeared anonymously, would the *literati* have suspected Stevenson? It is neither so admirably woven as "Kidnaped," nor so classic as "The Master of Ballantrae." It lacks the elegance of "An Inland Voyage," the refinement of "Travels With a Donkey," the delicious and elusive charm of the "Short Stories." Still, it is a great story, unique among the books of the day for the wonderful knowledge of strange humanity it displays. It is full of odd characters and curious phases of life; full of the color and atmosphere of the world's byways. The incidents are not imaginative, they are transposed from life. The scenery is no mere verbal decoration; it is impressionist word painting. Loudon Dodd is the author; half artist, observer, moralist, character student; he never wanders off familiar ground. It is his life we live in Paris; he knows our own city front as well as any of us; the Sunday picnic has no secrets for him, nor yet the purlieus of Chinatown. He can recall "the glad monotony of a Pacific voyage when the trades are not stinted and the ship, day by day, goes free." He has seen a thousand islands like the Midway reef. He has been in the lovely Botanical gardens in Sydney. Besides, he possesses a style so flexible, so lucid, that skies and scenery, traits and mannerisms, incidents and accidents, are transferred to his pages in the shades and contours they had by sunlight.

No ordinary tale then is "The Wrecker," and to us in San Francisco, it is a book of paramount interest. The chapters devoted to the life of this western city are very real. Dodd and Pinkerton operate in wrecks in our Merchants' Exchange and they dine in our restaurants. The picnics are conducted in our harbor, and from a perch on Telegraph Hill the young artist watched the island schooner "low in the water with lofty spars and dainty lines, rigged and fashioned like a yacht," stealing in and out among the tall ships, the deep sea giants that convene from all parts of the world. He wanders through Chinatown and could never have enough of its "ambiguous, interracial atmosphere as of a vitalized museum." The monkeys of North Beach, the slums of Barbary Coast, the "dead falls" of East Street are all touched on with a keen truthfulness that neither spares nor exaggerates.

Was there ever mystery better handled than that secret of the "Flying Scud?" I read the book in the meagre installments that Scribner's gave me each month, and, as I followed that desperate search, that exploration of hull and mast, I wondered what event, what strange incident could explain and yet form an adequate climax for a series of minor happenings so long sustained. And only with the last chapter the clue came. What shall I say of that marvelous narrative which tells the story of the "Nora Creina's" voyage. "Day after day the sun flamed, night after night the moon beaconed, or the stars paraded their lustrous regiment." There is that cyclone in the tropics, "when the frightened leaps of the schooner, spanking like a stag for bare existence bruised me between table and berth. Overhead the wild huntsman of the storm passed continuously in one blare of mingled noises; screaming wind, straining timber; lashing rope's end, pounding block and bursting sea contributed." Here is a bit: "It seemed incredible that any creature of man's art could long endure the barbarous mishandling of the Seas. Kicked as the schooner was from mountain side to mountain side, beaten and blown upon and wrenched in every joint and sinew like a child upon the rack."

Then, there are the chapters of Carthew's life, his experiences in the gardens at Sydney, his toil on the railroad at South Clifton, and his adventures as first mate of the "Currency Lass"—prose that for vividness, fiber, and insight excel those famous chapters in "Kidnaped." Stevenson has done little finer than that terrible scene in the cabin of the "Flying Scud" where Mac stabs Captain Trent, and the viking mate, Goddedaal, knocks out Hemstead's brains. The carnage that follows is horrible; the remorse of the murders depicted with a thrilling power that is genius. Some one has claimed the character of Captain Nares as a new one in fiction. Pinkerton too, is a rare type, saved from exaggeration by those curious outbursts of self-depreciation he indulged in. Yet he seems to me the weakest element in the story, though it is hard to concentrate the identity of so diffuse a character.

Conan Doyle has developed a faculty for writing interesting detective stories. Those of us who read the Sunday papers are acquainted with the remarkable capabilities of Sherlock Holmes, his marvelous powers of observation, his keen instincts, and his wonderful intuition. However mysterious the crime, one feels he will ferret out the perpetrator and relieve the obscurity however profound. The volume I have here, called "The Doings of Raffles Haw," is an entertaining narrative of no especial value. The hero has discovered the law of the electrical transposition of metals, and by the action of powerful batteries on lead turns it first to quicksilver, then to platinum, and finally to gold. He is thus enabled to manufacture the precious metal in whatever quantities he desires and becomes a millionaire many thousand times over. His love for a maiden called Laura, and the dangerous and debasing influence of all this great wealth on those who come in contact with it, make the story. The climax is the discovery by Haw of the duplicity of his inamorata which causes him to wreck his apparatus and the secret of the process dies with him.

The literary output of W. E. Norris one is bound to read. I cannot become enthusiastic over the three stories given to the world by the title of the first and longest "Jack's Father." About this sketch there is a suggestion of Thackeray, but not the author of "Vanity Fair," a diluted Thackeray who needs compression and touching up. The idea is good enough, but the telling is long drawn out. "The Wingham Case" is an improvement on its predecessors, but lacks much of being a work of art. Still, the unconscious egotism of the butler, who is the narrator, is admirably preserved through the story, the plot of which has all the beauty of familiarity.

ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Wrecker," by R. L. Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"The Doings of Raffles Haw," by A. Conan Doyle. Lovell, Coryell & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Jack's Father," by W. G. Norris. Lovell, Coryell & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"December Roses," by Mrs. Campbell-Praed. D. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Ah, old Chappie, how do you get on now in your altered fortunes?"

"Oh, quite the same——I get up at noon and ring for my valet——"

"What, you have still a valet?"

"Certainly not, dear boy, but I have still a bell."

—THE—

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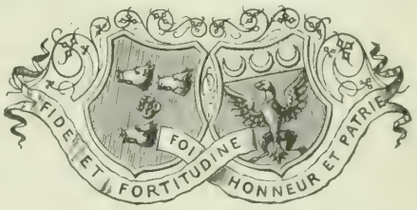

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The Wave

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, July 23, 1892.

ARMING THE WORKINGMEN.

An instructive lesson is found in the dispatches printed in the daily press from Chicago, wherein it is stated that the Secretary of State has granted a license to the Carpenters' Union of that city to form a military organization. At the present time the announcement has a wide-spread interest, as its meaning is easily within the range of comprehension of the most obtuse. It points to the inevitable war between labor and capital, of which the Homestead battle was merely a skirmish. It means that labor, having got its first taste of blood in a stand-up fight, and having conquered an invading army of Hessians, is anxious to settle all differences with the greatest arbitrator of difficulties the world has seen—the rifle.

A Peace Congress is a slow and unwieldy instrument for the remedying of labor's wrongs; arbitration committees, in which the brains and influence are on the side of capital, are scarcely likely to deal fairly with the weaker body; and the workingman, betrayed by his fellows on the one hand and outwitted by his masters on the other, is compelled to seek other means of redress and make effort to secure fair treatment by recourse to what is considered the only fair way of settling a quarrel, a test of strength.

The Wave notes with considerable concern the attitude of the authorities in this momentous crisis. Cowardice and a desire to pander to the necessities of politics have placed in the hands of workingmen and their opponents implements of death that should be found only on the shoulders of United States troops or in the Government arsenals. In the granting of a license to the Carpenters' Council of Chicago to bear arms there is a note of danger that strikes louder than a declaration of war between nations. It means a desultory, but nevertheless long, cruel, and bloody, war of labor against capital, in which those who have made this manner of arbitration necessary will probably be the only ones who will not suffer.

In the State of Illinois was fostered socialism, which, nursed at the breast of political pusillanimity, became Anarchy; there Pinkertonism has its home, and there labor is to be armed and drilled and mobilized; in the name of heaven, let the struggle end there. The politicians of that great State have been a curse to it; they have bowed to every creed and sect and organization that had a vote; they put in the hands of anarchy the rifles and bombs that destroyed the police and citizens, they have armed Pinkerton's Hessians, and now they put weapons in the hands of the workingmen, licensing them to slay and destroy whatever their ignorance finds inimical to them; and one can imagine the horde of time-servers and place-seekers bidding these forces advance and tear each other to pieces. And I sincerely hope they will do it.

A MISTAKEN RAILROAD EXPERT.

The railroad editor of my esteemed contemporary, the *Daily Report*, entertains the idea (I judge from his observations in a recent issue of his paper) that he understands the points of an article on the railroad question printed in this journal last Saturday. But I can positively assure him that his reading has been totally defective. I say his reading has been defective, because I hesitate to charge so honorable a gentleman as this distinguished railroad constructor with literary chicanery.

The Wave did not say that the abolition of the Railroad Commission would frighten away foreign capital, nor did it say that the construction of a competing overland railroad would increase rates of transportation. I am moved to make these corrections because my esteemed contemporary seems to think that such was the purport of The Wave's remarks. Of course, I could have published a diagram with the article which might have saved the *Report's* expert the trouble of attempting to comprehend it, but it is sufficiently hard to find brains to write these things without undertaking to supply brains to understand them.

There is one question, however, asked by my esteemed contemporary which ought to be answered. Having set up the arguments which he imagines are contained in the article in question, he asks, "Does the Southern Pacific Company think Californians are idiots?"

As I do not enjoy the personal confidence of the railroad Octopus or Monster (whichever may be the proper designation) I cannot say what it thinks. But, for myself, I can assert with positiveness that whatever may be the mental condition of the people of California, one thing is certain: Its anti-railroad editors are not idiots. They know what *they want*, and they want it in a form that will jingle. There is just one trouble with them, however, the largeness of their vision, as Mrs. Malaprop might say, is slightly obscured by the density of their apprehension. If this is not the case, I will beat my pen into a lawn-mower and read the editorials in the *Report* in expiation for the sin of guessing incorrectly. The *Report*, by its ill-advised and rabid statements, is driving capital away from the Coast; it is discouraging merchants whose money is invested here; if it has any influence at all, it is not used for the good of California. I doubt its sincerity on the railroad question, and I doubt that it has the best interests of the State or people at heart in its editorial conduct of a fight that had its origin in the *Report's* greed, that was continued in anger, and that is now carried on in spite. The people have fathomed the *Report's* troubles, and ever since the time when John, Mr. John, Colonel John, and General John Dash subscribed large amounts to a competing railroad, on the bonus of which my evening contemporary was to get a commission, there has been a grave suspicion in the public mind that Mr. Bunker was using the people of California to snatch his nicely-roasted chestnuts from a fire that was too hot for his delicate fingers. If the *Report* would only give its readers credit for possessing common sense, its editor would be saved the humiliation of appearing as the journalistic jester of San Francisco, but I suppose allowance should be made for the man who can call junk bought in St. Paul a new press in this city.

THE STATE CAMPAIGN.

The Democracy of California can promise itself the greatest campaign that it has ever known, and has every reason to expect a magnificent victory. Everything is favorable; the overwhelming choice of her people and of her State Convention has been chosen the head of the ticket, and the utmost enthusiasm prevails. The Republicans on the other hand are discouraged. Their choice for President —Blaine—was beaten and banished from public life, and a man particularly distasteful to the people of this Coast was nominated. Recent events have increased the general disgust. The labor troubles in Pennsylvania and elsewhere have given the lie to the protection to labor pretension, and have made the Republican platform ludicrous in the light of facts. All this the party in this State is prepared to take advantage of, as its State Central Committee is vigorous, intelligent, and honest.

The condition of the Republican Party in California is pitiable, and if The Wave had any sympathy to waste it might bestow it on the faction that had its choice for President overlooked; on the leaders who have had the primaries stolen from them by the most corrupt practices that ever disgraced a local election; on the people who will be asked to march to the polls under the leadership of thieves, saloon-keepers, and other sorts of plug-uglies. The best Republicans in the State are sulking or publicly stating that they will not follow the standard-bearers; protection has become a by-word; McKinleyism is a stench in the nostrils of the workingman; Harrison's very picture freezes eloquence, and Reid's name is a synonym for non-unionism and cheap labor.

Talking about that creature so dear to the Republican heart (at election time), the workingman, and his desire for protection, would it be out of place to ask who will protect him from the cannon in Mr. Carnegie's Homestead works?

* * *

The Wave's circulation list is better than the Blue Book; everyone in the Society Directory reads this journal, and advertisers are learning the fact.

OUR GENTLEFOLKS.

CITIZENS OF SAN FRANCISCO WHO HAVE COATS OF ARMS.

The science of Heraldry is of great importance to the historian and the antiquary in tracing from early records the progress of great families. It not only supplies the origin of great family names, but it also enables the reader to trace illustrious alliances made by intermarriages between historic houses, which otherwise would have been forgotten.

In a new country like America, and in the newer part of it—California—it is natural that there should be a lack of the actual and lineal descendants of those great families in Europe who are privileged, by virtue of their illustrious ancestry, to bear escutcheons emblazoned with heraldic symbols. But, while San Francisco does not boast of a 400 such as one discovers in New York, it seems that there are just a few left here who preserve the honorable heraldic traditions which have attached to the name they bear in the mists of past ages. Of course, there may be several score of persons who do not hesitate to place the crests appertaining to their distinguished names at the head of their letter paper, but this class is extensive when compared with the select few who complete the heraldic illusion.

In point of rank Baron Von Schroeder bears the palm in society, of course. He is the son of a German baron, and, in consequence, he is entitled, equally with his many brothers, to bear a similar title. The magnificent coat of arms which he places upon his note paper is fully an inch long, and its colors are so gorgeous and varied that at some distance away it resembles the vignette of a landscape; such appears frequently upon the heading of the hotel paper at some famous watering-place in Europe. In London the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot permits his historic coronet to grace his hansom cabs for the sake of the excellent advertisement it gives. Baron Von Schroeder possesses in his crest and ancestral escutcheon a far more valuable opportunity. He is a young man of quiet, gentlemanly manners, who came to California to seek his fortune in 1881, and such diligence and fortitude did he exhibit that very quickly he had won it. He is eminently a practical man in business, and keeps one of our finest suburban hotels. His coat of arms may be denoted heraldically as follows:

Argent, per fesse gules, three roses proper, and three estoilées azure.

Supporters: A lion or, and a unicorn argent.

Crest: From a baron's helmet a rose and its leaves proper.

Motto: *Vincit veritas.*

With the Baron, the nobility of San Francisco begins and ends, unless you include the reverend father who presides over the church of Notre Dame des Victoires. He is a French Prince, but his life is spent in the utmost retirement, and he even shrinks from using his crest.

In Society, however, one of our leading members is Joseph D. Redding, who is the descendant of a fine, old English county family. The name is of Saxon origin, though there is undoubtedly much Norman blood in Mr. Redding's veins, acquired collaterally.

He heads his note paper with his coat of arms, is content to represent in gilt alone, although properly it should be done in colors like the Baron Von Schroeder's.

Here it is as it should be: Or, three boars' heads, sable. Crest: A griffin sedant holding a laurel wreath in its beak. Motto: *La vertu est la seule noblesse.*

It may be added that Mr. Redding does not wear his coat of arms on the note paper which he uses in his legal business, nor does he place his crest upon his luggage when he travels; but he is content to reserve it for dainty *billets*, and dinner invitations.

John Washington is a well-known figure on our streets, and is a lineal descendant of the famous Bushrod Washington, who forgave his son George for chopping down a cherry tree in order to expedite his opportunity to steal the cherries. Mr. Washington inherits all the qualities of his race and would scorn to do an ignoble act even if there was money in it. He bears no motto, although it should be by rights "*Noblesse oblige.*" His arms are: Argent, two bars gules, in chief three estoilées gules. Crest: Out of a coronet argent a cock proper.

The Babcock family is represented by William and Henry Babcock, who possess an ample fortune inherited by them from their late father. They reside at San Rafael most of the year, though they have residences in San Francisco. Their coat of arms is as follows: Argent, three bars gules, in fesse, three cocks proper. Crest: A cock's head erased. Motto: *Deus spes mea.*

The Barredas are of ancient Castilian descent. The late Frederick Barreda was a well-known diplomate in South America, and was at one time Ambassador from Peru to the Court of St. James. On his removal to New York, Mr. Barreda took a magnificent house near Madison Square, at a rental of $20,000 a year. A superb country-house was built at Newport, and was maintained in princely style. Reverses came, however, and at his death Mr. Barreda left only $100,000 as the remnant of his once great fortune. The family coat of arms is as follows: Argent, three estoilées argent on a bend azure. Crest: An arm embowed in armor holding a battle-ax proper. Motto: *Fealtad a firmeza.*

The Crockers are from an ancient Devonshire family, which long ago spelt the name Croker. Although the members of the family here possess a coat of arms, it is not used by any of them commonly. It may be furbished up some day, perhaps, and brought forth from its long seclusion. Here it is, however: Argent, a chevron engrailed gules, between three ravens proper. Crest: A drinking cup or, with three fleurs-de-lis proper, above it, and the centre a rose gules. Motto: *Deus alüt eos.* An old Devon motto says: "Crocker, Crewys, and Copelstone."

"When the conqueror came were at home."

The Bufords, who are relatives of the Crockers, are proud of their armorial bearings, and do not hesitate to adorn their stationery and family plate with a crest. It consists of: Arms, quarterly; France, azure; three fleurs-de-lis or; and England, gules, three lions passants, guardants, in pale or; all within a bordure composing argent and azure. Crest: A portcullis or. Supporters: a panther and a wyvern. Motto: *Mutare vel timere sperno.* This coat of arms is accompanied by a ducal coronet.

It may seem strange that the Bufords are thus permitted to wear the royal arms of England and France, together with a ducal coronet, and the bearings in their entirety of his grace, the Duke of Somerset, but then it must be remembered that the Bufords claim that their name was anciently Beaufort. The arms they place upon their paper are those of the Somerset family in England, which, by the way, is descended from Charles Somerset, illegitimate son of the Duke of Somerset, who lived in 1496, and whose descendant was made Duke of Beaufort in 1682.

There are several families of Carrolls in San Francisco, and they all trace their lineage to the fine old Irish houses of that name, and this is how they describe their arms: Argent, two lions combatant gules, supporting a sword erect in pole proper; in the dexter chief point a cross, fiery sable. Crest: On a stump of tree a falcon rising, belled proper; charged on the breast with a cross, fiery sable. Motto: *Flecti, non frangi.*

The Hall McAllisters are descended from the celebrated Scotch chief, Angus Vic Ean Dubh, or Augus McAllister, with a pedigree that goes back through the mists of ages till it comes to Adam. Ward McAllister, in New York, is very proud of his genealogical history, and makes an especial point of displaying his armorial bearings. They are: Arms, or, an eagle displayed gules, armed, sable, surmounted on the breast of a galley of the first, a border of the third charged with three crosses-crosslet fitchées, argent. Crest: A dexter arm in armor erect, the hand holding a dagger in pole all proper; a watchword over the crest: "Fortiter." Motto: *Per mare et terras.* Supporters, dexter, a bear pierced in the back with an arrow, and sinister an eagle, all proper.

Anciently the chiefs of the McAllisters were Lords of the Isles and Cantyre.

Mrs. Wise was a Miss McAllister, and her husband has a coat of likewise. It is described as sable, three chevronel ermine, and is the same as that of the old family of Wyse, that lived once at Lydenham in England.

The Peytons are of old Irish stock and place upon their stationery: Arms, a cross engrailed, or; in first quarter a mullet argent. Crest: A griffin sejeant, or. Motto: *Patior, potior.*

The Thorntons first came to Massachusetts

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USE ONLY
DINMORE'S SOAP
"IT WASHES PURE AND WHITE"
WASHES EVERYTHING BUT MORALS AND CONSCIENCE
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in 1631, and the family quickly was distributed through north and south. The branch in this city is part of the southern Thorntons. Their escutcheon is as follows: Argent, a chevron sable between three thorn trees proper. Crest: Out of a ducal coronet a lion's head proper. Motto: *Fideli certa merces.*

Judge Wallace's family boast of a fine coat of arms which they have inherited from the famous old Scotch family of that ilk. Arms, gules, on a pile between two ostrich heads erased, argent, each holding a horseshoe in the beak; or, a lion rampant on the field. Crest: In front of fern vert, an ostrich's head erased, argent; holding in the beak a horseshoe or. Motto: *Esperance.*

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Commencing Tuesday, March 15th, at two P. M. from Los Angeles, and Wednesday at eight A. M. from San Francisco, and every Tuesday and Wednesday thereafter, the Burlington Route will run its regular summer excursions with Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars to Chicago *via* Salt Lake City and Denver. For particulars and excursion folder, apply to agent, Burlington Route at 204 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, or 32 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

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The Heartiest Indorsement Ever Accorded an American Play by a San Francisco Audience Was Given to

THE LOST PARADISE

ADMIRABLY PRESENTED BY

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LAST WEEK

Marie Hubert Frohman

IN HER GREAT SUCCESS

THE WITCH

In the near future, Little Tippett

THE MUMMERS.

"THE LOST PARADISE" AT THE BALDWIN.

The American critic is waiting for the American playwright, and when the latter comes he will receive a warm reception. Our censors of the play will club their pens and beat the poor man over the head until he is as senseless as they are. I confidently expect to see the American dramatic critics organize themselves into an "Association for the Suppression of Originality in American Playwrights;" when that is done the members will take their second degree in "The Chapter of Illogical Belaborers of American Actors who show signs of Genius or Ability." The sturdy manner in which the dramatic critic damns everything American gives me reason for expecting these things.

Mr. De Mille has adapted a play, "The Lost Paradise;" it was written by Mr. Fulda in German. We who do not understand the accursed language as well as the critics might never have seen this drama, which is unquestionably one of the best and strongest plays that has been presented here in some years. Whether we are indebted to Mr. De Mille or to Mr. Fulda for its strength and force and virility, I do not know, and I do not care; I am, however, willing to wager my immortal parts against the last year's resolutions of the American critic that it has lost very little of its strength in the adaptation or translation.

"The Lost Paradise" is a labor and capital play; employé and employer are characterized much as we see them in real life; the natural has not been sacrificed on the altar of situation; art here is the vehicle of a lesson, and the play brings the stage nearer to what it should be, and what it will ultimately become, than almost any other production that I have seen in San Francisco. It lacks something of fulfilling the purpose of the drama, no doubt, but it is a hopeful sign when the mummer stands forth as does the preacher or the orator to redress injuries and right wrongs, as in the "Lost Paradise."

It may be that I have a kindly feeling toward Mr. William Morris, a personal regard that is distinct from my esteem of him as an actor; but out of the estimate I place on his professional work merely, I believe that no mummer who is now basking in the favor of an American audience could fill the place of Reuben Warner better than he does or point the moral that the story conveys clearer or with more truthfulness. Long ago the prediction was made in these columns that Mr. Morris would hold a foremost place on the stage, and I heartily rejoice that he has made good the prophecy. The pleasure he felt at the splendid ovation he received on Monday night was shared by a large number of people. Here is where Mr. Morris has his strength: On the stage he is the person whom he characterizes, he impresses one with the idea that he has studied the part; that he knows just where the line between art and nature is drawn; he is the man. There is but one thing to which I should draw Mr. Morris' attention: At the end of sentences he invariably flattens his voice, which spreads to unusual and sometimes unpleasant volume. This is, in my judgment, a defect, but one that is not without remedy. W. H. Crompton gives a thoughtful presentation of the character of Andrew Knowlton, who demands that a man whom he has greatly injured continue to bear the wrong. Orrin Johnson seems stiff and flat in the part of Ralph Standish, and is placed in a ridiculous position by the lines. Cyril Scott does much toward making the play a success, as do Miss Hawkins, Miss Eilson, Miss Adams, Thomas Oberle, and Frank Corrigan. Miss Tyler hardly has the dramatic force required by her part. In the first act she is entirely passive, a girl on exhibition, and throughout her movements seem to be guided by rules that are certainly wrong. "The Lost Paradise" will be continued next week.——

The Daly Company, at Stockwell's, has done a splendid business during its season here, and the remaining week promises to be as prosperous as any. "The School for Scandal" had some surprises in it; notably the characterization given Lady Teazle by Miss Rehan and the unpardonable forgetfulness or negligence of Mr. Wheatleigh. The performance generally was an excellent one, but neither as neat nor as pleasurable as some that have been given by companies with less reputation. Tennyson's "Foresters" was presented on Thursday night, and criticism will be reserved until next week. On Monday evening "The School for Scandal" will be presented again, and the bill for the remaining evenings promises a feast for theatre-goers. Following the Daly Company comes Miss Jeffrys Lewis in the melodrama "Clothilde."

"The Witch," which was presented at the Bush Street Theatre this week, has done a good business and will hold the boards for another week. Miss Frohman is a clever young lady, who has considerable dramatic power. The pleasure one has in her productions, however, is somewhat marred by her mannerisms. One matter, which may be slight, is her method of protruding her arm. That member is held in a peculiar manner that hurts one's eye as much as a grain of sand on the pupil would. The company, which is large, is above the average, and there is apparent an earnest effort to make the play a success. Indeed, I think "The Witch" would go on its own merits, but the management saw fit to present to every lady who was on the lower floor at the 450th performance a silver souvenir spoon. So many people were unable to be present that night that Mr. Frohman will make next Monday another souvenir night. The spoon is the most valuable present a theatrical company has given away; there is no advertisement on it, and it is of sterling silver.——

"Gloriana" is doing a better business at the California than it did at the Baldwin. I suppose the difference in price has much to do with the greater measure of success; the play is an excellent dollar-a-seat, and a very poor $1.50-a-seat, farce comedy. It has attracted large audiences to the California, and is making money for the management.——

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MR. DALY'S COMPANY

Monday Evening, - - - - NANCY & CO.
Tuesday Evening, Wednesday Matinee, - LOVE IN TANDEM
Wednesday Evening, - - - LOTTERY OF LOVE
Thursday and Friday Evenings, Saturday Matinee, - TAMING OF THE SHREW
Saturday Evening, - - - - A NIGHT OFF

SEATS NOW ON SALE

Next, Commencing Monday, August 1st

THE JEFFREYS-LEWIS SEASON

Supported by the Stockwell Company of Players Carefully Presenting the Society Drama

CLOTILDE

ROOM 83.

A CASE IN WHICH PURITY LOOKED LIKE SIN.

"Did you ever note the intimacy between George Philander and Jack Mainwaring?"

"Yes, indeed."

"And on Philander's part I've often wondered why it was so deferential, one might say apologetic."

"Well, there was a woman in the case—Philander's wife."

"Extraordinary!"

"You are naturally surprised that the apologetic manner is assumed by the injured husband, and your astonishment will increase when I tell you that the two men went out together."

"Oh, come now! You don't mean to say that glorious, slow, old Jack ever exchanged shots with anybody?"

"That's just what I mean, and Mrs. Philander was the cause of it."

"But I never saw anything about it in the papers!"

"True; while a good deal that isn't so gets in the papers, what is so doesn't get into them now and then, and this little flare-up between two ancient friends about the wife of one of them was a case in point. Philander and Mainwaring, you must know, were like twins until a considerable time after George's marriage to Sally Halleck. They patronized the same tailor, drank the same brands, smoked the same cigars, and their opinions about men, women, horses, dogs, and guns were identical. But wedlock often throws a shadow over old friendships. After George and Sally set up house Jack had the run of it until the husband awoke to a realization that he wanted to have such a sumptuous creature as Mrs. Philander all to himself. Knowing Jack as I do, I am sure his manner towards Sally was nothing more than a reflection of his friendship for George, and if she was kind to Jack, and a bit free and confidential, it was because she was woman of the world enough to appreciate a splendid fellow who, being George's greatest friend, could be admitted to comradeship.

"However, as I have hinted, George came to have an insane affection for his wife, and sense and sentiment not going well in harness, the two men fell apart, and for a while Mrs. Philander showed George what she thought of him with a sort of highbred and consuming fierceness. Matters were in this state when the couple, having spent a dull, domestic summer at their place in Westchester, took carriage one day to drive to the city, Sally saying that as the moon was at the full, they might complete the journey by night, and the excursion would be a novelty, anyway. They were just rolling into Mahopac when a rack of ugly-looking clouds overspread the west, and an oppressive closeness in the air told them that they could go on only at the risk of getting drenched, if no worse. And as, moreover, Sally had an hysterical dread of lightning, they decided to abandon the drive for that afternoon, and put up at the Tevis Hotel, a cheery, rambling house of entertainment much patronized by those of the smart set who have estates in the neighborhood. A consideration that also influenced them was the probability that they would meet somebody in their own circle at the hotel.

"Sure enough, as they drove up Sally spied her dear friend Mrs. Amy Tennant fanning herself and looking unspeakably bored, on the piazza. As George and his wife alighted he told her he would register and secure a room, while she might have a chat with Mrs. Tennant. The two women had not seen each other for a month, and Amy had been to Newport since their last meeting, so there was a lot of delicious scandal to discuss. They sat at least two hours in wicker chairs talking spicily and spitefully about the frailities of their sex and the naughtiness of the other.

"Meanwhile George had their bags brought in and had gone upstairs to see that his room had a westerly outlook. At the foot of the stairs, as he came down, Paul Howard ran against him.

"'By Jove, old man!' said Paul, 'delighted to see you. I'm dying of doing nothing here. Come and have a game of billiards.'

"'Just a moment, old boy,' said George, 'while I go the desk.'

"'Tell Mrs. Philander when she comes in,' said he to the clerk (there happened to have been a change at the desk, by the way, while George was upstairs), 'tell Mrs. Philander to go to Room 83. The door is open.' And then he rushed off to do battle with Paul at billiards.

"Well, in the course of time Mrs. Philander and Mrs. Tennant kissed again and parted, and Sally came in, got her instructions and mounted the stairs. Everybody looked at her, as everybody does when a beautiful woman who knows how to manage her draperies swings herself up a flight of stairs. George just then was clicking the ivories in blissful oblivion of his wife. Mrs. Philander, with her airy but stately carriage, proceeded to Room 83 and pushed open the door. Cigar smoke floated out at her, the incense of a perfecto that George invariably bought. As she crossed the threshold a heavy breathing made her pause. It was George's snore—there was no mistaking its unvarying timbre. And there was the little spot of baldness on the back of George's head just showing over the top of a leather chair drawn up facing the window. A half-consumed cigar lay on the sill, placed there by the smoker, overcome by drowsiness. A pair of patent leather shoes—evidently George's shoes—stood to the right of the big chair. 'Poor George, he must be very tired,' said Sally, 'I won't disturb him.' But Sally was tired, too, after her talk with Amy Tennant, and thought she would like to lie down on the bed and take a siesta. So she removed her waist, and the air wandering in through the lattice touched her bare arms with delicious coolness. Then she sat down on a chair to take off her shoes, while her eye rested on George's bare spot, and she wondered whether he would ever have hair there again. Now I don't know why a woman in removing her shoes always drops them with a bang on the floor from the height of the knee where the foot lies, but they all do, from Eve down, if Eve ever went shod. That is what Sally did, unthinking, of course. Presto, change! The figure in the chair woke up and the door opened at the same time. George stood in the doorway (he had been shamefully beaten at billiards), and a sleepy face peered round the back of the chair.

"'My God, you, Mainwaring!' roared George. 'And this is why you wanted to come here,' turning furiously on his wife.

"Sally—her very arms blushing, you can imagine the situation—glanced helplessly from George to Jack, and opened her lips to speak. 'I say,' began Jack, rising in shirt-sleeves stupidly from his chair, but without the least notion of what he was going to say, or what the matter was, in fact. 'You needn't speak, either of you,' shouted George, hoarse and white with rage; 'the whole thing's outrageously plain. I've been fooled before, but now the murder's out. You two can go away together and be damned to you, but first, Mainwaring, you'll step down to the billiard-room, where I'll have something to say to you privately.' And George flung himself down the passage.

"Jack's brain, as you know, is slow to move. He saw that his friend's wife was in a room he had taken during the morning (he was riding down from Lenox to the city), and he saw his friend glaring and foaming at the mouth in the doorway. It was evident that his friend thought that he had met Mrs. Philander there by appointment, and Mrs. Philander had no right to be there, especially as she—well, slow old Jack couldn't understand it, and when George bounced out of sight, Jack solemnly put on his shoes and his coat and moved towards the door, only noticing Sally's hysterical 'George must have lost his mind' with 'Ya-as.'

"By the time Jack found the billiard-room, George had told the dreadful affair to Paul Howard, and bid him see a friend of Mainwaring's, for he meant to shoot him full of holes. A more mischievous loafer than Howard could not have turned up to be-devil the situation. The possibility, not alone the prospect, of a real duel between two of his friends at any time or place was sufficient to intoxicate him and deprive him of any sense he had in calmer moments. He hunted up a fellow-harebrain named Rogers—J. Wellesly Rogers—who was about the hall, and they found Mainwaring pacing the billiard-room and ejaculating every now and then 'the devil!' 'George Philander wants to fight you,' Howard broke in on him. 'Ya-as, ya-as, I suppose the damned fool does,' said Jack, 'and I suppose we'll have to. Can't explain now. Easier afterwards.' Jack didn't have a friend in the hotel, and accepted J. Wellesly, to whom, of course, he vouchsafed no account of what had happened, for he was the slowest man to talk in the world, and then the only idea fixed in his dear old skull was to compromise Sally as little as possible.

"Well, George wanted to shoot at Jack just as quick as a place could be found, and in half an hour the whole party was down in a clearing in Beecham's woods. The weapons were six-shooters—forty-fours—as a dueling pistol was a thing none of them had. The six-shooters were Howard's, and he assured both men—neither of whom, I think, could have hit the

side of a church—that they would never have truer weapons in their hands. 'You will fire between the words one and three,' said Howard. 'One' (bang went George); 'Two' (bang went Jack); 'Thr—" Neither man hit—never in any danger—moreover, Jack had fired into the ground. Of course, George wanted another shot, and while demanding it of Howard he reached round to his hip pocket and whipped out his handkerchief to wipe the perspiration from his face. With the handkerchief came a hotel key that rattled to the ground. George stooped to pick it up, and as he did so his face blanched. Then he fixed a look on it in the palm of his hand as he straightened up.

"'You want another shot?' asked Howard, sweetly. 'No; damn another shot,' blurted George, and then he walked excitedly towards Jack, without noticing Howard further. 'Have you got your hotel key with you, old man?' said George, addressing Jack, in beautiful defiance of the etiquette of the field of honor. Jack did have his key and produced it. '83,' said George, looking at it, 'and mine is 38.'

"You can imagine the rest, but you can't imagine how George made up with Sally."

"That, indeed, explains the husband's apologetic manner," commented the listener when the narrator stopped. "And are the three as chummy as ever now?"

"More so."

"Indeed! What a happy family!"—*Town Topics.*

MUSIC.

MUSICAL FADS.

The arts among the benefits they confer upon mankind give employment to a vast army of eccentrics who would otherwise languish in the limbo left for those who are not the fittest. Music, in its composition, pursuit and course of performance, occupies the attention of this class more than any other art, and the increase in the number and variety of its "professors" verges upon being appalling. The main object of nine-tenths of the study and practice of music is an attempt to supply a sop to the universal vanity of the average musician.

It is a misfortune for some of our musicians to be obliged to keep all they have of the quality, there should be millions to be had if sale and barter of the overplus were feasible. Kings may be great, but the sight of the musician unfolding the principalities, powers, territories, and possessions of vainglory shames all the regal pageants of the present or any age. Having grown up out of the scheme of things, or perhaps invented by some of the clever people whose duties and pleasures bid them formulate methods for the gratification of the passions, a large and vigorous crop of fads are at present alluring the musical public. Two things they have in common, the elevation of the devotee into the realms of the uncommon, and the absolutely valueless quality of the fad.

Really distinguished amongst us is the lately developed talent for whistling grown apparently dear to the female heart. Since the advent of Mrs. Shaw thick as mosquitos in San Rafael have grown the lady whistlers. A noble rage possesses their erstwhile gentle bosoms, they are out for public applause and mean to have it. If the lip action is not enough then there are limbs, faces, and forms to be displayed to a prodigal extent. The tooting of Schumann, Schubert, Beethoven, and all the classic composers that intends to come from delicate lips during the approaching season means something serious; however, the hospital accommodation of the city is not as bad as it might be.

Some time since we were threatened with a plague of Jankow pianos, but the epidemic did not make great progress. One of our pianists undertook to import one of the instruments, the all wise hand of Providence saw fit to remove him to the country whence none return and where the harp is quite popular. Mandolins, guitars, and banjos are common, they have almost ceased to be a fad, indeed, they are developing into the chronic stage. The Ladies' Orchestra, however, is very promising, exciting in fact, the trombonist with the notes that never came, and the horn with a fray in every tone, these and the display of plump arms in gracious attitudes and an extraordinary number of sweet and charming faces would excuse much worse music.

LESLEY MARTIN.

A SPLENDID HOTEL.

No hotel in this State has the reputation in the East that excellence of management, close attention to the cuisine, and complete arrangements for the comfort of guests have given the California. This hostelry, in the brief period since its opening, has done much toward bringing San Francisco forward as a metropolitan city, rivalling as it does the best in the East. From the very start, it was designed to take the first place among the hotels of the country, and every move since then has been with the object in view of keeping it here. The best cooks have been imported here, and the California's Café enjoys a reputation hardly second to Delmonico's. Every delicacy, prepared with care by recipes hitherto unknown, is to be found here, and the *bon vivants* of the city have made the discovery that their wants are satisfied at a much cheaper rate here than elsewhere.

NEW STYLES IN FRAMES.

The variety of new styles in picture frames that is to be found in the immense show rooms of Sanborn, Vail & Co. suggests a genius of much inventive ability in their factory. These frames are the prettiest that have ever been seen here, and are a revelation to those who have seen only those that come about the pictures on exhibition in art galleries and show windows. The dainty designs for photographs, photogravures, etching, and soft paints, together with the materials in which the ideas of the artist have been worked, enhance the beauty of the picture to a degree hardly to be credited. For oils, water-colors, and pastels, there are many elegant designs in gret, oak, and heavy frame works.

One should see these handsome examples of artistic excellence, the enumeration of which would use space without giving the art-lover any adequate idea of the wonderful variety that Sanborn, Vail & Co's salesmen will show, and count it a pleasure.

THE LOTTERY OBEYS THE LAW.

In view of the contradictory rumors circulated regarding the intentions of the Louisiana State Lottery Company and in order to accurately answer numerous inquiries, a representative of the *Times-Democrat* yesterday interviewed Mr. Paul Conrad, the President of the Company, with the result expressed below.

Reporter—Mr. Conrad, it was asserted some weeks ago in the Northern newspapers, and the statement has since been revived recently, that the Company is about to remove to Nicaragua, and there, under a government franchise, open up the business on a grander scale than ever.

President Conrad—I have heard something of this, but there is no foundation for it. The Company has officially stated that it bows to the decision of the Supreme Court and will respect the laws.

Reporter—Then, have you no plans of future action?

President Conrad—I cannot state the case more strongly than was done at the time the Company decided not to attempt to obtain a renewal of its charter. I can only repeat that the Company will continue in business until the expiration of its present charter and then cease to exist. I cannot understand, after all that has been said, why there should be any confusion in the public mind about the matter.

Reporter—Have you any objection to my stating this as a finalty for the satisfaction of the public?

President Conrad—None whatever.

Reporter—Some of the Eastern papers, Mr. Conrad, persistently assert that the lottery company continues to use the United States mails in the prosecution of its business; will you kindly tell me if that is true?

President Conrad—It is utterly untrue. We are obeying the law in its letter and spirit, and our agents everywhere are instructed to obey it. We are using the express companies only in our business, and in all our circulars are printed instructions to all persons dealing with us to avoid the mails.—*Times-Democrat*, New Orleans (La.).

CHICAGO AND NEW YORK FLYER.

To the readers of THE WAVE: If you are "in the swim" and are contemplating a trip East you will see that your tickets read *via* the UNION PACIFIC, THE ONLY LINE RUNNING PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM SLEEPING CARS AND DINING CARS, SAN FRANCISCO TO CHICAGO WITHOUT CHANGE and making direct connection in Chicago with the fast limited trains for all Eastern cities; ONLY THREE AND ONE HALF DAYS TO CHICAGO; ONLY FOUR AND ONE HALF DAYS TO NEW YORK. This line also runs select Tourist excursions through to Boston every Thursday in charge of experienced Managers. For tickets, sleeping car reservations, and full particulars, apply to D. W. Hitchcock, General Agent, Union Pacific Sys., No. 1 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, or G. F. Herr, Passenger Agent, 229 South Spring Street, Los Angeles.

GOOD COOKING

Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist.

There is no longer cause for wonder at Prohibition. It reduces campaign expenses, or the Oakland *Times* is in error when it says: "It must be cheaper campaigning for candidates in the Prohibition States than in those where the saloonkeepers look to election times for their harvest."

Perdita—What luck! They say Dick and Tom are going to fight a duel on your account.

Penelope (wearily)—Yes, but I had an awful lot of trouble to get them to do it.—*Truth.*

SUMMER IS COMING!

It will not be long before the thermometer will be in the nineties and you will be running off to the mountains or the seashore. Do not start without a supply of the delightful perfume

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.

It is a most refreshing lotion after exposure to the sun. It cools the skin, and removes the smart of SUNBURN

MINING AND FINANCIAL.

Business at the San Francisco Stock Exchange was exceedingly dull during the past week. Brokers had very little to do, orders being few and far between.

On Monday reports from Con. Virginia showed that there were 997 tons of ore extracted, of which 980 tons were worked at the Morgan Mill; the battery assay was $27.66 per ton, as against $22.60 of the previous week. Bullion was shipped to the Carson Mint, assay value of $14,484, and bullion on hand in assay office about $14,508. This report, in conjunction with the important work going on in the 1500 foot and 1800 foot levels made it look as though higher prices would be the rule for the week, but outside of a few hundred shares bought by Walter Gollin (the insurance man of California Street) in the Pacific Board on Monday morning at $3.90 per share (the stock selling on the previous day at $3.70) the stock did not vary 10 cents per share, the ruling price being about $3.60, at which figure there was a steady demand. Ophir was the next strongest stock on the list. There were apparently quite a number of standing orders to buy this stock at times when the market appeared weakest. Wollberg, of the Pacific, and Cope, with Schmitt, who represents the firm of Zadig & Co., were persistent buyers of Ophir the last few weeks.

The latest news from the Ophir states that the south drift 100 feet below the sill floor of the 1465 foot level at a point 80 feet west from its mouth, a west crosscut has advanced in quartz and clay which carries an assay value of $12 per ton.

The Belcher shipped to the Brunswick Mill during the week 363 tons of ore, the average battery sample worked being $30.03.

The Yellow Jacket people are doing the usual quantity of prospecting work, and are shipping daily about 30 tons of ore to the mill; certain repairs are contemplated, which, I believe looks like a temporary closing down; if this is a fact the stock will decline for awhile at least.

The surprise of the week came when Secretary Grayson, of the Nevada Queen, sent in a notification that a dividend had been declared of 20 cents per share, payable July 25th; this is a very pleasant piece of news to those who bought stock during the last few weeks; the stock sold last week quite freely at 30 cents per share, from which price it advanced to 55 cents when the dividend was announced.

The annual election of the Spring Valley Water Company was held on Wednesday, at which 73,000 shares was represented, and the following Directors elected: C. Webb Howard, Chas. Mayne S. C. Bigelow, H. S. King, G. W. Beaver, A. Borel, A. H. Payson. The annual report was submitted and the Company made a good showing to the stockholders. The total earnings for the year were $1,657,758, and expenses $997,747, leaving a credit balance of $660,000, which were disbursed as dividends.

Notwithstanding the low prices at which Comstock is selling and the heavy assessments that are levied, the stockholders pay up pretty promptly and very little stock is forfeited; at the delinquent sale of the Yellow Jacket, this week, there were sold but 830 shares for failure to pay, out of a total of 120,000; and of Bullion there was sold 1070 shares, out of a total of 100,000.

The Union Con., Best & Belcher, and Savage, held their annual meetings at which the old officials were re-elected.

The following mines have levied assessments: Kentuck, 10 cents per share; Union Con., 25 cents; Peer, 10 cents; Silver King, 25 cents.

Dividends have been announced by the following mines and corporations: Nevada Queen, 20 cents per share; Treadwell Gold, 37½ cents; Great Western Quick Silver, 25 cents; Napa Con., 10 cents and 10 cents extra per share; State Investment Insurance, 50 cents; Contra Costa Water, 50 cents.

At the Stock and Bond Board the main feature was the large buying of Spring Valley 4 per cent bonds by Barth, who took 5000 of Sutro at 92½, and 5000 more of Blow at the same price, and on account of the good showing Spring Valley made, some capitalist bought previous to this sale 5000 @ 91⅞ and 6000 @ 92; there was also sold of Spring Valley 6 per cent, 13,000 @ 120½; besides the above there were sold the following shares: California Electric, 15 @ 15½; Judson Powder, 25 @ 18; Pacific Gas Improvement, 20 @ 80⅞, 20 @ 80¾; Atlantic Powder, 25 @ 45¾; Presidio Railroad, 42 @ 25; Bank of California, 50 @ 261; Spring Valley Water, 345 shares at 98⅝ to 99, also the following bids for Powell Street R. R., 112½; Omnibus Cable, 56; Market Street Cable Bonds, 120; Southern Pacific R. R., 5 per cent @ 98; Pacific Rolling Mill, 6 per cent, 101; Giant Powder, 30; Safety Nitro, 9⅝; Vigorit, 2½; San Francisco Gas, 70⅛; Oakland Gas, 38; California Insurance, 80; also 250 shares Hawaiian Commercial, @ 1¾; 10 Spring Valley, 70½; and 5000 Spring Valley Water, 4 per cent, @ 92½. SURETY.

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Way line sailing—August 18th, 1892, S. S. "Acapulco."

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

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FASHIONS AND FANCIES.

FOR THE LADIES.

Slowly, though surely, the craze for real lace is returning to us, and when it reaches its height there is no knowing to what extent the extravagance of the fair ones will reach, for this is unquestionably an age of fads, and a fashion once accepted is never cried out until it has been run the scale from exclusive to popular taste, and all then are willling to bury it deep in the dust of oblivion. For instance take the dainty "bow knot" that was so warmly welcomed but a few months ago. How unique that little twist of diamonds looked nestled in the lace of my lady's corsage. How fondly we imagined when our boudoir was refinished that the little floating bows and ribbons that appeared in every possible corner from the carpet border to the friese would be beautiful to our eyes for time untold, and yet, already, we are ready to whisper to some kindred spirit that we are aweary of it all. Poor, little, dainty bit, the merit of its design was not strong enough to stand the strain of so much popularity. It was bad enough to see our little fad flaunted on the border of a ten cent lace, or, worse yet, to form the setting for a fire insurance calendar, but when Bridget appears wearing a broach of blue enameled tin fashioned in the same little bow, we wonder how it happened we were so short-sighted, and turn for consolation to the next popular craze. With truly beautiful lace the case is different; no duplicate takes the place, even in the slightest degree, of the hand-made article, and a piece that was beautiful fifty years ago is as attractive to-day. After all, what trimming was ever as pretty and altogether as dainty for linen and nansook underwear as hem-stitched ruffles and bands edged with narrow Valenciennes for trimming, and, best recommendation of all, it suggested the gentlewoman's choice.

* * *

But the new old lace that is to be in demand must be as old and rich as our purses will admit of; better a scant fall from a low cut bodice of a rare old pattern than innumerable flounces of an inferior quality, but, of course, only the favored few can indulge in the luxury of antique laces or have grandmammas who will resign their round point Cluny and Mechlin. However, for the less fortunate there is provision made; exquisitely cut Irish Point, Valenciennes, and linen laces are to be found, and, really, the expense of these for the trimming of a costume is not much greater than the machine made, that have been so much worn, as the quantity required is so much less.

* * *

A charming costume on which some fine old lace was shown to advantage, was worn at a private dinner recently. The material chosen was an old-fashioned glazed white silk with a narrow striped design in long pink roses. Of course, to carry out the quaint design the skirt was plain and full, with only the suggestion of a train. The square corsage was cut low with a narrow band of old lace lying flat upon the edge; one huge puff of the silk reaching only to the elbow with an overfall of the lace almost its depth formed the sleeve. A long sash of white crepe was folded twice around the waist and tied in the front, the long ends falling to the bottom of the skirt.

* * *

The latest authority on the subject tells us that only flowers as they come in season should be used for table and drawing-room decoration, and even goes so far as to say that the simpler the station held by the flower, all the more correct is it for use. According to that theory I presume we should confine ourselves to the nasturtium, thistle, and poppy, but I think, after all, most of us would cherish a lingering desire for an occasional cluster of Rainbow or American Beauty roses.

Our Trade Mark in Every Hat is a Lasting Guarantee } FOR { First-Class Material, Superior Workmanship, Perfect Taste, And Exclusive Design.

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Finest Imported Millinery
All Prices Marked in Plain Figures.
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The Carlsbad of America

SUMMER AND WINTER RESORT

This favorite Resort has undergone a thorough renovation; New Cottages elegantly furnished, Hot Sulphur and Soda Springs with Improved Bathing Facilities.

Wonderful cures wrought in Inflammatory Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Etc. Delightful Climate and Most Beautiful Scenery in California. Spacious Social Hall with Excellent Music for Dancing.

E. J. FOSTER, Proprietor

MME. A. RUPPERT

THE LEADING Complexion Specialist

Ladies, remember that this is the season for Mme. Ruppert's Bleach. Do not neglect to take with you for use while at the seashore to prevent Freckles, Tan and Sunburn.
Gentlemen suffering from any blemish of the skin, I recommend the use of Bleach, as well as to ladies. Call or send 6 cents for particulars.
Goods sent to any address on receipt of price: One Bottle $2.00, 3 bottles $5.00.

MME. A. RUPPERT
121 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
Beware of Imitations.
NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

MADAME J. DRIVON'S
CORSET FACTORY
325 SUTTER ST.
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JULIEN DUPRÉ'S LATEST PAINTING

And several magnificent pictures have just arrived from Europe, and are now being framed in our factory. These will be added to our collection, and will be on exhibition in a few days.

Owing to the necessary preparations for moving to our new building, now in course of erection, we will sell all our Paintings and other goods at Greatly Reduced Prices.

S. & G. GUMP
581-583 MARKET ST.

Climate equable. Free from malaria and cold sea air. Health giving Natural Mineral Waters. Natural scenery unsurpassed. Cuisine and service perfect. Comfortable beds. Table first quality Hot and Cold Napa Soda Baths. Views unequalled by any other hotel in the world. Two trains every day in the week. Gas and running water in every room. All the boarders are happy. What more can you ask? Address

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ELLERT'S PHARMACY
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Use ROSORA CREAM
An elegant and efficacious compound for Chapped Hands, Face, or any Roughness of the Skin, rendering it Soft and Smooth, and allaying all irritation caused by exposure to the sun and wind.
25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

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Terminus of the N. P. C. R. R.

The popular resort, fine scenery, drives, walks, redwoods trout fishing, hunting and a delightful climate, etc., two trains daily each way—For Cazadero leave San Francisco 9 A. M. and 5 P. M.; leave Cazadero 4 A. M., arrive San Francisco 8:45 A. M.; leave Cazadero 1:45 P. M., arrive in San Francisco 6:15 P. M.; daily stage for Pt. Reno. Send for Circulars. C. F. BURNS.

SCHOLZ & AVELINE
LADIES' HAIR DRESSERS AND WIG MAKERS, 14 Grant Avenue (over City of Paris) Rooms 34, 35, 36, 37, San Francisco, Cal. Commutation Ticket for Hair Cutting, $3.00 worth for $2.50. Open Sundays from 9 a.m. until 1 p.m. Shampooing done with the latest Patent Washing and Drying Machines. Hair Dyeing and Bleaching also performed with care. Manufacturers of Human Hair Goods. Take Elevator.

SANTA CRUZ NEWS.

Society.

SANTA CRUZ, July 19th. DEAR WAVE—Riding parties, driving parties, *petit-soupers*, big breakfasts, dainty dinners, concerts, sacred and secular, with plenty of informal dancing thrown in—that has been the story of the week.

Swimming has looked up a little, though dawdling on the sands has seemed about all some of the men and girls felt capable of, and I fancy "Johnnie and Ralph" have felt like pitching the rows of gorgeous umbrellas and seductive pillows into the salt, salt sea in order to drive the lazy ones into the surf as of yore. However, among the number who are not included in this mild protest are Miss Grace Spencer, of San Jose, whose tall and very graceful figure it is a pleasure to see in her black swimming suit. She is, too, one of the most daring and graceful equestriennes in California. Miss Margaret Salisbury swims in a red suit and Miss Ethel Martel in black, Miss Grace Cooper wears black and white, and Miss Robba Cooper red. Among the best swimmers also are Miss A. Brandenstein, Miss Triest, Miss Bachman, Miss Eleanor Morgan, and Miss Therese Morgan. Mr. Mercado and the Salisburys are among the adept men swimmers.

I mentioned salmon fishing last week as among the special sports just now. Wells, Fargo & Co. are kept busy shipping the shiny big beauties to stay-at-home friends. Among the champions are Dr. Burgess, Otis Spaulding, J. R. Collins, James McNeil, and John Porter.

"Bootsie" is decidedly 'in it" this year. He has headquarters at the Sea Beach, and no trout fishing party nor frogging expedition is complete without him. Bootsie's latest fad is a frog lantern; when he turns its deadly gleam upon the frog he succumbs at once, and hops right out ready to surrender his hind legs at Bootsie's command. Colonel Moale and Colonel Shafter look upon the lad as the coming Congressional world-beater.

General Dimond, with Officers Laine, De Pue, McDonald, and Barry, spent Sunday at the Sea Beach and made numerous concluding arrangements for the Division Encampment.

On Saturday evening there will be an invitation hop at the Sea Beach.

At the Pacific Ocean House the season speeds merrily. After the regular dinner music, Campbell's orchestra gives a little impromptu concert each evening before taking the electric cars for the Casino where they play the whole evening. The guests of the Ocean House have an informal dance at the Casino every evening. On Tuesday the dance enlarged into a very pleasant hop.

The sacred concert at the Casino, Sunday evening, was particularly fine, and called out a large crowd. Mrs. Lydia Warren Roberts of Fresno sang.

Among the special and swell spreads of the past week I note the following: Jeremiah Lynch's breakfast party was served to himself and twenty of his friends chaperoned by Mrs. Arques, one pleasant morning, on the broad veranda of the Casino with musical accompaniment.

D. M. Delmas gave a very elegant Sunday dinner to a party of fourteen at the Casino.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Molter, of San Francisco, gave an especially *recher hé* little dinner at the same place, at which the table decorations consisted of the daintiest and loveliest shells

Colonel J. Moorehead gave a most delightful picnic Monday at the Big Trees, with the Enrights, Carrolls, Robinsons, Murphys, Arques, and others as guests.

Dr. and Mrs Keyney have given several charming little dinners, while James Phelan and F. A. Hihn have been among the dinner-givers at the Casino.

On Wednesday a special train arrived here, *via* the Narrow Gauge, having as passengers Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Newton, Colonel C. F. Crocker, H. E. Huntington, and A. N. Towne. After a lunch at Sunshine Villa, the railway magnates received Mayor Jeter and several representative citizens, and a conference was held of which I shall have more to tell you next week.

The Phelans, with their servants, carriages, etc., have all come down to Phelan Park.

The Cotillion Club gave its final party last week.

KATE KEARNEY.

Business.

For the three or four months when Santa Cruz poses as the principal watering place of the Coast, the "business" of the city itself is pretty strictly confined to catering to the physical needs and whims, the pleasures, and the transportation of the crowds who make up the summer's increase of population.

Hotels and boarding-houses have their harvest time, and in this connection I must mention that, although this season of '92 is beginning to be called at all the watering places an "off season," yet the Sea Beach Hotel and the Pacific Ocean House have been well filled all the summer, and at times more than filled. George Casanova tells me, too, that business at the Casino has been very satisfactory, indeed, the fact that he asks first-class prices for first-class cookery and service have brought them a first-class set of customers.

The livery stables probably do the next largest summer business, and from Stice Brothers and the Sea Beach Stables, the leading livery houses, I learn that this season has been a particularly good one. The popularity of large riding and coaching parties has been very good for trade; people have enjoyed themselves on wheels and on horse back more generally than ever before.

The bath houses have complained somewhat of the public apathy regarding swimming and bathing, but for the past fortnight bathers have awakened to the fact that the water is particularly delightful, and that the proper thing at the sea shore is to swim.

The Electric Railway Company report receipts very satisfactory. Travel to Vue de l'eau is good, and the Casino with its concerts, hops, and well-kept restaurant, attracts many people thither.

All these branches of business look very reasonably for a large increase of business in August. During that month the hot interior valleys send their people here for the salt air, and the hotels and streets are filled with delegations from Sacramento, Fresno, Marysville, Stockton, and other inland places. This year the Division Encampment, with its 3000 guards and their friends and families, will make times livelier than ever.

The fruit, vine, and wine interests of the county are in a prosperous condition as regards quality and quantity of yield, and the outlook for better prices makes the county growers hopeful.

F. A. Hihn Company report business at their resort of Capitola uncommonly good. This company has just finished a pretty residence on Walnut Avenue for A. A. Morey, cashier of the new bank, "The People's," which occupies quarters in the new Hotaling Block very shortly now. H. E. McKinney & Son, real estate and insurance men, have moved into a very nobby new set of offices, commodious and pleasant. Mr. McKinney tells me that the purchase has just been consummated whereby Mrs. C. M. Bound, a wealthy widow, becomes owner of one of the largest and prettiest building sites in the city. Another similar sale is on the tapis and both parties will build handsome homes.

Mr. Parker, the real estate man, reports considerable activity in "Surfside," the capital tract lying on the Cliff drive at the terminus of the Electric Railway.

BIZ.

Great Semi-Annual

CLEARANCE SALE

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Thousands of Bargains in Every Department

J. J. O'Brien & Co.
MURPHY BUILDING
Cor. Market and Jones Sts.

SACRAMENTO AFFAIRS.

SACRAMENTO, July 10th. DEAR WAVE:—For some time back the papers have been advising us of a warm wave and its speedy approach, the oldest residents have informed us that it would come in all its intensity, and the dear girls have saved their coolest costumes, and at last the predictions have been verified and we are slowly sizzling, but the evenings are a delight and compensation, for they surely make up for the hot days. If we could only import a few men, I am sure any number of betrothals would be the result, and what a fine thing it would be for the mammas, especially for those who are anxious to marry off their daughters; and what mother is not? The L—— girls are all at home once more, quite a house full. J—— has a young lady from Boston visiting her. The Jack R——s are still here and from all accounts likely to remain, which is a source of great satisfaction to their o'd friends. "Pipie" is soon to leave us for a decided change of climate. I hope she will return thoroughly restored to health. All the town turned out last Sunday to the funeral of Newton Booth; the church was filled; if Billy Shakespeare lived now he would change his tune as regards the good men do; am sure it lives after them, and to no small extent, which is a wise thing no doubt. H. G. S—— is now scouring the country for something rare, in the shape of landscape gardening, in which to adorn the opposite side of his beautiful place with the letters of his fair bride. He could get some good ideas at the Hotel Del Monte.

I saw Clara T—— on the street the other day; she has been away for months; rather a queer time for anyone to be returning, just as most of those "in the swim" are getting ready to leave. Mrs. Foye and Carrie are going to Santa Cruz, so are Mr. and Mrs. Van, and I understand they will take their swell turnout; do hope they will ask me to drive, as I intend going down during the Encampment for a short stay. The girls at the lower end of H Street are having quite nice times this summer. Minnie is really quite gay, much more so than Mabel; she, and Laura and Etta will have a delightful summer. I met Frank O—— the other day; he expects to leave very soon for Santa Cruz; he said Mrs. O—— was very well and enjoying herself. Harry may be seen occasionally wandering disconsolately by the house; poor fellow, it is rather hard lines for him. Miss J—— with the lustrous orbs, is still with us, am told she is studying for the stage; is it the operatic? She and "Soph" no more walk together these balmy evenings, what is the cause, or probably I should say who is the cause of their sometime friendship having been broken? If I ever find out shall take great pleasure in letting you know, as well as all others interested. The Deming girls are at home and I believe expect to remain, preferring to do their visiting in the winter. And now I must bid you *au revoir*. NINA

LOS ANGELES LIFE.

LOS ANGELES, July 18th. DEAR WAVE:—Such a jolly week as we have had. In the first place, we all went to the circus Monday night. Everybody was there; the British Vice-Consul, Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Childs and Mrs. Lieutenant Baker. Pretty Miss F—— and Harry W—— sat in the dress circle.

On Tuesday evening Miss Berger's pupils gave a delightful little musicale at Steinway Hall. It was a very swell affair, and the girls did some good, clever work. The "Bumble Bee" looked charming, and all the girls were prettily dressed. But Mrs. Capen's musicale on Friday night was *the* social event of the week. Her pretty house was brilliantly lighted; all the rare curios and collections were exhibited; the music was good, and everybody had a splendid time —all for sweet charity's sake.

Hugo Mausfeldt and Mr. A. M. Benham—both of San Francisco—are in town. They have come down to help out the Chautauquas at Long Beach.

One of the belles at San Bernardino was married last week to the popular cashier of our National Bank. The sisters and the brothers of the couple filled the roles of bridesmaids and groomsmen, and San Bernardino was quite agitated over the event. Sam Rhodes, of San Francisco, has been visiting the town.

Although the weather is delightfully cool, nearly everybody is out of town. Santa Monica is the gayest of the gay. The Saturday night balls at the Arcadia are becoming very popular. They are full dress affairs, and the San Francisco ladies stopping there are said to have the finest costumes. Polo is all the rage at this resort. After dinner the fashionables gather on the beach and listen to the ochestral concerts given at the pavilion.

Poor Redondo is very quiet this year. It is too bad, for the hotel is charming. But we have too many beaches to have them all filled to overflowing.

Did I tell you that Mattie J—— is visiting Mr. and Mrs. U—— at Arcadia? They have a beautiful home at this sylvan-like retreat. We girls were down there in June, and Mr. U—— drove us over Baldwin's wonderful ranchos, and through those beautiful orange groves. I always think of the picture Claude Melnotte drew for Pauline in "Lady of Lyons," when I breathe the "heavy air." K.

SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, July 19th. DEAR WAVE:—Socially we are dead, or perhaps it would be better to say, enjoying a siesta. Not even the pretty *fetes champetres* that were so enjoyed last summer; no coaching, no riding, but plenty of driving in lazy phaetons, three girls in a seat—that is all; but politically we are very much alive. The strife is hotter than the July days—and now everybody is a rascal that is not on our side. The heat—or something (some say the disappointment) has affected our formerly dignified Judge and he is now the target for petty wits in court, and actually was reproved by Judge L—— for his show of temper. This should not be. The *Mercury* is throwing hot shot and every time it fires something is heard to drop. I hate a campaign because of the bitterness it engenders. Speaking of the Judge—politics makes as "queer bed-fellows" as "misery." Nobody can understand the wonderful *penchant* exhibited for the family of the great B——. They have no social pretensions—never had—yet now they are courted *ad nauseam*.

Our town is almost deserted, but Mrs. C——'s pretty sister is still here, though the rich family are all at Coronado.

The Barkers are off on a fishing tour, and the annual batch of romances has begun. Mrs. B—— has the secret of eternal youth, and the Doctor is "a jolly good fellow."

Several engagements are off; the reason—the prospective mammas-in-law were too muscular. Girls whose mothers are invalids are now in demand.

The Sinnott girls are in Santa Cruz, one of them is artless, the other artistic, and the third artificial.

BABBLER.

Laundry Farm still continues to draw crowds every Sunday. As a picnic resort for parties desiring to spend a day or a few hours in the hills it easily takes first rank. Here one can forget for a time the struggle for existence, and enjoy to the full the attractions of nature in her most bounteous mood.

STATEMENT

Of the Actual Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities of

PACIFIC BANK

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

At the close of business hours on the 30th day of June, 1892. The assets all being situate in the City and County of San Francisco, the Counties of Alameda, Contra Costa, Los Angeles, Marion, Santa Clara, San Diego and Tulare, in the State of California, and in the County of Genesee, in the State of Mi hi an.

ASSETS.

Solvent bills receivable	$2,685,171 72
Banking house and other real estate	325,531 81
Sundry stocks and bonds	785,144 65
Due from solvent banks and bankers	258,206 88
Money on hand	782,002 01
	$4,836,057 07

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock	$1,000,000 00
Surplus fund	800,000 00
Undivided profits	81,974 43
Due depositors	1,773,316 25
Due banks and bankers	1,140,659 99
Due dividends	40,108 00
Total	$4,836,057 07

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, } ss.

R. H. McDonald, Jr., Vice-President, and Frank V. McDonald, Cashier of Pacific Bank, do make oath and say that the foregoing statement is true to the best of their knowledge and belief.

R. H. McDONALD, Jr., Vice-President.
FRANK V. McDONALD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of July, A.D. 1892.

E. H. THARP, Notary Public.

STATEMENT OF THE AMOUNT OF CAPITAL OF

PACIFIC BANK

SAN FRANCISCO.....CALIFORNIA
At the close of business hours on the 30th day of June, 1892.

Amount Actually paid in U. S Gold Coin $1,000,000.00

State of California City and County of San Francisco, ss.—R. H McDonald, Jr., Vice-President, and Frank V McDonald, Cashier of Pacific Bank, do make oath and say that the foregoing statement is true to the best of their knowledge and belief.

R. H. McDONALD, Jr., Vice-President.
FRANK V. McDONALD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of July, A. D. 1892.

E. H. THARP, Notary Public.

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The Largest Retail Dry Goods Store in the City.

Closing Out of Special Summer Goods.

PARASOLS

A splendid line at less than cost price, to sell at $1, $3, $4, $5 and $6, all marked down from $7.50, $5.50, $6, $7 and $8.

POINT DE GENES LACE

At 25c., 35c., 60c., 75c., reduced from 45c., 60c., $1, $1.50

Great Reduction in Chiffon Lace and Ruchings.

The White House Biarritz Gloves at 85 Cents.

☞ Mail orders solicited. Samples sent on application. Goods sent free to all suburban towns.

RAPHAEL WEILL & CO.

N. W. Cor. Post and Kearny Sts.

PRETTY GIRLS

are getting plenty, and it is fashionable to be HEALTHY and STRONG, BE SURE TO BUY FERRIS'

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THOUSANDS NOW IN USE.

Best for Health, Economy and Beauty.
BUTTONS at front instead of CLASPS.
Clamp Buckle at hip for Hose Supporters.
Tape-fastened Buttons—*won't pull off.*
Cord-Edge Button Holes—*won't wear out.*
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FAST BLACK, drab and white.

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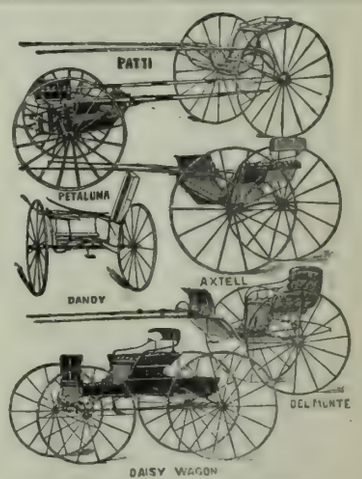

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Number of pupils limited.

The Twenty-Sixth Year will begin August 1, 1892.

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And is prepared to accept engagements for Concert and Oratorio.

For Terms, Etc., Call or Address

Mme. Alice Waltz Grey, 378 15th St., East Oakland, Cal.

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Teacher of Modern Languages in Mills' College for the last five and one-half years wishes to establish herself in San Francisco, and will receive pupils in private and in classes at 1315 Hyde St. Call between 11 and 12 A. M. or 2 and 3 P. M.

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—FORTY SECOND YEAR—

STUDIES RESUMED MONDAY, AUGUST 8th, '92

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SIXTEENTH YEAR.

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Prepares for University and business.
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An accredited school with the University of California.

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MR. LESLEY MARTIN

Pianist.

Has resumed Instruction,

705 Sutter St.

REMOVAL NOTICE!— Mr. Joseph Rœckel and Mme. E. C Rœckel have removed their Vocal Conservatory to their new residence, 1429 Bush St., below Van Ness Ave. where they are making special arrangements for evening tuition.

The Queen of Perfumes

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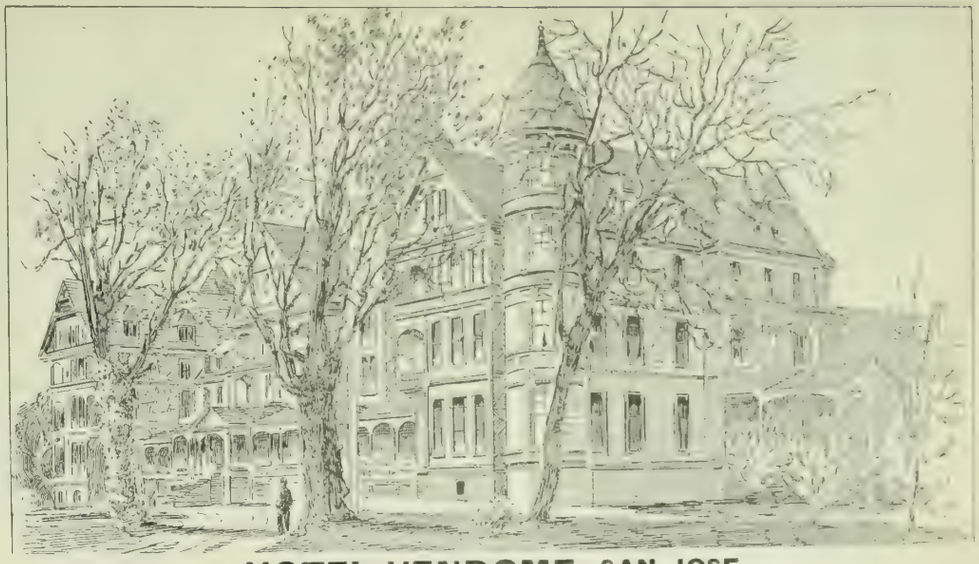

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Terms Reasonable — GEORGE P. SNELL, Manager

SEA BEACH HOTEL.

The only First-class Hotel in Santa Cruz, and the only Summer Resort on the Coast where can be found the finest land and marine view in America. New Dance Hall; Concerts and Hops arranged for throughout the season. Tennis Court and Croquet Grounds, the finest on the Coast. Two minutes walk from railroad stations and steamship landing. Street cars pass the door. Free Bus to and from all trains.

JOHN T. SULLIVAN, Proprietor.

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EVAN'S POISON OAK SPECIFIC

A Preventive and Cure for Poison Oak. Perfectly free from any poisonous ingredients. Its application is followed by immediate relief, and a few applications produce a cure. **A Perfect Cure Guaranteed.**

It is also an excellent remedy for

Chilblains, Itch, Cuts, Burns and Ulcers

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Finest Wedding Cakes.

Wedding Breakfasts a Specialty.

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OAKLAND GOSSIP.

OAKLAND, July 20th. DEAR WAVE:—I have just returned from a flying trip to Santa Cruz, where most of my time was spent with the Charlemagne Tomers, who are out here for the summer season. You remember Mrs. Tomer, dear? She used to be Nellie Smith, daughter of G. Frank Smith. She now has two little ones and is most devoted to them. Isn't it strange that a girl is never appreciated in her own home or town? None of the Oakland men ever found Nellie attractive; they always said she was a fine conversationalist but well, just like her brilliant father. Now wasn't that just too mean? Any way, she is now away above any of us—both socially and financially. You should meet Mr. Tomer; he is a fortunate little man. At the time he was here, previous to his marriage, his valet, who was much more distingué than Charlemagne, was frequently pointed out as the heir to the vast Tomer estate, but that is nothing—a man must not expect to have all the goods the gods provide.

Tom is home from his fishing trip to Montague, and says that Nannie was quite a belle with the sportsmen in that vicinity, and he will not be surprised to hear that she is engaged to ——, but no, I won't tell all I know this time, as I do not want to stand in Nannie's way again. You know, dear, it is my misfortune to be accused of preventing that young lady from making a brilliant match some time ago. My sins; according to those of whom I do not speak, are so numerous that I'm making wild efforts to seek forgiveness at the revival meetings of "Brother Mills." All the girls are becoming quite religious, as each day they don their prettiest gowns, and, armed with a prayer book, wend their way to the tabernacle. If they keep it up, not even an attempt at Society will be made this winter. By the way, while all these good people are praying and trying to save sinners, wouldn't it be a good idea for them to combine forces and give some practical aid to starving people. For instance, that destitute child and her crazy mother, who is dying of starvation on the corner of Tenth and Clay would be good subjects to commence with, and yet those who attend our swell churches, only pray for the souls of these poor lost creatures, and seem to forget that their earthly sufferings must be intense, but, then, prayers are cheap. I'm growing morose, I fear, so must change the subject.

All of our 400 have managed to get out of town, but, to tell you the truth, the majority returned within a week. Most every one is home again, especially the Jackson Street coterie. Nellie Chabot, who is wise for once, is still at Del Monte, and making conquests with her lovely singing, which goes to show that one will do more for strangers than home friends, as lately Nellie has refused to sing for any one, not even Willie has been able to persuade her to favor us. Nellie writes that Amy Requa is the best lady swimmer there. How would Requa-Chabot sound as an engagement announcement? Mrs. E. L. G. Steele, children and pretty niece, Elsa Bennett, have returned from a prolonged sojourn to the southern part of the State. The Cameron family and Mayme Phillips are home again from Yosemite, and the Frank Moffits, Billy Footes, Walter Laymance, Alec Rosborough, and Wallie Hachett have returned from their Eastern jaunt. I'm so glad that Mrs. Moffit is home again as we will have some more of our little dinners, games of cards and musical evenings. She plays delightfully.

The W. G. Hachetts are at Tahoe, and popular Bob Jackson has returned from the same place, much to the pleasure of several of our girls, who haunt his office at all hours of the day. He says that sometimes he doesn't know which way to turn—the girls positively surround him and keep him from business.

The C. O. G. Millers are expected from Europe next month. How time flies; it seems but yesterday that they left. They will be delighted to make the acquaintance of their niece, Baby McNear, who is a bright, winsome, little creature.

What do you think of the latest double engagement? The heroic life-saver, Tommy Magee is engaged to Stella Hush and his brother Willie, is engaged to Hattie Hush. They intend having a double wedding and will take a six months' tour to Europe. Their engagement has been a shock to more girls than one. The strangest part of the whole affair is that the boys were members of the Cotillion Club, and went with all the most exclusive girls on this side, and not one of us succeeded in making an impression. You know, dear, Stella and Hattie are not a bit like the girls in our own particular set, but, *sub rosa*, they are a thousand times more attractive and accomplished. FROU FROU.

There is but one Decker Piano, and that is Decker Bros.—the one used by artists, and known the world over as faultless in tone, touch, and finish. Kohler & Chase are agents for these incomparable instruments, 26, 28, and 30 O'Farrell Street.

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(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE	FROM JULY 1, 1892.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*12.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	First and second class for Ogden and East, and first class locally	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	Sunset Route, Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso New Orleans and East	8.45 p
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton	*8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Martinez	12.45 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced and Fresno	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.30 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	8.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
*6.00 p m	Sunol and Livermore	.....
6.00 p m	Ogden Route, Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9.15 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo	‡8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡7.45 a. m.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p. m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos. Saturday and Sunday to Santa Cruz	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.38 p m
†7.30 a m	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excur'n	‡8.28 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
‡9.30 a m	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations	‡2.45 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.03 p m
12 15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations.	3.30 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.37 a m
*3.30 p m	Menlo Park, San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*9.47 a m
*4.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7 30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, :30, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		In effect Apr. 24, 1892.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5.00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6 05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

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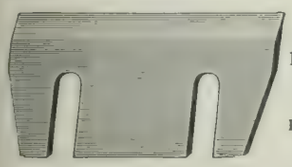

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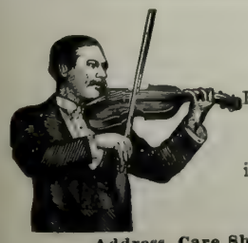

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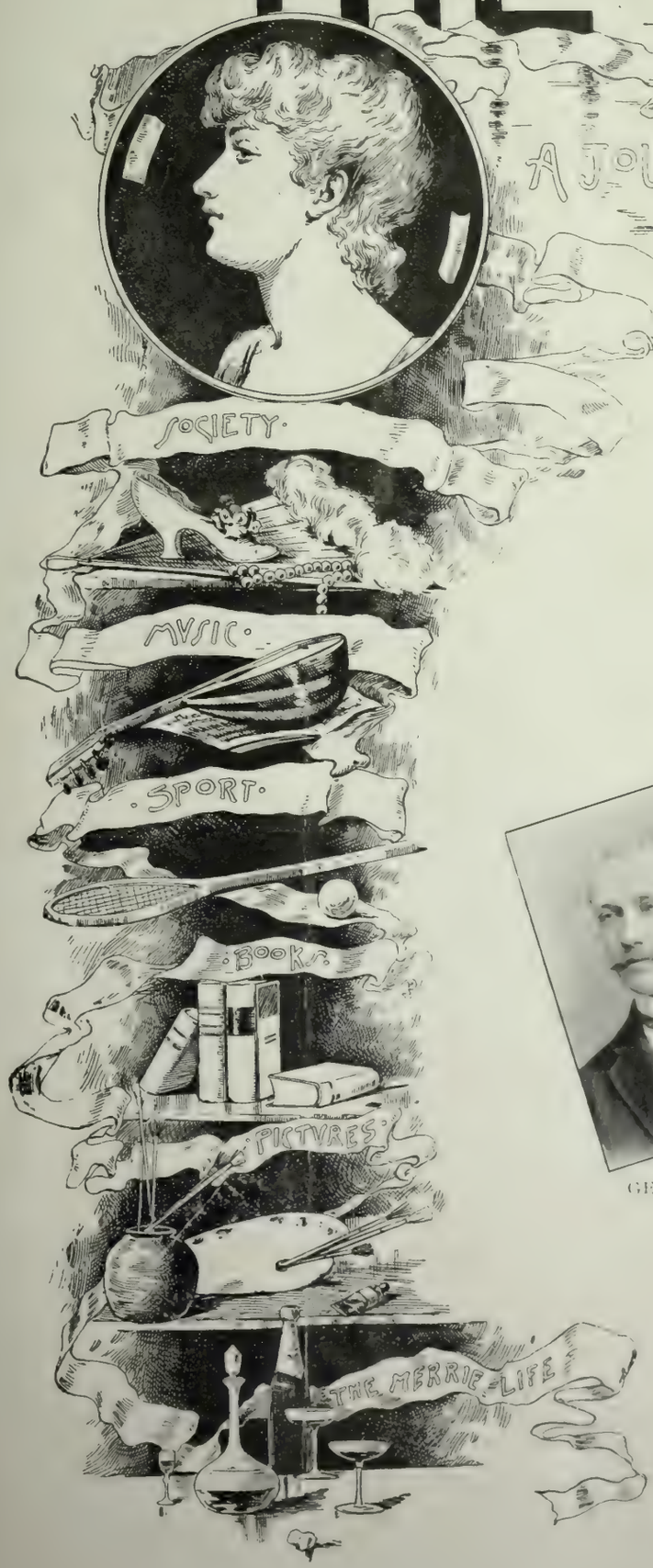

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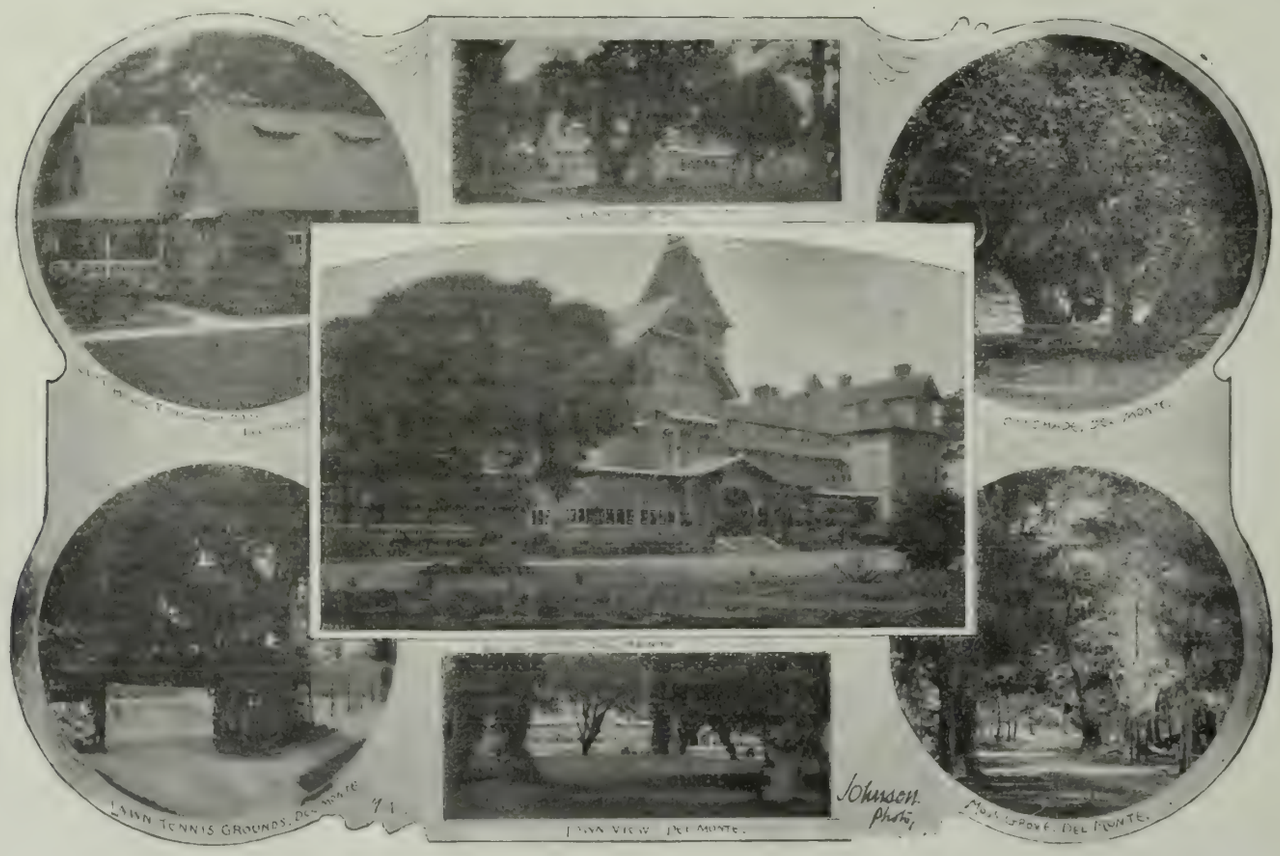

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THE WAVE

Vol. IX. No. 5. San Francisco, July 30, 1892. 10 Cents

The Wave

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL,

Is published every Saturday by the proprietors at 26 and 28 O'Farrell street, San Francisco.

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THE WAVE is kept on file at THE AMERICAN EXCHANGE, 15 King William street, London, and 17 Avenue de'l Opera, Paris; BRENTANO'S, 5 Union Square, New York, and 206 Wabash avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and all other matters pertaining to the business of the paper, address Nos. 26 and 28 O'Farrell street, San Francisco.

J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

Entered at San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter, by COSGRAVE & HUME.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 30, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

Among the most prominent and successful of local underwriters are the three gentlemen whose portraits adorn the cover of this issue. Charles A. Laton is one of the patriarchs of "the street." Representing the Palatine, now, he is identified with the Pacific Insurance Union, with the Fire Patrol, and other institutions pertaining to insurance. W. J. Landers is General Agent of the Sun and Guardian, has built up by his own exertions a large business. He has the reputation of being among the shrewdest underwriters on the Coast. George Tyson's success has been attained at an age that finds most young men striving for a first chance. A clear-headed, capable business man, he has been thoroughly trained and will undoubtedly place the annual income of the German-American high among the companies of the Coast

SPLASHES.

IT IS THE UNIMPORTANT that occurs at Del Monte now-a-days. The week has passed unscarred by a single episode. Of fog there has been no scarcity; the heavy gray pall seems to have affected the spirits of some of the *habitués*. Picnics have come and gone; the traveling Britishers have passed into space and are reminiscences. Everyone awaits August, and on slight provocation will talk about the "shoot." Now, as the features of this interesting event have been freely and fluently discussed on a variety of occasions, it will be seen that as a theme for conversational commentary it partakes of the obvious.

* * *

However, throughout the month of August there will be no lack of the *beau monde*. To the number of First Families already sojourning at the resort, there are to be liberal additions made. Sojourning maidens will attract transitory males. The future may be brimming over with I know not what of matrimonial possibilities. In the meantime, however, there is not a single promising affair to record the progress of. The departure of Mr. Holmes and the Dicks prevented the realization of theatrical promises. Their spasm of activity exhausted itself in the german that took place in the ballroom last week.

* * *

It was a very pretty cotillion; Mr. Holmes and Miss Hager led at one end and Mr. Dick and Miss Cleveland at the other. A variety of pretty figures were danced, among them being the one called "paper bags." In this, the peculiarity consists in concealing the heads and faces of the men by means of bags made of tissue. The girls are then compelled to select partners either by the set of their shoulders or the style of their studs. This method is said to have advantages over the prevailing one of choosing men by the contour of their mustaches. The windmill, driving, marching, and several other figures more or less familiar, were danced. It seems a pity that the supper, about which there was so much speculation and preparation, did not eventuate.

* * *

Pursuing the Welsh rarebit is among the latest diversions at Del Monte. Every evening select parties are made up and in the cardroom of the clubhouse, the chafing-dish rites are performed. About the preparation of this most succulent of quadrupeds, a variety of opinion prevails. To avoid complications, the exponents are each given a night to demonstrate their skill. It is Dr. Harry Tevis one evening, Lansing Kellogg on the next. Mrs. Commodore Dickerson's rarebit was pronounced very clever, but the palm, by general discontent, was awarded to Walter Dean for his. Another current delicacy is grilled sardine. Artistically prepared, it leaves little to be desired.

* * *

THE BALLROOM of the Sea Beach Hotel looked quite gay last Saturday evening. Gathered there were most of the belles of Santa Cruz, besides many graceful and some few beautiful maidens from San Jose, and the metropolis. Civic dignitaries lent their presence to the event. The Mayor was there and half a dosen Supervisors, not to mention subsidiary officialdom in best bibs and tuckers. The costume features of a dance naturally call for comment. Some handsome gowns were displayed. That worn by Miss Delmas was much admired; Miss Trevesant's was a charming confection in delicately blended shades; Miss Maude Arques looked sweet in white; Miss Harrington, the Misses Delmas, Miss Enright, Miss Robinson, and Miss Romie Wallace, all appeared to advantage. Very stylish dresses were those worn by Mrs. Spence and Mrs. Nat Brittan.

* * *

Everyone danced. The musicians were kept busy until after midnight, and the participants tore themselves away from the smooth floor with regret. Jeremiah Lynch proved a capable Master of Ceremonies, and altogether the affair was a success.

* * *

The large contingent of San Jose people whose exertions contributed so much to the gayety of Santa Cruz this season, returned home on Monday last. They certainly enjoyed a delightful visit, and by the number and variety of their entertainments made the days pass with extreme rapidity. The expressions of regret over their departure were sincere. Mrs. Carroll returns to her residence on Van Ness Avenue next week; Mrs. Dr. Robinson is already home; Mrs. Arques and Miss Maude will remain in San Jose until the "Shoot," for which they will go to Del Monte.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntington were the guests of Mrs. W. H. Mills at her Beach Hill residence last week. Mr. Huntington is charmed with Santa Cruz and has had several consultations with the most prominent citizens in regard to improvements in transportation facilities.

* * *

Judge W. T. Wallace was among the visitors to Santa Cruz last week. He came down with G. Frank Smith and was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charlemagne Towers at their handsome summer home on the cliffs. The Judge spent the mornings and afternoons on the beach under the regulation umbrella, and in his inimitable manner talked through a thousand subjects to a group of willing listeners.

* * *

THE SOLE SENSATION at Del Monte is afforded by a young Englishman who has lost both heart and head to a Society Belle. Not that there is aught surprising in his enthrallment; he is by no means singular in his admiration. It is the length to which he carries it, the number and variety of his matrimonial propositions, and the peculiar type of gifts he insists on sending his *inamorata* that are abnormal. A very pleasant young fellow in his way, educated at Oxford whence he graduated with distinguished honors; he arrived in San Francisco from India and Japan some few weeks ago.

* * *

Men are not numerous at Monterey this season and the Englishman, besides being pre-

sentable, was an agreeable talker. Having traveled, he had a few new stories and rather a neat knack of making the best of them. To the fascinations of the Belle he succumbed at first sight. Regarding him as a relief to the current California male, she was consideration itself; they went driving together—the result his admiration became passion and insisted on expression. Being a bit literary in his tendencies he chose a special arrangement of words for his declaration and was so enchanted by the verbal rainbow that he hardly realized his proposition was not accepted. He repeated it with the same dire consequences, and declining to believe in the inefficiency of his own fascination, he credited to the Belle's mother his refusal.

* * *

Then he proceeded to go crazy. Apparently sane in other particulars he insisted on sending the Belle a most curious variety of articles. Flowers she had in quantities. To her room he dispatched tooth-picks and hair brushes, besides long and sentimental notes; once he bestowed his wash list on her. In fact the situation became embarrassing, and the peculiar choice of gifts excited great amusement throughout the hotel. The last development of his mania evinces itself in impromptu proposals. He improves every opportunity and spends the rest of his time concocting elaborate written expositions of his love which the Belle has recently kept a messenger boy busy returning. What the Englishman will do next is a question. At present, the situation has features distinctly humorous.

* * *

ROBERT BUCHANNAN, who succeeded in attracting some little attention at Del Monte, was rather a pleasant young Englishman, less inclined than his compatriots to pose as an example of the perfect fitness of insular things. He knew almost as much about literature as the majority of us, and was vaguely conscious that some literary fellow of the same name had written a book, "God and the Man." One sunny afternoon his traveling companion, at a loss for conversation, started a tale that this was the veritable Robert, and straightway the youth found himself famous. Two society girls immediately proceeded to talk literature at him, and discuss his own works. To fill in gaps, I believe, he described his method of novel construction, and all would have gone admirably but for the untoward desire of a certain auburn-tressed maiden for a specimen of his handiwork.

* * *

"Mr. Buchannan," she said, bearing down on him armed with an autograph album, "will you not write me a poem and sign your name to it?" She pleaded very prettily and her Reubens locks would surely have charmed anyone with an iota of taste. He stammered a declination, but finally consented. To the rescue came the traveling companion. Together they found an unfrequented book of poems and one of these, transcribed, decorates Miss Mamie's album.

* * *

A very jolly excursion started from San Jose for Mt. Hamilton on Thursday morning last. It was organized by Mrs. Arques and Mrs. Carroll and the members of the party who had so enjoyed themselves at Santa Cruz were ths guests. Several teams were necessary to transport them to the vicinity of the great telescope, and all were given an opportunity of gazing at the astronomical appliances and Director Holden before returning.

* * *

It is quite evident that the guests of Larkspur Inn are enjoying themselves thoroughly, if one is to judge by the entertainments they have at this popular resort. Picnic parties to Lake Lagunitas, Bollinas, and to other charming places in the vicinity are of daily occurrence. For those who remain at the hotel there are pleasures in abundance. As a matter of course, the swimming baths have many patrons, and lawn tennis and bowling afford enjoyment for others. As the schools have opened, some of the families have returned to the city, and there are accommodations now that were not to be had at the height of the season. I am told that the management of Larkspur Inn are making special rates for those who will remain there for a couple of months.

* * *

The principal wedding of the week in Jewish circles was that of Miss Goldina Gump, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Gump, to Lou Swabacker, of Wheeling, W. Va. The ceremony was celebrated at the California Hotel, and was witnessed by a large circle of friends of the contracting couple. The bride was charming in a gown of heavy cream Duchesse satin, trimmed with lace, and wore many beautiful diamonds. Dr. Vorsanger performed the ceremony, after which a magnificent supper was partaken of. There were many handsome presents that testified to the esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. Swabacker are held by their friends.

* * *

The engagement of Miss Lucie Simon and Lionel Heynemann is announced. Miss Simon is the daughter of J. S. Simon, of the firm of Stein, Simon & Co. She is an exceedingly amiable girl and very popular. Mr Heynemann is a son of H. Heynemann, and is by profession a mechanical engineer. He is in the employ of the Southern Pacific Company.

* * *

Mrs. Volney Spalding arrived this week from Honolulu, where she has spent the past two months, and was the recipient of much attention. It is quite likely that Mrs. Spalding will go to her country house at Belvedere very soon.

* * *

AN INTERESTING GATHERING of bright women assembled on Monday evening in the parlor of the Pleasanton to bid Dr. Amy G. Bowen welcome home. Given by the "Woman's Club" it was in notable contrast to the usual order of society events that occur here. Everyone in the room was a personage, that is, they were doctresses, literary or lawyer ladies, and yet, I believe, they conversed about the interesting subjects that engage the attention of ordinary females. Still, it is rather embarrassing to find one's self an iota amid a crowd of the gifted. To ask the identity of a particular girl was tantamount to a confession of ignorance.

* * *

The interrogated assumed a superior smile and icily inquires:

"What, don't you really know Miss Basblue who read that wonderful paper at the Cooper Medical the other night?"

Then, one's innocence of the existence of Miss Basblue becomes a feature of the Penal Code and heroism is required to express one's curiosity. It is only at such a gathering that one obtains an impression of the output of the various colleges. I saw enough Doctresses in that parlor to supply the medical requirements of two cities. Charming maidens some of them, too, though they seem to all cultivate a diagnostic use of their eyes that is a trifle embarrassing.

* * *

The least callous of us object to our physical disabilities being apprehended by a pretty girl though she be a graduate of a score of colleges. It is dimly whispered, though, they are as susceptible to the tender passion and the influences of gold braid and brass buttons as the stupidest of their sisters. I was also struck by the preponderance of homeopathists. Indeed, it seems a merciful provision of divine Providence that the feminine mind should select this, the less destructive branch of the profession. Had they been allopathists, I would turn undertaker. I regret to say the evening finished up with a dance. This was too disillusionizing.

* * *

I wonder does Editor Flynn, of the *Wasp*, remember a certain story he contributed to a Sunday *Chronicle* some years ago? Those were the days before Tom had softening of the brain, and occasionally he wrote a column worth reading. This described a party of storm-bound fishermen who were whiling the time away by story-telling. Each contributed his quota—some relating scraps of their careers, others episodes from the experiences of their friends. Setting about for further amusement they tried each other's hats on. That of the only man who had been consistently silent passed over the heads of all the rest. He had married the keeper of his boarding-house and indulged a cultivated leisure at full length. I am given to understand that Tom's derby passes over the ears of everyone in town but the Superintendent of Streets.

* * *

THE GARDEN PARTIES at Camp Whileaway in Mill Valley continue to be well attended on Saturdays. I have not before spoken of the elaborate arrangement of tents and the artistic decoration of this summer home. Everything is arranged in admirable

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style, and all the conveniences are available. The *cuisine* is presided over by an expensive Chinese cook, and he is assisted by a Celestial who keeps the furniture in order. The sleeping tents are veritable boudoirs hung with pretty curtains, and adorned with pictures, photographs and lounges. There is a shower bath, a kitchen tent wherein are prepared quite elaborate dinners—in fact the prevailing luxury is pronounced.

* * *

I believe the dozen campers were organized by Joe Emanuel, who is thus partially responsible for the undertaking. There has been a great deal of entertaining done, and hardly a night has passed without bringing a few visitors from town. On Saturday and Sunday both Celestials have all they can do to provide for the guests who seem decidedly to enjoy their visits.

* * *

The opera Clay Green and H. J. Stewart are writing for Agnes Huntington, grows apace. Two acts have already been written and the melodies are far more successful than those that occurred in "Bluff King Hal." The composer is devoting considerable time and all his energy to the work, and believes he will produce some songs worth hearing. The libretto presents a pretty story in which the shapely and stately Agnes will have the male part, for which she stipulated. As a matter of course the plot will enable her to exhibit a charming Worth costume in the last act, when she discards the conventional male costume of comic opera and assumes that of her own most charming sex.

* * *

THE ENTERTAINMENT at the California Athletic Club on Tuesday evening was one of the best ever seen in this city, indeed, I doubt if a more evenly contested battle has been fought anywhere. It augured well for the success of President Cook's administration that 5000 people went to the Club thoroughly assured that they would receive the worth of their money. The fight was hard, bitter, and fast, and showed plainly that the face is not the best place for an athlete to reach for. George Dawson left Daniel Needham's countenance much as God made it, but with an accuracy that was scientific, and a persistency worthy the $2000 purse, kept up a constant drumming on the place where the Needham heart and kidneys are wont to be.

* * *

Dawson showed himself to be a gentlemanly fighter; he took no mean advantage of his opponent, but he was as relentless as fate, and his blows on Needham fell as regularly as the sands of time. He constantly pushed his Roman nose in the way of Needham's glove, and while that article was turning the spigot that emitted the claret, he visited the Needham side with closed-fist blows that sounded dull and heavy. Before them Needham went to pieces, but there wasn't a dram of quit in his make-up; he fought like a Spartan; when knocked down, refused to take his ten seconds on grass, and rose with the dignity and courage of a gladiator. But before Dawson's triphammer he was a piece of warm metal, and succumbed at last. Dawson is the wonder of light-weights.

* * *

IN THESE DAYS of will contests it is impossible not to rejoice over an estate that has escaped legal partition. It was generally believed that the fight over John Vance's millions would be a severe one, but the heirs it seems, have adjusted their differences out of Court, and the career of this rugged old lumberman will escape being exploited. He left some $1,500,000 dollars, two sons and a nephew, and in his very last testament divided the property between his eldest hope and the nephew, to the exclusion of the second son, to whom an annuity of a few thousand per annum was devised. A wife received something like $50,000, but about her, more anon. Vance made a series of wills, and revoked them. He was satisfied to give to each of the boys a third of his accumulations after the spouse was provided for, and would have done so but for the intervention of the eldest son.

* * *

The latter, Edgar, an honorable man, was convinced that his brother Albert would never live to inherit a share of the property. He represented to his father the danger of leaving so much wealth to an invalid, and explained that instead of improving, his health grew worse. Vance listened to these arguments and altered his will, this being the third time. A few months later he died, after deeding to his two heirs the controlling interest in the Eel River Railroad, valued at some $700,000. About this time Albert's condition began to improve. When he found himself cut off he was very indignant, and Edgar, realizing the injury he had done his brother, offered to revert to the second will that gave them each a third. The nephew refused to consent.

* * *

Then arose the contest. I believe all the attorneys in Humboldt County were retained, and the brothers brought D. M. Delmas from San Francisco to assist their cause. Had it not been for Vance's deed of gift, in settling the dispute would have proved less difficult, but the nephew had some $350,000 ready money, and could afford to fight. Delmas succeeded in tying him up, however; more negotiations followed, the result being that he agreed to accept one-fourth of the million and a half in lieu of all claims. On that basis a settlement has been arrived at.

* * *

A very curious type was this John Vance. He had a clear head and strong passions, was shrewd, capable, and parsimonious. His deals were handled with foresight, and he seldom made those mistakes about men or money that deprived some of his associates of their accumulation. A Nova Scotian by birth and a carpenter by trade, Vance crossed over to Boston years ago, obtained a little competence, and decided, when California began to boom, to come here. Instead of heading for the mines, he was persuaded to go to Eureka. Obtaining a start, he began to rear the frame of his fortune. His eldest son came out to him, but for his wife, he never sent. Mr. Vance in the new country developed ideas out of all consonance with the morality of the Sunday schools. He indulged an erratic fancy in females, and his exploits were subjects of comment. However, Edgar determined to have his mother in California, and wrote for her to come.

* * *

This was in the late '50's. One fine day, Vance and his son were on the wharf watching the incoming of the steamer from San Francisco. As she neared the landing, Edgar, who expected what was going to happen, said:

"Father, I see on board mother and brother Albert."

Vance gave one quick look, and then turning, dashed through the crowd into town. He headed for the country, and was not heard of for weeks. Then, he said he would not return until his wife left. A few days later she returned to the city, he allowing a sum sufficient for her expenses. She died, poor woman, many years ago, and then Albert came to his father, who received him with kindness.

* * *

That her death made much difference to John Vance cannot reasonably be claimed. The snares and toils of matrimony he avoided, spending his time between his house in Eureka and his home on the Mad River property, which is among the most valuable assets of the estate. At each of these abiding places he had a housekeeper, women of some pretensions to good looks. He took care that the sway of one did not clash with that of the other. The degree of affection he bore each was difficult to determine; that he cared for one more than another either could hardly claim. However, in December last he was stricken with paralysis, and from the Mad River place was conveyed to Eureka, placed in charge there of his housekeeper, who saw he wanted nothing. I suppose the old lumberman began to think over his life as men do under such circumstances, and determined to secure a nurse for his infirmity by marriage.

* * *

The Eureka housekeeper, being closest at hand, was chosen and became Mrs. Vance, the ceremony being performed at the bedside of the invalid. In his first will he devised to her some $20,000, but thinking very truly the woman who bore his name and had been his, faithfully, so many years deserved more, he willed her $50,000, which she now has. What a field for novel making the careers of some of these old Californians offer.

* * *

I HAVE NEVER ENCOUNTERED a case of political thievery that equals in enormity the one perpetrated by the last Legislature when it passed the legislative apportionment bill. The Congressional apportionment, in which the Republicans sought to appropri-

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ate five Congress districts and make the others debatable that ought to be Democratic, was bad enough, but this legislative bill compared to that is as an Edison arc light to a tallow candle. One is petty and the other grand larceny. Of course, no one will blame the Republicans for taking a fair advantage of their majority in the last Legislature. They had a right to frame an apportionment such as would give their party the benefit of all doubts and fractions, but their plan of taking everything and leaving nothing is really a swinish trick.

* * *

I have observed recently a large amount of virtuous indignation among several of my highly respectable Republican contemporaries over the conduct of the Tammany Board of Aldermen in New York City, that Board, it seems, has lately gerrymandered the city so that the Republicans will hereafter get but one out of thirty Assemblymen elected on Manhattan Island. Considering the fact that their own party in this State is about to enforce a desperate attempt to prevent the Democrats from having any representation at all in future Legislatures, this exhibition of virtue is quite fine.

* * *

When I reflect upon the matter, I cannot refrain from expressing the hope that Tammany will discover some way of scooping in that remaining Assemblyman. I should like to see more of this respectable Republican indignation. It will tend to mollify the indignation of the Democracy out here at the gerrymander to which I have referred. I am informed that Judge Dibble is responsible for our case of political grand larceny. It may be true that he did not frame the bill, but I am assured the measure was the result of the combined wisdom of himself, Senator Voorhies, and Jake Steppacher. At all events he introduced it into the Assembly and it bears his name. Under these circumstances he is at least one of the fathers of the job, if not the principal parent.

The apportionment of districts is made on the Pond-Markham vote of 1890. It will be remembered that, while Senator Stanford carried the State by about 40,000—that was the aggregate majority of the Republican legislative candidates—and the Secretary of State and Attorney-General carried it by from 16,000 to 20,000, Governor Markham won by only about 7000. The difference between the majority for Markham and the majorities for the others on the Republican ticket is the number of votes Pond ran ahead of his colleagues—namely, in round figures 10,000 votes.

* * *

It must be remembered, however, that much of Pond's additional vote came from Republican districts, especially in this city, where he beat Markham by a small majority, although the legislative candidates swept the city by over 8000. Therefore, an apportionment drawn on the Pond-Markham vote is better for the Republicans than one drawn on a vote where the Democrats carried the State. And this is the reason: Districts conceded to the Democrats by small majorities will turn out Republican when the Pond Republicans vote their party ticket; whereas districts made Republican under such a vote will be more than safe. And, yet, this subtle advantage was not sufficient to satisfy the hunger of the political cormorants who originated this gerrymander.

* * *

Take the Senate for instance. They have not only stolen the members by districting so as to produce Republican majorities, but they have "stuffed" the population of the Democratic districts as well. The Second Senate District, comprising the counties of Siskiyou, Trinity, Shasta, Modoc, and Lassen, has a population of 36,000 and a Democratic majority of 85. The Fortieth District, comprising San Diego County, has 975 Republican majority and a population of 14,000. There are other cases nearly as flagrantly unequal as this. The plan was to swell the population of the Democratic districts and contract that of the Republican, thus making more Republican Senators. This is downright robbery, and a plain violation of the Constitution, which provides that the population of the Senate and Assembly Districts shall be as nearly equal as may be.

* * *

Not content with this, however, the framers of the bill have gerrymandered for majorities. There are twenty hold-over Senators. They represent even numbered districts. Fourteen of them are Republicans. In order to secure the Senate this year, and with it the United States Senator, even though there may be a tidal wave, these highwaymen have twisted the thing around so as to make as many as possible of the odd-numbered districts Republican. Here are the Republican majorities in some of them: First District, 394 majority; Third, 553; Seventh, 279; Ninth, 523; Eleventh, 560; Thirteenth, 1099; Fifteenth, 225; Nineteenth (San Francisco), 305; Twenty-first (San Francisco), 230; Twenty-seventh, 800; Twenty-ninth, 593; Thirty-first, 200; Thirty-fifth, 465; Thirty-seventh, 500; Thirty-ninth, 997. Thus it will be observed that the framers of this bill have made 15 of the odd-numbered districts from which Senators are to be chosen this year, hopelessly Republican. These fifteen, added to the fourteen hold-overs, will give that party twenty-nine of the forty Senators. How can any Democratic candidate for the United States Senate beat such a combination? It is impossible.

* * *

The Assembly apportionment is even worse. It is worse because the gerrymanderers had more members to steal from. If you were to take a colored citizen, whose talents inclined toward poultry, and turn him into a hen-roost containing eighty fowls he would naturally be able to stow away more pullets than if he were operating in a hen-roost containing but forty. The ratio of representation is just as unequal in the Assembly as in the Senate districts, and the gerrymander just as unconscionable; but no distinction is made between the odd and even numbered districts for the obvious reason that the Assembly is elected fresh every two years and none of its members hold over. One or two illustrations of the representation will be sufficient. The Tenth Assembly District (Colusa and Lake) has a population of 20,597 and a Democratic majority of 1108. The County of San Diego has a population of 14,987 and a Republican majority of 975. It is given two Assemblymen or one for each 7000 people! This is the most flagrant case of "stuffing" I have ever heard of.

* * *

The County of Sacramento, with a Republican majority of 1099 and a population of 40,000, is given three Assemblymen, or one for each 10,000 people, while the County of Mendocino, with a Democratic majority of 257, gets one Assemblyman for 17,357 people. The Fifty-seventh Assembly District (Stanislaus and Merced) has a population of 17,014 and a Democratic majority of 587.

* * *

I will venture to say that a more outrageous case of political grand larceny than this cannot be found outside of Ohio and Indiana. It really reflects credit on Judge Dibble, Senator Voorhies, and Mr. Steppacher. They must have brought to bear upon the job all their multifarious political resources. By scrimping the representation in Republican and swelling it in Democratic districts, and combining some counties and districting others they have managed to make the State yield, in a year when it gives a Republican majority of from 3000 to 5000, forty-six sure Republican Assemblymen, or a majority of the whole House of six. In a year like 1890 the Democrats would not elect ten members out of the eighty. In San Francisco the gerrymanderers have taken five of the nine Senators and ten of the eighteen Assemblymen sure, with one Senate and two Assembly districts close and debatable—probably Republican.

* * *

For the amusement of the numerous Democratic candidates for the United States Senate this year, I take pleasure in appending the apportionment of San Francisco. The figures explain themselves:

Assembly Dist.	Majority.	Senate Dist.	Majority.
28	265 Dem.	17	725 Dem.
29	460 Dem.		
30	350 Dem.	18	675 Dem.
32	325 Dem.		
33	65 Rep.	19	305 Rep.
35	240 Rep.		
34	300 Rep	20	270 Rep.
36	30 Dem.		
37	170 Rep.	21	230 Rep.
38	60 Rep.		
40	75 Rep.	22	335 Rep.
41	260 Rep.		
31	510 Dem.	23	80 Dem.
39	430 Rep.		
42	450 Rep.	24	730 Rep.
43	280 Rep.		
44	50 Dem.	25	600 Dem.
45	550 Dem.		

For the reasons already given, namely, that the apportionment is made on the vote of

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Pond who drew largely from the Republicans in 1890, it is probable that the Twenty-third district, with eighty Democratic majority, is really Republican, and that the Thirty-sixth and Forty-fourth Assembly districts, with thirty and fifty respectively, will turn out similarly. If this is so an ordinary election in this city will give the Republicans six of the nine Senators and twelve of the eighteen Assemblymen. And yet my esteemed Republican contemporaries grumble because Tammany has gerrymandered New York City. If Tammany can beat this then I am willing to salute Tammany; but as things stand Judge Dibble, Senator Voorhies, and Jake Steppacher are entitled to the belt.

* * *

NOT MANY PEOPLE remember the visit which the Marquis de Mores paid here a dozen years ago. It was an errand of friendship and at the time of a society tragedy. Madame Belloc had just committed suicide, and public opinion was very bitter against her husband for the part he had played in the affair. De Mores came here from his Montana ranch to render his friend Belloc counsel and assistance in the hour of need, and it had been at his request that the child was taken from Madame Belloc, and put quietly away with her husband's family in France. At that time De Mores was a handsome, vivacious chap, with very pretty eyes and an easy address. He was entertained by several of the French residents, and even attended one of our cotillions, held at the McDowells' home at Black Point, if I remember rightly.

* * *

On his return East, De Mores married the daughter of old Von Hoffman, who is a wretched, snuffy creature, with white side-whiskers and a pig face, who made money as a banker in New York. His wife has called herself De Hoffman ever since her daughter married De Mores, and she spends most of her time in France. However, the old man always sticks to the German "Von." Once I crossed the Atlantic with him, and in company with two festive New Yorkers took particular delight in guying him all the way over, for he made one of the most delicious victims I ever met. He wore his large napkin tied round his neck in such a fashion that two huge white ends reared themselves above his head like asses' ears. He had private cream, private butter, private salt, private ducks, and a private coffee set, and he spent his time in misery lest the entire captain's table should not know this. During the meal there would be a constant antiphon from him of: "Oxguse me—dot's mein cream you toog."

* * *

We quickly got tired of this business, and laid out a campaign which nearly drove the poor man insane. The moment he would grab at me for appropriating his *salade romaine*, my friend across the table would slide his hand dextrously towards his private strawberries, while two others would reach for his celery salt. A well-known and genial young San Francisco millionaire, who delights in practical jokes, was in our company, and the prank he played finally rid our table of Von Hoffman and his intense privacy.

* * *

This was his plot: There happened to be a clever old maid from Peoria, Ill., on board, and she was very susceptible. In fact, she was very good fun, and although I have never since met anybody from Peoria, I am assured that the woods there are full of her kind. The young San Francisco millionaire began one morning to pay her violent attentions, and insisted on calling her the Princess Barberini. We all joined in the plot, and that day she became simply intoxicated with the embarrassment of attention she received from five of the choicest young fellows on the ship. We had luncheon served on deck, and while one man fanned her, another fed her with some of Von Hoffman's private strawberries and private cream.

Just before dinner that night we had finally persuaded her that Von Hoffman was a widower, and that he was madly in love with her, and that as a friend of his we didn't like to witness the sufferings of an unfortunate billionaire any longer than we could help. Would she consent to change places with young Mr. Million, of New York, just for that evening, in order to sit by Von Hoffman at our table?

Would she?—Well, I wonder!

* * *

Von Hoffman didn't exactly know what to make of it when he reached the table. He looked at the gaunt, frizzled specimen at his right with secret terror. She smiled at him languishingly, and he shuddered. Then the young San Francisco millionaire introduced her to him as the Princess Barberini of Rome His fat, waxen face wrinkled itself in smiles, and he was more than attentive; in fact, so engrossed that he didn't notice the man on his left pour vinegar into his private cream, nor was he aware that a cruet of sweet oil had been emptied into his Chablis. I've forgotten how the rest of his dinner was doctored, but I know he made the Peorian Princess think that he was trying to poison her about the time that dessert arrived. She fled in wild horror to her stateroom, while we drew down upon the old man's head a most awful storm of indignation from the other passengers.

The captain and doctor protested against his iniquitous course in an angry, British style. After that the old gentleman dined in his own stateroom, and we were quit of him.

* * *

Speaking of Belloc, I must confess that I never joined in the storm of abuse which pursued him in the affair with his wife. Their marriage was a surprise to everyone, because Society had always thought he would marry Miss Emma Cole. Why this latter match was broken off I do not know. General Sewall had to pay out a dowry of $15,000 to Belloc, and thereby embarrass his small fortune for the daughter's whim. Though the marriage was unhappy from the very first, Madame Belloc never would have committed suicide at the Mission Dolores churchyard, had not that dreadfully scurrilous article appeared in the *News Letter*. The fat old hag who wrote it lived in the Palace Hotel, and has been roasted by his Satanic majesty several years since I trust; a fate that a generous Devil has in store for the editor who published it.

What a terror to Society she was, to be sure. No woman's name or character was safe when her tongue wagged. In her latter years, I am told, she was afflicted with that complaint of which tradition says King Herod died. I will also trust that this information is correct.

* * *

THE ARTICLE on "Our Gentle Folks," in last week's issue, attracted considerable interest, and has directed attention to arms, crests, and mottoes. In the short space at my disposal I was quite unable to tell of all the well-known people in San Francisco on whom an honored ancestry had conferred the inestimable favor of wearing arms on their stationery and bed-linen, and my attention has been drawn to some of those whom I had neglected. If there are any others, aside from those, I shall be pleased to publish their names, with arms, crest, and motto, merely asking that my correspondents authenticate their statements.

The Hammonds, of whom there is an important family here, are thus described: Arms, argent on a chevron sable, between two pellets, each charged with a martlet argent, in chief, and an oak wreath proper, in base three escalops, or, a bordure engrailed vert. Crest: Out of a Naval Crown or; the sails argent, an eagle's head, sable. Motto: *Paratus et fidelis.*

The Spensers are represented by a well-known insurance man, whose arms are like those of the Duke of Marlborough's: Arms, quarterly, argent and gules, on second and third quarters a fret or, over all a bend sable, three escalops of the first. Crest, out of a ducal coronet, a griffin's head argent. Motto: *Dieu défend le droit.*

* * *

Colin M. Boyd, another insurance man, is from an ancient Scotch family, and has its armorial bearings: Arms, argent, a fesse vaire, gules and azure. Crest: A hand pointing with the forefinger. Motto: *Confido.*

The Cheesemans are well-known Society people here since early times. Their arms are: Per chevron sable and argent, three estoilées of the same. Crest: A hand holding up a royal crown, proper.

The Deckers are another family well known in Society from other days. Arms: Party *per bend nebule;* or, a leopard's head erased; argent, a dove bearing an olive branch. Crest, a tiger passant and regardant.

The Coles are well known in Society as well as in mercantile circles. They are of an old and very excellent family in England, and

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these are their arms: Purpure, three Catharine wheels purpure on a chevron argent. Crest: A Catharine wheel purpure. Motto: *Virtus in actione consistat.*

Mr. Sheldon, who rivals Mr. Greenway in Society popularity, has the following escutcheon: Sable, a fesse argent between three sheldrakes proper. Crest: A sheldrake proper. Motto: *Optimum pati.*

* * *

I AM INFORMED by letter from Paris that Mrs. Frederick Barreda, who is at present at the world's capital, with her daughter Rose and Mrs. Hearst, has, by one of those marvelous accidents of Fortune, come into a large estate. This lady had two uncles when a young girl. They lived in Chile and Peru, while she was of old Spain. The younger of the two uncles paid a visit to the latter country, and, according to a custom quite prevalent there, wedded his pretty young niece. Possessed of enormous wealth, he held positions in the diplomatic service of the greatest importance. In Paris his home was like Aladdin's palace, while in London Madame Barreda was the most popular of all the ambassadors' wives. Her jewels were famous for their brilliancy and beauty, and her dinners were like a duchess's.

* * *

Her triumphs in Europe were repeated in New York. They hired a splendid mansion on the corner of Madison Avenue and East Twenty-sixth Street, and built a summer palace at Newport. For the New York house they paid a rental of $20,000 a year, while the place at Newport cost over half a million. Mrs. Astor was proud to be her friend, and her cotillions and afternoon teas were famous. Suddenly came the war between Peru and Chile. Barreda's fortune vanished like the wind, and he was left penniless. A man of brave determination, he resolved not to give way before the terrible disaster, but to make it his life work to recoup himself. Coming to San Francisco with no money, and only his brains as capital, he started in impetuously to make money. Entering the coffee and commission business, he struggled day and night with this one end in view.

* * *

Several fortunate ventures gave him a good beginning, and he branched out in a larger field. Soon he had got together $30,000, which he put into a comfortable house—for by this time he realized that the hand of Death was reaching for him.

The last three months of his life were heroic. The struggle to leave his wife and four children in comfort was almost superhuman. In the end he died, leaving them $50,000 worth of property. Now it seems the other uncle died at an advanced age in Paris some weeks ago, leaving Mrs. Barreda a millionairess once more.

* * *

This is how the windfall occurred:

When Mrs. Barreda left San Francisco with Mrs. Hearst in the spring she took her eldest daughter, Miss Rose. It had been many years since she had seen her aged uncle and it was his especial desire to look upon his favorite niece's face once more.

I remember him in Paris as a nabob, who was surrounded by about twenty or thirty of his South American and Spanish relatives, in the style of a prince. Mrs. Barreda reached London and tarried there several days. Miss Rose became infatuated with the place, which is strange, since I have always noticed that London is distinctly a man's city. She persuaded her mother to stop another week, notwithstanding the fact that cablegrams kept coming twice a day from Paris feverishly begging them to hurry.

* * *

Finally the day came when Mrs. Barreda sent an answer saying that they would leave London on the tidal train that evening. The old gentleman was so overcome with joy that he fell in a fit on the marble pavement of his courtyard and died, with the dispatch in his hand, almost instantly.

When Mrs. Barreda and her daughter drove up to the house in the early morning she found everything grief and wailing. However, she comes in for a rare fortune by the will, and that would console the saddest heart in Christendom.

* * *

AMONG THE CANDIDATES for the office of City and County Recorder, whose names I have seen mentioned in the newspapers, is that of John T. Washington. I am told that Mr. Washington, who is nearly six feet high and weighs about 250 pounds, is a rather coy candidate, and that only upon the earnest solicitation of a large number of his fellow citizens has he consented to permit his name to go before the coming reorganized and purified Democratic Municipal Convention. I do not know whether this diffidence arises from the fact that Mr. Washington's name is Washington, or whether it is due to the consciousness that his Maker made a mistake in not making him a Dolan, or a Slattery, or a McFadden. Either of these things would, of course, explain it. But the gentleman need not fear that his name will handicap him. The reorganized and purified Democracy cannot put Celts up for all the offices, even if they are Native Sons. They will be obliged to nominate an American or two to catch the American vote, and why should not Mr. Washington capture one of these places? There is certainly no reason. He is surely an American. In fact, I understand, he is a descendant of the Virginia Washingtons, to whom belonged the Father of His Country.

* * *

But I did not begin this paragraph to discuss Mr. Washington's pedigree. I began it to tell a story about him, which, if he is nominated and elected City and County Recorder, as he may be, will illustrate how near we once came to losing his valuable services. It is said that Abraham Lincoln's grandfather, when a child, was nearly drowned. He was, indeed, pulled out of a Kentucky river and rolled over a barrel to get the water out of him, so near had he came to strangulation. Suppose he had perished? How would the history of the Civil War now be written? Would there have been another such a noble, self-sacrificing, courageous spirit as that of the sainted Lincoln? I doubt whether any generation could have produced another. So it is, that if the story I am about to relate had ended differently, we might now have to forego Mr. Washington for City and County Recorder. As I have stated, John is connected with the Washingtons of Virginia. In fact, he was born in that State, though imported into California at a very tender age. His father, Benjamin F. Washington, was Collector of this port under President Buchanan, and was the first editor the *Examiner* ever had. Shortly after the close of the war John concluded he would visit "Old Virginny." He had some business in connection with his father's estate to transact and wanted to inspect the ravages of the rebellion. He proceeded to Richmond and after visiting all the uncles and cousins who had not been killed in the conflict, went up to the town of Sharpsburg to see a lawyer named Hardy.

* * *

The weather was hot, and he wore the conventional long linen duster and broad-brimmed felt hat. He called on Hardy, and then took a stroll about town. After a time he noticed that he was being stared at with more than ordinary interest, but attributing this to his California swagger, he endeavored to change his system to the regulation Virginia stride. Finally he entered a candy store and purchased a handful of gum drops. Turning to leave, he saw five men enter, pale and trembling. One of them had a paper in his hand, and, stepping forward, tapped him on the shoulder.

"Say, I want you."

"Want me? What do you want of me?" ejaculated John, with much surprise.

"I am the Sheriff of this county, and these are my men. We have a warrant for your arrest."

* * *

Washington was thunderstruck. "A warrant for me? Nonsense. What are you arresting me for?"

"Well, you are Jim Wilcher; that's what we want you for."

John was sufficiently familiar with the history of the country to know that Jim Wilcher was a noted Confederate guerrilla, who had terrorized the neighborhood long after the close of the war, and who, in fact, was still making it uncomfortably warm for the carpetbag officials. Realizing now that he had been taken for Wilcher, John was well-nigh paralyzed.

"Jim Wilcher? The devil, no. My name is Washington, and I'm from California. I'm up here to see a lawyer named Hardy on business; I can prove this."

"Now, see here," said the Sheriff, "we know better than that. Here is a man that went to school with you."

* * *

With this he brought forward a frightened

little fellow who had been skulking near the door.

"Yessir; I went to skule with 'im. I'll swear its Jim Wilcher."

After a deal of parley, however, the Sheriff agreed to accompany John to the only man in town who knew him, Lawyer Hardy. In his presence everything was explained. John was identified, and, notwithstanding the incredulousness of the Sheriff, that official was finally induced to release him.

"By Jove," says John now, when he relates the story, "that was a narrow escape. The Sheriff told me afterward that he was satisfied I was Jim Wilcher from the statements of the man who said he had gone to school with me, and, being satisfied, he did not propose to take any chances in capturing me. His posse were scared nearly to death, as Jim Wilcher's desperate deeds were fresh in their minds, and if I had carelessly passed a hand to one of my pockets the whole party would have riddled me with bullets. Whew! it makes my gore freeze to think of it."

* * *

I hope, however, that Mr. Washington's striking resemblance to a Virginia desperado will not reduce his chances of securing the Democratic nomination for Recorder. In relating this story I have merely desired to illustrate the change in history that would be necessary had John happened to have passed that paper of gum drops into his rear pocket while the Sheriff was discussing his identity.

* * *

Reverend Joseph Nouri, of Mt. Ararat fame, could have done much better than the discovery of Noah's Ark had a further chance been given him. The charming Assyrian is a far greater man than those who deride his faculty for veracity. To an *Examiner* man in a moment of confidence this most picturesque of prelates confided his identity. He is the rightful heir to the Persian throne. By indisputable documentary evidence, he proved the present Shah a usurper and exhibited his perfect title to the throne. To remove all doubt from the mind of his listener, he produced sworn statements of nurses and eunuchs showing that he, Nouri, was stolen from the imperial palace at Teheran while yet a child in arms. The conspirators replaced him with the diseased offspring of another of the Shah's wives.

* * *

The motive of the abduction was jealousy—the Shah's favorite wife being hated by the other ladies in the seraglio. The youthful Nouri removed to Assyria, grew up under the charge of a pious family, and finally reached eminence in the ministry of which he is a most distinguished member. This pathetically veracious tale is worthy of a novelist of some repute and stamps the talented inventor as of singular ability as a liar.

* * *

ONE OF THE BEST STORIES the Democratic Delegation brought home is told by W. W. Foote. No sooner did the California combination reach Chicago than Whitney sought them out. Drawing Foote aside he asked anxiously:

"Is California solid for Cleveland?"

"It is," said Foote, with emphasis. "You can depend upon us."

"Ah," said Whitney, with a sigh of relief. "Do you know that Mr. Cleveland told me I would surely have trouble with this delegation."

"He did, did he?" interrogated Foote.

"Yes," said the ex-Secretary laughing. "Told me when he was elected, the party in your State was divided, and from the charges the factions made against one another he concluded neither was up to much. Gave him more trouble than the rest of the country. Finally, he concluded to form a third party that would owe allegiance to him, and made appointments with that object."

"Oh," said Foote.

"Yes,' continued Whitney, "and he found that he had the worst of the three on his conscience."

* * *

Frank Moffatt tells this story on Delegate Foote, whose patriotism is not his least amiable characteristic. The party went to the Monmouth Park races and were treated with distinguished consideration. Received on the lawn they found Jack Follansbee there, and he secured them entrance to the members' stand and other courtesies that were eminently appreciated. They were addressing each one another by fancy titles and it happened that Mr. Foote's was "The Governor." It was circulated that the Chief Executive of California was on the grounds and the President of the Club sent to ask Governor Foote to take a seat in the Judge's stand. He did so, and on surveying the field asked if it contained any steeds from the Golden State.

"Oh, yes; there's Bernardo, but I guess he's not in it," answered some one.

"No matter," said Hon. W. W., "he's from California. Here, Charlie," he called to a colored servitor. "Put fifty dollars on Bernardo for me."

* * *

This racer—one of the string of White Hat McCarthy—was selling at fifteen to one. The start was made. Bernardo was apparently out of it. But he began to draw up and won a place; then he proceeded to try conclusions with the leader. To the surprise of the crowd he held his own, and astonished no one so much as Governor Foote by winning hands down. But I believe that was the solitary time patriotism proved a good investment on the trip.

* * *

The Sacramento convention will enjoy the reputation of being the shortest and weakest on record. It is a good deal like the *Wasp* of this city, whose claim to being the oldest and worst cartoon-paper in the country has been allowed since Mr. T. Ennui Flinflam assumed the editorial management.

* * *

THE RESEMBLANCE that Frank Moffat, of the Oakland *Times*, bears to a certain great Democrat has often been commented on. It is true he lacks the avoirdupois that has been made the leading characteristic of his physical prototype, but the contour of the two physiognomies is very similar. When Mr. Moffat was in New York recently, he made up his mind to visit the Statue of Liberty, and one agreeable day started for Bedloe's Island accompanied by Frank Roseborough, son of the Judge of that name. It is no joke ascending the spiral staircase that leads to the torch whose beacon lights illuminate the bay. Narrow, tortuous, and dark, there are but four steps to the round. Moffat toiled along panting and puffing like a grampus.

* * *

"Roseborough," he said, "as Californians we have to go to the top if it's higher than Shasta. You are lighter than I am, so supposing you go on ahead." His friend sidled past him, and was soon three or four turns in advance. At the next turn he was confronted by a sentry, whose Winchester was ornamented with a bayonet.

"Go back at once," was the imperative order. "No one is allowed in the Statue unless with a permit signed by the Governor of the island."

Roseborough admitted he was not pro-

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Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

vided, but explained he was from the Golden State, and wanted to see all the sights. The soldier was inexorable, and Roseborough knowing how Moffat felt, was in despair. A happy inspiration came to him. He said:

"The gentleman behind me is an important man, and must not be delayed. He is traveling *incognito* to escape reporters."

"Who is it?" inquired the sentry curiously.

"Grover Cleveland, candidate for President," was the answer.

* * *

Just at that moment Moffat hove in full view and was astonished to receive a salute from the sentry.

"Mr. Cleveland," said Roseborough, deferentially, "I have been compelled to reveal your identity to this gentleman, who intimates that further ascent is impossible."

Moffrt grasped the situation, and intimated a desire to finish the ascent. The sentry's objections collapsed and the twain climbed to the very point of the torch, and enjoyed the marvelous view had from there.

* * *

LIKE WINE, good Hoffman stories gain with age. Not from the point of view of veracity, but by the accretion of entertaining detail. That the late Judge was enamored of his own vocal powers there could never be a question. In his listeners he did not ask for response or comprehension—merely silence. He came to be considered a bore, and the shadow of his advance dispersed and blighted many a genial circle whose components would rather await the sequel of the neatest of new yarns than subject themselves to the torrent of Hoffmanesque eloquence. About the time of the big explosion in the old Wells, Fargo building on Montgomery Street, the Judge, meandering slowly along, met an acquaintance, a merchant, whom he immediately engaged in conversation.

* * *

He was in admirable form; he flowed on from one subject to another, dilated here, expounded there, pausing only in the middle of sentences for fear the victim would utilize a full stop to escape. That was a way he had. Eventually, after several unsuccessful attempts, a separation was effected. The merchant was pursuing his way down the street when the explosion occurred. Had he but started five minutes sooner his life would have paid the penalty. That evening Judge Hoffman was relating the episode to a few friends in the Club. With his usual impressiveness he said:

"My garrulity is often alluded to by you gentlemen as tedious; yet, I am sure, you will admit I saved that man's life by detaining him with conversation. Had he gone on he would now be dead."

"But, Judge, there are some things worse than death."

It was the late Colonel Hoge who spoke.

The Witness.

FASHIONS AND FANCIES.

FOR THE LADIES.

The style for making India silks at the early part of the season and the present designs are so totally different that one could readily imagine them separated by years of fashions instead of months. One of the latest and prettiest modes is intended for white silks, having colored stripes or flower designs made up over silk the shade of the design. A striking model of this style was a white silk having a narrow stripe of pinkish lavender made over a silk of the same shade. Of course the skirt, being entirely good form, barely touched the floor, and was made with simple fullness in the back and a slight drapery to the right of the front forming a long jabot effect, with the selvage of the silk showing in place of the usual fold or hem. The waist had two enormous drooping reveres formed by turning back over the shoulder the two selvage-edged fronts. These were unlined, and opened over a high collar and full jabot front of fine creamy lace. The sleeves extended only to the elbow, and were one immense puff with a fall of the lace. A narrow band of velvet ribbon, the shade of the stripes, passed twice around the waist and was tied with long ends in the back. A broad-brimmed hat of white Neapolitan straw had a wreath of exquisite little nameless flowers, in color harmonizing with that of the dress, about the edge of the brim, and another forming the crown. This last was caught with a soft bow of wide white ribbon.

Hooks and eyes are doomed, I am told on the best authority, and I believe we are prepared to let them pass from us with but little regret, for of all trying modes of dress fastening they should have the palm. In their place we again have buttons, but such buttons it is quite safe to say at least the present generation have never seen. So valuable is the material and so exquisite the workmanship of many designs that they will be found only within the reach of a fortunate few. One house has had orders for sets of exquisite little medallions of famous beauties set in wee diamonds—one when completed being scarcely larger than a dime. Lovely little bits of Dresden are used for the fastening of light dresses, and gold and silver are made up in scores of dainty designs. Of course, these are intended to do service for several dresses, and fasten by means of a ring at the back of the garment.

* * *

Velvet wraps are slowly, though surely, working their way into first place for the coming season's wear—and as a handsome quality of material and trimming is required for a satisfactory result, there is little danger of their becoming very common. The full, round Henry VIII. will be found most satisfactory, as it combines elegance and comfort. Black velvet lined with some brilliant shade of silk and having a little fine sparkling jet introduced in the collar, and about the edge of the garment is a charming effect, though not as striking as an imported model in golden brown velvet lined in a dead silk of the same shade and trimmed in narrow bands of golden pheasant's breasts. Another attractive model is of myrtle green velvet trimmed with bands of mink and lined in light brown surah.

* * *

Whoever is responsible I know not, but true it is that a most marvelous innovation has taken place regarding table decoration and dinner service in the East, and as a natural consequence I believe Californians will soon follow suit. From rich damask, elaborate floral decorations, and silver and gold plate, enough on the table at our time to start a good-sized shop, we have the natural collapse which follows all surfeits, and to-day when Mrs. Knickerbocker has at dinner a select number of friends the mahogany table is often found innocent of any decoration save a large bowl of roses in its centre, and a square linen doily embroidered in the crest or monogram (French white cotton embroidery) at the place of each guest, this and nothing more. If a linen table cover is used at all, it is without crease or design, the edges being hemstitched. Of course, this apparent simplicity necessitates perfectly drilled servants, for with each course the silver, china, and accessories are removed. MME. X.

CHICAGO AND NEW YORK FLYER.

To the readers of THE WAVE: If you are "in the swim" and are contemplating a trip East you will see that your tickets read *via* the UNION PACIFIC, THE ONLY LINE RUNNING PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM SLEEPING CARS AND DINING CARS, SAN FRANCISCO TO CHICAGO WITHOUT CHANGE and making direct connection in Chicago with the fast limited trains for all Eastern cities; ONLY THREE AND ONE HALF DAYS TO CHICAGO; ONLY FOUR AND ONE HALF DAYS TO NEW YORK. This line also runs select Tourist excursions through to Boston every Thursday in charge of experienced Managers. For tickets, sleeping car reservations, and full particulars, apply to D. W. Hitchcock, General Agent, Union Pacific Sys., No. 1 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, or G. F. Herr, Passenger Agent, 229 South Spring Street, Los Angeles.

BURLINGTON ROUTE EXCURSIONS.

Commencing Tuesday, March 15th, at two P. M. from Los Angeles, and Wednesday at eight A. M. from San Francisco, and every Tuesday and Wednesday thereafter, the Burlington Route will run its regular summer excursions with Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars to Chicago *via* Salt Lake City and Denver. For particulars and excursion folder, apply to agent, Burlington Route at 204 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, or 32 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

DRIFTED SNOW FLOUR

A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA :—If writers studied style as painters do drawing, novel reading would be a delight. The very qualities, however, that one insists on in a picture, are those most signally lacking in current literature. Perspective and composition are ignored; backgrounds are misrepresented or pushed into relief; coloring is either garish or missing, and light and shadow seem happiest when usurping each other's functions. As for the *dramatis personæ*—endowed with mouths and noses, the theory seems to be that cataloguing features is character creation. Most plots are only less grotesque that gargoyles and but half as symmetrical. In a landscape one demands balance, life, accurary of detail, unity of effect—these qualitles are the phenomena of fiction. Words are to the author what gold is to the jeweler, what paint to the artist—the medium of expression and translation. They are malleable and ductile; they are lucid or turgid, iridescent or opaque. In a phrase, one can concentrate an epic—in a paragraph it is possible to suggest a drama. But it is all work.

That you will find "Grania" absorbing I am not prepared to believe. It contains much that is good, but the faults are a poverty of incident and a superabundance of detail. The plot, less than a thread, is hardly a shadow; the characters are developed at abnormal length and do not justify the expenditure of words. Doubtless the life of Arran is admirably depicted, but it lacks interest. As a background for tragedy, the gloomy poverty of these acres of rough, inhospitable rock would be admirable. The heroine is dark, proud, superb of physique, angry enough to form material for complications. Give her the requisite events with a chance of preferment and she is Joan of Arc or Judith, a reflection which shows the heroism that is greatness is but little finer than the resistance or daring which we often include among the domestic virtues. She loves with a love so fierce its strength is a mystery to herself, and he is a large, lazy, loutish Aranite, ignorant of English, fond of drink, in whose eyes Grania's devotion means a relief from work. As a study the book has value, but it is too spread out.

Two superb stories, at least, you will find in "La Bella," by Egerton Castle. One, "A New Sensation," is dramatic and is told with a fiery vigor that lends vividness to the episode. He is a young Scotch artist; she, the Duchessa Castelcapaccio, an Austrian and the loveliest woman in Rome. "Beautiful not only in line and curve, but with the rare conjunction of delicate, brilliant and harmonious coloring," haughty too, impertinently proud. She first piques, then fascinates the youth because he is indifferent to the exquisite charm of her personality. He paints her portrait and succumbs to the magic of her eyes. In his studio she poses amid rich draperies and strange old furniture. Capricious, exacting, by turns gay, happy, docile or haughty, *blasé*, insolent, she is bewitching. What an exquisitely colored and yet highly dramatic scene it is when she visits him at midnight. There is the table she spreads with an old piece of Eastern, yellow embroidery; the Venetian jug full of jonquils in the center, figs, grapes, bananas on a majolica dish, the Perigord pie, the salame, which she finds in the great Nuremburg cabinet. It is a picture by itself; she with her crimson lips, her white teeth, the dimples at the corner of her mouth, the liquid shine those gray-green eyes had between their dark lashes; he white, his lips quivering, his eyes ablaze with a passion he never had known before. How she punishes his rashness, how unspeakable her disdain. She has made him love her, and then neglects him. But this young Scotchman is not the one to suffer her amazing, heartless insolence. She parades before him her admirer Prince Schwarzenheim, and for the ball that evening they make an appointment. A thirst for revenge fills him. He hates. That night in the garden he meets his rival. There is a spirited scene, then ensues a duel; the Prince is wounded, and it is Steven Munro who keeps his appointment with the fair Duchess. He humilates her and gives her the new sensation she craves.

Almost as brilliant is "The Baron's Quarry," a terrible thrilling tale; the scene a Hungarian castle—the climax an elopment in the snow, the pursuing husband torn to pieces by the wolf hounds he had intended should kill his erring wife. He is a terrible creature, this Baron Kossowski, whose massive head and broad shoulders are out of proportion to the short sturdy limbs that support them. A nervous, cultured savage, ferocious, yet capable of ideal transports. The contrast between him and his wife—she, a graceful, slender woman, with the face of Guido's Cenci. Then follows that terrible hunt—the half, starved wolf hounds, huge, square-headed, deep-chested, the Baron with his fiendish face, and cruel whip, the white, plane scintillating under the high moon's rays. The pistol shot, the long scream, the sickening silence are a frightful climax to a drama one would paint in black and red.

That Hamlin Garland has returned to art is evinced in his latest story "A Little Norsk." Not that it possesses the dramatic value of "A Branch Road," or "Among the Corn Rows.' Those were *chef d'œuvres*. It shows an escape from the style of work of which Jason Edwards was a sample—raw moralizing in which the manner is nothing, and the matter pre-eminent. A man with a mission is so much more effective when he relies on general effect to point his lesson rather than on particular dissertations in the mouth of a prosy character. It is a powerful picture that of the two men in their hut Christmas day on the cold Dakota prairie. As lone and level and bare as a polar ocean the plain stretched out around them—a treeless expanse, a racing ground for snow and wind.

Few false touches are there in the rendering of the characters of Anson and Bert—the first so strong, manly, and generous; the other moody, yet ready to sacrifice all for his friend. Into their lives comes the little Norwegian girl, Elga, and it is the story of their love for her that the tale concerns itself with. Under the influence of Western air and hard work she thrives and expands into healthy, vigorous womanhood. As she grows older her presence in the cabin of the two farmers becomes an embarrassment and they send her to school. There she falls in love with a little chemist, marries him to the great sorrow of "the boys." Apart from the mere love interest, however, the background of life on the Dakota plains, the recurrence of the seasons, the pitiless winters, the burning summers, the dread of blizzards, harvesting—form an admirable background. The very atmosphere of the prairie is there. One realizes far more potently than through the medium of tracts what are the hardships of farming. Read the book. ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"La Bella" and others, by Egerton Castle. D. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Grania," by Honorable Emily Lawless. Macmillan & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"A Little Norsk." D. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

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The Wave

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

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THE CHURCH AND SUNDAY PAPERS.

With a unanimity that is the result of a magnificent ignorance of what they are talking about, the Presbyterian Doctors of Divinity have agreed that the Sunday newspaper is an insurmountable obstacle in the path of the heavenward-bound pilgrim. They are sure that no person carrying the Sunday *Chronicle* or *Examiner* in his hand will be admitted by Saint Peter; they have expressed the opinion that no one who stays away from church can be saved, and they have decided opinions on the eternal condemnation of children. Making due allowance for some sins of omission and commission among the Deacons and "unco good," the number of applicants for seats in the place to which the Presbyterians are going will not be large. I am not of the opinion that the Rev. Mr. Smith is sincere in his denunciation of the Sunday newspaper; it is quite probable that he is anxious to drag himself out of the obscurity of his pulpit and name by means of an agent that might never have known he existed if he had not attacked it. However much of a quantity the Rev. Mr. Smith is to that portion of the population that prefers dozing, to the accompaniment of pastoral droning, to the enjoyment of the intellectual repast furnished by the Sunday newspaper, he is not a great figure in the public mind, and it was probably for the purpose of rescuing himself from the privacy of his own inconspicuousness that he darted his tongue at the press.

The Rev. Mr. Smith's quarrel with the Sunday paper is that it keeps the people away from the church. Surely he is in error in the matter; no man who has sense enough to read a Sunday journal will spend all day in its perusal, and if I am not mistaken, there are churches in which divine service is held in the evening. Even if I am wrong regarding the evening session in churches, the hour of the morning services is not arbitrary, and might be changed to suit the people who desire to read the papers. From what the Rev. Mr. Smith says, their number is very great; it is likely they will continue to read the Sunday press; therefore, would it not be well to make some effort to win them from their desire to be enlightened regarding mundane things by arranging an hour when they could be instructed in matters spiritual.

But the Rev. Mr. Smith is in error in his diagnosis of the cause of empty pews. The Sunday newspaper has as little to do with it as the sunlight, the rain, the heat, the cold, or even the Rev. Mr. Smith himself. When Sunday morning is bright and warm, the masses desire to go to the Park, to cross the bay, to escape from the city with its bricks and dust and churches; when the day is cold and damp they remain at home to keep themselves warm. The Rev. Mr. Smith should arraign another than the editorial power for this.

If the Rev. Mr. Smith and his reverend brethren will not agree to change the hour of divine service, they may accept another suggestion; it is this: Start an agitation that will result in giving the masses a half-holiday on Saturday; let the weary brains rest, the tired muscles relax on the afternoon of that day, and you will have people in your churches on Sunday. In the meantime the Sunday papers are so bad that I am surprised that the people who read them do not go to church.

THE THUMB OR THE NECK.

From his lowly position in the rear rank Private Iams, of the Pennsylvania militia, has been dragged by the thumbs into a publicity that even the most hardened seeker after notoriety might try to avoid. Private Iams was in Colonel Streator's command, which is guarding Protection's citadel, Homestead, from the attacks of the highly-paid workmen of America. For his misconduct Colonel Streator ordered that his buttons be cut off, that he be triced by the thumbs to a tent pole, and that he be drummed out of the regiment. Under the pain of the second clause of the sentence he fainted.

A howl of rage has been raised because of this form of the punishment; civilians and soldiers have condemned it in the severest language; lawyers have offered their services, and laymen their money, to prosecute the officer who authorized the barbarous sentence. Some of the London papers, even, have spoken of it, and the editors of San Francisco, with their desire to be as honest as they can, and say what they think, and their fear of injuring their advertising patronage, have suffered as much mentally as did the victim. I am of the opinion that the punishment was exceedingly cruel; that the command under which it was inflicted was issued in passion; and that had Colonel Streator had time to think it over, he might have modified it. Probably, it would have been better to have hanged the man by the neck than by the thumbs.

These people who denounce the commanding officer for his cruelty seem to have forgotten Private Iams' offense. It will be borne in mind that Iams was there to protect life and property; when the news reached the militia that Superintendent Frick had been assassinated, Iams called for three cheers for the murderer. The men who heard him blushed, and remained silent; whereat Iams cheered himself. It is a marvel to me that Private Iams' comrades did not knock him down and kick his soul into companionship with those of the properly hanged and damned traitors who have gone before.

No sympathy will be wasted by the gentlemen of the National Guard of California on Private Iams; the man who would cheer at the assassination of another, even an enemy, is beyond the consideration of honorable people, and the man who would applaud a cowardly and murderous attack on one whom he had sworn to protect, would, had he been present, have fought with his fellows for the delight of stabbing with desecrating spear the bleeding Figure on the cross. In all the offenses against the noble profession of arms, this of Iams is the worst; it is shameful and revolting, and no one who can imagine he heard that cheer for the murderous anarchist will say that the punishment that Colonel Streator inflicted was too great for Private Iams' crime.

DOCTORS AND ETHICS.

My friends, the doctors, have fallen out among themselves, and honest men will have a chance to get well. The quarrel which has shaken harmony out of the Medical Society arose over the proper means of advertising, some of the physicians holding that the best way of keeping themselves before the public was by eccentricities of dress; others that strange, rakish-looking teams possessed efficacy in that direction; and others, again, asserting that only through a friend on the papers, who would puff and blow about cures that might have been effected had not the patient "gone and died," could the proper amount of attention be diverted Esculapius-ward.

As the fight progresses it is seen to be an exceedingly humorous one, and it promises to become even funnier than it is now, as some of the gentlemen against whom charges have been preferred of using the public prints, are talking of showing where their accusers bought and paid for advertising space in the papers. This will all be very entertaining, and as the doctors can do exactly as they threaten much enjoyment for the layman may be expected.

The whole trouble seems to have been caused by a person who is said to edit a medical journal alleged to be published here. He was never heard of before this time, and his paper, if he have one, enjoyed the same blessings of privacy. Aided by a man who has been a notorious advertiser, and who was thrown from the tired arms of an unfortunate politician into a public office that he has always used as a means of calling attention to himself, the editor has raised a row because the physicians did not patronize his journal. That, of course, was a deadly sin, and if the malefactors are not properly punished, and be made to serve as a warning for others to advertise with him, his paper will have to be buried by the county.

As a matter of fact, very few doctors do not advertise in one way or another. Different means are used, but they all amount to the same thing; the people have more respect for a physician who appears in the papers like any other professional than for the doctor who uses the cheap clap-trap of weird horses and carriage, who makes his hat or his coat his advertisement, or who makes attacks on others in order to be interviewed. In the meantime, it looks as if those who were making the charges before the Medical Society were on a quiet hunt for advertising.

OUR PULLED-BACK ANGELS.

THE POLITICAL, INTELLECTUAL, AND SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE OF CLOSE-REEFED SKIRTS.

BY ARTHUR McEWEN.

It is surprising that the clergy, in whom the ladies have ever awakened wrath and other strong feelings, have not taken notice of the women's current fashion of dress—I mean taken notice officially, for no man, even though he be a parson, can have been oblivious to the delightful change that has occurred. When I say delightful I do not, of course, speak as a moralist. Few things that are delightful have the advantage to be moral. My delight is solely that of a male of the species, and no male of the species, except for that inconsiderable portion of his existence which his needs require him to spend in the pulpit or editorial chair, can pretend to be insensible to the charm that the female form possesses for him. That form has but to press the button of his eye and the bell of his grateful masculinity will ever ring lustily.

The present fashion leaves nothing, or very little, to be desired.

Of what remains for the imagination modern prejudice forbids specification. I look, therefore, for a decay of the imaginative faculty in man, since, as is well known, atrophy ensues upon disuse. On the other hand, superficially contradictory as it may seem, it is highly probable that pictorial and plastic art will take a forward leap. It has for many years been a standing complaint with American artists that the difficulty of obtaining models in this country has placed them at a fatal disadvantage with their European rivals. There is now no ground for this growl. Half an hour on the San Francisco promenades will furnish the painter or the sculptor with hundreds of models, all in motion and apparently desirous of obstructing a perfect view of the figures which God (who is not a moralist) gave them with as scant a quantity of interposing drapery as may be. Not only is the artist (and he who is not an artist) favored with a disclosure of every flowing line of the figure, but also with minuter revelations that only nudity would exceed in frankness. Such of the models as are sufficiently old-fashioned to adhere to the corset advertise the circumstance by granting inspection of the superior and inferior outlines thereof, together with protuberant suggestions of the knobs which hold the machine together in front. Even the superimposed and therefore intervening *pannier* has all but disappeared in the interest of Truth.

Heaven forbid that man, carnal man, should utter one word to stay this feminine march toward complete emancipation from the thraldom of concealing raiment. For my part, I own that the streets are now better than the ballet, from which everything is expected professionally and in which an assumption of unconsciousness would be offensive and ridiculous. I boldly own that it is agreeable to behold a pretty girl, young, supple, plump, and elastic, striding along in the full sunlight of broad day covered by fabrics which invest her movements with that added fascination inhering in the swish and changeful play of drapery.

Is all this comment indelicate? Isn't it true? And, if true, to which shall indelicacy be charged—the thing itself, or what is said about it?

There is no doubt at all, of course, that the most modest of women follow this fashion. The immodesties of modest women in their obedience to custom furnish a large part of the history of fashions, and the most interesting part to the student of manners and morals. The Turkish ladies deem it scandalous to show their faces, while they exhibit their ankles; ours bare not their faces alone, but their backs and bosoms also, yet hide the ankles, and off the stage or bathing beach, would suffer shame at letting the calf be seen. Eve, unquestionably, felt herself the pink of propriety with her fig leaf, and would have been chastely pleased to receive company in that costume had there been any company to receive. So modesty, after all, is a matter of time and place.

But what interests most in the prevailing mode is not what men think of it (it is not necessary to say that after the first shock to their sensibilities they like it) but what women themselves think—women, that is, who make a specialty of writing and talking about their sex, the higher education, the deeper, broader, rounder, squarer life, and the rest of it—the women who claim for their sex intellectual equality with men and demand the ballot and a full half of the public and wage-earning activities, barring soldiering, hod-carrying (which is vouchsafed them in Austria) and other hard and disagreeable things incident to political and industrial emancipation.

These eloquent and ambitious ladies are, I grieve to observe, as silent as their running mates, the preachers. Possibly the social and political significance of skin-tight bodices and St. Anthony skirts has not been borne in upon their capacious minds. Possibly it has, though, and the disastrous meaning accounts for their taciturnity. The fashion tells anew, and in italics, the basic truth, the pleasant, acceptable, and all-embracing truth, that the Almighty did not create woman for herself, but for us. For which, thanks. And usually she knows it. But whether she does or not, she, if pretty, dresses and acts as if she did. For us she is sweet, engaging, lovable, refining; for us she pins herself back; for us she discards the obscuring petticoats and, we are informed, replaces them with the lineful "combination suit," or eke the buckskin tights; for us she applies the grace-bestowing pencil to the arched eyebrow (winning sonnets); for us she plasters the fair face of her with disgusting cosmetics; for us she subjects her angel form to the viscera-displacing corset; for us she thrusts into shoes much too small for her the dainty toes nature conferred, and for our dear sakes squashes them into a misshapen mangle. For us, Heaven bless her, there is nothing she won't do.

And man, besotted man, likes it.

Obviously, therefore, the ladies who aim at the broader, rounder, and squarer life, for others if not for themselves, have begun at the wrong end. Observation should induce them to borrow a leaf from the book of their sisters who are more richly blessed as to bosom and hip than themselves, if they would succeed in making thinking beings of their sex. Whatever pleases man that woman will do, in spite of the pulpit and Miss Susan B. St. Anthony. The first step of progress, therefore, must be to work a change in man's taste. Before women will consent to become tall-browed mathematicians, profound politicians, learneds cientists, congressmen, soldiers, sailors, ward-bosses, and equal battlers in the world's strife generally, men will have to be brought to like women of that kind. At present, I say it with diffidence—they don't.

The success of the woman's movement, which the current fashion suggests, is not the movement which the desires and prejudices (and sex) of Miss Anthony fit her to appreciate.

All that is necessary to crown with everlasting triumph the labors of that esteemed lady is to cure the species of a taste with which intellect has very little to do. The taste for marriage, that is.

FOR PARLOR AND LIBRARY.

Some of the prettiest of the late fashions in purses, card and calling cases, are to be seen at Sanborn, Vail & Co. They are in all kinds of skins and leathers, and are either plain or with charming designs in silver. The old style of monograms is returning, but is much simpler than before. There are many exquisite writing desks in the show rooms of this well-known firm, articles that serve for ornaments when not in use. With these, of course, go the latest styles in stationery, of which there are many.

In pictures one can get anything desired here, from an oil by an old master to a water color by a local artist. The large stock of frames will suit any taste. Here are also etchings, engravings, and fac-similes of water colors and pastels. For photographs there are many frames in charming designs, cabinet, Paris panel, etc., in white and gold, gold plated, sterling silver, and with bisque ornaments.

FASHION IN CHAMPAGNE.

When the Prince of Wales suddenly decided several years ago that no wine was suitable for the royal palate but Pommery Sec, all other wines were banished from the little suppers which the Prince gave to his friends, and "Pommery" became the proper thing. If a nobleman prepared a banquet, Pommery was the first consideration. The London dealers were so surprised that, until they communicated with the French headquarters, they could hardly supply the demand. It was the same way in America. New York society was seized with the craze, and in every fashionable novel of the season Pommery Sec figures prominently.—*Eastern Exchange.*

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THE MUMMERS.

"THE FORESTERS" AT STOCKWELL'S.

It is hardly fair to consider "The Foresters" in its relation to the stage. As a contribution to dramatic literature the work will live as a very beautiful piece of writing, but for its longevity in the regard of the public it will be indebted more to the name than the genius of its noble author. As a play—it is termed a comedy, and is as much that as a tomtit is a whale—it will not live. The Daly Company may succeed in placing it from time to time before audiences whose intellectual pretensions will aspire to the height of making their fellows believe they admire it; but (the pity of it!) there are not enough people with Daly prices and Tennyson understandings to make the effort an artistic or financial success.

Tennyson may have dramatic ability, but he has not the necessary stage knowledge to write a play that may be acted. There is no line in "The Foresters" that could not as well be voiced in a parlor chair as on the stage; his situations are barren of force, and to indicate the place of a climax, he uses nothing stronger than an exclamation point. "The Foresters" might serve as the intellect, the mind of a play; but it needs a body, muscle, brawn, motion, action, to make it fit for dramatic production. Lord Tennyson—and I submit it was a mistake to honor him thus, as since he was made a nobleman he has ceased to be a poet—has the imagination necessary to the making of a character, but into its nostrils he has never breathed the breath of dramatic life; and the character stands *sans* everything but a voice. It may be that he is too much of a poet to write a successful play; that he is too fond of thought to desecrate it with action; that he is too proud of his own art to seek the assistance of another to interpret it. Whatever may be the cause, Tennyson cannot write a play that will act, and while he pleases the ear with the gentlest phrases that ever the Muse has sung, while charming language so that it yields its greatest treasures at his bidding, he cannot unite action with speech, or make language's elder brother, Gesture, aid in the unfolding of story or plot.

"The Foresters" is a sketch; there is no character study in it; Prince John is a cloud, without shape or semblance; King Richard passes to and fro, uninteresting and misty; Robin Hood himself is dim, without strength. To the character of Maid Marian the noble author has given some attention; it is a poetic, idealistic creation, with so little flesh and blood to it that one can hardly refrain from wondering why the charming creature remains on earth. All these are neither men nor women; they are crayon pictures on a blackboard, shadowy outlines of what flesh and blood might be; suggestions of characters as faint as the impressions they left on the page of authentic history.

With "The Foresters" the Company did as well as was possible; no one will complain of the music, as Daly's is not an operatic troupe.

The past week has been an excellent one for theatre-goers at Stockwell's, and the Daly Company have poured out the treasures of a wonderfully fine repertory. They concluded their engagement on Saturday night. On Monday begins the Jeffreys Lewis season, with "Clotilde." Considerable interest will be taken in the production of Mrs. Brancroft's play "Woman's Eyes."——

"The Lost Paradise" is worth seeing, and those who have not been to the Baldwin this week should not lose the opportunity of enjoying as strong a play as has ever been produced there. Next week will be the third and last of "The Lost Paradise." Following it comes "Alabama," which had such a successful run here last season. The cast is almost the same as before, Barrymore being the only absentee. J. H. Stoddart, Charles A. Harris, E. M. Holland, and Frank Carlyle have the principal parts.——

"Gloriana's" reign comes to an end this week at the California, and following the charming widow we will see a novel and unique production, "Tuxedo," George Thatcher's blending of minstrelsy and farce comedy. This has so many new features that it is not unlikely that it will be a success. There are many clever people in the cast, especially those who were seen here with Thatcher last year. The story lends itself to the production of much fun, and the California should do an excellent business with "Tuxedo."——

The Bush Street Theatre closes this week, reopening on Aug. 22d with "Little Tippett." The play is by Bisson, author of "Wilkinson's Widows," "The Lottery of Love," etc., and is said to be as provocative of mirth as any of his. The story has to do with two marriages and divorces, and there are two real live babies in the cast. This is an improvement on some of the other plays I have seen, where a paucity of infant caused some dissatisfaction.

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NEXT
WOMAN'S EYES By Genevieve Bancroft

A STORY OF TWO HEARTS.

F. A. WILSON BARRETT.

I had waited for it and worked for it, and it had come at last, come while I was young and able to enjoy it. Only twenty-five and I had made a name as an author. I had written much and with indifferent success, though I had generally succeeded in getting my stories published; but that was not enough for me, and I had started on my last story, with the determination that it should bring me fame, or be my last. There was nothing particularly new about it; the story of a lovely young girl forced to slave in order to keep a drunken old father, with a young and wealthy nobleman as her lover; but I had put my whole soul into it; I had slaved at it night and day; I had written as I had never written before, and I succeeded—I was famous.

The critics all agreed that it was the work of the day, and the magazines offered me large sums for my future work. I was writing one day in my study, when my servant informed me that a young lady was waiting below, and desired to see me.

I was busy, but I had not been famous long enough to give myself airs; and she was shown up.

She hesitated when she saw me. "I wished to speak to Mr. Malcolm," she said.

I explained that I was that gentleman.

"You!" she said simply; "you look honest."

I said humbly that I had generally considered myself so.

"And yet," she said, "what are we to think? Perhaps you will know why I have come when I tell you that I am Ella Charters, my father Ean Charters."

"The names of the father and daughter in my book! I assure you, madam, I have never had the pleasure of seeing either you or your father before to-day."

"Oh, I don't know what to think," she said. "All our neighbors know our cruel story. It can't be an accident; you must have heard. When I came here I was sure of it; but now, I don't know—you seem to be speaking the truth. Of course your story is a little different, it would have been too apparent otherwise. You have made a nobleman fall in love with me, you have made me beautiful——"

"My dear young lady," I interrupted rather flippantly, "it would not require a genius to do that." I regretted the words the next minute—she flashed such a glance of contempt at me from her haughty eyes.

However, at last, after many apologies on my part, and promises to suppress the names of the two characters in the first edition, and al er them in the second, I succeeded in pacifying her; and convinced evidently against her will, she left, bidding me a cold good-day.

I drew a long sigh of relief when the door closed on her, and sat down to think it over.

Was there a young nobleman, I wondered, to comfort her? I began to hope not. Yet—pah! What difference could it make to me? I should probably never see her again. I took up her card—not to see her address, I told myself, only to see if she spelt her name as my heroine did. Yes! letter for letter, Miss Ella Charters, but no address.

I threw it down in disgust. Then I should see her no more—well, perhaps it was better. I succeeded in getting the names altered in the second edition; in the first, of course, it was impossible; settled down to my work, and in time I had almost forgotten her.

The time passed, and I had settled that literature, at its best, was but an uncertain thing; one's invention might fail; fashion might change; so many things might happen; and I determined to fill up my spare time by studying for a profession.

I was only twenty-five, and I chose the medical. Its scope was so boundless—always new discoveries to be made—always good to be done; and, besides, it would give me endless material for my stories.

The first year was interesting. I skipped from botany to natural history, from natural history to chemistry. In the "loves of the plants" I forgot the interest I had felt in the lives of the animals. From the delight of digging out huge forgotten animals, from ponderous Darwins and Huxleys I passed to the study of chemistry, that never ending panorama of discovery and knowledge. I was fascinated by them all, and I passed my first examination with *éclat*.

Then I came to dissecting. How I hated it! It was interesting to a certain extent, or rather it might have been so; but I could never have overcome the feeling of repugnance I felt. I did not turn sick and faint, as so many do at first; it was simply an overpowering feeling of disgust—a sensation of horror and sadness, that humanity could look so low. Where was the life, the speech, the feeling in those objects that you cut at and hacked? Cut as deep as you would, you couldn't find it; you could explore every nook and cranny of the thing, it wasn't there. There was no place for it. It wasn't material, yet there it had been; it had gone—where?

One day I was walking slowly home, with a bad headache. I sauntered along slowly through the dingy Borough, across London Bridge, hoping that the cool river breeze might cure my head, when the figure of a woman in front attracted my attention. Something in the graceful haughty carriage of the head, the neat dress, and dainty walk seemed familiar to me. I passed her rapidly, and, turning round, met her face to face. It was my visitor, Ella Charters. I bowed, and she returned my salute coldly.

However, after much persuasion and a little hypocrisy, I got her permission to call and apologize to her father.

I called the next day. Their house was a very small one—one of a dirty row of dirty cottages—but inside it was beautifully clean, everywhere the signs of a woman's presence and taste.

Ella was out, but her father received me courteously, and accepted my apologies gracefully. He told—what was easy to see—that he had been a gentleman once, of good family, and that connections with whom he had quarrelled, might see the story—for he had kept the family name—and it might recall him to them in a very unpleasant manner. He had evidently been very handsome once, and even now had his daughter's graceful way of holding his head, but he was aged, dissipated, broken-down, and he had the drunkard's face.

He discovered in the course of conversation that I was a doctor.

"Then you'll know, sir," he said, "why I drink, when I tell you what's wrong with me," and he mentioned a disease, rare, fortunately, as it is horrible, in the pain with which it tortures the poor creatures who suffer from it.

"Don't tell Ella," he said; "poor girl, she thinks it is the drink I love for its own sake, and sometimes I almost think it is; at first I hated it, but when the pain got hold of me, I drank and drank to get rid of it. Poor girl, she's got trouble enough, without knowing that her father may be taken any minute and she left in the world alone.

"I earn nothing," he continued; "at first I used to get situations, but the pain would come after I had stayed a week or so, and I got turned away; and now I almost believe I like the drink for the oblivion it brings, and she comes after me, time after time, and brings me back.

"I tell you, man!" he said, passionately, "if it wasn't for that girl I should have been in my grave years ago. When I am sober I shudder to think of the places that angel rescues me from, all alone, through the streets at night."

He was interrupted by Ella's entrance. She evidently suspected that he had been confiding in me, as hardly noticing me, she told him he must go to bed, he had been up too long, and—casting a half-reproachful look at me—he had been exciting himself and fretting. There was nothing for me to do but take my leave. The old man bade me good-by, almost affectionately, asking me to come again and cheer him up. Ella, seeing that he had really taken a fancy to me, coldly seconded him, and I went, promising to return in a day or two.

I went again and again, and gradually it got to be quite an understood thing that I should drop in of an evening when the day's work was over. I used to take little offerings of tobacco and old brandy to the invalid—offerings taken more in the hope of winning a smile from Ella than to please Charters, though, of late, I had grown quite fond of the old fellow. When he wasn't stupid with drink, there was a kind of rollicking humor about him, and a brilliancy of conversation that was fascinating to a younger man. These were the happiest evenings of all my lonely life. I used to sit listening to Charters, watching Ella sewing in the corner. He could always bring a smile to that proud, cold face; smiles I tried in vain to win.

In vain I exerted myself to be brilliant; in vain I invented, joked, and laughed; at last I gave it up as a bad job. I could evidently never hope to interest her, and sometimes I wondered if she positively disliked me.

Charters had gone again—the old story—and we would sally out in search of the prodigal. Sometimes to find him in a police station, sometimes in some low pot-house; oftener engaged in some drunken brawl—predicaments from which only a man's strength could rescue him. I used to feel guilty, but I couldn't help it, I was glad when it was the

latter. Many a time I had gone home with a black eye, or a broken nose, got in the attempt to win her thanks; and gradually, so gradually that I hardly noticed it, or knew how the change took place, she softened and grew kinder, and when she could think of anything but her father and his troubles, would seem quite glad of my companionship.

One day Charters disappeared. Of late he had been growing worse in his head, and he had confided in me that he had felt the pain much more severely of late, and knew he had not much longer to live.

"Poor Ella!" he said, with the tears in his eyes. "Take care of her when I am gone. She'll break her heart for a time, but she'll soon get over it, and I shall soon be forgotten. Young people are young people, and it's enough to ask her to give up her youth to me. She likes you, Malcolm; I'm sure she does. She's young, she's seen the world at its worst; she knows what suffering is, and she'll make a good wife; and you deserve it, my boy, for your kindness to a broken-down drunkard like me."

"I don't understand you," I said, a wild hope growing in my heart. "What do you mean?"

"Yes, sir; I've watched you together when you thought me asleep or drunk—I've seen that you are fond of her. She's too proud to show it, but she likes you, Malcolm, I'm sure of it. You can't tell, my boy, how happy it's made me. You can't think what torture it has been to me when I've woke from a drunken sleep in the middle of the night, to know that I'm ruining the best years of her life, spending in drink the money that should keep her from want when I'm gone. I shall die more easily now, and I shan't feel such a blackguard when the pain comes again and I drink it away. I've only a short time left—it's getting almost beyond my power of bearing, the pain is."

I left him that night and walked home slowly, thinking over his words.

How could he see what I, with all my love and longing, had failed to find. Love her! Yes, I loved her—I knew I had from the first time I had seen her face—with a love that had only grown stronger, as I saw how she cared for her father; how she worked for him how bravely she bore the shame of his wasted life, and how she denied herself all that could brighten hers. How she strove to seem cheerful and happy, and bent that haughty spirit of hers to accept gifts from me, for his sake.

They could not afford a doctor, save when Charters was worse than usual, and none could do him any permanent good. I used to rack my knowledge of medicine to find some drug to soften the pain a little, but one could not do much.

The night he disappeared I had come down with the intention of telling her everything. I felt hopeless, but I was desperate. A word, a glance, a smile, anything that might have given me hope, and I'd have waited years for the rest; but there was no sign of anything save indifference, or, at most, friendship. However, when I reached their house Charters was gone, and I knew it was useless to speak that day.

In vain we searched all his old haunts, the vulgar pot-houses, the police stations, even the bridges; it was useless; he had gone—lost somewhere in the slums and alleys of the borough.

I said good-by to her on the door-step of her desolate home, promising her to do my utmost to trace him in the morning. Weeks passed, and there was no news. Ella had feared the worst and was growing more resigned. The relief unknown to herself was beginning to tell.

I was still going on with my medical studies, and was getting more used to the work by this time; and even began to take an interest in it. The day before I had heard of the possibility of getting a fresh "part." A really new body was waiting for us, and as it was near the end of the session, the authorities wanted it dissected at once.

I paid the money necessary and settled down to my work. I was soon unsettled, however, by seeing a tattoo mark on the arm.

Now, a plain arm, without any marks on it is inoffensive and ordinary—has no individuality—but a tattooed arm has. It is disagreeable and embarrassing. It forces you to notice it in a vulgar, swaggering way. It makes you remember that it once lived—that once its owner was idle and happy—you can see him, a sailor, perhaps, pricking the Union Jack and the portrait of his Nancy Lee on his sunburnt arm. This mark was not the Union Jack * * * it was * * * Oh, Heavens! it was a monogram—E. C.

I tore the bandage from the face. Yes, it was Ean Charters! This was the end of his wasted life—the dissecting table. This her father's fate! Never more to be brought back from some drunken bout, never more to be tortured by conscience and racked by pain. I should never again hear his rollicking, jovial laugh.

Inquiries at the hospital resulted in my learning that Charters had been brought there, suffering from an attack of delirium tremens; had refused to give the names of any friends or relatives, and had died in great pain, with only the word "Ella" on his lips.

I kept away from Ella for a day or two. I was determined to dabble no more in professions. I was evidently unfitted for them. I would go home, settle down to my writing, and forget *her*. It would be cruel, but I felt I must do it. For a week I kept my word—for a week I wrote like one possessed—and to what end? After those days of solitude and absence, I knew what I had felt before: that life to me without her was hopeless, impossible. I must see her once more—tell her everything; if she refused to listen—well, I wouldn't think of that yet.

I positively hadn't the heart to try and get poor Charters' body from the authorities, but I invented a story of a peaceful death for the old fellow in sunny southern France. I pictured him leaving England for her sake, and a little grave in a village churchyard; but I nearly broke down when she thanked me for it.

I had gone to see her one evening. The lights were out in the little sitting-room, her money was all gone, poor girl, and she could afford no gas; but the blinds were up, and the moon was shining peacefully in at the window, and seemed to shed a new light over our lives; and as I felt her hand in mine, and saw the moonlight on her sad young face, haughty now no longer, I told her all the love that was rising, rising to my lips.

"Love me, marry me," I cried, "and we'll go through the world together, side by side. We are both alone now. I have no relatives, no friends, and you have lost your last. This is the last sad night of wandering and despair, a brighter day may dawn. Let us meet it together—meet the daylight as we met the dark—meet the happiness as we met the gloom." And as I looked into those glorious eyes, I saw that the light was dawning there; that I need have no fear.

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MUSIC.

THE MELANCHOLY OF IT.

Such melancholy as is known in the Scotch, Irish, and Scandinavian ballads and in the compositions of Chopin finds a never-failing echo in the minds of those gifted with the power of hearing. Embalmed in planes of tone, the poem of life's tragedy, with the lost hopes, the crying necessities of living, comes from these relics of the under world of the past.

Grinding toil, poverty, the rigors of merciless climates, these are the prime causes of the melancholy which has grown out in Music, made by the people of Northern Europe. Chopin has an individual dolor, an inheritance, and at the same time a consciousness of limitation. The sad epics of his country and his own inability to cope with the most intimate problems of existence, all expressed with perfect sincerity, has made the Polish-French composer the unique figure he is in the world of art. Melancholy is the predominant note in the art work he has left, and all of it is stamped with a certain divinity.

The people who appreciate the sentiment of Chopin have in themselves the elements of Chopinism, that is a vague consciousness of the melancholy inherent in the make-up of societies, the necessities for sorrow and pain. Without the combative instinct of reformers nor the clear grasp on every-day things these people drift naturally toward an interest in and more often a true love for music, the art best fitted, and in modern times the supreme medium of emotion.

Of the types attracted to music by its power of expressing sad sentiments there are enough, and of a certain kind, to spare. Everyone has met the large, well-fleshed type of female with sandy bangs, muddy skin, and large, bulging light blue eyes who says, "Welidoncayre," and likes "something kinder sawft, sweeet an' melancholy." In her case the contradictions are evidently ludicrous, at any rate, poor lady, she looks "fond of her dinner and doesn't get thinner."

The melancholy musician is another type. He usually retains a pronounced aspect of gazing into futurity long after the people with whom he passes his social hours have lapsed into jocund stupidity over punches, whiskies, and thundering nightmares in the shape of salads and ice creams. In his way he is an artist. His hostess secretly regards him as an inspired lunatic and keeps herself busy prodding him to the piano where he swines into something insiped in G, an improvisation he says, modestly on the tonic and dominant. Always neat, skinny, and guiltless of a smile, he never forgets his business of being melancholy.

His conversation is of the dreamy kind. He feels himself betrayed, when he has uttered three lucid remarks, and then dives into the inexhaustible tank of his sadness. The young girl who cultivates thin arms and the frailest of necks is another appetite of the melancholies for the benefit of evening parties. She can say "Oh!" in as many degrees of mystery as there are shades of flat and sharp in a Spanish opera performance, and she has made up that incubus, her mind, whether the California girl or music is the most melancholy. Something to do these melancholies good would be a benefit to the community.

LESLEY MARTIN.

Laundry Farm still continues to draw crowds every Sunday. As a picnic resort for parties desiring to spend a day or a few hours in the hills it easily takes first rank. Here one can forget for a time the struggle for existence and enjoy to the full the attractions of nature in her most bounteous mood.

MINING AND FINANCIAL.

The past week has been a disastrous one to the stockholders in the various mines on the Comstocks; from one end of the line to the other, each session at the Stock Exchange saw lower prices, even Con. California and Virginia which, during the last few weeks at each session had plenty of buyers who were willing to pay $3.60 for the stock, seemed to be deserted, and started on the down grade with the balance of the list, and on Wednesday sold down to $3.30, at which price Walls offered 500 shares with no takers. During the last few days Walls apparently was the main seller of the Gold Hill group and the North Ends, while Paxton, Schmitt, and Gurnett were buyers, but the more they bought the more stock was thrown on the market until the sale of 200 or 300 shares of any leading stock would tend to depress prices from 5 to 10 per cent.

Many stockholders lay the blame for the low prices at which stocks are selling, and the general demoralization, to the action of the "Brokers' Combine," which, instead of attending to business, which is buying and selling stocks, entered into an unholy alliance to control and manage the mines. This the manipulators and managers have resented, and instead of making deals and entering the market and buying stocks as the situation warrants from time to time, they (the "inside" or manipulators) have left the market severely alone. Since the combination was made, prices have been downward, and in no single instance have they secured more than two directors out of seven in any mine, and in the majority of cases they only elected one director. I think they should better let well enough alone. Let Flood & Co. control the mines, and let the brokers, that is those who are in the combine, get down to legitimate business, abolish much of their obnoxious legislation, throw open the lobby to the public, let the chippers, who are their principal mainstay, buy and sell over the rail during open sessions, and instead of having to pay an assessment of $10 to $20 per month, the possibility may be of once more making the buying and selling of mining stocks popular and the leading business of San Francisco.

Of course, the low price of silver, 85¼ cents per ounce Wednesday in New York the lowest yet, has much to do with the low prices, but the above cuts a larger figure than the outsiders are aware of, and until the brokers show that they can manage their own business, so as to make it remunerative, they should have the management and control of mines to their proper custodians.

I notified the readers of THE WAVE last week that the Yellow Jacket and other Gold Hill mines were contemplating certain repairs which necessitated a temporary closing down, and the result lower prices. I hope those who read took heed and sold, as notice has been received that on account of the low stage of water in the Carson River the Brunswick and Vivian mills have ceased operations, and the Belcher, Crown Point, and Yellow Jacket laid off 250 men. On this becoming known Yellow Jacket, which sold last week at 80 cents, declined to 45 cents; Crown Point from 80 cents to 50 cents; Belcher, which on Tuesday afternoon sold freely at $1.10, at which price Stauf bought 500 shares, declined on Wednesday morning to 85 cents.

Although prices on Wednesday were lower than for a month past, the volume of business was greater, as the break brought in buyers; for comparison, while on this day 27,500 shares were sold at a value of $20,280, on the previous day, Tuesday, only 9800 shares sold at a total of $6980.

The Superintendent of Con. California and Virginia reports that there were extracted during the week 1001 tons of ore which was shipped to the Morgan Mill, of which 980 tons was worked, which assayed $25.22 per ton, battery sample. Bullion shipped to the Carson Mint, assay value $14,343. Bullion on hand in assay office, $15,200.

In the Ophir on the 1465 ft. level in the west crosscut they have advanced 20 feet and are in quartz formation that carries assays from $6 to $12 per ton.

The Con. Virginia has shipped so far on the July account a total of $44,023.

The Union Mill of Tuscarora made a further shipment of $36,000. On account of the Nevada Queen, etc., the mill will shut down August 1st until an accumulation of ore is gathered.

At the delinquent sale of the Chollar there were sold for non-payment of the assessment 3000 shares, not a very bad showing for the stock.

The Occidental Con. shipped 20,000 pounds of ore concentrates, valued at $10,000, to the Selby Smelting Works at Port Costa.

The following assessments have been levied: Exchequor, 10 cents per share; Justice, 10 cents; Del Monte, 10 cents, and Western Star, 2 cents.

Dividends have been declared by the following incorporations: Central Gas, quarterly, $1 per share; Oceanic Steamship Company, 50 cents; California Cotton Mills, $1; Sun Insurance, quarterly, $2.50 per share. The Pacific Rolling Mill will pay their quarter interest in August, also the Pacific Lighting Company 50 cents per share, and California Title Insurance and Trust Company quarterly dividend of 75 cents.

Local securities at the Stock and Bond Board were dull and inactive, although there was quite a demand for Pacific Gas at slightly higher prices than the close of last week. The following sales were of record: 175 Pacific Gas, 81¼ to 82¼; 50 Oakland Gas, 38½; San Francisco Gas, 80 @ 71 to 70⅝; California Electric Light, 170 @ 15¼ to ⅞; Spring Valley Water, 280 @ 99½ to 99; Presidio Railroad, 100 @ 99; Safety Nitro Powder, 50 @ 10¼; Atlantic Dynamite, 20 @ 46; Vigorit, 50 @ 3; Hutchinson Com., 50 @ 2½; Hawaiian, 140 @ 1⅞; Oceanic Steamship, 25 @ 50; California S. P. & T. Company, 80 @ 46, and 1000 Spring Valley Water Bonds, 6% @ 120½.

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A BEAR AND A BRIGADIER.

The Brigadier des Esbroufftees threw a melancholy glance at the door of the guard-room which the Marshal of the guardhouse was noisily closing, then, after a moment of reflection, he sat down on the sunken camp-bed whose boards were to take the place of his elastic hair-mattress, drew from his pocket a pencil and some paper and wrote upon his knees:

AUG. 17, 18—. MY DEAR MOTHER:—I shall not be able to open the hunting season at La Chataigneraye this year! The Thirty-fifth Hussars will make no manœuvres, and I was glad to think I could pass a happy week at the chateau, as of old, when I was a collegian and had vacations. But I am held for thirty days in the guard-room. Ah! "Thirty days in the guard-room!" You will believe that I have set fire to the quarters, deserted to the enemy, or sold my country. For a civilian to be sentenced to a month in prison he must have committed a serious misdeed. In our profession it has been sufficient to have bought a bear. "But," you say, "why in the name of heaven, unlucky boy, did you buy a bear?" Ah! my good mother, let us see, hand upon conscience, have you never bought things which were absolutely useless to you, for nothing, for vain-glory? I have hitherto been too busy with manœuvres, classes, theories, tasks, for frolics. But a fair has just been held near our quarters. A mountebank there made two bears, one brown and one black, dance to the sound of a hurdy-gurdy. The black one was especially delightful. While dancing he struck attitudes, made queer faces, and swung himself about in a way to make one die of laughter.

At any rate, I said to the mountebank, "Sir, is it difficult to make the bear dance?"

"Oh! not at all," the man answered. "You have only to take the string, like that, in the left hand, and with the right hand over the left arm hit the animal little blows with this stick. You must look at him all the time and keep yourself at a distance. Try it first."

I tried it, rather awkwardly. Bless me! I was not used to it—a manœuvre not taught cadets. I took the string; I crossed my right arm over my left arm; I patted the creature with the stick, and, O joy! O intoxicating fun! the black beast began to dance. I was enchanted

"How much is your black bear worth?" I asked then, in a burst of enthusiasm.

"Five hundred francs."

It was a little dear, but I thought only of the amusement I should have with my comrades. I could pose as the tamer, and pretend that it was a bear I myself had brought from the Pyrenees. I haggled over it and succeeded in getting the animal for 450 francs. It appeared that it was given to me all the more that I had the small stick and the string over the bargain. I paid the money, to the stupefaction of the people, astonished to see so much gold in the purse of a simple Brigadier of Hussars, and was going away with my love of a black bear. But at first he did not want to follow me; he regretted his master, poor thing! And then, who knows? perhaps he had a friendship for the brown bear. I pulled the string, I moved my stick over my left arm without taking my eyes off of my companion. This obliged me to walk with my head turned and without seeing where I was going. One does not imagine how difficult it may be to perform things which appear the most simple.

At last my bear rose—he was almost as large as I am—and, amid general merriment, behold us going toward the cavalry quarters. All along the way I heard jests, calls, peals of laughter, which I thought led to success.

Together we entered the gate of the quarters under the eyes of the dumfounded sentinel. It was just at the hour for grooming the horses, they were all attached to the wall by forage-ropes passed through the rings. The men with gray caps on their heads and with bare arms had placed the buckets behind them on a line formed by the sponges and cloths, and had their currycombs ready to begin the toilette of the horses. The marshals were making their ten steps before their platoons, and, in the centre, the captain of the week with the officers of service received the roll-call from marshals of headquarters. Everybody was on deck. I had arrived at a good time.

I entered bravely, leading my lively and comical companion and flourishing my stick. And all at once—ah! my good mother, a thunderboldt falling in the middle of the court could not have produced more effect, nor more of a hubbub. Imagine 600 horses breaking away, kicking over the pails and buckets, bounding around me, distracted, neighing with terror, while the men yelled, the officers swore and the stablemen ran in every direction with snaffle bridles in their hands.

It appears that horses have a mad fear of bears. One is instructed every day, but I was absolutely ignorant of that detail of natural history.

During this time ten of the horses had rushed out and away across the streets, running over people and breaking down fences.

"At least shut the gates!" thundered the captain of the week. This order was executed in haste, while in the midst of the general tumult my black bear kept on dancing, Then the captain addressed me.

"Here! Brigadier des Esbroufftees, are you crazy or drunk? Do you think you can bring your foolery here to throw the whole troop into disorder? Go to the guard-room. I shall report you to the Colonel. As to your bear arrange to have him taken away at once."

I called Perdriol, my orderly, and said to him: "Listen, I paid 450 francs for that animal, string included, to a mountebank exhibiting at the fair. Tell him that now I will give him another 100 francs if he will take the creature back and relieve me of him."

"But Brigadier, I never led a bear!"

I showed him the system of little blows of the stick over the left arm, and while he went off with the beast who was always frisking—it was, indeed, the moment to dance!—I followed the Marshal of the guard-house, who bore me away jingling his bunch of keys and making malicious jokes.

Presently I saw Perdriol coming back.

"Brigadier, the mountebank had gone and I have not been able to find him."

"What did you do then?"

"I brought back your bear; his return produced more of an uproar than ever, and the captain, exasperated, has ordered him to be shot. See, now!"

I went to the window and I saw my poor animal being led to the shooting-target. He went along in torture, always dancing. He was a brave fellow, and, I know not why, there came to me a vague remembrance of the Duke d'Enghien and of the dungeon of Vincennes.

My bear was placed erect before a line of men; he continued to balance gracefully, having doubtless refused to have his eyes bandaged. A detonation resounded; he fell, struck by six balls directed to his heart—and one knows that our hussars aim well.

With tears in my eyes, I looked on his execution for which, with due regard for proportion, I am as responsible as Napoleon III. for that of the Emperor Maximilian. As to myself, I told you in the beginning, I have thirty days in the guard-room—"For introducing in the quarters a ferocious beast that turned everything topsy-turvy, caused the breakage of two hundred fetters, a hundred and fifty bridoons, forty pails, twenty buckets, the wounding of two guards, and the gravest accidents in the streets."

This is why, my dear mother, I cannot come home to open the hunting season. Decidedly, we live in very strange times and it becomes more and more difficult to amuse ourselves a bit.

Your poor unhappy brigadier, PHILIP.

[*Translated for* THE WAVE *from the French of Richard O'Monroy*, by E. F. DAWSON.]

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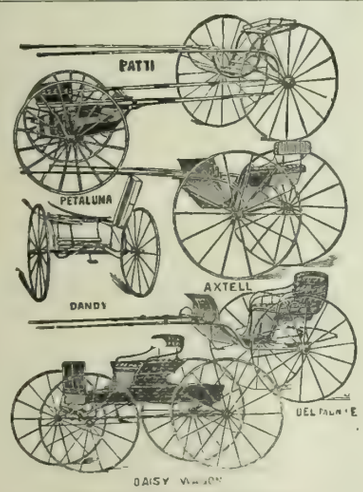

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LAWN TENNIS.

The courts of the California Club have been well patronized during the week, especially by the younger members, who seemed determined to make a creditable showing in the quarterly cup tournament, which will take place at the club grounds commencing at two o'clock this afternoon. Treat, Wilberforce, Collier, Field, G. De Long, Hutchins, O'Connor, and Mitchell are among those who have practiced diligently for the event.

The entries closed on Thursday last with the following additions to the list published in these columns last week: Harrison, Treat Dutel, Golcher, Bishop, Linderman, Woods, Martin, Gray Hooper.

In the absence of Tobin and Hubbard, who are at present in the East, it makes it no easy matter to pick a winner, but the ultimate result will probably add the name of Stetson, Wilberforce, Gray, G. De Long, or Field to the handsome trophy.

George De Long has made rapid strides of late During the week he succeeded in defeating Field six straight sets.

It is said a crack player, declared by all the boys to be a perfect "lu-lu," will enter the tournament for the California Club cup, under the assumed name of G. L. Farrance. This is liable to raise a grave question as the above player is a likely winner, and in the event of his capturing the trophy, would the tournament committee allow his borrowed name to be engraved upon it? For the sake of amateur athletics we heartily deplore this new practice of entering tournaments under assumed names; no good can possibly come of it, and those in authority should put an end to the practice at once.

Hubbard, in the recent tournament at Longwood Club, Boston, succeeded in disposing of four players, including Tobin and R. D. Wrenn, before he succumbed to the skillful play of Hovey the ultimate winner of the championship. His chances of finishing near the finals at Newport on August 22d, are considered as excellent by his many friends here.

Collier and Field had another of their usually exciting matches during the past week at the California Club, in which the former was victorious; score 6-3, 2-6, 9-7

G. V. Gray and Dell Linderman have not had a racket in their hands for some time, so that their chances of capturing first place to-day are rather impared for want of practice.

W. H. Taylor, Jr., will referee to-day's matches.

Should O'Connor and Dutel come together during this tournament a close and exciting contest is sure to follow, as they are both about as equally matched in every way as is possible to find players, while both are also very confident of the result should they draw each other.

Bummiller and Germain, two of Los Angeles' clever players, will probably be seen at San Rafael for the doubles. Joe Daily has played with both of them and in his estimation they will make a very clever fight for first place. THE SCORER

LOS ANGELES LIFE.

LOS ANGELES, July 27th. DEAR WAVE:—We are to be run by electricity. No more cables and no more horses. Everything is to be the magic power. We whizz now up Broadway and down Spring Streets, but, bye and bye, when we are consolidated, we shall "trolly" along to our heart's content. President Sherman is in town; Director Johns has arrived; and the Kings are in council.

Everything is Chautauquau this week. You must wear a C. L. S. C. badge or be a nobody. At six o'clock they all fly toward Long Beach—those who are not already there—fill their intellectual souls with literature, music, or astronomy, listen to the pretty girls sing, and then spin home by the light of the moon, on the little Terminal railway. The great Lick Observatory professor is there; Palo Alto is represented, too; and the reverend gentleman from San Francisco is very eloquent in his lectures before the Assembly.

We have had our regular political agitation this week. The air was heavy with Congressional voting on Thursday and the sterner sex controlled Spring Street for the time being.

The boys are very lofty over their baseball winnings. Fanny L—— thinks S—— a superb player. She and Minnie are always at the Athletic grounds on Friday.

The G——'s of San Francisco, who once owned the Fair mansion on Pine Street, are residents of Southern California now. They have a delightful home at Pomona. Miss M—— who is always so sweet and pretty has lately married.

I saw Will H—— the other day. He likes Los Angeles better than San Francisco.

Rudie H—— told me that Charley R—— is coming down here to live. He is going into the drug business on a small scale, and will forsake his old haunts.

Many of our people have either gone East this summer or to Alaska. Mr. B—— of Hill Street went to San Francisco in June to join Mr. and Mrs. K——, of that city, for the Alaskan trip. Mr. and Mrs. C—— are in Chicago, and Mrs. S—— went East last week.

Count and Countess Von S—— are at Catalina; Miss F—— and Mrs. W—— will go over this week, and the Island is in full sail. K.

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Stage connects at Pieta with N. P. R. R. to the Springs for dinner.

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These plates are made by an entirely new process, by depositing chemically pure silver and gold directly upon the plaster model. Its perfect accuracy of fit is thereby insured. Its advantages (aside from the fit), are its strength, cleanliness and absence of heating qualities, being far superior to the ill-smelling, non-conducting, and, in some instances injurious, rubber plates.

Full and Partial Plates, saddle bridges and crowns can be made to perfection by this method. The most difficult cases are solicited by Dr. B. W. Haines, who has had much experience in this work, and has met with great success, and takes pleasure in recommending it to those desiring the best artificial denture that art and science can produce.

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SANTA CRUZ NEWS.

SANTA CRUZ, July 28th. DEAR WAVE:—This is an off week—there is no doubt of that—it is *ad interim* so to speak, a sort of betweenity when everybody is resting from the July dancing and flirting, only to renew the hostilities—or festivities—at the advent of the boys in blue next week. A good many of our prettiest girls have gone away but most of them will be back again. I don't mind telling you—strictly on the quiet—that several of them have gone to consult their tailors and gown-makers and that when they come back it will be to conquer; their uniforms will be simply irresistible. I say uniforms because, from this on we shall all be military—"*Ah, que j'aime la militaire!*"

Indeed, there is some excuse for enthusiasm—for the Division Encampment of militia will be the largest assemblage of the soldiers of the future ever held in this State and, in addition to that, we are to have the real article, the true boys in blue. Colonel Shafter's war-scarred veterans of the First Infantry with a troop, and a battery, and a mounted Hussar band—there will be enough brass buttons to supply every girl in California who has any pretensions to bellehood, with a dashing blue-coated cavalier. The somewhat sombre rumors that there will be no receptions in camp and all that, frightened nobody, for with a dozen entrancing military bands, and all the youth, beauty, and chivalry of California gathered here there's no fear that the gallant officers will see that there is plenty of festivity even if they should have to spend the whole ensuing year in being court-martialed.

Every Sunday, for several weeks, we have had visits from General Dimond, from members of his staff, and from officers of the different commands. Mayor Jeter has given them all due time and attention, and the assignment of brigades and regiments to other places on the pretty Potrero camp ground is pretty well completed. There to no danger that the city will see to it that everything possible is done here to make the Encampment a success. In his quiet and dignified but very effective way, the Mayor sees that things are brought around on time, and his aids—the Council and the leading town's people—give him all needed assistance.

Sunshine Villa never looked brighter than on the very lovely day when A. N. Towne, H. E. Huntington, and Mr. Fillmore came down over the Narrow Gauge Road in a special car to visit Santa Cruz. Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Morris Newton accompanied them and all were driven at once to "Sunshine," where the dining-room had been made a perfect picture of California leaf and blossom, and where a delicious luncheon awaited them. Then, after that was finished, a delegation of Santa Cruz magnates, who had been specially invited, drove to the villa and met in a social way the railway rulers, and very pleasant and informal it all was. There were Judge J. H. Logan, President of the Bank of Santa Cruz County and of the Electric Railway, A. D. Peña, of the new People's Bank, Mayor Jeter, Will D. Haslam, of the City Bank, Henry Meyrick and T. V. Mathews, leading real estate men, Richard Thompson, of Wells, Fargo & Co., John T. Sullivan, of the Sea Beach Hotel, A. A. Taylor, of the *Daily Surf*, F. A. Hihn, the well-known capitalist, and F. W. Swanton, of the Electric Light Company. These, with J. P. Smith and Morris Newton, made a representative company of men concerned in the leading business interests of Santa Cruz, and the railway men entered most heartily into the spirit of the occasion and, I venture to say, learned more of Santa Cruz and gained a greater interest in her affairs in those few hours than they might have done in as many years of casual acquaintance.

From the villa they were taken to the electric cars where they became the guests of Manager Frank W. Ely, representing the company, and all the party visited Veu de l'eau and the Casino. Here the orchestra gave an impromptu concert while Mr. F. A. Hihn ordered champagne and the Mayor and several leading citizens expressed their pleasure in welcoming the guests, and Mr. Towne, on behalf of the railway, said some most friendly and cordial things. From there to Logan Heights, where there was more champagne, and a survey of the unsurpassed views from that lovely home. Then back to the train, several of the Santa Cruzans accompanying the party to Glenwood. Stops were made at the Big Trees going both ways to enable Mr. Towne and Mr. Huntington to enjoy the big beauties. It was Mr. Huntington's first visit and he evidently enjoyed it thoroughly.

Mr. Huntington came down again Saturday evening with Mrs. Huntington and Miss Clara, and all spent Sunday with Mrs. Wm. H. Mills at her cozy summer home on Beach Hill. The whole party enjoyed several of the finest drives hereabouts and the Huntingtons expressed great delight with the place. Mrs. Mills, Miss Della, Miss Bessie, and Mr. Irving Mills have enjoyed a very pleasant month here. They will return to San Francisco this week.

The Sea Beach hop of Saturday evening was the very pleasantest of the season, so everybody says, and was largely attended. Among the guests I noticed the Huntingtons, the Wm. H. Mills, the J. P. Smiths, the Keeneys, the Robinsons, Mrs. Henry Williams and Miss Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Delmas and the Misses Delmas, Miss Mollie Taafe, Miss Trevesant, Judge and Mrs. Logan and Miss Rothermel, the Rideouts of Marysville, Charles Sontag and Jeremiah Lynch, and the Jeters, Swantons, Thompsons, Elys, McCanns, Tanners, Enrights, Hihns, Makinneys, and many others of Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Elizabeth Chace and Miss Jennie Chace have returned from their six weeks' visit to Sissons and Shasta.

Mrs. R. Bowen and Miss Mollie Bowen will return this week from a camping trip of several weeks

Miss Maud O'Connor spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. Wm. Alvord is at the Sea Beach.

Mayor Rucker spent Sunday at Golden Gate Villa.

One of the prettiest sights is that of Miss Agnes McLaughlin and Miss Anna Waldeyer on their tandem safety, in costumes of hunter's green relieved by the Golden Gate colors.

Sunshine Villa is being greatly improved by the removal of sundry partitions which will give broader spaces and finer effects.

Major Frank D. Ryan and family, of Sacramento, have a cottage on Beach Hill.

Lieutenant Scherin, purchasing agent of the Southern Pacific, and Mrs. Scherin spent Sunday here.

Bishop and Mrs. Warren, of Denver, and the Misses Iliff are at their Santa Cruz home, Epworth-by-the Sea.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bernheim have been at their country place, Summer Home Farm. Reuben Bernheim and Carl Bernheim and their families also spend much time there.

Leo Bernheim has just returned from a fine wheeling trip with a party of friends to Mt. Hamilton, Palo Alto, etc.

Judge Wm. T. Wallace has been the guest of Charlemagne Tower at his home on Beach Hill this week.

The Kaseburgs, of Sacramento, are occupying their cottage on Beach Hill. KATE KEARNEY.

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Terms Reasonable — GEORGE P. SNELL, Manager

THE ALAMEDA BICYCLE CLUB.

THE SUBJECT OF THE SUPPLEMENT.

It is only recently that bicycle racing has taken a prominent place in athletics. As the number of wheelmen increases interest in racing is augmented. At the present time bicycle race meets attract larger crowds than field days of the older sports. The most prominent bicycle organization on the Pacific Coast is the Alameda Bicycle and Athletic Club, the subject of this week's supplement, whose race meet next Monday will eclipse anything of the kind ever held west of Chicago.

Few athletic organizations have been as successful as this one. While the Club has been in existence three years, it is only since January last that it has become prominent. The club has re-organized, and the old Scheutzen Park at Alameda was leased, and the only banked track west of Chicago was constructed. The initial meeting was held Decoration Day, at which all Coast records for all distances were lowered. Since then the track has been further improved, and at the Fourth meet the present records will certainly be lowered a few notches.

On June 10th Frank Waller, of the Acme Club, Oakland, ran against the world's record for twenty-four hours' continuous riding on the track, and beat all previous feats, covering 363 miles and 1590 yards. Not only did he beat the twenty-four hour distance, but beat all Pacific Coast records from five miles up

The Club grounds are situated near Encinal Station, on the Narrow Gauge Railroad, and extend from the railroad to the bay. The grounds are well laid out, the track is oval in shape, and is so planned that the entire distance is in full view of the grand stand. A large pavilion stands near the centre of the park, surrounded by handsome trees, and is used by the Club for gymnasium.

The Club is composed of representative men of Alameda, among whom are George Mastick, George T. Wright, W. G. Benton, Robert M. Welch, E. D. Rue, Robert A. Smythe, F. G. White, H. R. Williams, Sr., T. G. Daniels, Judge Uznay, E. K. Taylor, J. A. Leonard, P. H. Berneys, E. H. Lake, W. R. Rank, A. M. Hickox, Dr. L. Van Orden, A. L. Valleau, Fred Binder, W. M. Hunt, Dr. Smith, Dr. Clark, E. E. Curtis, R. H. Fiala, Thomas A. Cox, J. R. Knowland, F. F. Osborn, M. B. Sneden, John G. Stubbs, H. R. Taylor, J. Vosburgh, W. R. Van Brunt and others, making a total of some 200 members.

The officers of the Club are: J. F. Ives, President; W. H. Foster, Vice-President; H. R. Williams, Jr., Secretary; Thomas Vincent, Treasurer; Frank Howlett, Captain; Clyde Conkey, First Lieutenant; Frank Boyle, Second Lieutenant.

The business of the Club is managed by a Board of Directors consisting of the President, Vice-President, Secretary and six additional members, who are elected annually. The unprecedented success of the Club is largely due to the energy and good judgment shown by the Directors in managing its business on the same principles that they apply in their own private business interests.

The Club was first brought into prominence by the splendid riding of J. F. Ives. At the League Meet at San Jose, in 1890, he won the one mile division championship from a strong field, and the same day won a two-mile hand cap. The following year a new champion was discovered in the Club's ranks in W. F. Foster, who won the mile championship on May 30th, in record time. He won the twenty-five mile road race promoted by the Club in 1891, in which many riders beat the former record. Foster established one that will stand a long time. When made it was the American record for the distance.

Grant Bell is considered by many persons qualified to judge the best five-miler on the Coast. He has won all the races at this distance in which he has competed. He is a rider of great strength and determination.

San Jose has developed some great riders, but none better than George H. Osen and W. J. Edwards. Osen is splendidly built, being over six feet tall and well proportioned. He has a nice style of riding, and is a great favorite with the persons who attend cycle race meets. His friend, Edwards, is a smaller man, a pocket Hercules, and is looked upon as a coming champion.

BURLINGTON ROUTE EXCURSIONS.

Commencing Tuesday, March 15th, at two P. M. from Los Angeles, and Wednesday at eight A. M. from San Francisco, and every Tuesday and Wednesday thereafter, the Burlington Route will run its regular summer excursions with Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars to Chicago *via* Salt Lake City and Denver. For particulars and excursion folder, apply to agent, Burlington Route at 204 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, or 32 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

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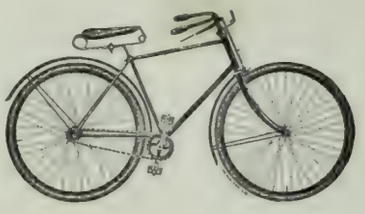
SUITABLE FOR LADIES OR GENTLEMEN

THE PROGRESS



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A high grade safety at a moderate price, built 'pon honor expressly for our Pacific Coast trade, with a twelve months' guarantee. Guaranteed the best of its class. Diamond truss frame, long wheel base, balls all around, tangent spokes, Garford saddle, weldless tube steel, drop forgings throughout; aluminum bronze sprocket wheel, detachable mud guards, adjustable foot rests, ball head, best grade rubber tires, cork handles, spring lamp holder, plunger front wheel brake, tool bag and tools. Finished in four coats of polished enamel, and nickel on copper. Weight 45 to 50 pounds.

PRICES.—1¼ inch Cushion Tires, $120; 1½ inch Inflated Cushion Tires, $135; 2 inch Thomas Pneumatic Tires, $145

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It will pay you to call or send for Catalogue

"The call for light wheels has been very marked and emphatic this season, but the riders who had the sense not to sacrifice strength for a few pounds in weight are now congratulating themselves on their wisdom."

"If a machine has to be eased and nursed because of its frailty, half the enjoyment of the ride is gone."

"The Power of Wheels"

"VICTORS"

Do you know that the wheel is the connecting link between barbarism and civilization, poverty and wealth; that by it the world moves, and upon it all great work depends?

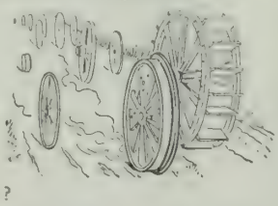
Do you know that the horse which staggers with 500 pounds upon his back trots off easily with 2000 pounds loaded on wheels?

Do you know that if you were chained to 500 pounds of iron in the form of a cube you would die if bread was but one-eighth of a mile off—that in a cask you could roll 2000 pounds around the earth?

Do you know that every time you step you lift your weight (say 150 pounds) one inch, which added up makes a lot at the end of a day?—that on a bicycle you can go farther, faster and easier in the same time?

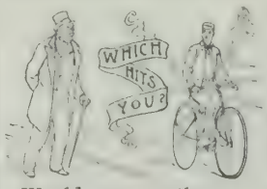
Take the wheel from the locomotive and one-half the world's industry would die. Remove it from the car, carriage and factory, and the wealth of the world would dwindle nine-tenths. You would hear of no Goulds, no Astors, no Vanderbilts. Wall Street would go down a tradition to future generations.

Are you making the most of power—of rolling motion?



Do you ride a bicycle?

Are you satisfied to move along as your grandfathers did before you; patient and plodding, so long as you get there some time?



Or would you rather keep pace with the world as it rolls on, and look better feel better, work better; to strengthen every muscle by enjoyable exercise, instead of dying for the want of it?

Would you rather have a clear head, carry it high, and be able to hit hard, jump high, sleep sound and eat well, or allow many muscles to lie dormant and wear out by rusting out?

And finally:

If you are satisfied that the bicycle is the "noblest wheel of 'em all"—that it is the steed of the immediate future, and the one to bestow upon you what medicine cannot—viz: good health—then the question arises, which bicycle is best?

There's always a best in everything, always one object that shines more brightly than the rest.

So it is with bicycles. The one which will run easier and wear longer than others is the one for *you*. It is called Victor, a synonym of the word "best."

You can get a catalogue for the asking.

THE VICTOR BICYCLE

The "Victor" Safety Bicycle is a thoroughly well made, strong and reliable machine. It is one of the oldest makes in this country, and has been improved year after year in details of construction, material and workmanship. A year and a half ago the Overman Wheel Company, of Chicopee Falls, Mass., the builders of the "Victor" machines, established a Pacific Coast Branch House in San Francisco, on the corner of McAllister and Larkin Streets. Here may be found a full line of Victor Bicycles, all the parts of same, in duplicate, skilled and expert repairers to watch the comfort and safety of all riders of this make of bicycle, and to endeavor in every legitimate manner to render the fullest satisfaction to patrons.

The unwary are often caught by the numerous showy bicycles put upon the market by irresponsible concerns—interested only until their product is fairly disposed of and the cash returns received—with the result that when a question of repairs or furnishing a duplicate part in the event of an accident, arises—as such emergencies often happen—they are compelled to go to great expense and delay. The market is full of "tin-horn" makes, here to-day, gone to-morrow. Light-weight, showy, catchy affairs, made to sell. Conservative buyers always look ahead—they buy the best, which is, by all odds, the VICTOR.

OVERMAN WHEEL CO., Makers, Pacific Coast Branch, Larkin and McAllister Sts., San Francisco

SACRAMENTO AFFAIRS.

SACRAMENTO, July 28th. DEAR WAVE:—At this time last year all of us girls were in the midst of our preparations for that house-keeping expedition, and now it is a thing of the past, with all its pleasant memories. What a good time we had, and how many plans were formed for repeating it. But somehow those trips cannot happen twice, and this summer other girls will play the guitar and sing; others will take long tramps, and still others flirt with the Englishmen. But of one thing we are sure—there will not again be found as congenial and jolly a crowd as ours. This year they are all scattered; our good, kind, ever indulgent chaperon leaves next month for the seaside; Eva has gone to Alaska; Mel and Lucy will take in Oakland and the bay city; Helen will go to Colorado Springs with her sister; and the others I wot not where. If the weather grows suddenly warm, a perfect exodus will occur next month. Mrs. Wright has returned from Castle Crags, where she spent a few days. She says it is a beautiful spot, but too warm for us Sacramentans. Mrs. Ed. Carroll evidently thinks the same, for she has pitched her Japanese umbrella upon the beach of Santa Cruz. Mary and Ed will also live over the happy days spent there last year. The beautiful K—— girls are among those recently arrived; their number has been lessened since last year; and, if certain rumors are correct, there will be but one left, and probably not that one. The Sacramentans are said to be very clannish, and one would think so to see them in the summer, for Santa Cruz looks like a camping ground for our city; it is pleasant to meet one's friends, when away from home and not be obliged to depend upon chance acquaintances for one's amusement. The Bontes and Woods are delighted with Big Meadows, though they are the only people there from Sacramento. The Clarks are occupying their cottage at Pacific Grove, and on their return will once more take up their abode in their rooms down town, which have been elegantly fitted up. I had hoped they would continue to live in the Hinkson place; it seems too bad for so many pretty homes to be sold.

What a beau Ned has gotten to be. This is a veritable garden spot for a young man to drop into. Bert thinks the same I am sure; and that they both admire the girls in the family of pretty daughters goes without saying.

I must congratulate the managers of the Kindergartens and Orphan Asylum, as I have learned, that by the terms of Governor Booth's will, they are to receive $3000 respectively. He is about the only one of the pioneer residents who has left anything to the charities of our city, and both of these are most deserving.

I am afraid Ethel has deserted us; have not seen her for months, and have heard that she has no desire to return. Don has also gone and for a year's time. Mr. S—— and Mr. L—— seem to have subsided utterly. My! what a stir was created among the girls when they first arrived with the new administration; but, as in former times, our hopes were dashed to the ground, and they have proved themselves like all the others, taking everything and giving nothing. And now I must bid you adieu. Yours, NINA.

STOCKTON LIFE.

STOCKTON, July 27th. DEAR WAVE:—Both Nana and Ariadne having assured me that the erudition displayed in their letters to you gained them the dearest wish of their hearts—a husband—I, too, am led to tempt Fate by giving you a *résumé* of Stockton "Sassiety as we flounder in it," to quote Frank A——.

First and foremost, the only topic of conversation, after the opening of our new theatre, the Yosemite, was the marriage of "Our Mary." Why! oh why! does Fresno capture all our fairest and most eligible maidens! George Allen is to be congratulated, for, of course, Mr. Woods settled a nice sum on his youngest daughter. The ceremony was celebrated Wednesday, the 20th, in the new house, which needed but little decoration to add to its beauty. Mary was a dream of loveliness in white corded silk, *en traine*, bordered with pearls, while Matie Sargent made the dearest bridesmaid imaginable in pale blue. The young couple departed for Coronado on the evening train, attended, I believe, by "Shep," of Fresno, and charming Miss Fogg, of Oroville. *On dit*, that they, too, are about to be joined together for better or worse. Every one adjourned to the theatre to rid themselves of the feeling that they had attended obsequies of some kind, although Rob had lost none of his "joshing" ability, and was not a bit overcome by any vain regret.

At the theatre the loges were occupied by Dr. and Mrs. Sam Cross, chaperoning the Simpson girls and Miss Hill; the Houghs and Hewletts occupied one, while the Sargents, accompanied by Nan McCarthy, her fiancé, and Harry Chinn were in one of the upper boxes.

Mrs. George Sperry has not been seen at the new theatre although the Colonel has viewed each and every performance from a box. Mrs. Sperry has been greatly missed; she is spending several weeks at the Big Trees with her interesting children. Lola and Madge Clayes are also rusticating at the same place.

Mrs. Chalmers and Anna for some unknown reason have forsworn the delights of the Sea Beach Hotel and will be missed from the sands of Santa Cruz. Anna has gone to San Francisco for a month, it *must* be lonesome at home without sister Hattie, who is having a splendid time in the East. I am told she is at present visiting Miss Titus at Newport R. I. How glad we shall be to welcome Miss T—— as Mrs. Lyons, but what a shame that B. S—— allowed handsome Ben to forsake a Native Daughter for an Eastern girl.

Engagements! Dear me, there are any number of them announced, or about to be. I really do not know which one to inform you of first. But then, as Nan's is about to develop into a wedding I suppose hers deserves first mention. But even "He" is going to take her to foreign lands, and sweet-voiced Nan will next be heard of in the City of Mexico. There is some controversy as to whose is to take place first in the Episcopal Cathedral on its completion, so I will say nothing at present, but as soon as it is settled will inform you.

Have you noticed the great interest taken lately in tennis? Even if the club courts are deserted almost every one of the girls have, or are going to have, a court. At first it was believed we were each going to do something to amuse ourselves, but now—the cat is out of the bag—Ogden Hoffman is really going to reside here, and as he and Willie McMurtry seem to be inseparable, every girl hopes to be able to say they are seen at *her* court more often than at any other.

Otto K—— has once more returned to the scene of his many conquests. I, for one, am rejoicing, for Otto is the only one who can persuade me, with little trouble, to forsake the life of a SPINSTER.

SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, July 27th. DEAR WAVE:—Our 400 are gradually getting home from Santa Cruz and Del Monte and other points, where they have spent the time and lavished their money. The O. A. Hales are back from an extended Eastern tour and are now settled in their lovely home. Mrs. Hale is a pretty, vivacious lady, and we expect happy times there this winter.

Mrs. Spencer and Grace have returned from Santa Cruz, where Grace was "the admired of all admirers" for her skill in horsemanship and her daring in the waves.

Mrs. Henry Lion was in town for a day or so. She had her sister-in-law and pretty Kate Dunne in tow. Miss Dunne has wonderful eyes; they would prove a fortune to a girl on the stage.

Those of us who were obliged to stay at home have had some fun at the expense of a resident of your city, who has evidently forgotten the size of the town and fancies he can carry on his flirtations unknown or unnoticed here. Not so, dear sir, too many curious eyes are looking about, and the man who would pay successful court to Venus *sub rosa* must neglect the shrine of Bacchus. See?

We breathe with more freedom and feel more security in the political arena now that the rule of the self-appointed "Decemvirs" is over. We can, indeed thank the gallant and watchful Charles M. Shortridge who rose with indomitable courage and told in his own fearless manner what deeds are done by the "Wicked Ten."

Poor Clement, too, is actually sick. I don't wonder. He has done well to go off and rusticate, but "vait a leedle." His turn is sure to come

The Millers are airing their learning at the lakes. I do hope they won't capture Ralph, but he is in great danger. You know he is the *preux chevalier* of all the school marms, so he is attracted by great learning. It would be a public calamity if he should be landed.

Frank Louis King and his family are "home again," refreshed by their rest, which Mrs. K—— greatly needed.

The Ledyards are down at Pacific Grove. The Doctor improves every day. He is just delicious to flirt with now. He used to be dreadfully slow. Mamma-in-law is back from Chicago, just as proud of her son-in-law as if he really was a *bon parti*.

One of our society young ladies [illegible] the last week in your town. He is not alone, but then, her mamma "knows she's out" [illegible] manners nor good morals remain to be injured.

"Billy" is putting up a pretty cottage. So we are all on the watch to see where he visits most frequently.

I almost forgot to say that our 500 have been assisting in the compilation of the Blue Book, in which we shall be surprised at the eminence of our positions. As Mr. H—— wasn't quite on to it, some young ladies helped him out. I met your representative, Mr. F——, and I greatly enjoyed our chat, and he never suspected that I was BABBLER.

FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

FRESNO, July 27th. DEAR WAVE:—There was such a dearth of news last week, and I really hadn't the heart to manufacture fairy tales out of whole cloth, as some of our 400 do—that I renounced my occupation *pro tem.* and devoted the week to "item hunting." The men are suspiciously quiet about town, those innocent-looking grass widowers, whose business prevents their being with their wives at the coast, have found the Barton Café especially attractive lately. Captain May evidently knows our 400 better than we women do. I would like to satisfy Arsenic's curiosity regarding the G. C., but I am forbidden by my regard for my precious head—nay, nay, Arsenic, there are some things in this world of which a hint is all sufficient. I should think your eyes would have seen enough during this past winter to enlighten you on the subject. Are there so many attractive hotels in town that my mention of G. C. should occasion surprise?

Ward McC—— hasn't returned as yet from his summer outing. I am all prepared for harrowing tales of narrow escapes from snake bites, etc., etc. I trust the remedy will hold out until some civilized spot is reached. Will S—— returned last week from his mountain trip looking healthy and browned to a turn. He departed immediately for Stockton to assist Geo. A—— into the matrimonial noose. Will was the only one of his friends from Fresno at the important event. Wonder why? Several Fresnoans were on the bridal train and enjoyed Geo.'s lavish hospitality in several bottles of wine. I presume the bride's relatives, Mrs. Farmer and Mrs. Hoxie, will give them a reception on their return from Southern California. I hear Shep contemplates following in his friend's footsteps this fall. How longingly he looks at the Hardfast family in the Court house! Well, no one will be more pleased than Imp to see Shep occupying the family chair. A large party of distinguished Fresnoans departed for Castle Crags last week and report having a fine time. Several others who have postponed their departure on account of the cool weather, will leave for Santa Cruz to enjoy the Encampment. Our General Mallory will undoubtedly be the handsomest and most distingué officer in camp, and his graceful little wife will do the honors of the General's headquarters in her sweetly, gracious way, and will, with the other Society matrons quite put the buds in the shade. I regret not being able to go. I know I could have just a magnificent time with all my swell friends from here, but fate has decreed otherwise, so I must bow gracefully to the inevitable.

Mrs. Gearheart departed for the Coast this week, and the handsome Mrs. Creighton will accompany her husband on his military camping trip. IMP.

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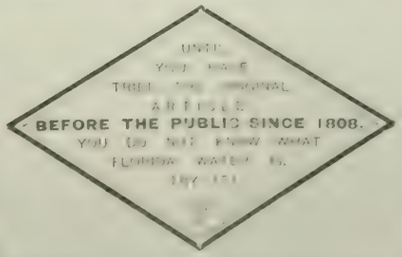

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OAKLAND GOSSIP.

OAKLAND, July 27th. DEAR WAVE:—Thanks to the gods there is an end to all stupid events as well as happy ones! Had "Brother Mills'" sermons, the neighborhood meetings, and the two Sabbaths in one week lasted any longer, I would have been overpowered with the assumed piety and funeral aspect of the town, but, speaking of this *ex tempore* religion, reminds me that one of our holy brethren has indulged in rather a rapid flirtation with a certain maiden who has succumbed to the prayers of the above-mentioned minister and she is now a believer and all that sort of thing. His name? Oh no, Frou-Frou doesn't intend calling down upon her head the anathemas of the combined forces of all the churches on this side, but she does intend keeping her eyes wide open and if the affair continues she will hesitate no longer, but tell you all.

We have been praying for something startling to happen and it did, when Jennie Dyer's marriage was announced in all the papers. Did you ever hear of such a girl? She was absolutely engaged more than a year and didn't breathe a word about it to anyone; not even Emily Dean Allen, who is *au courant* with all the gossip of the town, knew of it, but then circumstances alter cases, you know. Seriously, dear, wouldn't you be afraid to try your chances with a man who could so soon forget his wife? I would fear that in case of my demise I would meet with a similar fate.

You remember, dear, I told you I was trying my wiles on Andy? Well, he actually made me a declaration of love the other day, and he is no novice at the business, either. Now, please don't tell any one about it, as he might not like it, but I have accepted him—on trial.

This evening one of our song-birds, Carrie Northey-Roma, is to be married to Mr. Jesse L. Douglass, of Nebraska The wedding ceremony will be performed at the swell church, on Fourteenth Street. *On dit* that the prospective groom is rich and good looking. Carrie must have sung her way into his heart. Saw Georgie Grayson Ralston yesterday and she was beaming with smiles, and all because her truant husband had returned.

Our ex-dude, Frank Fisher, rarely graces the gay and festive social gatherings on this side with his amiable presence now-a-days. He is most disconsolate of late, and all because his little Franco-Spanish sweetheart has departed for Central America, where she will doubtless be won by some Spanish Hidalgo. Poor Frank! It seems his fate to always be suffering the pangs of an unrequited love. Hettie Tubbs-Henshaw has her hands more than full; as she is at Castle Crags, acting the role of chaperon to May Tubbs, Emma Farrier, Floy Brown, and Alice Grimes, four self-constituted beauties and most terribly quiet girls. You cannot imagine how greatly Hettie is improved by her trip abroad. She now realizes that Oakland and Oakland Society is but an infinitesimal part of this great globe, and she no longer has aspirations to figure as the married belle of our Oakland cotillions, which reminds me that the boys threaten to not reorganize this winter. The horrid wretches are becoming worse each hour—they care only for their club, politics, and San Francisco girls. The F. Marion Smiths are a family who realize the stupidity of this place, as they spend a part of each year abroad or East. This summer they have taken a house in Lenox, Mass., and are having a delightful time. Charlie Hubbard is making many Eastern friends, and his handsome face has won him many admirers among the fair sex. He is also doing good tennis work, and our club is quite proud of him. Have you been on handsome Jack Wilson's new yacht? She is a "hummer." The girls are now doubly devoted to his majesty, and Jack will find that his yacht is equally as good a drawing card as histrionic talent. Several of the girls have already planned trips to Santa Cruz and Monterey. Mrs. George Perkins and children are rusticating at the Vendome, and Dr. Adams and wife are somewhere in the Green Mountains, while our charmer, Billy Foote, his daughter, and Hattie English are doing Yosemite.

Pretty Edyth Gowell, of Fruitvale, is home from a six weeks' visit in the heart of the Sierras.

If you want some fun, ask Henry Havens where he was last Saturday night. Have you heard, dear, that the Havens brothers are the highest divers at the Piedmont Baths?

The Murrays, Frank Griffen and Mamie will soon leave for the East by the way of Panama, a fact which will prove that Mamie Griffen, who so often has been accused of writing this epistle, is not that wicked sinner FROU-FROU.

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LEAVE	FROM JULY 25, 1892.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*12.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	First and second class for Ogden and East, and first class locally	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	Sunset Route, Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton	*8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Martinez	12.45 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced and Fresno	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.30 p m	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	8 45 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	8.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
.....	Niles and San Jose	†6.15 p m
*6.00 p m	Sunol and Livermore	.....
6.00 p m	Ogden Route, Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9.15 a m
†7.00 p m	Vallejo	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡7.45 a. m.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p. m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos. Saturday and Sunday to Santa Cruz	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.38 p m
†7.30 a m	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excur'n	†8.28 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
‡9.30 a m	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations	‡2.45 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.03 p m
12.15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations.	3.30 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.37 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, Gilroy and Principal Way Stations	*9 47 a m
*4.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7 30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 30, 3:30, 5.05, 6:20 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, :30, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		In effect Apr. 24, 1892.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5.00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

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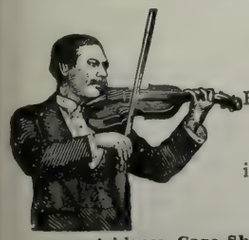

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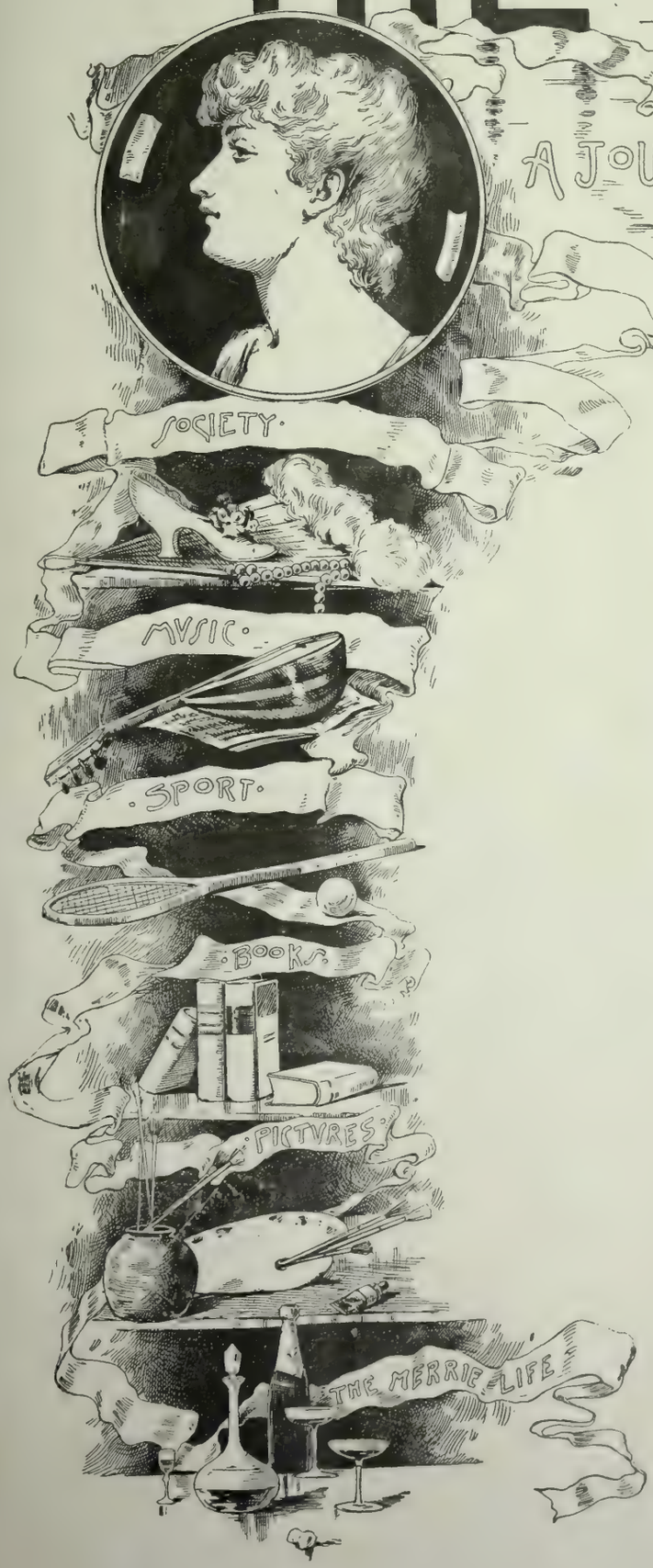

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And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flowers."

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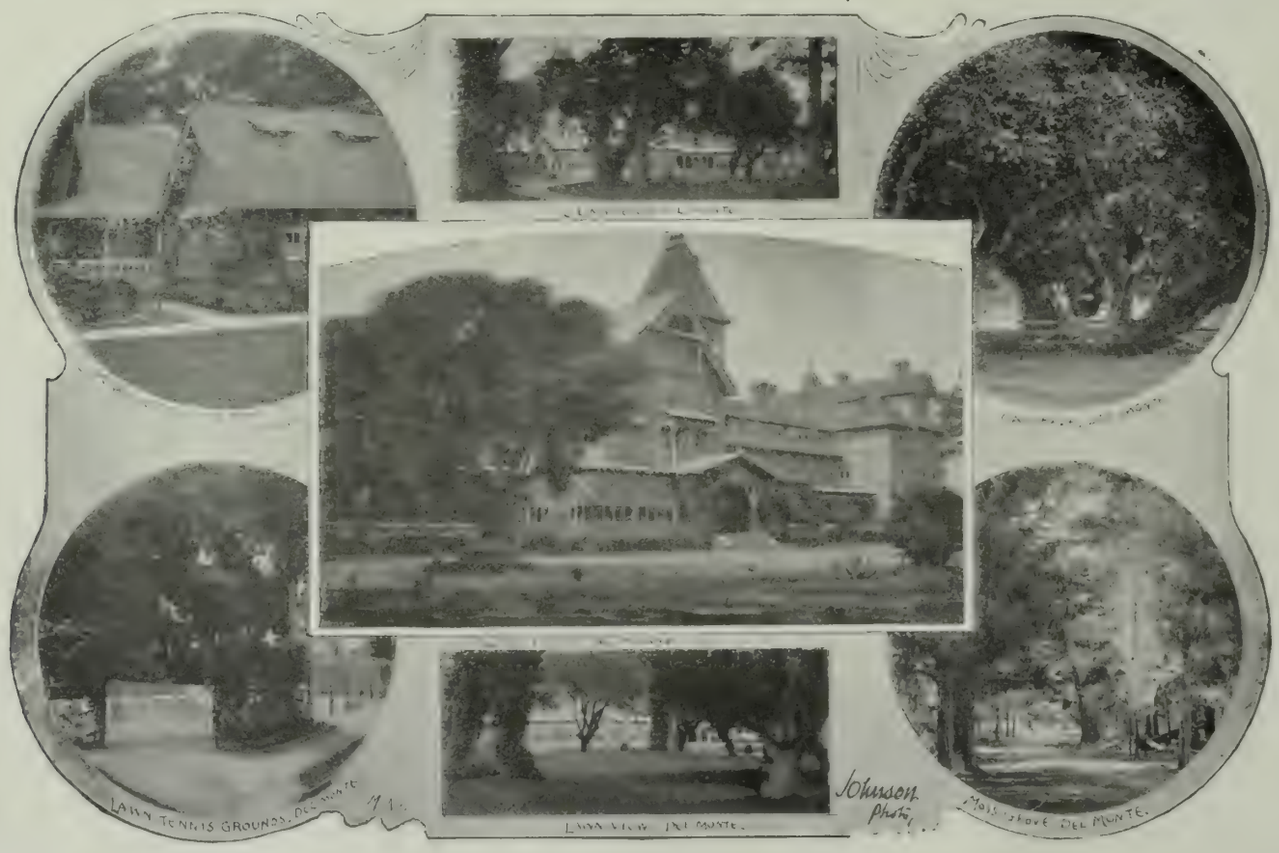

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THE WAVE

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The Wave

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

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SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 6, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

Few young men are better known throughout the State than Charles O. Alexander, whose portrait adorns the front cover this week. Mr. Alexander has served the people of California in various capacities, and always honestly and faithfully. On the splendid record he has made in public life, he was nominated by the Republicans for Congressman in the Fourth District. He has a large number of friends in business and social life.

SPLASHES.

DEL MONTE just at present is in the throes of anticipation. The period is the lull before the storm of gaiety which is outlined to burst about the 20th. Because there is but little going on it must not be imagined the hotel lacks guests. The fact is, the average is higher than ever before. On Saturday night last 400 people sat down to dinner. Most of them are from the far side of the Rockies, however; indeed, in comparison with the crowd of strangers the Californians are in a decided minority. The growing popularity of this part of the State as a summer home for Eastern millionaires augurs favorably for the future prosperity of Del Monte and other resorts. People become tired of Florida, and bored even with Coronado. Santa Barbara's charm fades in the course of months, whereas the fascination of Monterey is perennial.

* * *

Millionaires have ceased to be a feature at Del Monte now-a-days. The information that this individual seated on the porch is the largest individual real estate owner in Louisville, Pittsburg, or Denver no longer thrills one with surprise. Nor does one evince astonishment on learning that an especial maiden, reading the latest novel under the cypresses, is heiress to three millions. One accepts it as a matter of course. That there is aught to distinguish these Fortune's favorites from the lesser financial lights surrounding them cannot be claimed. Their charm is not contour but income—not as attractive but less elusive. The charm of the region, of the delightful gardens and the agreeable temperature appeals to all of them, and if this season does not prove but the initiation of quite a pronounced exodus next year, I shall be disappointed.

* * *

Among the celebrities at Del Monte are Mr. and Mrs. L. Z. Leiter and their daughter, Miss Leiter, the Chicago beauty. That she is handsome, is undeniable. Her features are regular and, *en profile*, their effect is charming. According to the California standard, however, she is not a beauty. Her face expresses decided intelligence, it is full of vivacity, comprehension, cleverness. Her gowns are in admirable style, quiet, harmonious, displaying the lines of a graceful figure to good advantage. The other members of the family are very quiet and apparently unpretentious, and it is easy to believe that the Mrs. Malaprop stories circulated by Washington correspondents were figments of their imagination.

* * *

With the Leiters is Mrs. T. Harrison Garrett, of Baltimore, and her three sons. Prior to her marriage with the railroad millionaire, Mrs. Garrett was one of the belles of Maryland. She is a merry, charming woman and is on her way to Japan to spend the autumn.

Among recent arrivals is Miss Portwood, of Louisville, a pretty blonde, who has attracted some attention. She has a charming complexion and fine eyes. Miss Dickerson, who has been one of the most popular girls at Del Monte this season, started for the Yosemite on Wednesday last, with Mr. and Mrs. Holland. Commodore Dickerson and his family leave for Japan and India on the 18th.

* * *

Mrs. H. E. Huntington and pretty Miss Clara Huntington left for home on Monday last. They will be installed at the Richlieu for the winter, but will return to Monterey for the "shoot." The Tevises have returned to town, so has Mrs. Neustadter, who has thoroughly enjoyed her seven weeks' sojourn. Among the late arrivals is Miss Addie Mills, who will be a guest at the hotel for some weeks to come.

* * *

If there are fewer girls at Del Monte, there is absent this season that system of cliques which made life miserable for outsiders. On the veranda one does not now find a gathering of giggling maidens busy discussing the manners and makeup of surrounding individuals. If there is less gossip there is more amusement, and reputations are actually emerging from an afternoon on the porch unscathed. I do hope no one will endeavor the organization of more cliques.

* * *

A COUNTRY CLUB delegation, headed by President Fred Webster, visited Del Monte last week. With Manager Schonewald several consultations were had, and final arrangements for the "shoot" consummated. That the number of guests will be far in excess of that entertained last year there is now no question. Already the management has been compelled to refuse applications for rooms. However, the plan which a party of Cosmos Club men have devised—to hire a Pullman sleeper for the occasion—may relieve the pressure. The Southern Pacific Company is willing to receive applications for cars, and will give one to any ten men or party who desire, at fairly moderate rates. Those who have written for accommodation can thus arrange to be present. The hotel will be prepared to feed over one thousand guests.

* * *

The illuminations should be very gorgeous this time, as a special electric plant has been arranged for, and the incandescent bulbs will glow in a thousand places among the foliage. The feature of the pyrotechnics will be the rockets, the *ultima thule* of fiery gorgeousness is promised. Beside the Park band, which is to perform during the day selections from the new music Joseph Redding brought from Vienna, Brandt's orchestra will furnish melody. Increased to sixteen pieces, it will be stationed on the landing over the dining-room to play during supper, besides, of course, affording the most delightful of rhythmic strains for the dancers.

* * *

That the *fete* will be a brilliant affair is positive. Society will turn out *en masse*. The list of those who have engaged rooms comprises members of the leading families of the State. There will even be an adequate representation of the Southern California *beau monde*. Such a gathering has distinctive features that give it an interest apart from the occasion. An opportunity of seeing the *personnel* of the Blue Book at one glance, is rarely afforded. I am told of many beautiful costumes being prepared for the two balls, the first on Friday night, a german, the second an assembly on the evening of the "shoot." As all the prettiest girls in the northern circuit are to be present there will be competition for the honor of belle.

* * *

CATARACT GULCH does sound romantic, but the name only befits the locality most favored of San Rafaelites for picnics. That is

a form of amusement they are much given to over there, and, I am sure, deserves encouragement. A few days ago a popular personage of the grass widower species, resident at the caravansary, invited a group of young matrons to accompany him to the Gulch. It was to be a very captivating affair, he informed them, lunch perfect and champaign chilled. Only a few fascinating friends of his would he have in the party—no husbands. Before it came off, the affair was widely discussed along the corridors and even on the piazza. In the bowling alley it was the theme of little coteries, and the opinion was expressed that the invited ones showed but little discrimination going on picnics to which their male protectors had not been bidden.

* * *

At a summer resort, where topics are scarce, much eloquence is easily marshaled on any given subject. It was not long before the grass widower was apprised of the stir he had made. Before a crowd, the same evening in the barroom, he declared, with rather extravagant gesture, that when *he* wanted husbands he would ask them!

Next day the picnic took place. The ladies, looking very charming in summer costumes, and Wardie, the Consul, and the grass widower in flannels, climbed into their conveyance and drove to destination. They returned safe and sound, but since then their temerity has been the theme of general and generous condemnation. I believe the affair might have passed had not a malicious dowager alluded to the husbands as "complaisant." Since then even they have been on the warpath, and the affair has become interesting.

* * *

That the Olympic Club's salt water bathing scheme is to become an accomplished fact is now a certainty. Contracts have been let for the pipe, and the work of laying will commence early in September. Whether the reservoirs will be finished in time to supply the Club's tank when it opens on January 2, is another question, however. The future of the company that has been organized to push the enterprise is now virtually secured. Capitalists have at last been persuaded to see the chances of large dividends being made by the construction of baths and by supplying corporations with salt water. The result is that funds are being subscribed, and there should occur no further hitches. It so rarely happens that a financial scheme is pushed to a conclusion here that the success of this bathing scheme is unusual.

* * *

D. O. Mills has gone East again. His visit to the Coast was a brief one, but, I believe, he anticipates returning here before long. Like other old Californians Mr. Mills has a desire to spend the last days of his life in California, and if he can arrange satisfactorily his business affairs, I have no doubt that he will eventually be installed at Millbrae. Mr. Mills has become a purchaser of a large block of Olympic Club bonds. Accompanied by President Harrison he visited the building on Post Street and made a careful inspection of every part. He expressed himself as thoroughly satisfied with what had been done as well as with the institution's future prospects.

* * *

After a tedious and painful illness, Mrs. David Hewes passed away on Tuesday last. Everything medical skill could dictate was done to save her. Prior to her departure for Europe, Mrs. Stanford insisted on removing her sister to the California Street mansion, believing that she would be more comfortable in the apartments she occupied previous to her marriage than even in her own house. The entire domestic force was retained, and the invalid had every possible attention. I believe the body is to be buried at Albany in the Lathrop family plot there. Mr. Hewes will convey the casket East in a private car early next week.

* * *

Senator and Mrs. Stanford are now at Battenberg and Lake Thun. The Senator's health has been much improved by the treatment at Aix-les-Bains, and after a sojourn in Switzerland of a few weeks, he will return there for the second course, which occupies a month. He and Mrs. Stanford expect to leave for home about October 1st.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest La Montagne, *née* Catherwood, are now residing at Far Rockaway for the summer. Professor and Mrs. Lindley Keasbey, *née* Simrall, are residing at Morristown in the handsome residence of Judge Keasbey, who has gone to Europe.

* * *

Mrs. Mamie Hastings left San Francisco *en route* for Europe on Tuesday evening last. She purposes making but a short stay in New York, and will go directly on to Aix la Chapelles, where she will drink the waters.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Bertha Wise and Leo Block was celebrated at the residence of the bride's parents, 928 Eddy Street, on Tuesday evening. Dr. Voorsanger performed the ceremony and made a very pretty address on the pleasing features of matrimony. Miss Lillian Wise was maid of honor and Mr. Harry Block was his brother's best man. Afterward an elaborate supper was partaken of and the health of bride and groom drunk in bumpers of champagne. The presents were unusually handsome and very numerous.

* * *

The bowling season has opened at the Concordia. Last night the Friday Night Bowling Club assembled, and after the usual felicitations, started trundling big and small balls. It must be admitted that the vacation has not improved the game of some of the most adroit players. Afterwards the Club adjourned to the residence of Miss Birdie Brandenstein at 1305 Van Ness Avenue, where a sumptuous supper was partaken of.

* * *

The Concordia's "Night Off" on Tuesday evening next is to be strictly impromptu. No fixed programme is being prepared. The sire, Charles Ackermann, will call on certain members for contributions toward the evening's entertainment, and doubtless much talent will be exhibited. The staple refreshments will be beer and sandwiches, and these may be consumed of to the accompaniment of long pipes.

* * *

Among the private entertainments of the week, none was more enjoyable than the Bohemian dinner Mrs. Volney Spalding gave in honor of Fred Somers and Joseph D. Redding at the Bella Vista on Tuesday evening. There were eight guests, each of whom felt an adequate delight in the success of the *chef's* gastronomical efforts. On Thursday evening Mrs. Spalding entertained Mr. and Mrs. Gillig, of Virginia City, at her country house at Belvedere.

* * *

Napa Soda Springs is enjoying a season of great prosperity, and the outlook is good for its continuance. There are so many ways of finding pleasure here, that the guests have no heavy time on their hands.

* * *

The Hotel Rafael maintains its popularity among the resorts of the Coast. It has enjoyed a splendid season, and those who are guests at this charming haunt of Society show no desire to leave it. Its proximity to the city has much to do with its success, and the San Rafael trains in the morning and evening are crowded with the guests, who find that they can attend to their business at their offices and still enjoy all the comforts of life at a summer resort.

* * *

Byron Hot Springs is doing an excellent business this season, and there seems no diminution in the number of the guests. The management has done everything possible for the comfort and pleasure of those who are there, and it is quite probable that the place will be crowded until late in the fall.

* * *

The Vendome's season has been the most successful in the history of the hotel. A large number of San Franciscans have made their headquarters there, and enjoyed that complete change of climate and scene that the residents of the Santa Clara say is so beneficial to the people of the Bay City. A number of Oakland people have also spent some time there, and it is likely that the season will continue longer this year than last. The weather has been delightful, and on the pretty roads may be seen many merry driving parties. Informal hops, card and music parties occupy the evenings.

* * *

The summer meeting of the Trotting Horse Breeders' Association begins to-day at

Richardson & Robbins' Potted Ham for Picnics and Teas.

the Bay District Track. This meet should be a successful one, as there are some excellent entries. Considerable money has been expended in putting the track and buildings in good condition, and the criticisms that I made last season have borne the very best kind of fruit. With a speedy track, good seats, and any kind of weather at all, this meeting should result in much enjoyment to lovers of horseflesh. There will be three races to-day, each for a good purse.

* * *

THE MIDSUMMER JINKS is the leading topic of discussion in the Bohemian Club. Unusual preparations are being made, and anticipation is highly excited. Fred Somers, as "Sire," proposes to resuscitate the spirit that animated the jinks of old. There will be more solemnity, less humor, as little fantasy and nonsense as possible. His idea is that the occasion should not be a farce, but a festival in honor of Nature. No fireworks nor crackers will desecrate the silence of the redwoods. The music, rendered by some sixty voices, is to be stately and dignified. An image of Buddha, sixty feet in height, a replica of that in the Temple at Kamakura, will stand at the head of a small cañon between two giant redwoods.

* * *

Around are towering trees whose foliage meets in a Gothic arch above the huge white divinity. Before it a Buddhistic ceremony will be performed. There will be priests and high priests in appropriate robes. The members of the Club will all wear *kimonas*. A sermon from General Barnes and a poem by General Lucius Foote are among the prospective literary features. No mere paper lanterns will illuminate the presence of the god, but temple lanterns made after the model of those that hang in his shrines in Japan. Everything is to be conducted on a grand scale. The Directors have appropriated a large sum for the celebration and it should prove among the most memorable in the Club's history.

* * *

The redwood grove wherein the "jinks" is to be held is situated in a cañon running southwest from Mt. Tamalpais to the ocean. Through it sparkles a beautiful stream of water abounding in deep pools where reluctant trout make life worth living for ambitious anglers. Interspersed with the forest giants are groups of alder and buckeye, manzanita and oak. It is a charming spot, and the Bohemians are to be congratulated on acquiring so admirable a location for their midsummer outing. A road is now being constructed from Mill Valley right into the depths of it. Quite a large force is kept busy, and I have no doubt that it will be completed in readiness to enable the transportation of paraphernalia.

* * *

SAUSALITO continues to maintain the high average of its gaiety. These moonlight evenings every one goes on the bay, and one hears an embarrassment of music that even distance fails to lend enchantment to. Still, as a substitute for silence it is excellent, for would it not be too much to expect that girls as pretty as those who are now residing on the hillsides should excel in conversation? I am not surprised at the persistence of the season over there. No one talks yet of leaving. Minor festivities are of nightly occurrence; at least, there is one important affair every week. And yet, in spite of the provocation, I have not heard of a single engagement.

* * *

So far, Cupid and Hymen seem to have been singularly neglectful of their functions. At Del Monte there buds not a single promising affair. It is also thus at San Rafael, at Santa Cruz, at San Jose. However, the future brims with possibilities and the weather seems to improve. Indeed, no one can predict what may occur one of these silvery nights at Sausalito. The event of the week was a dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker at their residence on the hill. That was on Monday night. It proved a very jolly affair. The residents were all represented and quite a number of the visitors. There was dancing and music, and a delightful supper to finish up with.

* * *

Miss Julia Bissell gave a dinner party at the Terrace Hotel on Sunday night, in honor of the birthday of her sister, Miss Theresa Bissell. "The Monastery" was well represented at the festal board, and, besides, there were several people from the city. With so accomplished a hostess it is unnecessary to say the affair was a success. On the preceding Saturday there was an informal hop at the hotel. Every one danced in tennis and boating costume, and the general effect was quite pretty. To-night there are two affairs—one the dance of the Pacific Yacht Club, the other, a chowder party given by the San Franciscos.

* * *

Among the residents at the Terrace is a very pretty, piquant maiden, who seems undisposed to accept current Sausalito males at their own valuation. Into the armor of their self-esteem she has several times shot Parthian darts, until now the youth daring enough to engage her in conversation is careful also to be unpretentious. She was a guest at one of the gatherings given by bachelor youths, when one of them, anxious to make an impression, for severe sobriety, addressed her:

"Do you know, Miss ——, I never drink, not even whisky." He stroked proudly the suspicion of a mustache.

"Yes," she inquired innocently. "How do you do it—will power or the Keeley cure?"

* * *

Samuel M. Shortridge has returned from Honolulu with copious Hawaiian additions to his vocabulary and some new stories. Besides, he has acquired a complexion that vies with the most advanced efforts of Stokes. He was feted quite extensively and was made free of all the usages of Honolulan life by Sam Parker, Paul Neuman, and other good exiles. An audience with Her Majesty was one of the features of his visit, and it is said the interesting Liliokalani offered Sam innumerable solid inducements to make her kingdom his home. Prior to his departure Mr. Shortridge was entertained at a native feast, the proper name for which I have forgotten, and besides was given a big dinner at the Hawaiian hotel.

* * *

Joe Redding is home accompanied by considerable new music for the Park band. I hardly know over which episode to be most enthusiastic. When our admirable Creichton is absent the town wears a provincial air deepened this summer by the departure of Dr. Younger. I hope I am not obvious in drawing attention to the improvement of the weather, which dates from the gifted attorney's arrival at Truckee. There is also a noticeable disturbance in the legal atmosphere. The Knights of the Round Table are preparing to celebrate Mr. Redding's return with an elaborate festivity which it is confidently believed will leave in all their mouths that deep-dark red-taste for which the organization is famous.

* * *

The subject of teeth is one that most women wax eloquent over. On the kindred theme of dentistry they often become enthusiastic, and enthusiasm in the connection is fraught with expensive consequences. Here is a Monterey story that is only half bad. A group of matrons seated on the piazza were discussing the pearly teeth of a well-known actress, and branched off to criticising the molars and bicuspids of their friends.

"Will you believe it," remarked one well-preserved personage with a hyphenated name displaying an admirable development of some width and whiteness, "that my wisdom teeth have not yet grown?"

A second of dead silence ensued. It was broken by a male voice from the outer edge of the circle:

"Some century plants never bloom."

The identity of the commentator remains undisclosed.

* * *

The latest *bon mot* from the Probate Court is rather neat. During the trial of the Conrad-Gerlock case, on Tuesday last, there was an insufferable racket proceeding from a delegation of bricklayers working outside the window, partly, and lustily from a gathering of men engaged quarreling in the corridor. Mr. Wilson, of restaurant fame, was on the stand answering the questions of counsel in rather a low tone.

"You will have to raise your voice, Mr. Wilson," said Attorney Heynemann, "those masons outside are making a fearful noise."

"Never mind the masons," said the Judge, "Mr. Bailiff, step into the hall and stop those Odd Fellows fighting."

* * *

IT IS QUITE CERTAIN that the foremost Republican aspirant for Senatorial honors dealt his prospects a body blow by attending the late Sacramento Convention. I am sorry for this for several reasons, but principally

Richardson & Robbins' Potted Ham for Picnics and Teas.

because I have hoped all along that he would succeed in making it so warm for Senator Felton that that gentleman would be compelled to resort to his "bar'l." There never was a time, so far as I can remember, when business was so depressed in the Grand Old Party. "Three cheers for the old flag and an appropriation," the revivor always proposed by the Honorable Bardwell Slote, is now incapable of setting the blood to coursing in its veins. How inspiring, therefore, would be the news at this time that the Menlo Park millionaire had knocked in the head of a cask of coin! How such information would set the politicians to scurrying, and how speedily would "harmony" prevail everywhere! But all this, it appears, must now be placed on file. His opponent's failure to handle the Sacramento Convention shows that his star has commenced to decline, and that Felton will soon have no competition for the Senatorship.

* * *

One of the Federal brigade, the members of which are now to a man busily at work undermining the candidate's Senatorial citadel, tells me that the orders are out to knife him everywhere. "He should have kept away from Sacramento," said this party, "because Felton told *us* to go up there and attend to business. If he had remained in San Francisco, in his absence we would have done nothing, but when we saw him at work we were obliged to "copper" his game. The result is that for the first time since Felton went into this fight, we know exactly where we stand."

* * *

I attempted to ascertain from this talkative representative of the Bread and Butter Contingent where he stood, but he declined to tell. However, I can imagine Felton's opponent went to Sacramento, not as was said to look after the interests of the National Committee, but with a definite and laudable purpose. That purpose was to fill several contracts and make as many more as possible. One of his contracts was to water the State Executive Committee so as to outnumber Felton's friends. In order to water it he proposed to appoint nineteen more members, and to be sure of securing his own men he proposed to have the Convention itself make the appointments.

* * *

The hollowness of the pretensions of some of those who claim to be his friends was, I am told, shown by the way in which this proposition was received. It was greeted with a shout of protest, and he was solemnly warned against attempting any dictatorial measures—just as though a Republican Convention could be shocked by an exhibition of bossism. Not only did the leaders refuse to appoint nineteen additional members of the Executive Committee, but they agreed on ten and then placed their appointments jointly in the hands of Chairman Chipman, of the Convention, and Chairman Myers of the Committee, both Felton men. This insures Felton a large majority, if not the entire ten.

* * *

Next the candidate desired to postpone the nomination of Loud and Alexander in the two San Francisco Congress districts until they should discontinue their fealty to Felton and make friends with him. This, seeing that through Kelly and Crimmins he practically controlled the San Francisco delegation, he possessed the power to do; but the adherents of these two men threatened and blustered and he was finally compelled to yield for the sake of "harmony."

Finally, he desired the nomination of Grove L. Johnson in the Second Congressional District—this for obvious reasons. Johnson secured for him the Sacramento delegation in the Stockton Convention, and but for that he would not have been a delegate to Minneapolis. But the nomination of Johnson was desired for other reasons than gratitude.

* * *

One of them was that in the event of his election he would have a friend near the White House. At present Felton has the support of the entire Congressional delegation. But the miners of the Second District wanted John F. Davis and Johnson was defeated. I am told, also, that the nomination of J. T. Matlock was desired in the First District and George E. Whitney in the Third. If this is so, it makes matters worse than I have thought. Then every one of the Congressional nominees is opposed to the editor's Senatorial aspirations, for neither Matlock nor Whitney was nominated.

* * *

But the Senatorial aspirant need not search far nor look deeply for the causes of his ill success at Sacramento. Ever since the National Convention Felton has been solidifying his machine in this State. I have heard that he is the most influential man in Washington at the White House. The Federal patronage of the entire Coast has been placed at his disposal by the President, and he has whipped the office-holders into an army of active workers. Wherever the editor may go he will meet these men and they will undo his work and thwart his plans. And Felton is accomplishing all this without the expenditure of a single dollar, while his opponent is paying for his expenses to State conventions and maintaining a Senatorial bureau in this city.

* * *

However, politicians, like Republics, are ungrateful—especially Republican politicians. They expect a man to perform their work for 365 days in every year (except, occasionally, a holiday when he does not publish a paper) and when he asks them to do his work on one single day they scoff and jeer at him. If I were in his boots it would not take me long to settle the perfidious Mr. Felton. He would not promise me to stay out of the Senatorial fight this year and then break his promise with impunity. I would bolt the party and smash his machine into the half smithereens of which Ambrose Bierce speaks so feelingly.

* * *

IN HIS EFFORTS to foist on some government that much-talked-of library of his, H. H. Bancroft has appealed from Sacramento to Washington. When he found the Legislature had no ear for his book bill he persuaded Senator Fry, of Maine, to introduce in Congress a measure providing for the purchase of the collection and its incorporation in the National Library. The price he now asks is half a million dollars. At the State Capital he was more modest. Then he was willing to accept fifty per cent less. I am afraid the chance of his audacity being rewarded is but slight. The bill was read, reported to committee, and is now buried beyond probability of resuscitation this session. In view of the immense value the pseudo-historian sets on his collection, it might be interesting to state a few facts concerning it.

* * *

Of the fifty thousand volumes, ten thousand alone are of specific value. Indeed, nearly the entire library could be replaced without difficulty, at prices ranging from 25 cents to $2.50 per volume. There are shelves of railroad guides, scores of law books, literary refuse from his own shop, bound circulars and much printed litter that serves to swell the total. The rarities of the collection are not numerous. Among them are dictations containing the early history of the State, given Bancroft's emissaries by prominent Spaniards. There are a number of these, and they form historical material of the first importance. Manuscripts relating to Spanish grants, to early voyages into California are another interesting feature. Then, there are diaries and manuscripts obtained from the old Spanish families in San Francisco and Monterey, that I believe are the only records of the kind in existence.

* * *

The manner in which these were obtained is interesting, and casts more light on the character of our pseudo-historian. He had myrmidons all through the State hunting for books, especially for these diaries. Learning the existence of a particular volume he would have an employee lodge with the family and, in the course of time, persuade either the sale, for a few dollars, or the permanent loan of the coveted treasure. Thus, he despoiled of their records many of the oldest Spanish families. Others gave him papers and books on a specific promise that all should be returned. The Vallejos were especially generous. The Alvarados, Castros, Picos, Bandinis, all furnished their quota to Bancroft's pile, and the number of times he has refused them their property is almost incredible.

* * *

I am surprised that the Vallejos have never regarded it as worth their while to proceed against Bancroft. The memorials of the General he has would prove interesting records in the future and were not given to swell

Richardson & Robbins' Potted Ham for Picnics and Teas.

the Bancroft assets. Whoever purchases the collection may possibly have trouble, for people who have acquiesced so far may not consider permanent patience a virtue.

* * *

What has happened to the Nonsense Club this season? Last year it not only furnished Ross Valley with amusement but San Rafael with conversation, and an institution that subserves so admirable a purpose deserves permanence. The recollection of that interesting performance in which there was everything from high-kicking up is still fresh in the minds of the happy spectators, and a repetition would undoubtedly attract a larger audience. Even John G. Kittle, the most austere personage within the environment of Tamalpais, applauded Mrs. Everett Wise's agility, but I suppose we will have to wait for another season.

* * *

WHAT AILS THE OWL'S NEST? Since the foundation stone of its clubhouse was laid one has heard little or nothing about it. There are ample funds collectable to complete the building, and yet nothing has been done to gather them; in fact, the project seems at a standstill. If ever a social institution was organized under brilliant auspices, this was. Endowed with an immense area of land, with privileges of shooting and fishing over a country but little inferior to that of the Country Club, besides having the most beautiful building location in San Mateo County, it seemed destined to pronounced popularity. Nat Brittan was more than a foster father for it. He advanced funds, he supplied the energy, did everything, in fact, one man could do, but his efforts, so far, have not been rewarded.

* * *

It seems that within the membership are certain individuals who are not anxious to have the club succeed. They have done their best to obstruct its progress and have not hesitated to announce their dissatisfaction with the way affairs are arranged. The Directors who were elected at the initial meeting are destitute of energy—at least, they have not held a single meeting since the celebration at San Mateo. Five were elected, and of these two went East. The others, Hyde Bowie, Jimmie Hamilton, and Louis Sloss have done nothing, and Mr. Sloss, who is Treasurer, refuses to collect the coin that is due. He is willing to take charge of it, but will not take the trouble of gathering it in. The advisability of declaring his office vacant has been suggested, and perhaps would facilitate matters. That something must be done is apparent, and I am given to understand that both Mr. Bowie and Mr. Hamilton are ready to act.

* * *

Perhaps that little difficulty with Donald Graham complicated the affairs of the institution. The proportions of his assumption on that occasion have not been done justice to, but enough has been said. That he will receive a tithe of his demands I very much doubt, for it is well-known that but two cases of champagne were sent to San Carlos, and even the Graham brand does not cost $200 a case.

* * *

THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY is obtaining new members, but is not progressing as rapidly as those most interested in its welfare desire. There is no question that the number of trustees is a disadvantage. Obtaining a quorum is very difficult, and measures for the institution's prosperity are constantly being delayed because of the absence of certain individuals. There is the delivery system, for instance. Some months ago I wrote of the proposition to inaugurate it, yet nothing has been done so far. Consideration of it has been postponed from one meeting to another and the result is a loss to the library. Once it is put in, the location will be no bar to patronage. Those who do not care to go to the corner of Golden Gate Avenue and Van Ness will have their books delivered to them.

* * *

The advantage of this method, Mr. Tauzky has letters from Eastern librarians to prove, so the Mercantile is not taking any chances. My own impression is that the library should re-incorporate, with seven trustees instead of fourteen. Until this is done, the difficulties of governing it will continue. To induce so many men to agree on one proposition is next to impossible. Another consideration that must not be lost sight of is that the library is still losing money. There are many vacant rooms still in the new building, and the number of new subscribers does not bring in money enough to meet the expenses. There is a deficiency. That this cannot go on must be apparent to every one interested, and the necessity for making some effort must be apparent to the trustees. I believe Mr. Greer Harrison, for some time a trustee, has resigned. The reason of his withdrawal is that interest in other institutions occupies his entire leisure.

* * *

ADA REHAN has flown Eastward—for ever, says the implacable Daly, who, it is agreeable sometimes to remember, is not infallible. Flown she has, however, and I may venture to tell a story in which Wardie McAllister figures as hero. The graceful method of expression he rejoices in is difficult to reproduce but I will tell it as he spoke:

"A most chawming woman, Ada Rehan; yes, most agweeable. Yes, I know her—lawst time she was on the Coast brought me a letter from me fawther. Of course, I saw a good deal of her, and one Sunday evening awsked a few fwends to meet her over at Tiburon—sort of a little seaside picnic, you know. A chawming night—the water smooth—lots of moonlight—we had a nice little lunch, and aftawards Miss Rehan thought she would like a little row.

* * *

"Leaving the rest of the pathy I obtained a skiff. The great actwess threw herself with delicious abandon on a coil of ropes in the stern, and with one admirably moulded arm thrown over the side, permitted the silvery waters to trickle through her white fingers. She looked adowable, I assure you, lovelier than in her most finished stage pictures. We were silent. As I gazed enraptured, she said to me in that delicious voice:

"'Mr. McAllister, have you *ever loved?*'

"Do you know, me boy, at the moment I almost succumbed to the fascinations of that chawming woman."

* * *

THE WITS of the Pacific-Union Club are Bobby Grayson and J. Downey Harvey. They are generally to be found at the same table at lunch, invariably primed with artistic compliments to hurl at each other's heads. When both are in good fettle, the language reveals undreamt of possibilities in the way of abuse. Besides, they form the committee on membership for new stories. An unwritten law compels submission of all fresh yarns to their experience, and if Bobby is satisfied and Downey acquiesces, the Club feels satisfied something good has been found. It has been said the institution insists on a certain degree of maturity about its jokes, but this is purely a Bohemian Club superstition and founded on jealousy rather than on fact.

* * *

Rather a neat retort was that of a well-known Bohemian to some Pacific-Union men who were boasting about their bright lights, submitting specimens of rather antique wit as proof positive of brilliant humor.

"Yes," said one, "we *have* some choice spirits up in *our* Club."

"So I believe," returned the Bohemian. "Your cellar is undoubtedly the best on the Coast."

* * *

The latest reports indicate an appreciable improvement in the *cuisine* of the Pacific-Union Club. The *chef* appears to be satisfying the *cognoscenti* there, and that chorus of complaints, which were voiced all over town, seems to be stilled. How long this ideal state of affairs is liable to continue is another question. Though the Directorate is exhibiting more zeal than it has hitherto evinced, it is a pity no member of it is a resident of the Club. Undoubtedly the best results are attained when two or three of the men directly interested in the institution's progress or prosperity are domiciled in the building.

* * *

THE LATEST MUSICAL sensation is a Japanese *pianiste*. This gifted people has invaded the domain of science and the world of art, but so far has left music severely alone. Whether it is, as virtuosos claim, that a greater degree of talent is required to sing or play than is demanded for painting, sculpture, etc., I shall not decide. Her name is Mme. Fujiwara and her first public appearance was made at San Jose last Saturday night. It was a concert given by Nathan Landsberger and Professor Sandlet at the Vendome Hall, and

Richardson & Robbins' Plum Pudding—A Delicious Dessert.

one of the features was the performance of this pretty Japanese girl. She is, indeed, a beauty, belonging, I understand, to a very old family of Tokio, and was married at quite an early age to her husband, a Dutch officer, who took her home with him. She wore her native costume and made a charming picture as she sat down to play Liszt's "*Rhapsodie Hangroise.*"

* * *

That Mme. Fujiwara is a talented executant, I cannot claim. Still, she plays very sweetly and at times was artistic. It takes even the most gifted of Japanese a long time to apprehend the diatonic scale, and until they do so we can hope for no Beethovens or even Bizets from chrysanthemum land.

* * *

THE SEQUEL of the Luigi Dama will contest is the complete absorption of the disputed coin. At the time of the musician's death his estate was estimated worth some $50,000, and for this sum the claimants imagined they were fighting. When the executors came to realize, however, they found only an available $30,000, which was turned over to Mrs. Smith. This amount the expenses of the suit, lately concluded, have eaten up. That the affair was viciously fought and that it's trial extended over a long period will be remembered. All manner of expenses were incurred and experts hired at big salaries. Besides, Lloyd & Ward and Frank J. French were not giving their services *gratis* by any means. So after all the trouble and worry that she has had, Mrs. Smith will not have a cent left.

* * *

What this law suit has cost her in time and anxiety no one will ever know. She has been maligned and traduced, her motives questioned. She was in no need of the money, for her husband, J. P. Smith, is a very wealthy man. She announced that the estate would be devoted to charity, but the charity, alas, begins and ends with the lawyers, as many philanthropic schemes do.

* * *

DIRECTOR HOLDEN seems to have a capacity for getting into hot water. His latest achievement is to embroil himself with the *Examiner* by contradicting the authenticity of its articles on Mars. As the great man supplied out of his own mouth the material on which they were based, the stupidity of his course can readily be apprehended. The editorial roast he was subjected to on Thursday morning was one reward for his inconsistency. The fact is incontestable that nothing remarkable will be done on Mt. Hamilton until the Regents pluck up sufficient courage to dismiss their Director. Personally Holden is a very industrious kind of man, but he possesses a capacity for making himself objectionable that is unique. His ablest assistants have been compelled to leave the Observatory by the system of petty slights he subjected them to.

* * *

Professor Barnard, who is without any question the greatest authority on comets in astronomy, is on the verge of sending in his resignation, so insufferable is Holden's manner. Before Professor Burnham withdrew he was goaded to desperation. Holden would not permit him to use the great telescope when he desired and insisted on monopolizing it for his own work of star photography, at which, indeed, he is not very good. When Sir Edwin Arnold visited the Observatory the director received him with a detestable obsequiousness, because he knew the "Light of Asia" was writing syndicate letters, and that the Holden name would receive much welcome advertising. Though Burnham and Barnard are men of world-wide reputation, he refused to introduce either of them to Arnold, treating them, indeed, as though they were menials.

* * *

These facts are known to the Regents, and I am surprised they have not failed to curb the director's propensities. He is injuring the institution by his actions, for, unless he have a competent staff, no results worth anything can be produced. If Burnham or Keeler had been in charge at Mount Hamilton instead of Holden, I venture to say some important discoveries would have been made. So far, nothing of especial note has been done.

* * *

THE LEAGUE OF PROGRESS has many bright young men on its rolls, some of whom will be heard from in the next few years. My ears were surprised at the flow of eloquence that was tapped at the Bijou Theatre meeting this week, and I am prepared to express regret for the fate of any measure, man, or set of men these embryotic Ciceros tongue against. I am not quite sure that their methods are the best for diverting trade San Franciscoward, and it would have been better had the League been united on its demands for what it wants; but its presence and success are a healthy sign, and may produce some good results.

* * *

Some of the old war horses, who have engaged in every battle on the rostrum for years, were present, and spoke at length. Among the younger men Alex Vogelsang and Harry Wise made speeches full of meat. Mr. Vogelsang inclined to sarcasm, and now and again followed in the tongue-steps of his great chief, Cleveland; his sentences sounded like the mobilization of all the dictionaries in the world. Harry Wise made a capital talk, that was loudly applauded. For awhile Mr. Wise read from manuscript, but having won the audience, he discarded paper, and bore the sentiment of the house his way on a wave of eloquence.

* * *

THE PRESS CLUB'S annual election takes place this month, and the candidates are chasing the fleeing offices with winged feet. E. F. Moran and H. M. Tod are after the Presidency, and the fight is of such a character that the votes will have to be counted before even a guess may be hazarded as to the outcome. I am told that one of the members has been hounded almost to death by delegations from the club, which have demanded that he neglect his private interests and run for President. Thrice has this gentleman put aside the Presidential crown, and now I hear he has been under the necessity of writing to a New York journal informing the editor that he prefers that a younger man would get the place. But he will accept a position on the Board of Directors. Modesty has been rampant since the convention of the International League of Press Clubs.

* * *

An effort will be made to get Bourke Cockran here to deliver a lecture under the auspices of the Press Club. If the distinguished Democrat accepts, he will speak on some non-political subject. Mr. Cockran will be asked to come to California by the Democrats, and he can thus combine business with pleasure.

* * *

IT WOULD BE INTERESTING to learn with what species of entertainment the Art Association expects to celebrate Mardi Gras next winter. On the part of certain individuals who comprised the major strength of the *dramatis personæ* last year, there is no marked tendency to assist again. It cannot truly be said that the directors covered themselves with glory. One thing is certain, neither Composer Stewart nor Librettist O'Connell need be looked to for further contributions. Another interesting possibility is "His Majesty," the libretto of which Peter Robertson has just completed, and for which Stewart is writing the music.

* * *

The story is an excellent one. It tells of a South Sea Island, the inhabitants of which want a king. They advertise, and select the application of a young gentleman of noble family who has swung the scepter in his own country before emigrating. The difficulty is that the salary attached to the office amounts only to fifty dollars per week, a sum entirely inadequate to the demands of kingship. He recites the misfortunes of his lot in a clever patter song to which Mr. Stewart has written a bright melody. The music of the first two acts the composer wrote during his vacation at Gilroy. It contains some pretty tunes, and should prove a success.

* * *

This opera, I understand, is to be produced for the benefit of the Polyclinic early next year, and may possibly clash with a possible Art Association entertainment. The possibilities of such a complication are delightfully interesting, for I understand the most competent vocalists have been retained for "His Majesty."

* * *

The painting that brought so much honor to Fred Pape, of this city, when he was only eighteen years old, is on exhibition at Sanborn, Vail & Co's. It is called "The Spinner of Zeven," and had a place in the salon of 1880. The young artist had many offers for it but refused all, as he desired to present it to his father, Frederick L. Pape. The pic-

ture has some excellent points, and the figure work is very strong.

* * *

MEDICAL CIRCLES are almost agitated over Dr. MacMonagle's resignation from the Woman's Hospital. For years he has been surgeon-in-chief of the institution and its leading light. Now he is out of it, and rumor says his resignation was accepted almost as soon as tendered. The causes that operated to bring about this double renunciation have not been given to the world. A dim mystery overhangs the relations between physician and Board of Control. That there is considerable feeling goes for the saying; indeed, to listen to either side is to be convinced the other is right.

* * *

However, the facts are something like this: Between Dr. MacMonagle and the matron, Mrs. Logan, there arose a question of authority. As surgeon-in-chief, the former imagined he was head of the institution, a delusion the latter did her best to dissipate. Being a woman she felt she knew better about a variety of ills that feminine flesh is heir to than the chief surgeon did. At times her conscience impelled her to disregard his directions in the treatment of patients, not always, I regret to say, with the happiest of results. Still, she satisfied her conscience, which is an excellent one. In her several contentions she enjoyed the moral support of Dr. Boyd, the house surgeon, rather a nice young man who is given to medical ambition.

* * *

Strange as it may seem, Dr. MacMonagle had an idea he knew rather more about his profession than even Mrs. Logan who finds her instincts a capital guide, and he objected to his orders being controverted. Whereupon Mrs. Logan smiled. So did Dr. Boyd. There arose other questions. Having secured an inch the matron proceeded to enthrall the inevitable Ell. She entrenched herself with the "Lydey Patronesses" by reporting a hundred insignificant circumstances reflecting on the surgeon-in-chief. To make him out lacking in skill she knew would be foolish, so she pictured him as negligent and dictatorial. The result—certain orders given by Dr. MacMonagle are disregarded by Mrs. Logan and Dr. Boyd. He complains to the "Lydey Patronesses" who express perfect satisfaction with the acumen of their matron.

* * *

The reflection that a woman with so excellent a conscience and such capital instincts could not be wrong, probably occurred to them.

"If my orders are not to be obeyed, then I had better resign," said Dr. MacMonagle.

"Perhaps you had," assented rather tartly the "Lydey Patronesses."

And so he did.

The staff he had appointed felt the ethical necessity of resigning with him, but they returned after Dr. de Vecchi had explained how admirably he had agreed with Mrs. Logan during Dr. MacMonagle's absence. Dr. Boyd, the house surgeon, alone is disappointed. He yearned to be surgeon-in-chief, but that position and several others is to be filled by the matron, who has recently grown several inches and feels like Monte Christo at the close of Vol. I. In the meantime Dr. MacMonagle, whose efficiency in controversy with females is hampered by the fact that he is a gentleman, goes quietly on attending to his practice, which, I understand, is one of the best of its kind in town. He will doubtless be accused now of advertising.

* * *

Ignace Jan Paderewski, the phenomenal pianist, who is at present the musical wonder and the idol of the London women, is to be heard in this city during four piano recitals at Odd Fellows' Hall, beginning November 12th. He is under engagement to the Steinways, of New York, from whom he receives $1500 a performance. Paderewski is not only the greatest living pianist, but he is a man of wonderful magnetism. His personal appearance must be an oddity, judging from the criticisms of his portrait by Princess Louise. One of them reads: Paderewski, with his shock of red pre-Raphaelite hair, dreamy green eyes, and sensitive, clear-cut features, stares out of the canvas straight into futurity. The portrait is *frappant* and is Princess Louise's greatest artistic achievement.

* * *

Insurance men seem the reverse of jubilant these days. During the last two months fires have been so frequent that the loss ratio has gone up into the skies and contingents are disappearing in the most unaccountable manner. So far, the proportion of losses to income must be something in the neighborhood of sixty to seventy per cent. Last year, for the entire twelve months, the average was only a little over forty. It will thus be evident there is precious little profit to be anticipated from underwriting this season.

* * *

The Merchants' Line of new clipper ships between San Francisco and New York has become very popular, and is doing an excellent business. The big iron ship, "T. F. Oakes," Captain Reed, is on the berth at New York, and will sail before long for this port.

* * *

TO ACCOUNT for the innocuousness prevailing in San Rafael is out of my province. However, I can forgive the burg much for yielding one good story. It is a ferry boat tale and the hero is the gentleman familiarly known as "Jim." He is further known to fame as a brother-in-law of a Mr. K. The hero is inclined to be susceptible, and, like others of us similarly weak, is prone to rate his own fascinations several points above par. One morning last week his eyes met in the crowd at Tiburon the bright, blue orbs of a comely young woman carrying rather a large valise.

"Ah," he said to his young relative, who was with him, "I'll ask that pretty girl to let me carry that bag for her."

"I'll bet you five dollars you don't," was the answer.

* * *

With extreme suavity "Jim" advanced, smiled irresistibly, and begged permission to relieve the young woman of her bag. With a quick glance at young K., she returned the salute and with a shy "Thank you, kindly, sir," surrendered the valise. Together they boarded the steamer and "Jim" found it agreeable to sit by his charmer's side all the way over. What scores of compliments he did shower on her; what funny little stories he told her. They had reached the slips before he realized the boat was out of the Racoon Straits.

* * *

"Thanks a thousand times," said the relative to "Jim," as the latter stepped off the car he had just deposited the girl on.

"What are you thanking me for?"

"Why, that was my valise you were carrying," was the answer.

"Your valise? What do you mean?"

"Nothing; only your friend there is my mother's new maid."

The Witness.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A WOMAN ON WOMAN'S DRESS.

POOR ARTHUR M'EWEN FLAYED BY A VICTIM.

FRONA EUNICE WAIT.

If Eve's private diary could be found I am certain it would contain the ungallant and uncomplimentary remarks Adam made about the set and style of her fig leaf, and I am equally certain that she recorded her determination to wear that fig leaf to suit herself, or perish in the attempt. And, what is more, I am certain that she did it. All of which calls to mind Arthur McEwen's disquisition on "Our Pulled-Back Angels" in last week's issue. Its author is never other than entertaining when he picks up his pen. He says that "fashion tells anew and in italics, the basic truth, the pleasant, acceptable, and all-embracing truth, that the Almighty did not create woman for herself, but for us." This is such a telling and apt illustration of man's stupendous vanity that it is delightful. And next to his prejudice, vanity is the most important part of man's mentality. This quality is so far-reaching, so deep and profound that it commands, and is entitled, to respect.

Mr. McEwen naively enumerates the special ways in which the daughters of Eve demonstrate to the sons of Adam their knowledge of and acquiescence in this italicized basic truth. He declares that woman dresses for man, and I will add that she does so whether he likes it or not. The desire to worry each other has something to do with it, too, but that is not to the point.

Woman is the adoring and abject slave of Fashion, and Fashion is a goddess, therefore not masculine. And man never has been and never will be able to control or combat her slightest whim. This is an all-embracing truth, but I am afraid it will be neither acceptable nor pleasant to the man who foolishly fancies that woman was created solely for his benefit.

Ancient history, because of its brevity, is silent as to the futile attempts made by its men to dictate how its women should dress, but mediæval and comparatively modern history are full of it. And they failed signally every time.

Addison and Spencer spilled much ink over it, Luther inveighed against it, the whole Catholic Church took a hand at it, Napoleon dictated and ordered, and finally the Blue Laws of our own land tried their hand; and to what purpose? With a placid passivity which would exasperate a saint, with an indifference that is positively brutal, with a tenacity as strong as life itself, woman has always obeyed the mandates of Fashion, and in return she has been allowed to dress exactly as she pleased.

Whether women are thinking beings or not, they have got men "sized to a fine point," and have discovered, ages ago, that a man's regard is neither a question of intellect or art. Its magnetism is physical, and that is what she appeals to when she tries to attract him, and that is the element she pleases when she succeeds.

The real "significance, intellectual, social and political of the close-reefed skirts" will be apparent when the next cycle of ever-recurring fashions brings in the hoop-skirt and India shawl, two of the most disfiguring and ugliest garments that ever any human being wore, and then when the figure is not only concealed but wholly distorted, so far as outline is concerned, we shall see how much the desire to leave nothing to men's imagination has had to do with present fashions. A style of dress that would not only ignore, but actually repel, this physical quality in man would be worn by woman with as much serenity as to-day's all-enticing modes. *Par example*, the Grecian bend, and its successive degrees of bustle.

I do not know of anything which makes a woman more furious than to have her good and bad points paraded as if she were a race horse, and I, for one, deny that the men of San Francisco have any cause for criticism of our dress. One of the prime reasons why a woman refuses to allow a man to select her dress is because he does not know how to dress himself. There are more "misfit" clothing houses to the block here than in any other city in America, and I can count on my fingers all of the well-dressed men I have ever seen who were born here. The appellation "wild and woolly" typifies and has reference to the badly-dressed men of the West, and the social recognition accorded all Americans in Europe to-day is due to the American woman. Good breeding and good dressing are very nearly synonymous, and candor compels me to say that both subjects might well form an interesting and necessary study for all classes of western men. Like Mr. McEwen, I refer you to the streets for confirmation, or, better still, to the man's home for his manners, and to the theatre, or any other place where he takes his amusement and recreation, for his style of dress.

The cowboy finds his highest claim for consideration when he is enshrined in yellow covers, where an unconscious irony of fate classes him with savages and other disagreeable members of the man family, and Buffalo Bill is very rightly relegated to the circus. It is not my province to say there is not real merit in the awkward and uncouth young man who does not know any better than to select his wearing apparel from those clowns of the mercantile world who live and thrive by manufacturing and selling "imported" misfits. His intentions may be all right, but somebody should take him in hand and teach him the value of good clothes. That somebody should be his father, and that father should practice what he preaches, and when he has done so, and his opinion on the subject is worthy a hearing, he will readily agree with me that criticism and advice on dress in this country, with the single exception of New York City, should come from the other side of the house. The women writers of America could do a good missionary and kindergarten work in this line, and then we might hope to find some male paragrapher who could give a sensible and intelligent digest of the relation between a woman's dress and her character. But I fancy that the clever wag who was so severe in his arraignment last week, was merely masquerading, and should, therefore, not be taken seriously. Imitation is always bad form, especially when it wallows in a sewer, mentally, along with the rest of the erotic (more properly *emetic*) schools.

THE IDEAL.

BY FRANCIS S. SALTUS.

Toil on, poor muser, to attain the goal
  Where art conceals its grandest, noblest prize;
  Count every tear that dims your aching eyes,
Count all the years that seem as days and roll
  The death-tides slowly on; count all your sighs,
Search the wide, wondrous earth from pole to pole,
Tear unbelief from out your martyred soul;
  Succumb not, chase despondency, be wise;
Work, toil, and struggle with the brush or pen,
Revel in rhyme, strain intellect and ken;
  Live on and hope despite men's sceptic leers;
Praise the Ideal with your every breath
  Give it life, youth and glory, blood and tears,
And to possess it pay its tribute—Death.

—*Chicago Figaro.*

TO WHOM ARE YOU WRITING?

Many people will write their invitations to dinners, balls, luncheons, teas, and parties this year, and the stationery on which they will be indited has already been received by Sanborn, Vail & Co. The paper is in many designs and includes the make of all the best-known manufacturers. Crane's Distaff Linen in heliotrope and cream, Crane's Bond paper for foreign correspondence, French Quadrille linen and cloth, and Crane's old style and kid finish are among the varieties that will find favor with the ladies.

The fad of packing wedding cake and sending it to one's friends is growing, and for its encouragement Sanborn, Vail & Co. have received a large order of dainty boxes in pretty designs. And this suggests their splendid facilities for engraving and copper-plating wedding invitations, cards, etc. In this line, they do the best work in town.

CHICAGO AND NEW YORK FLYER.

To the readers of THE WAVE: If you are "in the swim" and are contemplating a trip East you will see that your tickets read *via* the UNION PACIFIC, THE ONLY LINE RUNNING PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM SLEEPING CARS AND DINING CARS, SAN FRANCISCO TO CHICAGO WITHOUT CHANGE and making direct connection in Chicago with the fast limited trains for all Eastern cities; ONLY THREE AND ONE HALF DAYS TO CHICAGO; ONLY FOUR AND ONE HALF DAYS TO NEW YORK. This line also runs select Tourist excursions through to Boston every Thursday in charge of experienced Managers. For tickets, sleeping car reservations, and full particulars, apply to D. W. Hitchcock, General Agent, Union Pacific Sys., No. 1 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, or G. F. Herr, Passenger Agent, 229 South Spring Street, Los Angeles.

There is but one Decker Piano, and that is Decker Bros.—the one used by artists, and known the world over as faultless in tone, touch, and finish. Kohler & Chase are agents for these incomparable instruments, 26, 28, and 30 O'Farrell Street.

DRIFTED SNOW FLOUR

A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA :—If some one will write a disquisition on the fascinations of the intangible, I promise it a single attentive reading. The mysterious interests me almost as much as the new, and that I have long regarded as an excuse, if not a justification. These reflections which I offer for what they are worth are the consequences of a perusal of the Talleyrand Memoirs. Don't imagine I have earned the literary Victoria Cross by wading through the five volumes of diplomatic letters and historical memoranda. Not so; my achievement is confined to a turning over of the leaves of the latest volume which tells of the great diplomat's mission to London from 1832 to 1834. He devoted himself, as he says, to winning for the Revolution of July, 1830, the right of citizenship in Europe. That the correspondence is of inestimable value to waders of history I have no doubt, but that it forms good reading I must deny. Even if it be the most exalted of occupations, diplomacy, after all, is but a business. Here is a series of letters from Talleyrand to Palmerston, the Duc de Broglie, Mme. D'Orleans, and their replies. They are concerned with nations instead of with commodities. One learns of negotiations, of strategic moves, of treaties rather than of the markets or the movements of finance. Still, it is a business correspondence, seldom interesting for intrusic reasons, deriving its value from its matter and authorship, not from its manner or style.

They wrote very much to the point, these great men. They indulged in little circumlocution and less wit than one might expect. That subtilty is lacking, no one will claim, but appreciation of the strategy of the writers is the result of a complete knowledge of the period. But there are no delicately-lined portraits of great men nor daintily expressed reflections on interesting events. Where are the cynicisms one is accustomed to associate with the name of Talleyrand, where the *piquante* anecdotes one connects his fame with? Not here, alas. In these rather prosy pages one might possibly, by persistent rooting, discover a few verbal truffles, but I may be forgiven for leaving that task to those specially accomplished. That the stock of international *bon mots* will be materially enriched, I don't expect.

Such leisure as remains after you have finished with the diplomat you could with profit devote to a perusal of "Pierrette." It is the latest of Miss Wormeley's translations of Balzac, and that it is an eminently interesting story, I need not assure you. How immeasurably the great Frenchman does tower above the novelists of all time. Here is matter and manner—a story of the deepest interest related with infinite art. In the arrangement of the situations, in the development of the plot, there is perfect proportion, absolute harmony. The town of Provins is the theatre where the drama is unfolded. With the intrigues of provincial politics, the sad story of the Rogron's ward is blended. This charming child, craving love and kindness, is treated by her guardians with the cruelty that is not less torture because not expressed by blows. Her affection for the young Breton cabinet maker, a child love, but deep and true as the passion of a woman, enables her to rise to a tragic height of devotion. Who but Balzac could picture the tragedy of that terrible scene between Sylvie and the pale young girl who so fiercely clutches Brigauts' letter? That the consequence of this determined resistance is death, one foresees; the entrance of the aged grandmother adds to the dramatic value of the situation. The political complications that enable the brother and sister to escape the consequences of their inhumanity are admirably told, and that sentence with which the story concludes, "We must all agree that legality would be a fine thing for social scoundrelism, if there were no God," must draw an answering sigh from the breast of every sympathetic reader.

You must not fail to read the "Vicar of Tours" in which there is the most marvelous analysis of the condition of old maidenhood. It has a clerical embroglio, and in the contest between Abbè Birotteau, Mademoiselle Gamard, and the Abbè Troubert, one finds all the passions that go to the making of a first-class tragedy. Those subtle maneuvers, the outcome of jealousy and revenge, that result in the degradation of the good-natured but foolish priest are set forth with that wonderful lucidity which readers of Balzac are accustomed. Struggling against the events that the old maid's hatred sets moving is hopeless. There is something implacable in their march. The victim is crushed; those who aid the unfortunate priest are injured and can save themselves only by renouncing his cause. One realizes the force of Abbè Chapeloud's dictum as he warns his old friend, "Distrust that lean stick of a Troubert, Sixtus the Fifth reduced to the limits of a bishopric." After you have read the masterly dissection of the priestly character you need not talk to me of modern analysis.

"The Wild Wheel," by Frances Eleanor Trollope, is a very tiresome tale of English middle-class life. There is a superabundance of insignificant detail, of characters who have nothing whatever to do with the story. The plot is dry and uninteresting. The heroine, Barbara Coply, is one of those mild, patient, amiable beings of the conventional Sunday-school type. The hero is difficult to select from several equally noble and wonderful beings, any one of whom might reasonably figure in that capacity. I imagine the authoress intends as him the brother of Barbara, who shines only as the heir to a considerable fortune, which, however, he never lives to inherit. Otherwise, he is as insignificant as his surroundings.

ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Memoirs of Talleyrand," by Broglie. G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Pierrette," by Honoré de Balzac. Roberts Brothers, publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

"The Wild Wheel," by Frances Eleanor Trollope. Harper & Brothers, publishers.

One of the most comprehensive works on the subject I have ever found is "The English Language and English Grammar," by Samuel Ramsey. It is a book of some 550 pages, and is aimed to be an historical study of the sources, development, and analogies of the language and of the principles governing its usages. The author makes no pretense of furnishing original theories or adding to the present stock of knowledge. He simply embodies in this one volume the results of the labors of philologists during the last fifty years. Commencing with an interesting article on the instability of language, he goes on to show the sources of English, the province of grammar, treating, also, of the alphabet, Grimm's law, and other topics in that connection. The second part of the book is a treatise on English grammer proper and it is notable for the lucidity of the definitions and the logical clearness of the arrangement. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers. The Knickerbocker Press.)

The ethics of courtship differ materially in Oakland and Los Angeles. The ladies of Athens are permitted to choose courtiers anywhere, if I may judge from this in the Oakland *Tribune:* "Los Angeles is pleased because a "masher" has been convicted, presumably of mashing, and sentenced to ninety days in jail. This law against public courtship is the most extraordinary statute that has ever adorned our code, and that is to say a great deal."

—THE—

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Telephone 38. Telegraph or write, or, better still, call and see us any day, and satisfy yourself beyond question. Take Sausalito Ferry and Cars to Larkspur. Round-trip, 50 cents.

Respectfully,

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The Wave

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, August 6, 1892.

THE TWIN HUMBUGS.

The facility with which the high protection Republican press has jumped from one position to another on the tariff question since the autumn of 1890, constitutes one of the most comical spectacles of history. No sparrow with his eye on a red-cheeked cherry ever hopped from twig to twig with more agility. In the campaign of 1890 the Republicans repeated the magical howl of 1888, namely: "Vote with us and we will continue to protect Home Industry." They were discredited and overwhelmed everywhere in the election that followed. Just why the people acted so they did not understand, but, like the culprit in the Sunday school story, their guilty consciences betrayed them and they admitted that the defeat was due to the enactment of the McKinley tariff.

Immediately a cry was set up that the McKinley tariff was not a creature of the Republican party. It was declared to be the outcome of the wild imaginings of McKinley and his crazy followers. Reciprocity, however, *was* the ideal of the party, and upon that it desired to be judged. Reciprocity, it may be interjected in passing, is a system of selling out the country in spots. You first erect around your country a high commercial wall, forbidding traders egress. Then you breach the wall in certain places in the interest of such capitalists as will pay for the privilege by contributing liberally to the campaign fund. This is, in the full sense of the term, boodle free trade. Reciprocity, if adopte!, said the Republican press last year, would elevate wages and make the country prosperous. The intimation was that with a little Reciprocity added, the McKinley bill would be a grand success.

But when the strikes at Homestead and in the Cœur d' Alene mines, and the general suspension of business in the highly protected iron industries, demonistrated that the McKinley bill was lowering instead of raising wages, the Protectionist press was driven into its last ditch. Having lied to the befuddled workingman for four years about increasing his wages, it finally threw off the disguise and declared that a high tariff does not regulate international competition at all, but merely keeps the foreign trader and manufacturer out of the country. This, then, is the situation. The tariff protects the capitalist from foreign competition but leaves the home workingman to shift for himself. Overprodution, business depressions or a plethora of labor may reduce his wages below the European standard, but for this there is no remedy.

This, as Henry George exclaims, is the last breast-work. It is free trade in labor and protection to capital—a mutiplication of Carnegies and an increase in tramps. Thank Heaven, we have at last got at the bottom of Protection and Reciprocity. Now that the people understand it, I think they will make short work of the humbugs.

THE LADIES AND THE TIGER.

Among the questions agitating the minds of our citizens is that of how to take care of the miserable girls to be thrown out of employment by the closing of the dives. This is certainly a matter that requires considerable thought—when we come to it. In the meantime it will be well to lose no vitality about the disposition of the waiter ladies until they have been robbed of their employment. The uneasiness felt in certain quarters about these poor girls is touching, and if a delay in closing the sinks of iniquity is occasioned by it, some interested persons will be amply repaid for their show of feeling.

It may not have occurred to the people who are working for the closing of the dives that there are worse places in the city than these vile holes. It would be an easy matter to close them, and I will make a suggestion to the committee now engaged in the reformation of San Francisco: Get a list of the houses, and publish the names of the property owners; keep on publishing them, and if the present tenants are not given notice to move there is no shame in a church deacon and no modesty in a millionaire. If it is not thought advisable to shut up the houses with the gaudy awnings, let us license them and make them pay a revenue to the city instead of to the police. The officers have been compelling them to pay a tax so long, that they will probably not object too strongly when asked to divide with the city. In the meantime it might be well to make the fight against those houses contemporaneous with that against the dives; if the reformers are successful in the fight, the question of what to do with the waiter ladies will probably come up then.

The leaders of the Reorganized Democracy should not listen to the persuasive arguments of those politicians who desire to change their method of nominating candidates for the Legislature. I understand a proposal will soon be made to alter the rules so that, instead of choosing these nominees in the Senate and Assembly District clubs, delegates to separate Conventions will be elected to perform the work. This is a boodle proposition and nothing else. If the clubs cannot be trusted to nominate legislators they certainly cannot be trusted to elect delegates to do it. The object of securing small District Conventions, which can easily be handled with money, is undoubtedly to secure another boodle delegation to Sacramento. The recollection of the one sent there by the Republicans two years ago is, however, still too fresh in the public mind to permit this game to succeed if it is understood. The best candidates are those chosen by the largest conventions.

AN ASTRONOMICAL SUGGESTION.

The observations that are being taken of the planet Mars through the great Lick equatorial, will, no doubt, prove valuable. As the astronomers now have our warlike celestial neighbor for a few days within 50,000 miles of them, they will probably be able to earn for the equatorial a lasting fame. Having already weighed the two moons which afflict our neighbor, having settled that one is seven and the other twenty miles in diameter, having disposed of Schiaparelli's "canals," and having demonstrated that Mars has an atmosphere, but one important fact remains to be established. Is the planet inhabited?

The fact that Mars has an atmosphere seems to justify the belief that life exists there in some of the forms with which we are acquainted; but to determine the exact form constitutes the rub. When Mars passes out of opposition and resumes a state of sobriety, I would suggest to Professor Holden that a brilliant idea would be to cut some letters out of bright tin a mile or two long and plant them on Mount Hamilton. They might, to begin with, be made to spell "Hello!" Of course the Marsites will understand an English word so universally used as this, and if they are as far along in the intellectual scale as the age of their planet would seem to indicate, they already have telescopes that will easily make out the salutation. Having mastered "Hello!" a correspondence can then be struck up, and important communications exchanged. The great point to be determined with reference to the residents of Mars, however, is whether they walk upright and wear hair on their heads and chins as do our monkeys.

The doctors, all of whom are my friends, when I'm well, are still indulging in unseemly personalities, and if one would know what sort of a person one's family physician is, all one has to do is go to the doctor's nearest and dearest. The people who have started the anti-advertising fight in the medical society are almost bursting with spite because they have not been interviewed; they should not mind that, if they get into the Polyclinic or on the staff of the Cooper Medical College they can blow their own horns loud enough to awaken the Angel Gabriel. I understand that the fight is so bitter that if a doctor is ill these days, he prefers to die rather than have medical attendance.

Fresno, I understand, is the last station before reaching he—aven. The *Republican* kindly calls attention to the following: "Reporters for English newspapers are required to possess a knowledge of shorthand. Progress is also moving westward, for it is reported that Fresno newspapermen will be required to wear aluminium coats of mail."

THE JUDGE'S BOY.

"Too bad! Why, it was simply awful. I never suffered so much in my life, and old Grimstead, who is as sentimental as a millstone, got up and left the room before the boy was half way through his story. It should be a lesson to us either to exclude youngsters from the club or—or have the Governors pass on all stories they want to tell before a crowd of members. It'll kill the Judge, and the boy will never come back. You remember how hard the old man worked for his admission? Saw every one of the Election Committee and gave a dinner when his son was elected on his twenty-first birthday. The two were inseparable, and it was to keep the youngster near him that he got him in here.

"When Arthur came in last night, half a dozen of the fellows smiled at him. Aside from his lavish expenditures there was something about him that we liked, and for the Judge's sake we treated him kindly.

"'I've had an experience,' he said, almost before he sat down.

"'Did you pay for it?' asked his father quietly.

"'Yes—no! by Jove!' cried Arthur, 'she said she didn't want my money.'

"'A strange experience, indeed,' said old Grimstead, 'if it was with a woman who refused to take money.'

"'It'll cost you a tugging at your heart-strings,' the Judge sent after the laugh caused by Grimstead's remark.

"'It *was* a strange and sad experience,' said the boy; 'at the door of the club, just as I was about to step in, I saw a poor old creature who seemed to be waiting for some one. I spoke to her, and asked if I could do anything for her. She asked my name, and when she heard it she said she was very poor, very hungry, and helpless. The money jingled as I took it from my pocket, but she pushed my hand away and said she had something to tell me.'

"'I bet it was disagreeable,' cried Grayson, 'as listeners never hear good of themselves.'

"There was a laugh at Bob s way of putting it, which was continued when Grimstead said, 'That's because talkers never say good of others.'

"'It wasn't as disagreeable as it was painful,' continued Arthur, and the Judge quietly smiled at the interest his son had excited. 'She had been a lady and——'

"'That,' said his father, 'is a title that may or may not be inherited—but, when properly conferred, only death can rob a woman of it.'

"'Father forgets the effect of age and old clothes,' said Arthur. 'However, she appeared educated, spoke softly, and wept quietly, and her story was very sad. She said she had been wealthy once and very happy.'

"'The daughter of the village pastor?' queried Grimstead; 'they all say, that you know.'

"The boy paid no attention to the cynical remark. 'She had a husband,' he went on, 'a son, a splendid position in Society, and many friends here in San Francisco. Sixteen years ago she lost all, and at once. Her husband suspected her of loving his brother, and, being a lawyer with a partner on the bench, he brought suit for divorce, and got it, the boy being given to him. Then the man began a series of unheard of cruelties; anonymous letters were sent to all who entertained the unfortunate woman; scandalous stories were circulated about her, and those who had been her friends were turned against her. Newspapers seemed to be in the plot to drive her to her grave, and the most brutal things were published about her. Those who had the handling of her money proved faithless, and the poor woman was reduced to beggary. She was never allowed to see her boy, but, after all, that was no great matter, as the sight of a youngster is not very filling, and it will not buy clothes. All these years she has supported herself by menial labor, and she is now too weak to work longer. Her story was the saddest I've ever heard.'

"None of the older men spoke for a minute, and I would have given a cool thousand if I had been able to follow Grimstead. Grayson broke the silence.

"'Well,' he said, 'and what did she tell it to you for?'

"'Oh! She told me to repeat it to you, father,' the boy cried, 'and said as you were a lawyer and an honorable judge you might help her now that she was at the edge of the grave.'

"'Let's take up a subscription and prosecute the brute of a husband,' cried Grayson. 'What is his name?'

"'She gave me his card. I haven't seen it yet, but I know he must be a damned scoundrel,' said the boy, with considerable warmth. 'Here it is—Judge Ar——.'

"The card dropped from his hand; the poor boy sank back in his chair, and gazed at his father, whose face was as gray and hard as marble.

"Even Grayson understood. 'The name doesn't matter,' he said picking up the card, and tearing it into bits; 'at least, not now.'

"'No,' said the Judge, hoarsely, 'not now, not now.'

"Too bad? Well, it was the worst five minutes I've ever spent."—*Written for* THE WAVE.

OPEN LETTER.

An evening contemporary has been attacking the Eureka Endowment Association, of which I am the Secretary, during the past week; and I, therefore, desire to make the following statement in refutation of those attacks, believing them to be unjust and unwarranted. First of all, the Association has *not* two attachments against it at the present time, as stated by that paper—only two suits to test the legality of certain special assessments, which assessments the Association claims the legal right to levy on all members as their coupons mature, in accordance with the by-laws of the Association, which reads as follows:

SEC. 2. Whenever the amount of the Endowment Fund on hand shall be insufficient to provide for the payment of coupons then due or liable to become due within ONE YEAR thereafter, the Secretary shall issue a call for and notice of the levy of an ADDITIONAL ASSESSMENT or ASSESSMENTS and the Secretary shall send a special notice of such extra levy to the post-office address of each individual member of the Association.

Besides the State law gives us the authority to levy all assessments necessary to meet an indebtedness. The Association did not decline to pay the coupons of said contesting members.

The adoption of that by-law was not "a little joker" by which to entrap members, as stated by your paper. Members all agreed to pay all the assessments necessary and levied prior to the maturity and payment of their respective coupons when they made application to become members of the Association. The levy of those assessments is, therefore, *not* unjust or unlawful. The Eureka Endowment Association is a regularly incorporated body, under the control of the Insurance Commissioner, having made a deposit with the State Treasurer, as required by the act as passed by the Legislature at its last session.

This act expressly provides that all corporations must levy a sufficient number of assessments to meet its indebtedness, and our courts have so decided in several cases. Therefore, the assessments are levied by the "State law" and not "by the Board of Directors as a little joker." No member, out of the 385 coupons already paid, aggregating to over $235,000.00, has disputed the assessments that prompted the suit referred to by your paper. We claim the Association can levy as many assessments as they find necessary to meet its indebtedness each month, and "*not* as the Board of Directors *pleased*."

These assessments were levied from month to month except in the cases of charter members, who were relieved from the payment of assessments for the first fifteen to eighteen months, and therefore the assessments levied on the end are nothing more than they would have paid had they begun paying from the first month of their membership. It is *not* a case of "lopping off a lump sum at the end," but instead of assessing the membership heavily each month, we defer the collection of some of the assessments until the member receives his coupon, which is easier to be done than if the members were to pay $30 a month regularly instead of $15.

The statement made "that a profit of $3 or $4 for every $1 invested is promised" does not refer to any promises made by the Eureka Endowment. We make no promises as to the exact expense, but calculate, and have done so, that a member will receive $600 at an expense of $425 in three and one-half to five and one half years, which is liberal, yet probable, interest on small monthly payments. This interest is gained by the increase of members and the lapses of certificates, the plan upon which all the successful orders, as the A. L. O. H., A. O. U. W., etc., are carried on. The Board of Directors of the Eureka Endowment "have not been through the mill" with the two defunct organizations quoted, "nor have they taken the precaution to try and save themselves by introducing 'any jokers' in their by-laws to catch members when their coupons mature."

All the transactions of the board are open to public investigation at any and all times, as they do not hold "star chamber proceedings" or enforce "autocratic laws" to "freeze out members," as has been charged against similar associations. The coupons are paid by the moneys received from the members for assessments, and therefore the assessments levied each month *must* be equal to the amount paid out that month. That is not only law, but common reason. No member has been taxed too heavily up to date, as each one of the 385 members heretofore paid have made over $175 profit in three years. Had the increase of membership not been retarded by the *unjust* attacks of the enemies to the endowment plan some two years ago, our membership would have been larger and the expenses per member less. Therefore, if any endowment association has failed it was due to the acts of the members themselves, *not the plan*.

LOUIS C. KNELL, Secretary.

Mr. Willis Polk, architect, has his studio on Vallejo Street, Russian Hill.

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THE MUMMERS.

"CLOTILDE" AT STOCKWELL'S.

It is unfortunate that the company at present playing "Clotilde" at Stockwell's followed the Daly troupe. Few dramatic organizations could stand comparison with that bright constellation; and in the present case the comparison is so odious that I hesitate to make it. One cannot help regretting that the acute manager of this handsome play-house should have so far mistaken the temper of San Francisco theatre-goers as to try it with such a company. His choice fell upon a play that is sufficiently disagreeable not to require the severe handicap of a troupe of exceedingly inartistic and incompetent mummers; a play that demands a dramatic ability so far above mediocrity that, with a modesty that has been pleasing, the majority of traveling companies have declined to essay its production. "Clotilde" is a disagreeable story even when cleverly told; its moral is not above suspicion, and its dialogue is not for parlor use; its characters are not those with which innocence has an acquaintance, and its revelations are not for maidenly ears. It properly belongs to that class of stage literature that does not bear translating; it requires a delicacy of interpretation that was lacking on Monday night.

It is a matter of sincere regret that on her reappearance in San Francisco aught but words of praise may be said of Miss Jeffreys Lewis. But one cannot speak of this actress without thinking of the position she once occupied among the bright and talented few who adorned the stage and made it a strong agent in the education of the people. It is impossible to forget the promise of her early years, which will be remembered with distinctness now that it is so far from fulfillment. Even her warmest admirers will feel disappointed at the showing she made on Monday evening, when she gave no evidence of fitness for the trying part of Clotilde. At once she won compassion for Andre, whose roving fancy had been caught by one so much younger, prettier, and innocent, and in her desperate scheme of revenge she had no sympathy from her audience. It is no sin in the eyes of the young to break an elderly heart, especially if that organ is hedged around with an amount of adipose tissue that doth not become a heroine. The French idea of beauty is not realized in the lady who carried the chief character, and the play lost any charm it might have had because of this.

With few exceptions, the other characters were poorly interpreted. Miss Brandon will not divest herself of that deadly sorrow that is forever gnawing at her vitals. This young lady should know that nothing will turn a man against a woman as quickly as the woman's own teary face. While a tender grief is a wonderful evidence of the spirituelle in the female kind, it may be carried too far, and, for my part, I do not like the everlasting tear that never buries itself in a smile. It is interesting, no doubt, but it borrows that quality from its monotony.

I do not care to discuss the other characters. Mr. Stockwell should be advised of the futility of trying to make his theatre a success with this company. He can rely on the support of the people of this city if he will produce good plays with capable mummers. I fear that he does not realize the excellence of his chance of coining money. He has the prettiest playhouse in San Francisco; it is already popular with the best class in the city. The character of the audience on Monday night proved that the going of Daly's Company did not necessarily mean the desertion of those who had made that engagement a success; but that large and influential class that look to the theatres for much of their pleasure will not patronize a company that shows such a paucity of merit, and Mr. Stockwell and Mr. Ellinghouse will discover this very shortly.

Next week Mrs. Bancroft's play, "Woman's Eyes," will be produced. I sincerely hope it will be a success, not only for the lady's sake, but also for the house's. The sale of seats has been quite large, and a good audience will greet the new play and authoress.——

Mr. A. M. Palmer's Home Company, from the Palmer's Theatre, New York, will present at the Baldwin Theatre, on Monday evening next, Augustus Thomas' Southern play, "Alabama." The play reveals the reverse traits of many interesting personages. It involves love, charmingly expressed, and the union of hearts long separated and the reestablishment of family ties. Dealing with the past as well as the present, it involves an interesting story of family relations. The pictorial part of the play is as admirable as its other features, and the same settings and accessories as seen at the Baldwin last year will be seen on its present occasion. The company includes J. H. Stoddart, E. M. Holland, Charles D. Harris, Francis Carlyle, Walden Ramsay, Jennie Eustace, Emily Seward, Lelie Wolston, etc., etc.——

"Tuxedo" pleases the large audiences that gather nightly at the California. The novelty of the piece and the excellence of the cast should make the play a big success. The prize offered by the management for the first discovery of a plot in "Tuxedo" should stir up the detectives. The piece goes on next week.

RACES! RACES!

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6th

FIRST DAY GREAT RACING

SUMMER MEETING OF THE

Trotting · Horse · Breeders · Association

AT THE

BAY DISTRICT TRACK

Races Commence at 2 o'clock Sharp

PROGRAMME

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6th

2:17 Class, Trotting ..... Purse, $1,200
2:30 Class, Trotting ..... Purse, 600
2:25 Class, Pacing ..... Purse, 600

TUESDAY, AUGUST 9th

2:25 Class, Trotting ..... Purse, $800
Trotting against Time for Records.
2:20 Class, Pacing ..... Purse, 800

THURSDAY, AUGUST 11th

2:20 Class, Trotting ..... Purse, $1,000
2:40 Class, Trotting ..... Purse, 600
3:00 Class, Pacing ..... Purse, 500

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13th

Free-for-All, Trotting ..... Purse, $1,500
Free-for-All, Pacing ..... Purse, 1,000
2:28 Class, Trotting ..... Purse, 700
Trotting Purse for Green Horses that have never started in a race for money or against time 600

This race meeting opens the Pacific Coast Grand Circuit for 1892. A large sum of money has been expended in putting the Bay District Track and the buildings connected with it in excellent repair for this meeting. The best and largest trotting farms on the Pacific Coast will be represented; the large number of entries received and the class of horses entered, insure that every race will be an interesting event. Races will be sandwiched so that there will be no delay between heats.

F. W. KELLEY, Secretary — JOS. CAIRN SIMPSON, President

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Last Two Performances, THE LOST PARADISE

NEXT WEEK, COMMENCING MONDAY, AUGUST 8th

RE-APPEARANCE FOR TWO WEEKS

A. M. Palmer's Home Stock Company

THE COMPANY INCLUDES:

Mr. J. H. Stoddart	Mr. E. M. Holland	Mr. Charles L. Harris
Mr. Francis Carlyle	Mr. Walden Ramsay	Mr. Edward S. Abeles
Mr. Herbert Millward	Mr. Odell Williams	Mr. J. C. Saville
Miss Jennie Eustace	Miss Emily Seward	Miss Lelie Wolston
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A GRANDFATHER.

BY MARTHA HAY.

The Judge took out his cigar and lighted it with the slow and caressing enjoyment of a dainty old smoker. Through the hot, still air there came up the noise of a wagon creaking over the road below. It gave him that vague sense of added comfort which any distant sound of activity upon a summer's day always does give to those who simmer peacefully in rest and shade.

The Judge was established in a delightful corner of the porch, where honeysuckle vines and pink-cheeked morning-glories kept out the glare. They kept out, too, all sight of the valley, its narrow length of oak and vineyard stretched listless and dust-covered in the fierce sun-light of a California midsummer, but under the gracious touch of evening it would all grow beautiful.

Behind the screen of vines there also sat a little girl. She wore a very high-shouldered, very stiff-starched frock of pink gingham, and her shining hair was braided with a tightness painful to the grown-up eye. The Judge himself felt the strain and wondered why little girls liked it so.

This young woman had been for some time cutting out paper dolls in rigid industry, but while her companion was lighting his cigar she allowed herself the relaxation of peering through a chink in the honeysuckle. At that moment she saw some one coming up the madroña-shaded avenue that led to the house.

It was rather a stout gentleman and he was taking his way leisurely. He had reached the age when a man hopes to appear walking slowly from choice and not because he is forced to do so by the increasing weight of flesh and years. Could you have looked beneath the broad straw hat he wore you would have seen his hair brushed up ferociously from the back, with a guileless intention to deceive as to the exact amount of uncovered area on his good old head.

"Uncle George," said the damsel in the pink frock, "here comes Major Preston."

"No, no, my dear!" said the Judge. "No, no, you are mistaken!" but he rose with an exclamation of surprise as the shadow of a well-known figure fell across the porch. The little girl threw toward him the look of haughty and unsmiling triumph which children are wont to assume upon such occasions. To a contemporary she would, no doubt, have said: "N-o-w, Smarty!!"

"Why, Major, this is a pleasant surprise. I thought you still in Baltimore."

"No, sir; no, sir; I am right here! Annette, honey, how-do-you-do? I got back several days ago, Judge, but I've been a trifle under the weather, and haven't been able to go out. I thought I'd just step up this afternoon to see how you were getting along, and have a talk with you on a little matter of business about that lower ranch of ours."

"Very well, Major, I am delighted to see you. Pray be seated, sir. Annette, my dear, run and ask Sarah to bring a bottle of Apollinaris."

The pink frock disappeared in jerks and was back before the Major had time to say, "Why, bless my soul, Judge, I heard you'd been sick, but I had no idea it was so serious as this!" The old Judge smiled at his visitor, it was a smile full of the sober affection of a mellow, twilight friendship. "Don't be alarmed, Major," he said, "our mint patch is doing well, and we shall hear from it in a few moments. You seemed so warm and tired that I thought we would have the Apollinaris first, as a sort of curtain raiser, so to speak. Annette, my dear, how would you like to pick some mint?" And the little girl sprang up again with that eagerness to serve which is the sweetest trait of childhood.

"Did you bring your daughter-in-law and your grandson back with you?" said the Judge after the Major had settled himself quite comfortably and breathed a long, happy sigh into the drowsy air.

"No, sir; the boy and his nurse came back with Mrs. Prestonand myself, but his mother has gone over to Europe for a little trip with a friend of hers, who has also not been long a widow. Poor child!" The Major sighed once more, but not in content. This was one of the sighs that go painfully from the heart and die upon the lips. "I quite approve of her taking the trip if she thinks she needs it," he continued. A certain combative tone seemed to come into his voice just then. "As I tell Mrs. Preston, the young don't accept grief like the old. You know, Judge, when we get pretty far along in life, it is just precisely as I once heard one of our black 'mammies' say when I was a boy at home in the South. 'We jist stands up on our hin' legs an' takes what de good ole Marsa chooses to gib us.'

"But you don't understand those old negro sayings, Judge, you don't know anything about those good, old days, you poor, miserable Yankee, you," he added fondly. "However, you're a first-rate Southerner in regard to mint juleps, so I can't quarrel with you."

The Apollinaris had been bubbling cheerfully for several moments, quite unheeded. The Major poured out a glassful from a sense of politeness, possibly, as he drank but little of it.

"That grandson of mine," he remarked, "he's a queer little chap, this reminds me of him. I gave him a drink of Apollinaris the other day. He had never tasted it before. 'Well, sir,' said I, 'what do you think of it?' 'Why, grandpaw,' said he, he talks very slowly, 'why, grandpaw, it tastes like my foot's asleep!'"

"Good," said the Judge, "he must be great company for you and Mrs. Preston."

"Oh, his grandmother's perfectly wrapped up in him, thinks he's the most wonderful child that ever lived. She talks about him *continually, continually!* You know how the ladies are, Judge?"

"Yes, yes! it seems to be the nature of woman to speak much of what she loves, but children have a very reprehensible way of sneaking themselves into our affections." The Major threw back his head and laughed.

"I must tell you something the boy said the other day, Judge; it really was amusing. He had been cross; oh, very peevish and cross all day. His grandmother said he was not well, she is always making excuses for him. I heard him whining about, and presently he came on the porch where I was sitting, with his apron all gummed up with jelly. I felt sorry for the poor little tacker; I knew he must be feeling homesick for his—for 'Baltimah.' Well, he came sidling along toward me, and, said he, 'Grandpaw, my mind's teasing me.' Pretty good, wasn't it, as a definition of nervous irritability? His grandmother thought it was the smartest thing she ever heard, and said she knew precisely how he felt."

The Judge knocked the ashes from his cigar, and started to speak, but he was agreeably interrupted. The mint juleps were arriving in all their vernal loveliness. The little girl, who was sitting on the top step still cutting out paper dolls, gave a quick glance at the tray, then turned her head resolutely away. She longed for an invitation to join in the refreshment but she felt doubtful about getting it, and so she tried very hard not to show any anxiety upon the subject. However, the Judge poured a few spoonfuls from his glass into a smaller one, the Major contributing, and she drank her share with quite as much enjoyment as the others, although she did not exhibit it so openly. She felt her smooth head after each swallow, having accepted literally the Major's delighted remark, "God bless me, just look at her, she takes it down without turning a hair."

"I believe, Major," remarked the Judge, "that you were saying something when the juleps were brought out, something about your grandson, it appears to me."

"Yes? Was I? I expect I had started to tell you a little joke I have on Mrs. Preston. I was walking up and down in front of the house, the other morning, when the boy came up and insisted upon putting some toy reins of his around my waist. He wanted me to play horse with him. It must be mighty lonesome for the child with no playmates at all, so, just to humor him, I let him put the reins on me. I tell you it was a pretty hard reach for him, up and then around my waist, and I walked along in front of him. Well, sir, Mrs. Preston happened to step out, just then. You ought to have seen her look at us. 'I am surprised at you, Major Preston,' said she, 'you'll ruin that child!' Dick spoke up, and, said he, 'Go way, grandma, this ain't Major Preston, this is a horse!' I've no doubt I did look like a donkey. Well, sir, the funny part of it is, the very next day I happened to go into the dining-room and there I found Mrs. Preston seated up with a little cap of Dick's stuck on one side of her head, holding a toy gun over her shoulder and a whole parcel of wooden soldiers set up in front of her. The boy had fixed her that way and gone out to get something or other, and there she was sitting patiently waiting for him to come back. 'I'm surprised at you, Mary,' said I, 'you'll ruin that child.' H'm! She hadn't a word to say."

The Judge raised his glass to his mouth and fitted it into a smile. "It must be a great pleasure for your wife to have the child with her," he said. "I dare say you are often amused to see her spoiling him?"

"Yes, oh, yes, it's very funny, she thinks everything he says is so smart!

"'He seems to have taken a great shine to

me, somehow or other follows me about everywhere. Upon my soul, I can't get rid of him sometimes, 'dog-goned' little scoundrel!

"But the other night, Judge, I really was provoked with Mary about that boy. Not long after dinner, an evening or so ago, it turned very cold, if you recollect. I was just coming in from the porch when it occurred to me that perhaps Dick might need a little extra cover, and his nurse might not think of it. I barked my shins and came very near falling down three or four times over a lot of blocks and horses and wagons that the confounded little rascal had strewn along the passage. I have spoken very severely about it to him since. Well, when I got into the nursery, who should be there but Mrs. Preston, with a candle in her hand, leaning over the crib. I stumbled on a steam engine just as I was going into the room, and gave my ankle a *pret-ty* sharp wrench. When Mary heard me she wheeled round and laughed. 'My Fathers alive, Mary!' said I, I'm afraid I spoke a little crossly, 'what are you doing in here? You act ridiculously for a woman of your age!' She took no further notice of me, she just turned around and went on looking at the boy, and, said she, whispering, 'He's his father over again, God bless him! God bless him!' 'The Devil take him, what would we do without him, anyhow, Mary?' said I. Judge, I'll be hanged if I don't think that, after awhile, I'll be almost as fond of that boy as his grandmother is!"

"I shouldn't be at all surprised. Must you go now, Major?"

"Yes, I think its time for me to 'mosey' along. Good-day, sir!" Ashe started down the road the Judge stood looking at him with the air of a man who has just stepped behind himself to laugh.

"By the way, Major," he called gently, "when you come up again to talk over any matter of business, suppose you bring your grandson with you; that is, if he will come?"

"Oh, certainly, he'll come," said the Major, stopping quickly and turning about with a certain little air of military precision quite habitual with him. "He'll come anywhere I want him to." And again setting out upon his way through the tranquil shadows and softened light of the late afternoon, he repeated under his breath, slowly and tenderly, "anywhere his old 'gyanpop' wants him to!"

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PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

These are not days of jubilance on California Street. Losses keep coming in most undesirable abundance. July was almost as bad as the black July three years ago when town after town departed in smoke and flame. To calculate the loss ratio thus early is hard, but every one seems to be complaining and I am inclined to believe it cannot average much under 70 per cent so far. That a complete absence of fires for the remaining months will bring it down to normal proportions is unreasonable to expect. The possibilities for each month the records show. If this run of ill luck maintains itself, the splendid reputation of the Coast as a region where insurance fortunes are made will disappear and we will have some of our important English corporations leaving us for fresh fields.

* * *

Outside computing losses there is little going on on California Street. Earnest efforts are being made by Manager Duval, of the Compact, to straighten out the system of commissions in vogue in town. Many consultations have been had with the brokers, but so far no conclusion has been arrived at. That rebating is very generally practiced there can be no question, but the difficulty of checking the evil is as great as ever. No one seems able to hit on a remedy. In time I believe a board of brokers will be formed. An organization of this kind should be effective in putting an end to the conspicuous abuses if it is properly administered. But, would it be?

* * *

The report of the Fire Patrol shows city premiums for the three months ending June 30th. The total is $609,298 as against $605,295 for last year. Of all the companies the most notable increase is shown by the Royal Exchange, whose income has advanced from $3660 in 1891, to $18,716 in 1892. Of course the Exchange was a stranger then and is not now. Another cause besides growing popularity operated, however, to produce so fine a showing. It is largely due to the employing of Nathan & Kingston, the city agents of the defunct California. When that corporation was purchased by the Fireman's Fund, this firm was offered a salary to conduct the business as it had done for President Bromwell. This inducement was not large enough to satisfy them, however, and the result was that they formed first, a combination to be called the "California Associates" with Messrs. Bromwell & Fowler, and then seeing a better chance to make money for themselves, they deserted their old friends and concluded a direct contract with Robt. Dickson. Being left in charge of the books of the California they made a complete transcript of the policy ledger—a direct violation of the ethics of underwriting. The books, business, everything belonged to the purchasing company, and though they were welcome to whatever they could personally divert, they had no right to take what did not belong to them. The result of this strategy is that Nathan & Kingston has as complete a statement of risks as the Fireman's Fund, and when one expires they are on hand to renew for the Royal Exchange as soon as the emissaries of the purchasing company. Of course, a company does not expect to corral the entire business of an absorbed concern. That is out of the question, but it has a right to look for fair treatment. Of course, Mr. Dickson has acted in a business-like manner, but I cannot see how the city agents justify their course.

* * *

The Stockton Investment Company is defunct. The opposition to it that Manager Duval so persistently enunciated could have no other result. The Agencies have been taken from it and now it really represents nothing. All that is left to do is to disincorporate. The associates composing it could then obtain their old agencies and things would be as of yore. Thus ends another ingenious attempt at rebating.

* * *

Regretting the illness and absence of Manager Mitchell, of the Insurance Company of North America, I am glad to see James D. Bailey, late Secretary of the defunct Union, taking his place as Manager *pro tem*. Mr. Bailey was not very well treated by the Union people, for whom he had worked faithfully for so many years. He is a capable and conscientious underwriter, whose prosperity I have every hope for.

* * *

Okell, Donnell & Co. have resigned the Agency of the British America Insurance Company. Their reason was that the concern would do business only in seven towns in the State, the result being that it did not pay to represent them. The Agency has been placed with Conrad & Maxwell, who will doubtless give it the class of risks it requires. Bromwell & Fowler are comfortably installed in their new office, which is certainly as handsomely fitted up as any on California Street. A first-class agency system is in course of formation. It will include nearly all the agents of the California. L. L. Bromwell is now on the road and Mr. Fowler has just returned. The prospects of the new American are first-class. LOCAL.

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REMOVAL NOTICE!—Mr. Joseph Rœckel and Mme. E. C Rœckel have removed their Vocal Conservatory to their new residence, 1429 Bush St., below Van Ness Ave. where they are making special arrangements for evening tuition.

MINING AND FINANCIAL.

At the San Francisco Stock Exchange the business done in mining shares was very light, just about enough to keep one good commission broker busy, the fluctuations being about 5 to 10 cents from day to day, although at the close of last week it looked as though some news had arrived from Virginia City of an encouraging nature. Hirshfield, who does most of the business for the Comstock miners, started to buy last Saturday all the leading north ends, carrying Con. Virginia from $3.25 to $3.55, Ophir from $2.15 to $2.40, and others in proportion; it was said he bought about 3000 shares, but on Monday, there being no sustaining orders, the market receded to its former low figures, many of them even selling lower. On August 1st the secretaries filed their usual monthly statements showing the financial conditions of the several mines, and the most of them showing heavy indebtedness, helped to still further discourage speculation. This in conjunction with the dissatisfaction at the so-called Brokers' Combine makes for the present a poor outlook for better prices. During the week several committees of the Brokers' Combine, directors in the mines, viz.: Fish and Miles of the Savage, Schmitt and English, have left for Virginia City to see what arrangements can be made in regard to milling the ore of the several mines. About the only result of these visits will be a bill of expenses, $200 or $300 additional for the stockholders to bear. The most important work now going on on the Comstock is in the North end in the Sierra Nevada and Union Con. mines. Here is a large and unexplored area of country, where, from present indications, the market will take its start, and at present low prices we would say to the patrons of THE WAVE, a few shares of these will, in the near future, make a handsome nest egg.

The weekly report of the Superintendent of Con. California and Virginia states that during the week, there was extracted and shipped to the Morgan Mill, 1008 tons of ore, of which 980 tons worked of an assay value of $25.05 per ton. Bullion shipped to the Carson mint, $26,531, and on hand in assay office, $14,700.

The joint Sierra Nevada and Union west drift, 900 foot level, was extended during the week 25 feet, making a total distance west of shaft of 2252 feet, face in porphyry and streaks of clay and quartz. This portion of the work will bear careful watching and as in the progress of the work shows an increased quantity of quartz from which assays of $1 to $4 is obtained, there is good prospect of a body of ore being found, in which event an old-time market and higher prices will prevail.

The Justice has notified the Pumping Association of their withdrawal from the compact; this will be a saving of from $600 to $700 per month; the Exchequor and Alpha have also given the necessary notice of their withdrawal.

The Potosi shipped 452 pounds of crude bullion to the Carson Mint. President Messer, of the Hale and Norcross, has notified the Savage that from the present financial condition of the mine, no arrangement for the purchase of a mill can be entertained, as at present all available funds will be used for the further exploration of the mine. The Potosi, also the Chollar, have sent similar answers.

There is quite a contest going on as to who shall control the Alta at the coming annual election, August 18th. C. Derby, represented by the present Secretary Osborn, it is thought will retain control; the opposition is engineered by Miller, a former large holder of the stock.

The Thistle Shaft Mine, of Plumas, shipped $10,000 after a two weeks' run. A very important strike of ore has been made in the North Central Star, at Grass Valley, owned by the Weissbein Brothers.

The Homestake Mine, Dakota, employs 700 stamps, each crushing 4 tons a day. In the last fourteen years the mine has produced $50,000,000, yet the ore does not average $5 per ton. The profit is made on the enormous quantity of ore extracted and milled under a perfect economic system.

R. F. Morrow, the broker, has left to pay a visit to his Santa Clara ranch, near Mt. Hamilton.

Sam Jones, Superintendent of several Gold Hill mines, is expected to arrive from the East shortly, also Senator John P. Jones.

Messrs. Zadig and Wells have gone to Virginia City on business pertaining to the mines.

The Utah assessment sale has been postponed till Thursday, August 18th. A shipment of $14,700 has been received by the Con. Virginia, which makes a total so far on the July account of about $70,000. The Potosi has reduced their indebtedness from $26,460 to $18,846 about $7600.

The proposition to abolish the Life Insurance of the brokers of the San Francisco Board is gaining headway. George W. Marye believes with the majority it should be adopted.

On Wednesday negotiations were completed and $200,000 paid by Senator Langford and Judge Baldwin to Messrs. Shaefer, etc., for the Kingman mines of Arizona lately discovered.

Silver has been ranging during the week at 85¼ cents per ounce.

The Silver Hill has been assessed 5 cents per share.

Dividends have been declared by the following incorporations: Edison Electric, 2 per cent; Pullman Palace Cars, quarter of 2 per cent; Pacific Transfer, 50 cents; Quincy Copper, $; Calumet & Hecla, $5; Daly, 37½ cents; Enterprise, 10 cents; Jackson, 10 cents; and Oceanic Steamship, 50 cents per shares.

During the first 6 months of the fiscal year there were disbursed in dividends $7,748,600.

At the Stock and Bond Board the principal feature was the purchase of Spring Valley Bonds, of which $7000 of 6 per cent @ 120¾; $2000 @ 120⅝, and $1000 of 4 per cent @ 91½. The following shares were recorded, California Electric, 400 at 15⅞ @ 16; Pacific Lighting, 45 @ 78; Pac. Gas Imp., 155 at 82⅝ @ ¾; San Francisco Gas, 30 @ 71; Hawaiian Com., 400 @ 2 to 1¾; Giant Powder, 30 @ 35; Atlantic Dynamite, 335 at 45½ @ 46; Safety Nitro, 20 @ 11; California Dis. Tel., 20 @ 47½; Spring Valley Water, 300 at 99⅝ @ 100; and $3000 of S. Pac. of California Bonds @ 113¾.

SURETY.

HIS REASON.

SHE—
I must say, Jack, I was surprised
When I beheld you walking
With Kate Divorcee on the street;
About her all are talking.

He—
The afternoon, my dear, was warm,
And so I joined the lady,
Because I knew the world declared
Her character was shady.—*Truth.*

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Through Line to New York via Panama.

Steamers will sail at NOON on the 5th, 15th and 25th of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—August 5th, S. S. "City of New York," August 15th, S. S. "San Blas," August 25th, S. S. "City of Sydney."

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at NOON 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San Jose de Guatemala, Acajutla La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—August 18th, 1892, S. S. "Acapulco."

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.: S. S. "Peru," (new) Thursday, August 4th, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "City of Rio de Janeiro," Saturday, August 27, at 3 P. M; S. S. "China," via Honolulu, Tuesday, September 27, at 3 P. M.

Round trip tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

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Jacques—Pardon me, that's quite impossible.

Mabel—How impossible?

Jacques—Your eyes are incomparable.—*New York Truth.*

I am quite sure that Mr. Harrison will appreciate the sympathy of the Los Angeles *Herald* at this time: "Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to Br'er Harrison because Br'er Carnegie would not postpone his reduction of wages till after the election."

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AUSTRALIA, a splendid 3000-ton vessel.....12 M. Aug. 30, 1892

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FASHIONS AND FANCIES.

FOR THE LADIES.

The hour has arrived when some definite change must be made in the contents of our jewel cases, if we wish the collection of trinkets to keep pace with the present fashion. Truth is that though jewelry was never more exquisite in design and workmanship than now, every article, with the one exception of rings, must have some apparently practical excuse for being worn—and consequently our cherished earrings, bangles, and even necklaces must be made over or laid away until a time when our fancy again takes us back to those semi-barbaric articles of adornment. However, let it not be supposed that the clever jeweler suffers by this fancy. A dozen articles have suddenly sprung into existence, and with one accord the fair ones have found them not luxuries but necessities.

* * *

What girl does not feel just a little secret pang of satisfaction when she is made aware of a slight deficiency in her vision, if only it gives her an excuse to festoon about her shoulders yards of dainty gold chain, decorated in pearls, and having as its plea a delightful pair of chased-gold *lorgnettes* which are usually tucked away in the lace of its wearer's corsage?

* * *

What girl can wear her summer hats with a feeling of security unless it is held in place at the back by a gold and shell comb, and has the crown well pierced by long gold pins, which boast dainty heads of enameled blossoms? And yet that same girl was quite content a few months ago with hat pins that cost but five cents apiece. Of course, a scent bottle is as necessary as a clothes brush, and must be of finest crystal with jewel clasp. Watches are made so beautiful in design that a choice seems impossible, and even dress buttons for the coming season (as before stated) will be little works of art. All this may seem very extreme and frivolous, but it is certainly a vast improvement upon suspending jewels from the ears, and covering beautiful throats and arms with innumerable and useless bands and chains.

* * *

The huge puff sleeve that reaches only to the elbow has become so popular in Paris that the dresses intended for general wear have tight-fitting sleeves for the forearm which button on secretly at the elbow to the puffs. They are intended only for street use. Speaking of sleeves is a reminder that many of the sleeves that are made of heavy lace and passementerie have linings of fine white net. This gives an exquisite whiteness to the flesh, as it shows through the meshes of the darker material.

* * *

Some inexpensive yet very effective outing dresses can be made for little girls after the following designs: White yachting linen has a plain short skirt, the waist cut to represent a blouse, and over it a very short jacket of dark blue vicuna cloth, with wide reveres of white silk and a wide dark blue necktie knotted at the neck. Another is made of dark blue duck with Russian blouse effect, the skirt of the blouse being long enough to form the skirt proper. This garment is buttoned from throat to hem with small, round gilt buttons, and the corselet belt has two narrow bands of gilt passementerie; a band of the trimming is also on the rolling collar and the full over Russian sleeve.

* * *

The wreath luncheon is quoted as the latest fad to delight the heart of novelty hunters. Sweet peas are usually used and wreaths of these blossoms are made in all sizes and encircle everything from the wine glasses to the chandeliers. The sherbet should be served in crystal glasses, set in a wreath, the *menu* cards decorated in wreaths, the ices served in the shape of flowers on wreath-girdled plates, and the coffee service set out on a table surrounded by wreaths. Everywhere the wreaths of pink and white should be tied with pale blue ribbons.

MME. X.

Our Trade Mark in Every Hat is a Lasting Guarantee — FOR — First-Class Material, Superior Workmanship, Perfect Taste, And Exclusive Designs

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Finest Imported Millinery
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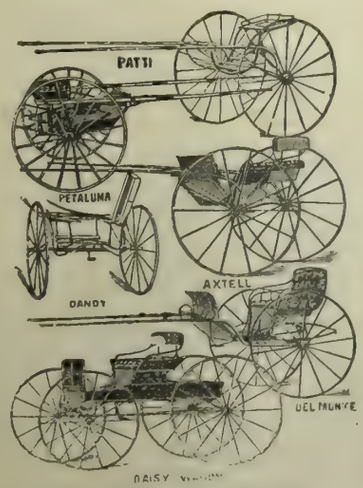

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SACRAMENTO AFFAIRS.

SACRAMENTO, August 4th. DEAR WAVE: During this month the doings of those "in the swim" will be rather difficult to chronicle owing to their wanderings; but I shall try and keep you informed as I know how interested your many readers are, who reside in this locality, in all that goes on. The Upsons have departed and are now settled in their cottage at Pacific Grove. They will probably remain until the first of October and entertain some of their many friends, for at that place one is obliged to furnish one's own amusement or else attend lectures and prayer meetings; for the literary and religiously inclined it is an ideal place, but for the average society girl, a little slow. I should prefer Castle Crags, where Mrs. Willie S—— has gone. She has no idea of burying her charms, but then her health requires a warm climate. I am told the Jack R——s have really gone to Peru. They will be greatly missed. It is a great deal to ask of a girl, I should think, to go so far away from her home. What will woman not do for love? That house will seem deserted as "Pipie" will be in Colorado Springs for a considerable length of time. Poor J. Frank, he will become paler than ever. Let us hope, however, that he will not allow that black mustache to grow and droop at the corners, for it gives him a most melancholy expression. The S—— family are going to San Francisco, having closed their house here. "Soph" says she does not care to leave just at this time, as her dear devoted friend Ruth has just returned and she would much prefer remaining at home and resuming those pleasant walks down H Street with her and a certain young man. Doctor and Mrs. P—— are to go to Tahoe; she does not seem to care about going with the others of the young married set. Mae has a new admirer; she drives out with L—— who seems most devoted. I do not think much of her choice, but imes are dull at this season and he is better than no one at all. Mr. Burke and W. W. D—— have left us for their usual summer outing, they have been rather quiet of late. I attended the exercises of the graduating class of the High School on Friday evening; as an admission fee was charged there was not quite the crush of former years; it was a good idea, as the friends of the graduates were enabled to see and hear, which has not always been the case. Some of our belles will have quite formidable rivals in the field next year in the shape of younger sisters, and some of them very attractive. The exercises were very enjoyable, and the girls looked lovely; having the play was a good change from so many essays. Mrs. Harvey Marvin is here visiting her mother; she has grown much more quiet; she has two very pretty little daughters. The Mesicks have really given up Sacramento. It seems strange not to have them with us this summer. At last accounts they were in Chicago. Mary T—— is at Del Monte spending two weeks with a friend. She will find things rather slow on her return, I am thinking. Miss B—— has ended her visit with Minnie C—— and gone to her home in the city, after having a most delightful visit; times were quite lively during her stay with us, I am pleased to state. If a few more of young girls could visit us at this season, or in the winter, am sure our city would lose the name of dullness which it now has, and you would become as fond of it as NINA.

THEY WERE ALL PAID.

Results of Last Month's Drawing Prove Very Satisfactory.

The Original Little Louisiana Company, of San Francisco, has clearly proven its ability to meet all its obligations, and has also shown that it invariably does so. The drawing of July 12th shows that many prizes were won and that the winners have all been paid in full the amounts which their coupons e titled them to.

From the list as presented the following n mes, including the principal prize winners, have been selected: M. A. Cummings of the Fairmount Hotel in this city won $3750, Mrs. Anna Allen, living at 933 Mission Street, San Francisco, won $3750 also To John Rush, of Virginia City, Nev., the sum of $1000 was paid through the Bank of California, and A. C. Dole, of Gold Hill, Nev., was paid an equal amount through the same local bank. Mrs. Lovett, of North First Street, San Jose, Cal., received $500 and M. Markootz, of the Garden City, was paid $500 through Wells, Fargo & Co's Express. Charles Lampe, living at 750 Sanchez Street in this city, won $250, and another $250 was paid in to Wells Fargo & Co's Bank for a client in Portland, Or., who preferred to reserve his identity. Mrs. Charlotte Lubres, of 3529 Santa Clara Avenue, Alameda, Cal., was paid $5 0, and there were hundreds of winners of small prizes who are willing and glad to mention the fact that the Original Little Louisiana Company, of San Francisco, paid the amount won by their coupons promptly and without discount.

If any further guarantee than this plain statement of facts and the publication of the names and addresses of winners, with the amounts paid to them, is necessary, it may be found in the information that the prizes of the Original Little Louisiana Company, of San Francisco, have been collected for the past five years by the different banks and express companies throughout the United States. This in itself is a sufficient guarantee as to its honesty and integrity.

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Queen of American Health and Pleasure Resorts.

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Stage connects at Pieta with N. P. R. R. to the Springs for dinner.

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These plates are made by an entirely new process, by depositing chemically pure silver and gold directly upon the plaster model. Perfect accuracy of fit is thereby insured. Its advantages, aside in the fits, are its strength, cleanliness and absence of heating titles, being far superior to the fill amalgam, non-conducting, and, in some instances injurious, rubber plates.

Full and Partial Plates, saddle bridges and crowns can be made to perfection by this method. The most difficult cases are solicited by Dr. B. W. Haines, who has had much experience in this work, and has met with great success, and takes pleasure in recommending it to those desiring the best artificial denture that art and science can produce.

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14 GRANT AVE., over City of Paris, SAN FRANCISCO

SANTA CRUZ NEWS.

SANTA CRUZ, August 5th. DEAR WAVE:—The August influx of visitors which I predicted has begun, and the crowded trains now—especially on Saturday—are the incoming, not the outgoing ones.

The "coolest summer on record" is beginning to get a little more ardent all over the State, and people in the interior dream of salt breezes and the embraces of the tingling surf. Major Frank McLaughlin who was detained by business in Oroville during the first of the week wrote to a friend here, "Do, for Heaven's sake, ask T. V. to blow us a breath of salt sea air up here or I can't stand it." But the Major came down himself later in the week, and "Golden Gate" is all ready for the coming of the troops, and will open its hospitable doors to the many officers who are known to its inmates.

While awaiting the coming of the conquering heroes the town has not been entirely deserted. The religious resorts which have established themselves in the vicinity have been the scenes of activity. At Twin Lakes, the Good Templars of the State have been holding a training school in the pretty English-looking little chapel there. One of their most practical and noble deeds is the establishment and maintenance of the large orphan asylum at Vallejo, where 250 orphans, without regard to parentage, are maintained at an annual expense of $45,000, all of which comes from the order except an appropriation of $16,000 from the State. During the week of the training school twenty-five hearty, healthy, and well-behaved little boys and girls from the Home were brought to Santa Cruz under the charge of Miss M. E. Richardson, and gave an attractive entertainment. They were never allowed to spend one cent from the time they left Vallejo—cars, steamer, lunch in San Francisco, transportation in Santa Cruz, everything was free; while "Johnny" at the Dolphin treated them to a surf bath, the electric and horse-cars to free rides, and they were the happiest lot you ever saw.

Then, at Garfield Park, the "Christians" are holding their State meeting, and the whole park is white with the tents of the campers—quite a different sort of army from the one that will be encamped just over the hills on the Potrero next week. Between the Garfield Park encampment and the continual attractions at the Casino, the electric cars go and come loaded to the guards, and when you see a man hanging on by his very teeth, as they do almost every trip, you can't tell whether he's a Christian brother going out to a big Union prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle, or a Society swell going to a dance, or a concert or a big dinner at the Casino. But they both help to make life interesting in Santa Cruz, and they both receive a welcome and "the freedom of the city" from the authorities.

At the Casino times are quite gay, the sacred and secular concerts have been attended by crowded audiences of the best class of people. These concerts are quite free as far as price is concerned, and Messrs. McCollum and Bilicke deserve much credit for having secured such very good music as is given by Campbell's orchestra and by Lydia Warren Roberts, whose singing is liked here very much.

An invitation hop was given at the Casino on Friday evening last, very successful in point of attendance and of enjoyment.

One of the events of the week was the stop made here by Mary Commandery, Knights Templar, and their ladies *en route* to the Conclave at Denver. Although they had been feted and feasted at every point they expressed their delight at their Santa Cruz reception. One lady said to me, "It's just too wonderful and too beautiful that we find some fresh and lovely way of being received at every place. No two do the same things for us." The Commandery disembarked from the Monterey train at the Sea Beach Hotel and climbed up through the lovely gardens to be received with a Templar's welcome by John T. Sullivan, himself a Knight and Mystic Shriner. The day was a perfect one, and the visitors beheld in front of the hotel a procession of some of the prettiest equipages in town, the ribbons held, in almost every case, by a brother Sir Knight. Then away to the Santa Cruz winery, and a peep into its cavernous depths, out around the cliff to Vue de l'eau and the Casino, through the prettiest home-lined streets of the city, with a little boom, of course, for the native bituminous pavement, along the beach, and so back to the hotel, where John T. had a delicious lunch awaiting the party. Afterwards, a ride on the Electric Road, an hour to buy souvenir spoons and Santa Cruz photographs, and then, by special train to the Big Trees, where the Maries spent forty minutes in forest worship—a Mystic Shrine worthy a knightly pilgrimage.

I told you that Sunshine Villa was undergoing some improvements, and now that they are finished, the walls and ceilings freshly decorated, the elegant carpets down, and the tasteful draperies hung, a new aspect is given to the interior of the house. One enters directly into a large and handsome reception room, which is also the billiard-room and the general gathering place of the family and their guests. From this opens the drawing-room, and this and the dining-room were too perfect to admit of change. The library, however, is much enlarged and beautified and now opens directly into the dining-room. During the Encampment week Mr. and Mrs. Smith will have as a house-party, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Newton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Overacker and Senator and Mrs. Yell The entertainments given will be quiet, but very elegant and delightful.

At the Sea Beach, which will be crowded with guests, there is to be a reception to General Dimond and staff on Wednesday evening and another to the officers of Camp Columbus on Friday evening.

A very *recherché* entertainment will be given at the Pavilion under the patronage of Mrs. Bernard Peyton, Mrs. John R. Jarboe, Mrs. J. P. Smith, Mrs. J. H. Logan, and Mrs. T. A. Sweeney, for the orphans of the "Holy Cross." There will be dancing, a military band, tableaux, etc. I don't yet know all the pretty girls who will be in the pictures, but among them are Miss Peyton, Miss Jarboe, Miss Enright, and Miss Turcot, niece of Mrs. Logan. KATE KEARNEY.

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Differs from all other cures for Liquor and Morphine habits. You are put under no restrictions. You can have all the whisky or morphine you wish, and we furnish it free.

No injury to the eyesight, no headache, no bad effects, no loss of time from business. If you live in the city you can receive treatment at home; or room and board are furnished at the Institute if desired, and all strictly private to ladies and gentlemen.

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Terms Reasonable — GEORGE P. SNELL, Manager

FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

FRESNO, August 5th. DEAR WAVE:—It really does seem as if town were deserted; everybody has departed for the Coast, and now the soldiers are going, leaving Imp in solitude. Thank fortune! it's only for a week—at the end of that time I expect to chronicle the arrival home of many of the 400. We few unfortunate mortals who are compelled to remain in town during this awful heat, don't dare venture on small drives or out of town jaunts as Arsenic has a friendly informant who possesses an all-seeing eye and a venomous tongue, and misconstrues our innocent pleasures into most startling tales. Guess she will give her or him a wide berth hereafter.

Pretty Mary Roscoe returned last Monday to her Oakland home. Will W—— was in attendance at the train, and such a forlorn spectacle as he did present when the train had pulled out. Jack says Will made a parting grab at the car and went out on it. Cora Winchell departed Tuesday for the Coast for a short visit. Nick, the handsome Othello, is taking a short vacation now; he's too much in love with his *ranch* to stay away long, though strange how attractive Fresno vineyards are. 'Tis well the four swells have two months in which to bleach out and become civilized once more before the social season sets in, for a more cowboyish-looking set I *never* saw in all my life than Johnny, Am, Will, and Frank. I wonder that the dignified Captain would enter town with them. Johnny says he "didn't see one girl that could compare with our *most ordinary* bud during his absence. Strange, isn't it?

Al. Sayre spent Sunday in town; came down from his Madera vineyard to cool off in our breezy city. I wonder where the "fair image of his dreams" is now? Surely thought that would prove a match. Speaking of matches—Louie bids farewell to the bachelors on the eve of the 14th. He will be married to Miss Goldsmith, in your city, and, after a short wedding trip, will be domiciled at the Hughes until his cottage is completed and furnished for housekeeping.

George Allen and his bride will return to-morrow from the south, but will visit the Coast before settling in their quarters in the Hughes. Kitty H—— is not expected home from Europe until the fall. Her travels are proving more interesting and attractive than we thought. Mrs. Phillips is home again. Our Society matrons are returning very early this season. Jack says I'm the cause of it. Nonsense! Just as if I'm as awfully attractive as that. IMP.

SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, August 3d. DEAR WAVE:—During this dull social season we have become virtuous, and now we do our imbibing in the eye of the public. The sapient city fathers have decided to enrich the proprietors of saloons outside the city limits by closing all ours from ten o'clock Saturday night, till Monday morning, and compelling all paint to be removed from glass doors and windows, so that all who choose can look in and gratify their curiosity. Tom says it's a mighty mean trick, this having clear glass windows, because a fellow's best girl can walk by and look in at him with the glass in his hand, but I said I couldn't see that it was any worse for her to see him "through a glass darkly," than to go outside the city limits with him and do the gaiety dances; and then he just walked right off. (No, don't ask me for names, for you would not print them).

Did you see Virginia's sweet letter from the Islands? We were all so agreeably surprised at the high literary character and fine descriptive ability displayed. Of course, it was severely criticised, but only by teachers, literary people, and newspaper cranks. The rest of us thought it was just to sweet for anything, and just like dear, sentimental Virgie.

The Trimbles and Mrs. Ogier's families have all gone to La Honda to camp for a week or so. The Captain went with them. My, but don't they keep a close watch on him.

The Vendome has been quite gay lately, and a pretty picture can be seen any day on the porches or under the trees.

The *Mercury* is still serving up dishes hot. And do you know that some of Appius Claudius' friends no longer subscribe and *pay* for the *Mercury*, but borrow it from their neighbors to read the news. Now if that isn't cringing and toadying, do tell me what is. But why don't the mighty paper redress another grievance? Years ago a council (must have been Democrats) passed an ordinance requiring some of the streets that led through Naglee ranch, to be opened, but the General, who was an awfully persuasive man made an arrangement by which he was excused from obeying, but the public was to have the right of passage through his multitudinous acres. The great iron gates stood open night and day; lovers wandered in these dim aisles and every stranger was driven through the spacious grounds and given a view of the frog pond where the croakers were raised for the epicure's table, but now all is changed, no one is permitted "to enter in" on peril of great blood hounds which guard the portal of the miserable little dwelling. The neighbors who would go to see their friends two blocks away, must go around about a mile to reach them. No buildings interrupt the passage, only those hideous old fences mar the beauty of the town. Wake up, gentlemen of the council, and let us have the streets opened.

I wish Mr. McEwen would come down here for one afternoon and write up our "pulled backs." Some of them "out-Herod Herod" and yet do not display divine forms. Now E——'s is superb, but S—— is too bony. M——d and M——l look real sweet in their clinging gowns, but we need someone to teach us just where to catch the drapery when we lift it. I prefer the bathing suit as a revealer. BABBLER.

LOS ANGELES LIFE.

LOS ANGELES, August 2d. DEAR WAVE:—There has been quite a ripple on the surface of Society this week. The Ellis Club gave its farewell concert of the season on Saturday night, and all the fashionables came up from the seaside to attend. Several of the younger members of Society have given parties; Miss W—— gave a dinner at Long Beach on Tuesday, and the summer monotony has been varied for a brief space of time.

Many of our Society and church ladies have been interested in what is called "the social evil." The fair and the good have been trying to win their less fortunate sisters from the paths of wickedness and vice; and some of their efforts have been more strenuous than wise. The ladies applied to the "Board," and we looked for an Edenic period—but, alas! the evil goes on, and Alameda Street flourishes like the proverbial green bay tree.

The action of the California League has aroused great indignation in baseball circles. President V—— is awfully mad and the Los Angeles team is up in arms. Mr. H—— received a beautiful bouquet of flowers one day this week at the grounds.

The Chatauquans have at last closed their Assembly. Thursday night saw all the intellectual souls of the renowned *literateurs* filled to the brim. Long Beach is now sadly echoing the last refrains of the dear departed; and the managers are jingling the coin in their spacious pockets. Everything was a success, and the session will linger in the mind of many a *bas bleu* as a most delightful and instructive one.

The G. A. R.'s have been having a jolly good time at Ventura. Camp Cushing was ablaze with military life and festivity.

The World's Fair is, of course, being agitated down here, and some of the ladies are interesting themselves in the exhibit. Mrs. Senator Cole—the lady commissioner—has at last got her eyes opened, and things are progressing more favorably. The women of the Annex have been trying to awaken an interest in their silk culture; but the poor worms have been in danger of extermination, owing to the revengeful ire that was aroused in one of the fair members. The storm is abating, however, and the good work is going on.

Mrs. Adolph Sutro, of San Francisco, is at Santa Monica. They had a very gay ball down there on Saturday night.

Mrs. John Plater is back from Alaska, and Mr. and Mrs. S—— are camping at Catalina. The Colonel is over there, too. K.

STOCKTON LIFE.

STOCKTON, August 4th. DEAR WAVE:—*Les Diables Bleu* are fast taking possession of me. One by one my friends are drifting Santa Cruzwards, and who can blame them, for are not the "Boys in Blue" and their brass buttons enough to make almost anyone long for an outing near them and the cooling breeze of old ocean? Mrs. C—— and daughter Anna considered things, and on Monday last departrd for the Sea Beach Hotel leaving "Aleck" to drive the surrey down. What delightful drives the officers will have!

Mrs. Dr. W—— and her sister, Miss Fannie H——, who are also sojourning there will doubtless be a centre of attraction, for I have always found that beauty always commands attention. Ex-Mayor Welsh took his family down Saturday. No one will ever surmise Miss Grace and her friend Laura Gerlach who accompanied them, are schoolgirls.

Mr. and Mrs. Naher, *née* Laura Trahern, of Napa, have been in town for over a week. I am *so* surprised at the change in Laura, she is so wrapped up in that husband of hers, she has neither eyes nor ears for anyone else. There have been many strangers in town. Horace S—— was the guest of the Simpsons; he is a cousin worth having for he is so nice about doing escort duty, and the Dohrmann girls have been entertaining their cousin, Mr. Morton, from somewhere in the East. I tried my best to recall to him the splendid waltz I had with him at the Gaiete last winter, but alas! he has forgotten me.

Lieutenant Vogelsang has been ordered to join the "Boston," he is very devoted to his mother and sisters, an unusual trait, *n'est ce pas*, and so has spent the last few weeks with them in Seabright, depriving me of his company just as I was congratulating myself on having deposed Lena B—— and now he has gone to Mare Island without even a good-by.

Avery White is rusticating in Capitola; why, I cannot imagine, unless it is because the beach is smaller and nothing worth seeing can escape his "eye for the beautiful."

What has become of my whilom admirer, Walter B. S——? I miss him more than any of the others, for he was so thoughtful, tender, but woe is me! not true.

Marion DeV—— has commenced to build his new home, so I suppose he will entertain quite lavishly this coming winter, if for nothing else but to show the world what a prize he has drawn in the matrimonial lottery.

The pretty widow, Mrs. Tom Weber, has returned from the Coast where she created quite a furore. She has applied for letters of administration on the estate, and now that the actual amount of her fortune is known it will not be long before the old train of admirers follow her, anxious to do her lightest bidding. If I were anxious to be considered "sporty" I would lay a wager of ten to one that the handsome tenor will soon regain his lost prestige. Ira has *such* winning ways.

The Sargents had quite an accident while out driving the other night, we are all glad nothing serious resulted from the overturning of the surrey, for Mattie is one of the few girls who knows how to enjoy life.

I have gossiped at such a rate I really have not the time to tell you about the engagements, but they will hardly be broken until my next letter, so adieu.

THE SPINSTER.

BURLINGTON ROUTE EXCURSIONS.

Commencing Tuesday, March 15th, at two P. M. from Los Angeles, and Wednesday at eight A. M. from San Francisco, and every Tuesday and Wednesday thereafter, the Burlington Route will run its regular summer excursions with Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars to Chicago *via* Salt Lake City and Denver. For particulars and excursion folder, apply to agent, Burlington Route at 204 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, or 32 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

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OAKLAND GOSSIP.

OAKLAND, August 4th. DEAR WAVE:—The only event of any importance, since my last, was the wedding of Carrie Northy-Roma and Jesse L. Douglas, last Wednesday evening. The ceremony was solemnized at the swell church on Fourteenth Street. Since Carrie is musical and a little Bohemian in her tastes, all such people flocked to see her married, and I tell you, dear, the groom (he is from Nebraska, you know) showed us how they lift the vail and kiss the bride in the land of bacon and hominy. The spectacle was quite touching. Any way a wedding in the Presbyterian Church is a theatrical affair, as the seats are arranged in tiers, and the new gallery is finished in white, gold, and old rose. I'm positive that the new McDonough theatre will no more resemble the halls of Thespis than does the above-mentioned church. Dr. Coyle's marriage ceremony is not half so affecting as that of our dear old Dr. Ritchie, who really makes one realize the solemnity of the occasion. Andy and I intend having him for our spiritual adviser and director. Thursday evening all the *beau monde* who were in town attended the performance of "Tuxedo," and the horrid old minstrels gave our set some rather tardy hits that we didn't care to hear, but my heart almost ceased to palpitate when Jackson Park, the Chicago pork man, appeared upon the scene, for he was the living image of our merchant prince, Cleve Dam. I had to look a second time to convince myself that it was not he. If you want to see what Cleve looks like, and learn how he treats his "lady friends" just go to "Tuxedo." By the way, the circus performance in the above play, and the fact that an amateur circus is *a la mode*, has given our boys and girls a mania to get up some such affair, so with Harry Houghton, as ring leader, Edsom Adams, and A. P. Brayton, Sr., will do the bare-back acts on their chargers, and Miss Shafter will give us some fancy riding, while Ettie Chabot Knight will jump through the hoops, and Jim Archibald will appear in a side show. The Wheatons, Costigans, Bromwells, Millers, Requas, Knowles, Haights, Bailys, and Selbys will all take part, and our dear wag, Alec Rosborough, will find it no effort to take the clown's part. The music will be furnished by the young ladies of the Hutchinson Mandolin Club, while the banjo club will play for the side shows. Won't Willie Powning be too cute for anything? If Mrs. F. Marion Smith returns in time, we intend giving the circus on her lawn, if not, "Rose-lawn," the beautiful home of the Ainsworths will be the scene of all this festivity. Of course, it all, as is usual in this place, is to be given in the name of sweet charity.

Forgot to tell you that I took a little trip to Castle Crags, where I visited my friends, the Braytons, Knowles, McNears, P. E. Bowles, Browns, Garbers, Folgers, and McKees, and was so proud that at least two of our girls, May Tubbs and Emma Farrier, were capable of giving pleasure to the crowd. They really played the mandolin and guitar well enough to please the city critics who were there, and Frou-Frou is happy to say that she did the high dive act to perfection.

The sound of wedding bells are still in the air, as pretty Dell Chapman is to be wedded on the eleventh, and cards are out for the double wedding of the Hushs and Magees on the eighteenth. Fortunate couples—they intend going abroad for their honeymoon. I suspect that Jackson Street will soon be the scene of another marriage—only this time the bride will be married at home—the gentleman's name is Wright. Now, can you guess?

The Tubbs party will soon be off again, this time for a trip to Denver. That coterie have at last grown worldly-wise. By the way, Grace Tubbs-Henshaw intends having her home moved closer to the family circle—she is now the whole distance of at least eight blocks away from the maternal roof and finds that distance too great. What mother-girls they all are.

Stephanie Whitney Cunningham has returned from her wedding trip to the Islands, and is just as sweet and lovely as of old. I'm so sorry that she has to go to Washington to live, for she has always been one of my favorites.

The Harolds have returned from Byron Springs. The Howards, Browns, Chabots, and Alice Grimes are going to Monterey this month. Don't you think it about time for Floy and Alice to give us weddings? Pretty little Fannie Orr is with us again. Why is it that Jim Adams is so selfish as to always ride alone? He must consider his own company preferable to that of FROU-FROU.

Laundry Farm still continues to draw crowds every Sunday. As a picnic resort for parties desiring to spend a day or a few hours in the hills it easily takes first rank. Here one can forget for a time the struggle for existence and enjoy to the full the attractions of nature in her most bounteous mood.

A deaf mute may be wiser than we'd ever apprehend.
For he's lots of information at his little finger's end.
—*New York Truth.*

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(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE	FROM JULY 25, 1892.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	†12.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	First and second class for Ogden and East, and first class locally	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	Sunset Route, Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton	*8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Martinez	12.45 p m
3 00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4 00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced and Fresno	9.45 a m
4 00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4 30 p m	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4 30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	8 45 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	8.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
.....	Niles and San Jose	†6.15 p m
*6.00 p m	Sunol and Livermore	.....
6.00 p m	Ogden Route, Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9.15 a m
†7.00 p m	Vallejo	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡7.45 a. m.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p. m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos, Saturday and Sunday to Santa Cruz	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.38 p m
‡7.30 a m	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excur'n	‡8 28 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
‡9.30 a m	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations	‡2.45 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5 03 p m
12.15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations.	3.30 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.37 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, Gilroy and Principal Way Stations	*9 47 a m
*4.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7 30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, :30, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

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SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		In effect Apr. 24, 1892.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5 00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

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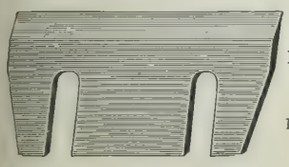

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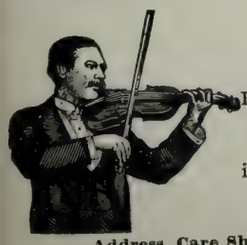

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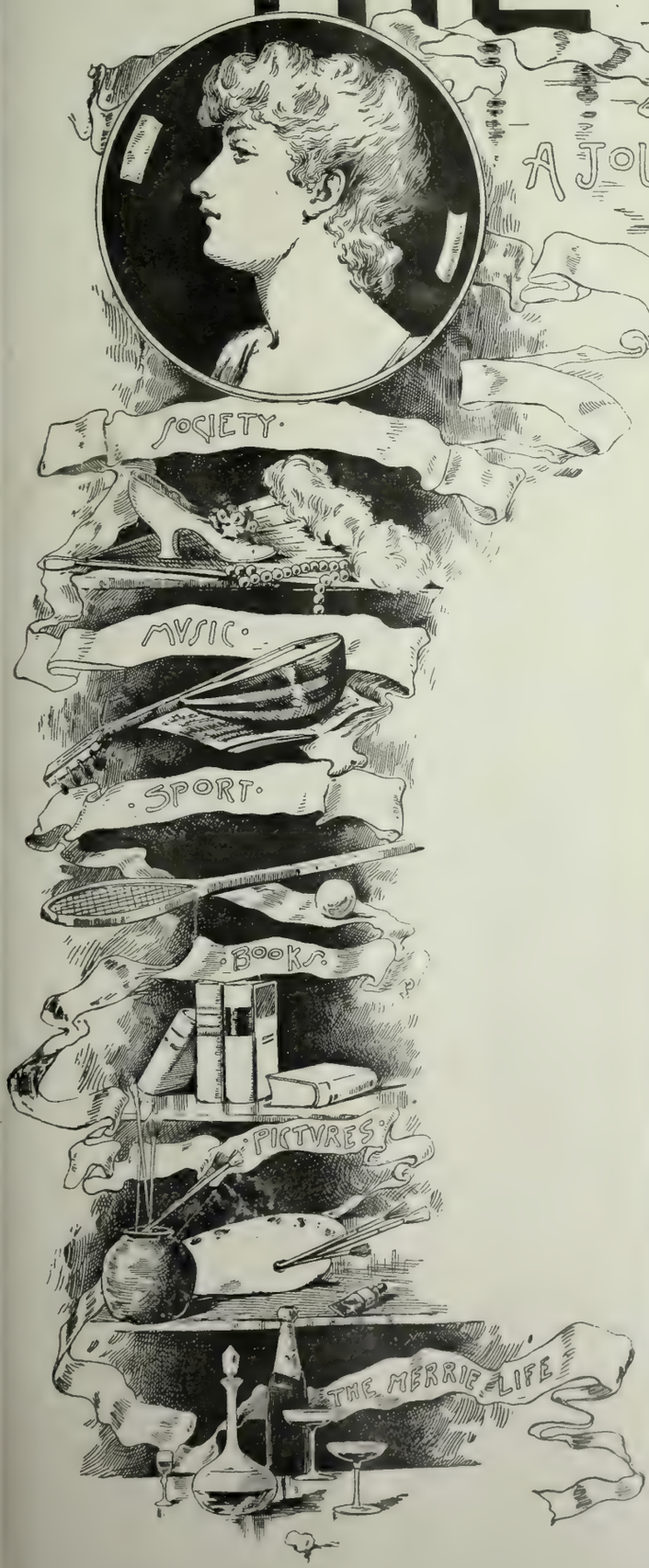

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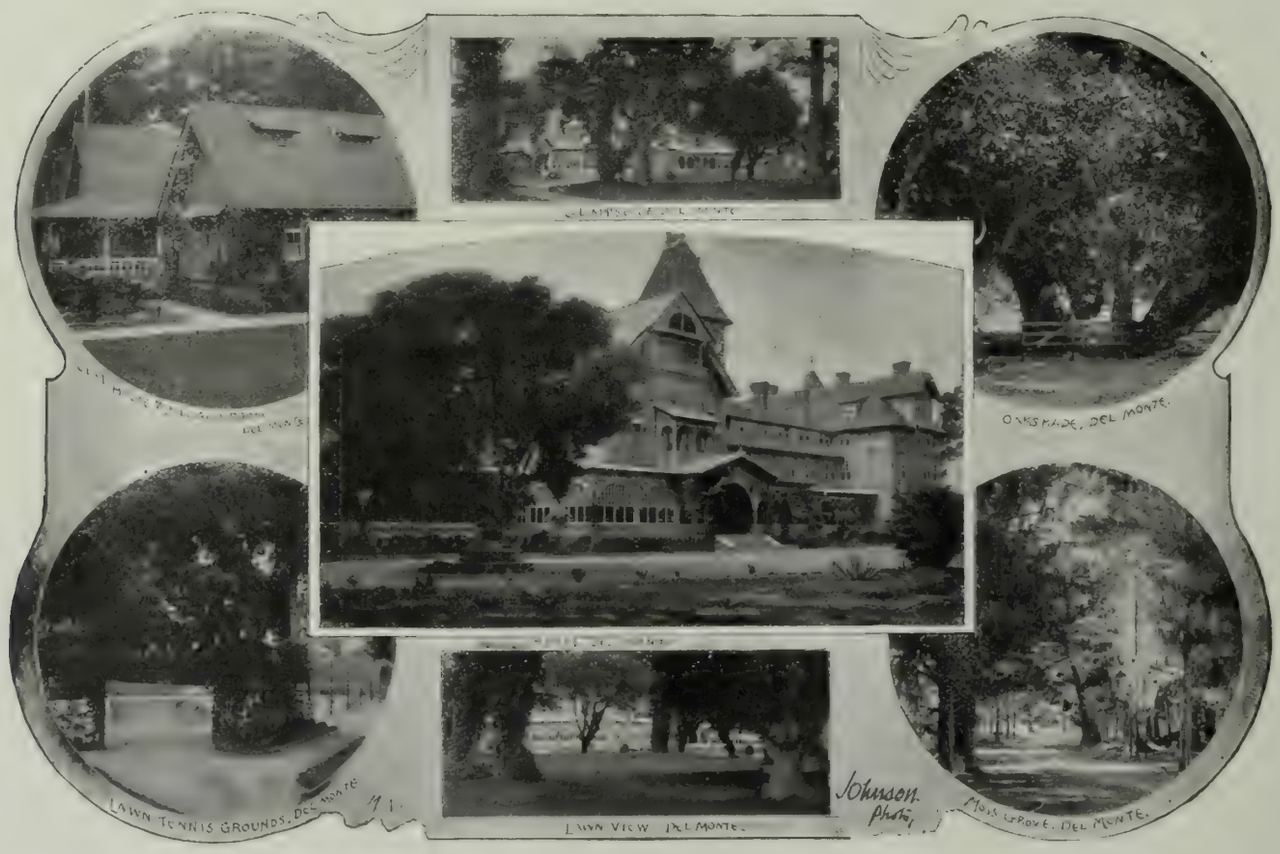

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SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 13, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

The picture presented with this issue of THE WAVE is that of one of the best-known men in the country. C. P. Huntington's life has been a marked success. At a time when age and disease have mastered his contemporaries, he is strong, alert, and stalwart, the foremost man in any enterprise with which he has aught to do. His intuitive knowledge of men, his business sagacity, and financial ability have made him master in a dozen places. It is a matter of rejoicing that he purposes taking up his residence in San Francisco, where so many of his interests are located.

SPLASHES.

AT SANTA CRUZ the season continues longer than elsewhere in the State. After the strictly San Francisco contingent departs, San Jose sends a delegation. After they have had the requisite amount of sea bathing, and have returned to the shadow of Mt. Hamilton, the Sacramento Valley furnishes its quota. Later on Fresno Society is represented on the verandas of the Sea Beach, and the conversation of the guests is touched with raisins and port wine. Learning the names of the counties is only a matter of studying the register. It cannot be said that interior belles rejoice in the possession of extreme good looks. The beauties invariably hail from Coast counties. I presume there is something in the claim of a friend of mine, that the same climate will not perfect raisins and belles.

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The National Guard was on the beach at Santa Cruz last Sunday. Accompanied by its female friends it deployed up and down and bathed. Not being an admirer of the military tendency, I cannot find occasion for eulogy in the manners or appearance of the citizen soldiery. Doubtless there are any number of capital young fellows in the ranks. At least a dozen well-poised, erect youths, whose faces indicated character, I saw myself. But the others: The local male exhibit is below par, but that which the country sends forth is pitiable. There were scores of underfed and underbred boys, thin, weak, feckless creatures who tramped round in bevies, sometimes accompanied by young women of similar type, as often alone.

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At night one found them at odd corners of the bath houses, or here and there along the beach. A stroll I took up the wharf disturbed countless *tete-a-tetes* going on under the shadow of the cars. Enjoying life, the happy pairs were, I presume, though the sight of them does not redound much to the credit of the species. Indeed, it is astonishing that drilling should have so little physical effect. Most of the men in uniform walked with the slovenly gait of civilians. The officers were a decided improvement, especially those of city regiments, though I will leave to Captain Barry, the U. S. Inspector, an enumeration of their deficiencies.

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The camp is admirably located, and seems properly laid out. Indeed, the streets of tents against the dark back-ground of the hillside covered with foliage, makes quite a pretty picture. However severe General Dimond's prohibition edict appears to a portion of the rank and file, it has won the endorsement of the great majority. Santa Cruz reaps the benefit, of course. Another salutary provision bars from Camp Columbus the fair sex, save, of course, between certain hours. Thus the chances for a scandal are minimized to the lowest degree. Of the *cuisine* I heard few complaints. General Dickinson's staff is admirably provided for, and enjoys artistically prepared meals. Indeed, Major Frank Vail, the Commissary officer, is loaded with congratulations all round.

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J. P. Smith, who has recently purchased the plant and franchise of the horse car system of Santa Cruz, is a man of great wealth. He has become interested in the progress of the town, and, unlike so many California investors, he is not afraid to back his theories with coin. He furnished most of the funds for the electric road and intends, I believe, converting his acquisition into an extension of that system. Mr. Smith's fortune was acquired in the sale of table luxuries. He commenced business in New York many years ago with a number of small agencies, and in the course of time has built up an immense trade. He has branch houses in Chicago, London, and Paris, and at the lowest estimate, his wealth is placed at $3,000,000. Besides, he is hospitable, energetic, and seems to be supplying the motive power for the recent devolopment of enterprise at Santa Cruz.

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AN AMUSING TALE, that could hardly fail to attract wide attention if it were only illustrated, comes from Pacific Grove. Two maidens from Del Monte drove over to Lake Magilla, and after a careful survey of the scenery, which is a trifle weird, found themselves bored. They had been to Cypress Point a thousand times and to the Seal Rocks until the individual mammals had come to know their faces. Longing for a new sensation their eyes were caught by a sand hill—a specially huge mountain whose sides present a steep, soft smooth incline. "What fun it would be to roll down," suggested one. "Some one will surely see us," warned the other. However, not a soul was around, and carefully the first climbed to the summit. It was a weary ascent but she reached it and sat down on the edge. Talk of tobogganing!

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There came a wild shriek, a whirl of draperies, a cloud of sand, and at the feet of her friend Maiden No. 1 found herself, a disheveled heap of skirts and limbs. She arose, to find that her flight was recorded in the camera the other was carefully adjusting. "It is your turn," she said. No 2 surrendered the instrument, and was soon flashing down the hillside at lightning speed—not so fast as to prevent two lucid photographs of her flight being taken, however. I presume it would be difficult to induce either maiden to exhibit the pictures. The episode would have surely passed into oblivion but that a wondering bellboy, hidden in a clump of bushes, heard and *saw* ALL. Tales are soon circulated on the piazza.

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One Monterey picnic resembles another almost as much as two weddings do. All that differs in each is the crowd. A clearing near Cypress Point is the objective spot and here, on a rough table, the repast is spread—of course, the *menu* is always the salient point. for the scenery is too familiar. After that it is *en regle* to photograph the gathering, and then there is a splitting up. By twos or threes the party wanders down to the rocks and watches the big waves vehemently dash clouds of spray into the air. Then, as the afternoon wanes, they all mount the drags and are conveyed to the buffaloes, whose uncouth proportions furnish a topic for talk—then home. Two such picnics were given last week, the

first by Fred Sharon, the second by Henry I. Scott, on Friday.

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A live subject for conversation has presented itself at Del Monte in the shape of a Texan. He is neither dangerous nor desperate, but there is an unusual bulge in the region of his hip pocket and a suggestion of possibilities in the limberness of his good right hand. Alas, for romance, he is not provided with any picturesque accessories in the shape of broad-brimmed hats or huge spurs and he signs himself simply J. P. Gonzales, Galveston. Rumor accuses him of owning a huge stock ranch down in that region and he supplements it with wild tales of hair-breadth adventures, bandit chasing, lynching, and other entertaining details of life in the Lone Star State. It is sad there should yawn so wide a gulf between achievement and appearance—the Texan, as far as looks go, might be a capable tonsorial artist.

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To claim as a brilliant affair the hop at Del Monte, last Saturday evening, would be in the nature of an exaggeration. As usual, males were in a minority, and even the lustrous costumes of the maidens and matrons could not induce an air of festivity. The erstwhile *habitués* are renewing their allegiance, however, and I expect to-night that quite a crowd of dancers will make the floor their own. Miss Hope Ellis, Miss Dimond, and Miss Houghton appeared in handsome costumes. Among the new arrivals two very pretty girls of the Spanish type, whose magnificent eyes proved magnets for masculine glances, attracted general attention. They were the Misses Govin, of New York.

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They were charmingly gowned and danced with the grace that is instinctive in daughters of Andalusia. Miss Kruger, a tall, graceful girl, looked well in an artistic costume, and Miss Leiter did not appear, much to the regret of half a dozen men who were very anxious to see the famous Chicago belle.

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FOR SOME MONTHS to come Society will engage itself anticipating the season. The summer is practically over; then follows a species of autumnal interregnum preparatory to December festivities. Sometimes a church fair intervenes to relieve the monotony of this close period. An amateur opera has been interposed as a topic of conversation and criticism. It seems, however, that the dullness pervading "down town" has invaded Society. Everyone is willing to do something, and not a soul dares inaugurate anything. It seems taken for granted that those who cannot entertain on a wine scale must be condemned to inactivity.

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The champagne delusion is really, I believe, the main cause for the dry rot prevailing in the local 400. In the Western Addition are thousands of luxurious homes admirably adapted for exercising hospitality in, and yet hardly a dozen dances are given in a season. Even dinner parties, the favorite form of entertaining in other cities, rarely occur in San Francisco. Just as new blood and ideas are necessary in business circles, so are a few enterprising young people "in the swim." If it is understood that aristocratic formalities are really not so desirable as some families seem to suppose, it would be easy enough to organize small gatherings—welsh rarebit, theatre parties and so on. It is largely a question of someone setting an example, then the others will follow suit soon enough.

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Enjoyment is not necessarily costly. If Mrs. Smith's husband, who is a millionaire, allows her guests all the champagne they desire, it does not necessarily follow that Mrs. Jones, who is only bright and attractive, should emulate her. That is the purest provincialism, and it is time San Francisco Society rose above such considerations. Sandwiches are as good an excuse for a gathering as either oysters or terrapin, and beer is infinitely preferable to even champagne at midnight. Whoever will be daring enough to organize a series of minor festivities will reap a measure of popularity that will almost reward the exertion.

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THOUGH SAUSALITO and part of Belvedere did turn out for the Pacific Yacht Club hop Saturday evening last, the weather was too unpropitious for the San Franciscans. Between cloud and fog the moon hid a diminished face, and the cold breeze was not an especially vigorous inducement for a tug trip across the Bay. However, the floor was by no means deserted, and those who had ventured out had no reason to regret their trip. I believe Mrs. Van Bergen, who is said to be the prettiest young matron in Sausalito, was the acknowledged belle.

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Prevailing fogs have prevented the usual evening boating excursions. There have been a few launch parties, however, notably one from Belvedere on Tuesday evening. The big ark which Mr. Fowler and party occupies was its objective point, and I believe there must have been twenty-five persons located in the cabin and out on the veranda. Refreshments in accordance with the well-earned reputation for hospitality which the ark has earned were served, and several solos rendered by Will Kruse on the organette. His proficiency surprises his friends, but he explains he has cultivated his skill in secret.

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Miss Hayes' rings have been recovered—the most valuable of them at least. Of course, the *Report's* story about their being valued at $1500 was a gross exaggeration. However, one does not look for veracity from some sources. It is not the only accident of the kind that has taken place in Sausalito bay. A few evenings ago, Mrs. Berwin gave a boating party in honor of Miss Patterson. With them were several other ladies and a few men. Desiring to remove her yachting jacket, the young lady took out of the pocket a purse containing rings and two twenty dollar pieces and attempted to throw it to Mr. Brown who sat a few seats distant. Alas, it missed, his outstretched hands and disappeared under the dark waters of the bay.

Richardson & Robbins' Plum Pudding—A Delicious Dessert.

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The steam launch belonging to Messrs. Hawks and Pinnell is one of the fastest and most comfortable on the bay. It is anchored off Belvedere and its owners have seldom any difficulty about making up a party for a trip to Sausalito or around there. Motive power is furnished by means of a gas engine, a decided improvement on the naphtha system so much in vogue. Of course, Mr. Eddy's steamer is the finest on the bay, but she is larger than this one of Pinnells.

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Fishing is decidedly in vogue in Sausalito, and the champion angler is Rev. Miel, whose catches are the talk of the town. Saturday afternoon last he took out a party of boys with him and the sum of their efforts was a boat load of kingfish, tom and rock cod, weighing over sixty pounds. Mr. Eddy is another very successful angler. A string of fish captured by him hung from the top of the Terrace veranda to the ground, and he has been deluged with compliments in consequence.

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Quite a number of people left for town on Monday. Among them, Mrs. Sharon and Mrs. Blanding, who will, however, return for the "shoot." The Leiters left on Tuesday and their private car is now at San Jose. The McDermotts and charming Miss Mamie McDermott returned to town on Wednesday. The occasions during the week have been numerous, however, and gaps no longer yawn.

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Mrs. D. M. Delmas is now entertaining Mrs. Captain Dougherty at her summer home on Beach Hill, Santa Cruz. On Sunday last she entertained quite a large party of San Francisco visitors at a dinner in honor of her birthday. The table was decorated with quantities of lovely flowers and a most artistic *menu* was served. For the "shoot" Mrs. Delmas and the Misses Delmas will be at Del Monte. Mrs. McGavin will accompany them.

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News from wandering Bohemians is always interesting. Emil Carlsen's intimates will rejoice to learn he is doing well, selling pictures, besides painting them. He has taken a studio at East Hampden, Long Island, for a term of three years, and receives as many visits from dealers as from friends. Could there be any better sign? In recent epistles he has waxed eloquent over the canvases of a young painter, Gould Dirth, whom he says is destined to be the greatest of American landscape artists. His specialty is crepuscular effects, at which he has had remarkable success. Among his friends he is

called Bichloride. Charley Peters is in Brittany painting for all he is worth. His great composition, representing Napoleon inscribing his name on the sands, is under way.

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THE MIDSUMMER JINKS are set for September 3d. By that time the road into the redwood grove will be ready, and the extensive preparations which the unique character of the festival necessitate will be finished. Fred Somers is now camping under a giant of the forest, and with him is Marion Wells, the sculptor, and a staff of laborers. The gigantic Buddha is still in embryo, but his foundations, over 100 feet across, are in readiness. It will be necessary, of course, to model the figure on the ground. The temple lanterns, of which there are to be fifty, must also be built there. Such are the characteristics of the location, the removal of a few obstructing trees gives the effect of an aisle of redwoods, which, of course, is what is wanted.

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Amadeè Joullin has been selected to paint a cartoon commemorative of the jinks. It will be a picture at least as large as the Chinese canvas which now hangs in his studio.

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I am told that Mrs. McLane Martin emphatically denies the story of her engagement to Mr. Baker. He was her late husband's partner in the Montana stock ranch and assisted her materially in settling up the affairs of the estate. As they were naturally thrown a good deal together, the rumor that she denies arose.

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The Concordia Club "Night Off" has been postponed until the evening of September 3d. The late Mr. Goldstein was an intimate friend of several of the gentlemen who had promised to contribute to the evening's entertainment, besides being a prominent member of the Club. Under the circumstances it was thought best to put off the affair a few weeks.

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The first meet of the Friday Night Bowling Club took place last week, and proved a very pleasant reunion. After the game the members adjourned to Miss Brandenstein's residence, where an artistic supper was partaken of. The third engagement is eagerly awaited.

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The Hotel Vendome is very gay yet, and these charming moonlight nights are thoroughly enjoyed by the many guests at that charming resort. The presence of a number of Eastern people has done much toward enlivening the corridors and promenades. The handsome Miss Leiter, of Chicago, who has attracted so much attention since her arrival in the State, has, with her family, been enjoying the hospitality of the Vendome. The Leiters are going to Mount Hamilton, where they will doubtlessly be received with the obsequiousness that characterizes Hold-on's treatment of the rich.

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Bartlett Springs is easily the first of the many resorts that dot Lake County, and one finds the hotels and cottages overflowing with a merry crowd enjoying life in the freest and happiest fashion. The water is undoubtedly the finest general constitutional water on earth. This, in itself, is enough to keep the place crowded through the season. But there are other resources. Lake County is, indeed, one vast recreation ground, where the pleasures of an outing may be enjoyed in their variety.

All its mountain resorts are easily accessible. Nowhere in any hilly country have I seen such excellent roads. These highways are works of art, constructed at great expense, through a country still virgin from the hand of Nature. A more charming trip to one who really desires to get away from the madding crowd than the stage and steamer route from Pieta to Bartlett's, I cannot imagine.

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Dan O'Connell has at last authenticated his claim to the hereditary kingship of Ireland. His emblazoned arms and fully described pedigree, approved by Sir Bernard Burke Ulster, King-at-Arms, residing in Dublin Castle, arrived two weeks ago. It proves O'Connell's direct descent from a line of Kings that stretches far back into the eighth century. It is difficult to pronounce their names, but if you smoke your tongue with Irish whisky it will curl about some of those who lived in the middle ages. This pedigree was procured at the suggestion of George R. B. Hayes, who had grown tired of seeing his friend's pretensions criticised by rival Celts.

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Truxton Beale, Minister to Persia, expects, so he says in his letters, to be back in San Francisco this winter. He is delighted with the Empire of the Shah and has taken more than one trip over into the Russian provinces in Asia. His collection of curios from that part of the Orient is already beginning to arrive in New York. It embraces foreign mats and odd bits of crockery. Whether these will come to San Francisco is not known yet; perhaps Minister Beale intends to set up a household for himself in the East.

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The local musical season opens on September 24th, when the Carr-Beel concerts will be resumed. The "Saturday Pop" was a feature of last year's entertainments and will be looked forward to with considerable interest.

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John W. Mackay has gone to England to visit his sons, so the papers have it, as if he had no care to see Mrs. John W., who is one of the most charming of women. He was expected in San Francisco about this time, and his absence seems to be regarded as inconvenient by certain friends of Alvinza Hayward who desired to have him go on that million dollar bond. Being in London, Mr. Mackay will not be able to accommodate his associates who will doubtless find other capitalists to accept the responsibility in his stead. I believe the Hale & Norcross case is now before Judge Hebbard on motion for a new trial, which, of course, will be refused. Then for the Supreme Court.

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THAT STORY about Joe Redding's Fourth of July which is being told at the Bohemian Club is not half had. He spent the National holiday at Carlsbad, the interesting Spa where people go for reduction purposes. Desirous of seeing the town, our Joseph walked from the railway station to his hotel, and on his way there was confronted by a flaring poster. In huge letters it demanded "Attention, Americans!" and proceded to ask those interested in the celebration of the birthday of our National independence to attend a meeting for the purpose of making preparations. "I must be there," thought Mr. Redding, who continued along until he came to the very hall the poster had specified.

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He entered and found it full of countrymen excitedly gesticulating and shouting as though they were foreigners. A small but important individual on the platform was endeavoring to keep order. Speeches followed one after another, all enthusiastic but none coherent. No one seemed to realize what should be done. Then Mr. Redding arose and in his most dulcet tones made a real Fourth of July speech—one he had delivered many years ago at Red Bluff. Applause—he was almost overwhelmed at the ovation he received. They escorted him to the platform.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "we must have a band of thirty-two pieces, which one of us will conduct, and it must play some original music composed for the occasion. We must have speeches and a banquet and——"

"But who will lead the band?" interrupted a voice.

"I will," said Mr. Redding, modestly.

"But the music—whom can we get to write us a piece?" came from another.

"I will write the music," added the lawyer among harmonists with serene deference.

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There was a veritable cyclone of applause. The other details were rapidly arranged until it came to selecting a toastmaster.

"Who can we have for toastmaster?" asked a dozen voices.

"What's the matter with Mr. Redding."

"Nothing whatever," said our admirable Crichton. "I shall be delighted to act as toastmaster."

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And he did. The great day came, and is recorded in the Redding memory as the happiest of his life. He led the orchestra that played his own music; he was president of the day, toast master, and had there been other offices I am sure he would have filled them all with equal dexterity. There is but one Joseph.

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IF ANYTHING WERE NECESSARY to conclusively establish the fact that the Citizens' Defense Association has mistaken the purpose of its creation, it is contributed by the proceedings for removal from office instituted

Richardson & Robbins' Potted Ham for Picnics and Teas.

by its Secretary, Mr. Dunn, against Assessor John D. Siebe. When the Association was formed, in common with other citizens who desire a good and pure government, I entertained high hopes of its future; even when it ignored the Senatorial Combine and the local boodlers unearthed by the Wallace Grand Jury, and visited its wrath upon the insignificant Bruner, I still felt that severe criticisms of its methods might be unjust. But when it solemnly presented John D. Siebe to the Superior Court for malfeasance in office, I began to credit the statements of its enemies, namely that it is becoming an instrument for gratifying personal malice and promoting private political ambitions. It is hard to believe these things, but on what other hypothesis can the prosecution of Assessor Siebe be explained? What public good can possibly be accomplished by bringing that official into Court to explain transactions in which the Association itself admits there is no criminality?

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For twenty years John D. Siebe has represented pretty nearly all that is decent in the Republican party of this city. In the Legislature, twelve years ago, where he sat for the old Tenth District—a district that always sent an unsavory delegation to Sacramento—he was notable as the only San Francisco member who was absolutely incorruptible. "Bill" Higgins, the then Republican boss and lobbyist, entertained for him a hatred so profound that he swore he would crawl on his belly from the Ferry to the Mission to prevent his ever obtaining another office in San Francisco. As Higgins was an exceedingly heavy and corpulent old man, this threat meant a great deal. But he kept his word. Siebe never did get another office in this city until William was in his grave. Twice he headed independent political movements, and twice he defeated the combinations of Higgins at the polls. The result of his intolerance of boss control and the reputation maintained for personal integrity during all these years, was to build up for him a powerful following. At the last election his 8000 plurality, given against the opposition of the entire machine element of his party, and the combined corporate influences of the city, showed the estimation in which he is held by the citizens of San Francisco.

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Therefore, I say, it is not unnatural that John D. Siebe should be universally regarded as an honest man. No man who is held in such esteem by the mass of the people could fail of being upright. If he were not honest he would not be so held. But there is other testimony on this point. From the day Siebe was sworn in as Assessor until now every rascally politician in and out of office has made it his business to malign him. Why? I can think of no other reason than that in dealing out the patronage of his office he has appointed only respectable men. One thing is certain—and it is not necessary to say this to the fifty thousand people who pay taxes and who yearly come in contact with Siebe—that he is the best Assessor San Francisco has ever had. I will venture to affirm that under his administration assessments have been levied conscientiously and with such exactitude as the inherent difficulties will permit. Perfect equality, I take it, is impossible. The human mind is incapable of imagining a strictly equal valuation of miscellaneous property for taxation. But that Siebe has turned back the record of a life time to repeat the blackmailing methods of some of his predecessors, is inconceivable.

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The Citizens' Defense Association charges him with changing in violation of law the assessments upon some personal property and a lot of vessels, after the roll had been acted on by the County Board of Equalization. In order to obtain a standing in court, wherein it presents him for removal from office, its attorneys allege that he made the changes "willfully" and "corruptly." When it appears in court, however it gravely abandons "willfully" and "corruptly," and asks that Siebe be judged upon his interpretation of a section of the Political Code. The men by whose sanction this complaint was framed know that every one of these charges in the assessment roll was made as the law directs—by and with the advice and consent of the City and County Attorney; not only this, they know that every Assessor since 1877 has done the same thing a thousand times over, and yet they consent to charge Siebe with making them "willfully" and "corruptly," and with intent to defraud the city of its revenue.

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It does not increase my respect for the Citizens' Defense Association to be informed that this charge of willful corruption is one of those legal fictions which are sometimes necessary to get a case into court, for that places it in an even worse light. Is it then simply a public traducer—a character robber, as it were—which defames a man in a sworn complaint, and when called upon for proof seeks refuge behind its legal privilege of amending its assertions?

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I have no especial admiration for Assessor Siebe, and I am not moved to defend him because I think he needs defending. He deserves no credit for being honest, because no man should have credit for being what he ought to be; and as for the prosecution against him I suppose his lawyers will easily overcome that. In fact, I am told the trial in court was mainly of his own choosing. He could have demurred and quashed the complaint, but preferred to seek vindication in a legal investigation. I am, however, concerning myself with the Citizens' Defense Association.

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Here is a body organized expressly to turn up boodlers which is engaged in turning up about the only honest official in town. Why has not the City and County Attorney been prosecuted? Every change in the assessment roll made by Siebe bears his written indorsement. Moreover, if Siebe is to be arraigned for misconstruing the law Durst is the more culpable because he is a lawyer. How puerile is the charge against Siebe when, as is admitted, he acted in good faith and on the advice of a competent lawyer?

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I cannot see in this matter any escape from the conclusion with which I began this article, namely, that the Citizens' Defense Association has mistaken the purpose of its creation. It was not organized, let me remark, to wreak private vengeance, but to purify the government. When it fails to do that it should disband. The proceedings in this Siebe case have convinced me that the time has arrived for it to take a transfer and get off the earth. Public confidence in it is at an end.

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APPEARANCES are sometimes deceitful, but at present the indications are that there will be four formidable candidates for Mayor at the coming election. One will be called the "Regular" Republican nominee. He will be selected by the Third Street saloon-keepers, Kelly and Crimmins. He may not be their creature—for policy sometimes induces politicians to be politic—but they will consent to his nomination. Another will be the "Regular" Democratic nominee. He will be selected by the Reorganizers' Convention, and will probably represent the average Democratic sentiment of the city. A third nominee will be the choice of the Convention which is to be created by the Citizens' League, Defense, Anti-Dive, and other Associations, and which will probably be led by Colonel Dan Burns. The fourth will be Dr. O'Donnell. The fact that the Mayor of this city is an office of transcendent importance to the people justifies the remarks I am about to make concerning some of the candidates.

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I am informed that Mr. Wendell Easton will be the nominee of the "Regular" Republicans—that is, he may be, if he will accept. At last accounts Mr. Easton had the offer of the nomination under advisement. I am also informed that the men who think they are going to "run" the Democratic Convention have decided to confer the Mayoralty on Mr. Barry Baldwin. The leaders of the independent movement have consulted Supervisor L. R. Ellert with reference to accepting their nomination, and it is probable, if their coalition shows prospects of success later on, that he will accept. Dr. O'Donnell need not consult anybody. He is going to run anyhow.

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Mr. Easton and Mr. Baldwin are both estimable gentlemen. So far as I know they are also excellent citizens. No one doubts that if either one was elected Mayor he would be an honest, and, so far as capable, a worthy Chief Executive. But what would be thought of me if, were I contemplating the construction of another Crocker building on the Blythe

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gore at Kearny, Market, and Geary Streets, I should seek to employ Mr. Easton or Mr. Baldwin to superintend the work? Would not such a proposition be laughed at? Of course. But that is just what the friends of these gentlemen propose to do, in effect, when they urge the nomination of either one for Mayor.

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No man can be anything but a flat failure as Mayor of San Francisco unless he has served at least one term in the Board of Supervisors. There may be men who inherit municipal knowledge from their ancestors, and who, like Shakespeare, the reputed author of the Shakespeare plays, need no instruction or experience to make them wise, but such fellows are painfully infrequent in these times. In fact, there are no such men. Any person, therefore, who becomes Mayor of this city without the practical experience necessary to make him acquainted with its finances, its interests, its traditions, and its laws, must become one of two things—either the victim of his clerks or the town fool. It is hardly necessary to point to history to adorn this assertion.

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E. B. Pond, incomparably the best Mayor the city ever had, served four years in the Board of Supervisors; Washington Bartlett, the next best, although never in the Board of Supervisors, was a State Senator, County Clerk for two terms, and always a profound municipal student. Mayor Blake, the next best, was Judge of one of the Criminal Courts for many years before he became Mayor. The next best—but the list is too long for recapitulation. I will not name the Mayors who have entered office ignorant of their duties and emerged as bamboozled victims or as city motleys. Some of them are dead, it is true, but regard for their posterity forbids the mention of their names.

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Why there should be an impression abroad that a man may spring full grown into the Mayor's office, while years are consumed in making carpenters, machinists, real estate experts, and grain merchants, I cannot understand. It is recorded that Mercury was born in the morning, made a lyre after breakfast, played on it at noon, and before night stole Apollo's cattle. But it is not claimed that either Mr. Easton or Mr. Baldwin is as precocious as Mercury. There is, in fact, no office in the municipal government that taxes a man's mental resources so completely as that of Mayor. To be a success he ought to be a man of business, a statesman, and a politician. Receiving the city's guests and looking dignified and wise at banquets is the smallest part of the Mayor's functions. Dr. O'Donnell could do those things, but could that versatile quack discern the difference between a gas contract and a Spring Valley water order?

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Supervisor Ellert might not make a Mayor agreeable to everybody, but he has passed through the preliminary training necessary to qualify him for the position. He would bring to the office four years of experience as Supervisor, during two of which he has been Chairman of the Finance Committee. There is but one available man in the Democratic party at the present time who possesses qualifications similar to those of Ellert. He was four years Chairman of the Finance Committee, and many years ago served a short time as Auditor by appointment. His name is Colin M. Boyd. I observe that Mr. Boyd's name is being mentioned in connection with the Mayoralty by some of the Reorganizers, but in a gingerly sort of a way. Do these men know that Boyd came within 452 votes of being re-elected Supervisor two years ago in spite of the tidal wave, while some of the Republican majorities were: Ellert, 9470; Siebe, 6512; O'Brien, 5039? Do they remember that even Gordon E. Sloss of the Board of Equalization, the most popular Democrat in the State, was beaten in this city by 696—244 more than Boyd? Those Reorganizers who expect to win at the coming election must be daft to talk of Barry Baldwin for Mayor while Boyd is alive and there is danger of Ellert heading an opposition ticket.

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But I would call the attention of the Democracy to another man who has won his spurs in the heat of Democratic battle, John H. Wise. It is said that Mr. Wise is a candidate for the nomination; he has had experience in politics, has a splendid acquaintance in the city and throughout the State, and is honest, politic, and energetic. There is no gainsaying the fact that Mr. Wise would make an excellent race if nominated, and I am inclined to believe that he would be made the local standard bearer if he showed a strong desire for it. That his administration would be strong and clean there is no doubt.

* * *

THE LEADERS of the Reorganized Democracy can hardly expect to succeed in the coming election if they persist in the course they have mapped out for themselves. They seem to think that it is "good politics" to ostracize the voting and working element of the party, and antagonize all the potential interests likely to contribute to their success. The methods of Buckley and Rainey, or even those of the ancient bosses, Mannix and Brady, who were the most inexorable Democratic tyrants of any age, were never half so rasping as the conditions of membership enforced on the rank and file by these Reorganizers.

* * *

Their system seems, in a word, to be this: "Join our clubs (provided we do not fear your influence), pay your money into the campaign fund, carry a torch over the cobblestones, shout for the nominees of the ticket, and after the election go home and mind your business. *We* will take all the offices and see that they are properly administered."

If this was a Utopian country where Democrats were anxious to escape drawing salaries from the City Treasury, this kind of a system might do; but in a town where the very opposite is the case it will simply result in party disaster.

* * *

Cleveland and Stevenson will probably carry San Francisco by from three to six thousand majority, but that will not help the Reorganizers. The new law separates the tickets so that now the city is practically divorced from the general election. Thus the Reorganized ticket will have to stand on its own merits. If those who propose to nominate it take all the offices themselves and shut the mass of the party out of the Clubs, they will simply invite destruction.

* * *

THE YACHT CLUBS have determined on the channel course as the best for future contests. It is certainly an advantage for spectators, as anyone located on the height overlooking the bay is enabled to watch a race from start to finish. Preparations for the Admission Day regatta are being made, and an exciting struggle for supremacy is anticipated. The Wieland cup goes to the fortunate yacht for one year. It is really a splendid piece of silver, and well worth contesting for.

* * *

The boat keeper at the Pacific Yacht Club has been discharged simply because he took his wife out rowing in Frank Willey's oak whitehall and capsized it. Everyone knows that, but very few people have heard of the third party in the boat—a dog. He was a common every-day dog named "Brass," the property of General Dickinson. "Brass" is given to sailing parties. When he saw the keeper preparing the whitehall that day he concluded a bay trip would be seasonable. Surreptitiously he boarded the whitehall. Soon afterward she capsized, and the boatman and his wife were clinging to the keel shouting for assistance which soon arrived. "Brass" can swim but it makes him tired, so he calmly climbed on the back of the boatkeeper's spouse, and sat perched on her shoulders, above the water, until the rescuers came up. There are no mosquitoes on "Brass."

* * *

THE FIDELITY of Bishop Nichols to the Established Church is humorously illustrated by a remark he recently made to Professor Davidson, of the Coast and Geodetic Survey. For several years past the Professor has been engaged in investigating the probabilities of Sir Francis Drake having entered the Bay of San Francisco on his memorable voyage of discovery. The best evidence obtainable satisfied him that Drake did not find his way in here, but was contented to explore the coast indentation now known as Drake's Bay and with the information thus obtained sailed away.

* * *

One day, while Professor Davidson and Bishop Nichols were discussing historical matters, the Professor imparted his conclusions with reference to Drake's voyage. "I am glad to know that," said the Bishop,

Richardson & Robbins' Potted Ham for Picnics and Teas.

although a shade of disappointment clouded his face; "it is a fact of great historical importance. But I have the consolation of knowing that, at any rate, the Episcopalian book of prayer was the first religious volume ever opened on the Pacific Coast. Sir Francis was a most devout man."

* * *

THE ARRIVAL of young Siegfried Wagner in San Francisco next month on his trip around the world, will excite the lovers of music, even if they are not fond of the new German school. Sigmund Beel, Mrs. Carmichael Carr, Nathan Landsberger, and that ilk, will certainly be happy to join in the entertainment of the son of so illustrious a father. Mr. Wagner is to be the guest of John Parrott during his stay here, for Mr. Parrott enjoyed in 1882 a similar civility in the home of the great *maestro* at Bayreuth. The local Beethoven had just married Miss Donohoe, and they were on their wedding trip. They carried letters of introduction to Richard Wagner, and they still find pleasure in talking of the delightful days they enjoyed at the festival.

* * *

I have not seen Siegfried Wagner since he was six years old, and he is just twenty-two now. The occasion was the first famous production of the trilogy under the auspices of King Ludwig, of Bavaria, in 1876. All the great musicians of Germany were there, though there was but a sprinkling of English and Italians. Indeed, it was too soon after the Franco-Prussian War for a French musician to venture among his German colleagues. Little Siegfried Wagner was seated near his mother, clad in velvet, listening with wrapt attention to the opera. The famous bridal scene in "Lohengrin" had just ended. As the last notes died away a half dozen enthusiastic vandals began to applaud with paws and hoofs. They were just behind the Wagners' box and I can never forget how the child arose in his chair, and, standing on it, held out his hand, just as would the director of an orchestra, hissing through his teeth: "Hush! Hush! We do not permit that here."

* * *

A letter from Germany tells me that young Wagner has grown to be an extremely handsome fellow with beautiful eyes and the clear cut features of his father—not with the harsh expression, however. He will spend several weeks in California before leaving for New York. His dress is said to be, perhaps, a little too picturesque, but then that is forgiven in a young fellow who is endeavoring to follow in the footsteps of a father who cared little what the world thought of him, but who lived only for art.

* * *

CONSIDERING THAT Hubert Howe Bancroft has but little right to the most valuable portion of the library that he offers Congress for half a million, his effrontery is rather surprising. Judging by the expressions of scions of certain Spanish families, however, I am under the impression that he will not be permitted to remain in undisturbed possession much longer. Members of General Vallejo's family purpose insisting on the return of the trunk loads of priceless documents that the generous old Californian lent to the thrifty historian. The story of the manner in which this collection of manuscripts came into the possession of Bancroft illustrates his methods which, if devious, were successful.

* * *

He sent to Lachrymae Montis, the General's home, one of his emissaries, Henry Cerruti, known in the Bolivian army as General Cerruti, with instructions to obtain such manuscripts as he possessed. To him Vallejo took quite a fancy, and becoming interested in the projected history showed him manuscripts in the writing of Junipero Serra, and Father Palou who arrived in Monterey in 1768, together with important documents, the work of Ignacio Vallejo, his father, who had come to California at the same time. Bancroft himself put in an appearance later, and persuaded the old warrior to go to the house of his sister, Mrs. Juan B. Cooper, at Monterey. With the manuscripts stored there, assisted by Don José Abrego, Don Vincente Gomez, and Miss Rosanna Leese, he started to compile a history of the State.

* * *

The work was finally completed, but Bancroft had not effected his purpose. He wanted the documents. So he persuaded Vallejo that it was necessary for him to compare the compilation with the manuscripts and asked to have them to go over. He pledged his word for their immediate return. Vallejo allowed him to cart them off. They were absolutely unique of their kind, and he never saw them again. Time and again he tried to obtain them, but without success. Cerruti, who assisted Bancroft in compiling the history as it now stands, committed suicide in 1878, a begger. He gave his friends to understand that the generous historian owed him considerable sums of money he had never been able to secure.

* * *

ALFRED WHEELER is establishing himself month by month in a home on the shores of Clear Lake, under the purple shadow of Mount Konocti, in a country house that will prove a centre of enjoyment for Bohemia. Last week he was accompanied there by a number of friends, Miss McDonough being the belle of the party to this fairy-land. His guests were surprised at the results which he has achieved in a situation that had possessed only the beauty of lake and the ruggedness of cliffs covered with low chaparral. There is now an orchard containing fruits brought from strange countries, and a vegetable garden that with proper irrigation gives primavera all the year round.

* * *

The house was designed by Willis Polk and is built on the side hill in conformity with the contours of the rocks. It has ten fine rooms with a kitchen that lies in a building a score of feet distant. The trees which Mr. Wheeler planted ten years ago have grown rapidly and form a delightful shade. Below there is a landing stage where boats are moored, and in a few days there will be a steam launch. Not satisfied with the present house which he has built, Mr. Wheeler is starting more ambitious plans to be consummated in the future more or less distant.

* * *

The arrival of Willis Polk from the scene of the Visalia train robbery was greeted with enthusiasm and honor. The night of the event the architect was on the train, and distinguished himself by getting off of the sleeper and running out on the track despite the urging of the conductor and brakeman. A blow on the side of the face from a shot gun and a blasphemous order that he should return caused Mr. Polk to retreat. This he vouches for. However, he showed the spirit of enterprise on his arrival at the next station by at once awakening a telegraph operator and securing him with a good sum of money to send an exclusive dispatch to the *Examiner*. That journal secured thereby a "beat" over its contemporaries, and it was for this reason that Mr. Polk, on his return, received a good fat check, together with a walking-stick. Thereon is an inscription complimentary to his quickness and newspaper instinct. He is exhibiting the remnants of the check, the walking-stick, and the scar to every one on Kearny Street between the hours of four and five, eight times a week.

* * *

JOULLIN has finished his Chinese picture and is going to send it to the State Fair at Sacramento. Certainly an ambitious effort, it will undoubtedly attract attention. Apart from the manner of execution, the subject possesses a high intrinsic interest. It is the veranda of a joss house, set out with the dwarf trees which the Chinese so love to cultivate. A mandarin is studiously lighting a punk stick at a huge brazen vase. Behind is a glimpse of the temple, brilliant with barbaric coloring. In the middle distance are two figures—a Chinese maiden in all the glory of celestial full dress and a little boy. A bit of Russian hill with its roof tops and a single steeple afford a curious contrast of the west and the Orient.

* * *

Altogether, the canvas is really clever, and the coloring is excellent. The brilliant background is admirably painted, and the Chinese maiden is true to life. The details have been carefully studied, for the artist has spared no pains to be correct. This is the first of five Chinese canvases Joullin proposes to do for the World's Fair. His next subject is a banquet in the Chinese restaurant, which should afford fine opportunities for good color effects. At one of the familiar round tables in a gorgeous corner of the place a company of richly clad merchants will be seated. Behind them will be grouped musicians with their barbaric instruments and singing girls in their curious raiment.

* * *

In medical circles a good deal of interest

has been excited over the forthcoming session of the Pan American Congress. It meets in Washington and there will be gathered some of the most prominent physicians in the country for the discussion of subjects of interest to the profession. In recognition of his efforts to secure National health legislation by Congress, Dr. O. O. Burgess has been elected Vice-President. This is decidedly a compliment, and the Doctor is to be congratulated.

* * *

REPORTERS are always having singular adventures, but few have had more exciting or curious than has Mr. Stillwell, who is known as the Hawkshaw of the press. He has amusing adventures, too, and one of them he told me the other day is well worth printing. He said:

"I was detailed the other day to look up a case in which a small boy had been struck by a cable railroad man. When I reached the widowed mother's house I was afraid that the case would prove fatal.

* * *

"The little sufferer was unconscious, the house was very quiet and the place filled with an atmosphere of solemnity. I explained to the mother that I thought the affair was outrageous and one which should certainly be ventilated.

"'Indeed, sir,' replied the fond parent, with a touch of humility, 'it's very kind of you to be so thoughtful, but this house was always close and stuffy, but I will open the window, sir, and let more air in if you want me to.'"

* * *

OVER AT NORTH BEACH lives Domenico Rossi who, with his brother Pedro is the first druggist in that part of town. He is a patron of music and painting, and has friends in every quarter of the city. Recently, however, a rival druggist named Callegaris, whose shop is just within the limits of Barbary Coast, became incensed at some charges which Rossi had made in the rooms of the Italian Mutual Benevolent Society. An interesting controversy arose and rumor had it that there existed a "Camorra" which the English speaking world interpreted as a species of Mafia. The trouble ended in a laugh, but some of Rossi's friends determined to have a little more fun. His dearest chum, Galvani, hired a Tivoli opera singer to disguise himself as an Italian desperado and wait on Rossi.

* * *

When he entered the druggist's presence he had a mysterious air and refused at first to tell his business. Rossi escorted him into the inner office, when, to his amazement, the assumed assassin whispered in the choicest Neapolitan dialect that in return for ten dollars and a bottle of perfume he would secretly slaughter the rival dealer. Of course Rossi indignantly cast him forth from the place and warned him the police would be called in if he ever appeared there again. Then putting his clerk in charge of the shop he walked rapidly and indignantly down to the restaurant where the conspirators were breakfasting.

* * *

Some were friends of Callegaris and pretended to be overwhelmed with gratitude when Rossi spoke of the heroic attitude he had assumed towards the would-be assassin. He was persuaded to take the head of the table and after toasting him twice round they invited him to treat to a bottle of champagne.

* * *

IN AN ASSOCIATED Press dispatch to the papers the other morning there was an amusing blunder: It described how Eugene Kelly, the New York banker, had been honored by the Pope with the title of "CAMERIER DE CAPEET D'EPPE."

Now, it happens that we have in San Francisco a number of people who enjoy this title, or at least we have the sons of fathers who enjoyed this title, and it arouses in their breasts a warm indignation that so sacred and so noble a title should be plunged into such sacrilege.

* * *

Here is the correct spelling, however, "Cameriere di Cappa E Spada," all of which means, "Chamberlain of Cloak and Sword." This was explained to me by one of the indignant ones, who further told me that such an officer is a member of the Papal household, and that his dress is of the time of the Medicis. He must wear short breeches, a velvet vest, a pointed coat, and an embroidered three-pointed cloak, hanging over his left shoulder, with a short sword by his side. He may wear this costume when he pleases.

* * *

Oh! And I must not forget to say that he whispered to me that there is a keen rivalry between Jack Casserly and John Parrott for the next favor of this sort which His Holiness bestows.

* * *

John Parrott, it must not be forgotten, has a noble court suit, but it is the one in which he was presented at the Prince of Wales' levee some years ago. I was told that Poole exaggerated this coat somewhat, but at all events Mr. Parrott has been courageous enough to wear it at every fancy dress ball that has been given since that time which he would permit himself to attend. He has worn this court suit, not forgetting, of course, to explain the honorable service which it hath already done.

* * *

The precocious child is around again, and this time he has shown up at San Rafael. In order to conceal the identity of the parents I will call the infant Jones. It was at the Hotel Rafael, one evening recently, and the child had kissed his mother good night, as she was seated in the parlor with other guests. Just as the infant was leaving a lady said to him, "Won't you kiss me good night?" He did so, and then looking cutely at the lady said, "You've been drinking." Imagine the scene, and then imagine how quickly the child was hustled off to bed.

* * *

Colonel Aldace F. Walker, one of the most prominent of the first Board of Interstate Commerce Commissioners, who resigned to accept the Chairmanship of the Western Traffic Association, was in San Francisco last week accompanied by his family. They had come here from Chicago in their private car, traveling very leisurely and stopping at points of interest *en route*. Mr. Walker has many friends among local railroad men and was quite extensively entertained. On Friday last Mr. and Mrs. John Vance Cheney gave a luncheon in their honor. The same night the party departed for the East.

* * *

The gifted Paderewski is to be with us in November next. He gives three concerts at Odd Fellows' Hall, the first on the twelfth. I believe the fame of this pianistic lion has pervaded the country. He has delightful long hair, is a Count in his own countree and plays divinely. In the East, Boston and New York, the leading lights of the 400 have feted him, and musical critics have exhausted thesauruses of rhapsodies in his praise. To hear this gifted being will cost $3.50, $2.50, or $2 according to where the ambitious listener may desire to locate.

* * *

A DOZEN TIMES or more I have been asked the whereabouts of Alec Hamilton. He went East some time ago to assist at the nuptials of

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Frank Carolan. Since then he has kept himself busy traveling thither and thence, and his dearest friends seem ignorant of his present location. While I have not the faintest hope he has come to any harm, I am convinced it would relieve apprehensions at the Bohemian Club to know his address. Mr. Hamilton has occasionally exhibited a disregard for conventionality that might almost justify the existence of an aristocrat. Therefore his permanent disappearance could be spoken of as regrettable. I cannot help recalling an exploit in which he figured prominently.

* * *

The set had been having a wild night. Champagne flowed and spirits grew exuberant. A descent on Pete Dorcey's was suggested as a relief to propriety, and down to his establishment they hurried. He welcomed them cordially; they called him a lovely fellow, and suggested a drive to the Cliff. At the door stood a hack, and into it piled the boys and Pete. For a consideration the hackman stepped off the box, which the gay Alec mounted. He cracked the whip, and off, with a bound, started the exultant livery steeds. Mr. Dorcey rubbed his fat and rather dirty hands together, and kept up a muttering to himself.

"What's up with you, Pete?" asked some one, anxiously.

"Up, up?" he answered. "Shure who'd h'a' thought two years ago that Pether Dorcey would be drivhen through the sthrates of San Francisco and a millionaire on the box."

* * *

THE POET and prose writer, Dan O'Connell, carries a knife. No ordinary pocket nail cleaner, but a large sized weapon of offense and defense which he devotes to peaceful culinary purposes. Still, he wears it in his belt, and woe betide the aggressive lettuce, or the belligerent tomato that comes its way. Mr. O'Connell is too clever an exponent of the manly art to require any weapon save nature's for self defense. One day last week he and Chief Crowley, whose headquarters are in the neighborhood, strolled down to the office of Jimmy Gibbs for a free luncheon cocktail. Being in excellent fettle, Dan told a couple of good stories, the last of which so pleased the police functionary that he slapped the poet heartily on the back. His hand encountered the hilt of the knife!!

* * *

Drawing back a wing of the concealing coat he disclosed its deadly proportions. Curiously he drew it from the sheath and examined the edge.

"O'Connell," he said, reprovingly, "you are liable to arrest for carrying a concealed weapon."

"Don't talk shop," returned Dan, imperturbably, breaking into another story.

The Witness.

THE RAILROAD QUESTION.

C. P. HUNTINGTON DISCUSSES IT.

The following letter, which was called out by an article on the subject of the railroad, printed in THE WAVE on July 16th, will be read with interest by every citizen who has the welfare of the State at heart. The article referred to was fair and unbiased, and discussed the question from the standpoint of a neutral, who sought to correct the impression (spread by newspapers that had been disappointed in advertising patronage, and by blackmailers who had been hunted from the railroad offices with heavily shod boots) that the prosperity of California had been injured by the railroad. The letter of Mr. Huntington is as follows:

NEW YORK, July 21, 1892.

To the Editor of THE WAVE:

SIR:—In THE WAVE of recent date appears an article entitled "The Railroad Question," which I have read with much interest. I wish all the people of California would read it carefully, particularly those residing or doing business in or near the City of San Francisco, as I think it contains many valuable suggestions with respect to the problem of how to build up and develop the trade and commercial importance of your city. It is becoming more and more evident to the people of San Francisco themselves that something must be done in this direction, and that a radical change of policy must be made. Nothing can be gained by tearing down; but everything by building up. In California it has been "every man for himself" ever since the State began its existence, and nowhere in the Union has this selfish and unwise spirit been more pronounced.

California has many advantages. Her geographical position is good; her climate and soil unsurpassed by any other in the world. San Francisco is her natural emporium, her commercial and financial centre. Who says that San Francisco cannot be made one of the finest cities in the world, situated as she is upon one of the finest harbors of the world, with her invigorating climate, that is neither hot in summer nor cold in winter; in fact, a climate that seems to have been so prepared that man could make his greatest effort there? How has she improved her opportunities? On what seas has she sent her ships out to gather tonnage to fill her warehouses and bring home crude material to her mills? For centuries the Caucasian race have been endeavoring to reach by the shortest lines the Orient, to gather its rich commerce. A vast amount of money has been made, and great cities built out of the profits of that commerce. It was left for San Francisco, at the very gates of the vast business, to repel it, to scatter, and not to gather it. Yes! the only ships that she has ever chartered—she has never built any—were chartered because she hoped by so doing to be able to tear down one of her greatest industries that is doing all it can to build up California; an organization that is making no more money than is necessary to pay its fixed and current expenses, which must be done if its property is worked continuously.

No boy or man ever got a ride by crying "Whip, behind!" Let each one do the best he can for himself without doing harm to others.

I once heard a wise man say that the manufacturer who made the best article he could for a certain price, would, if he lived long enough, die rich; whilst the one who made the poorest article he could for a certain price, would die poor; and I believe there are few exceptions to the above rule. If the wealthy men of California who manipulate the produce of the State, vegetable, animal, or mineral, would pay the highest price they could with safety to themselves, they would be doing a good thing for California, as such a course would—at least, it should be the natural result—increase the product of the State. There are so many words that ought to be said, so many things that ought to be done, and must be, before San Francisco becomes a great city.

She shall have my best wishes and efforts; but I can do little. There is a business that California can reach—the business of Eastern Asia. It built up great cities upon the Euphrates and the Tigris and along the shores of the Mediterranean, when it was done overland, and sustained them for many centuries. When the route of that business was changed to a line over the seas, as was the case after De Gama discovered the route *via* the Cape of Good Hope, the same commerce built up great cities in Western Europe. The same business is as valuable now as it was in the centuries that have passed, and no people were ever better situated to profit by it than are the people of San Francisco.

Why do not the men of your city, who are so well equipped mentally and financially, gather this business and enrich not only themselves but the city by its control?

C P Huntington

Mr. Willis Polk, architect, has his studio on Vallejo Street, Russian Hill.

DRIFTED SNOW FLOUR

PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

The street has worked up an unusual degree of excitement on the brokerage question. Even the upholders of the "whatever is, is best" theory have come to admit that rebating is on the increase and that commissions are excessive. Indeed, the list of evils to which local underwriting is subject, bears a distinct likeness to the decalogue, so far at least as length is concerned. A good general agent rarely fails to dissertate on the wrong doings of his competitors and a few have actually become so frank as to admit inability to live up to Compact morality. Some time ago the executive committee of the P. I. U. appointed a committee to confer with the brokers in regard to improving the condition of affairs. The result of sundry conferences was a gathering of solicitors, city agents, and *bona fide* brokers of one kind and another and a discussion of the rights and wrongs of the business. It is little use disguising the fact that the majority of those present were familiar with the system of returning fifteen per cent or more of the premium to the insurer. The trend of the speeches indicated a desire to put this percentage in their pockets if a fair basis of protection could be devised. A committee to confer with the representatives of the Compact was appointed, and, doubtless, something may be done.

* * *

One proposition is to abolish all laws and rules relating to brokerage and commission and to commence again under new auspices. Certain positive principles will then be enunciated and a Board of Brokers organized. This will be governed by stiff rules. Only those whose business is exclusively brokerage will be admitted to membership, and the Compact must bind itself to pay commissions to no others. Indeed, it is proposed that a forfeit of $1000 each by agents and half that amount by members of the Board will bind the alliance. These sums would be rather more than either would care to forfeit. In case membership is so limited as I have outlined, and the host of real estate agents and others who have now all the privileges of receiving commissions that those who make it their business enjoy, barred, I believe there would be no strong objections to reducing the rate of commission to 10 per cent. The increased business would more than compensate.

* * *

The State Investment should offer a good subject for insurance gossip in the near future. George W. Brander is now in Scotland incubating a deal, it is presumed. Of Mr. Cushing's whereabouts, the street is ignorant. The Company is now being administered by Mr. Mackie and Mr. Blair, two out of the five directors whom Brander put in. It is interesting to watch the progress of the concern for, considering the fiery character of the year, navigation must be difficult. Sooner or later the end of the tether must be reached, and, after that, the deluge. None of the surviving locals seem to want the Company.

* * *

A large delegation of underwriters attended the funeral of Thomas A. Mitchell, General Agent of the Insurance Company of North America, who was buried on Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Mitchell has represented the Company on this Coast for many years and has built up quite a large business. I believe James D. Bailey, Secretary of the defunct Union, will succeed him. The only other candidate whose pretensions are worth considering is Special Agent Beck, who is a very clever underwriter. The street holds Mr. Bailey's candidacy in great favor and good wishes are pouring in on him.

* * *

The Marine Companies have refused to accept premiums due for the $200,000 worth of whalebone that the steamer "St. Paul" brought to San Francisco. It appears that the ship "America" was to have transported the cargo here, and the policies all read that way. Instead, the whalers transhipped direct to the "St. Paul," which happened to arrive at Port Clarence at the same time. The result is that the cargo was practically uninsured, and had the steamer been lost the underwriters would have refused to pay the insurance. To accept the premium would establish a very dangerous precedent. It is not safe to permit any variations from the letter of a policy, as no one knows what may happen.

* * *

Fires keep tumbling in at an excellent average and everyone is complaining. Weary underwriters are already limiting their expenditures as the prospects of respectable contingents grow beautifully less. The marine men, on the contrary, are solacing themselves for the very light premium receipts by the exceedingly low loss ratio. Indeed, business in that quarter is very bad even though the wheat business is about commencing.

LOCAL.

MINING AND FINANCIAL.

During the past week nothing worthy of note took place at the San Francisco Stock Exchange and prices held up remarkably well, considering there was no news from the mines. At the close of the week, when it was rumored that the weekly report of the Superintendent of Con. Virginia would show a decrease of over $5 in the assays, the bears sold quite a lot of the stock on the market at $3.25 per share; this was readily taken, and on Monday, in the face of the low assay, the stock strengthened till it sold up to $3.50. As we notified the patrons of THE WAVE last week, that a few shares of the Sierra Nevada at the rubbing figure would not come amiss, the shares which closed last week at $1.10 were in active demand at the different sessions, and sold up to $1.40, quite a handsome turn in two days; during the first three days of the week there were 4800 shares bought at the San Francisco Board, the principal buyers being Paxton and Epstein.

Ophir, Best & Belcher, and Gould & Curry were in fair demand, and at the bid price could be readily sold.

The one redeeming feature noticed by operators is the apparent scarcity of different stocks at the several brokers' offices, many of the brokers making these purchases cash, and thereby making their deliveries. This scarcity can be accounted for and be made plain: The majority of those dealing now and for some time past have been paying the cash and taking up their stocks, this being a good plan, as the trouble in the past has been the average dealer will generally over buy, and when a decline or break comes are not able to respond and are sold out. In the outside districts, the Bodies, Tuscaroras, and Quijotoas, shares were dull and hard to sell, a few hundred of Bodie, Peer, and Nevada Queen changed hands at the different sessions, and unless these districts do something soon, they will fail to be quoted. During the week silver sold down to 84 cents per ounce, the lowest yet, notwithstanding the Government bought during the year 54,000,000 ounces, being about the total American product. Silver has declined during the year from 99 cents or 15 cents per ounce.

Superintendent Lyman, of the Con. Virginia, reports that during the week there was extracted from the mine 978 tons of ore, and shipped to the Morgan mill, the average battery assay being $19.42 per ton. Bullion shipped to the Carson Mint $14,700, and on hand in assay office $15,323. The total amount received by the Con. Virginia for July was $74,047, of which $41,014 was gold and $33,033 silver; this is quite a reduction from the previous month and will just about pay expenses; the monthly pay roll of the mine amounts to $30,042.

The total amount of the pay roll of the different mines on the Comstock for the month of July was $157,433, about $11,000 less than the previous month; on account of the numerous drafts of men in the mines the roll will be much less this month.

The Harqua Hala Mines, Arizona, made a shipment of $38,700, and the Standard Con, of Bodie, $15,600.

We note the death this week of W. M. Patton, a former Superintendent of Con. Virginia. After leaving the Comstock Mr. Patton went to Australia and took charge of Broken Hill Mines, and put them on a paying basis so that millions were realized.

California is again taking front rank as a quicksilver producer. During the month of July the mines of Napa produced 1336 flasks, valued at $60,000.

A meeting of the Associated Brokers has been called for August 22d, where it is thought a resolution will be passed to sell the building for $450,000

The Gould & Curry have made arrangements with Occidental Mining Company to crush 500 tons of ore that have accumulated on the dump in the last few months.

No assessments have been levied since our last issue. Dividends have been declared by the following: The Idaho Gold, of Grass Valley. $2.50 per share; the Jaw Hawk, 12½ cents; New Gaston, 37½ cents; San Francisco Gas, 35 cents; Oakland Gas, 20 cents; Omnibus Cable, 40 cents; the California Powder, $1.00; Atlantic Dynamite 50 cents per share; and Champion Mining Company 10 cents.

At the Stock and Bond Board business was light, though there was steady demand at advanced prices for California Electric Stock, of which there was bought 1285 shares at 16⅞ to 18; also the following: Contra Costa Water, 100 @ 101; Spring Valley Water, 690 @ 99½ to 100; San Francisco Gas, 10 @ 71; Pacific Gas Imp. 30 @ 82½; Giant Powder, 100 @ 40; Atlantic Dynamite, 50 @ 45½; Hawaiian Com., 500 @ 1¾; Cal. Cotton Mills, 77 @ 46; Bank of California, 285 @ 261; also the Bonds of Omnibus Cable 6 per cent, $7000 @ 115; South Pac. 4 per cent, $6000 @ 91½. South Pac. of Ariz., $4000 @ 103¾; South Pac. of Cal., $2000 @ 113¾; and 6 per cent Spring Valley Water, $2000 @ 170¾.

SURETY.

—THE—

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THE BARTON & GUESTIER

(Established 1725 Bordeaux.)

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Telephone 38. Telegraph or write, or, better still, call and see us any day, and satisfy yourself beyond question. Take Sausalito Ferry and Cars to Larkspur. Round-trip, 50 cents.

Respectfully,

HEPBURN & TERRY.

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Properly Engraved
—AT—
ROBERTSON'S 126 POST ST

HOW easy it is to pour a few spoonfuls of Greer's Washing Ammonia into the wash tub, which will prevent the flannels from shrinking, besides saving half the labor and soap in washing clothes. As a cleansing preparation for the household it has no equal.

Recommended by "Scientific American," July 12th, 1890

GREER'S WASHING AMMONIA

For Sale by All Grocers and Druggists.

Greer's Toilet Ammonia for Sale by All Druggists.

The Wave

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, August 13, 1892.

TO THE REORGANIZERS.

The condition of the Reorganized Democracy of this city is causing its friends and well-wishers great concern. Rising as this organization did upon the ruins of the most corrupt machine ever known in San Francisco politics, it was welcomed by those who hoped that it would cleanse and purify local politics and re-establish virtue and decency in municipal government; and surely no body of men had ever a broader and fairer future before them than those who headed this favored movement. It remains now for these gentlemen to decide whether they shall continue in the enjoyment of that public respect and confidence or abandon it for the spoils of office.

The Wave, from the inception of the Reorganization movement, was its champion. It believed in the honesty of its leaders and accepted their professions without question. Having been, from the beginning, their consistent friend, this journal is in position to give these leaders advice, and warn them that the course they are pursuing will surely wreck the party at the polls. These are independent times, and the new ballot law has left independence in local politics every opportunity, by separating the local from the National ticket. At any time the citizens dissatisfied with both parties may take affairs in their own hands, and a new organization, larger and stronger than either of the others, will enter the field. The present Democratic County Committee is doing everything possible to produce such a result. It is acting apparently on the belief that it was not the principle of bossism but the personality of a particular boss against which the party revolted. They seem to feel that there will be no objection to the substitution of a set of men in the place of the late Boss Buckley, who, surrounded by that class of wretches who are always ready to desert a dead boss for a live one, will perform the acts that made the old system intolerable. Because three or four men incessantly preach virtue, while planning to defraud the people in the primaries, is no reason for supposing that times have improved, and when the most disgusting creatures ever known in San Francisco politics adopt the colors of the new bosses and style themselves "Reorganizers," the word has lost its power to conjure with.

Let the County Committee bestir itself and see that this is changed; let it rise from its present humiliating position and lead the party to success. In this connection a word to the Chairman of the County Committee: I believe him to be an honest man, but like the other familiar "Merchants" in politics he has been singularly weak. He should remember that he was elected to represent the interests of the party as construed by the party, and not to follow the wishes of three or four men, who believe that the ends of good government will be satisfied if their friends obtain office. The time for the redemption of the Democracy has not yet passed, but unless those intrusted with its guardianship speedily bestir themselves its cause will be lost.

THE ART OF TRAIN-ROBBING.

The distinguished efforts that a number of citizens have made to popularize train-robbery as an industry of this State have met with considerable success, and while there are many things yet to be done before this method of money-making is regarded as highly as is the practice of medicine, it is destined in time to take an honorable place among the professions. It is difficult to state off-hand whether train-robbing is an art or a science, but I incline to the belief that it partakes more of the former. Science, as every school-boy knows, works for knowledge; art, for production; therefore, it is likely that Messrs. Evans and Sontag regard the profession they have done so much to adorn entirely as an art. That the gentlemen mentioned have proven themselves masters at the work there can be no doubt, and those who are looking for something that is easy and remunerative should have no hesitation in following in their disappearing footsteps.

Train-robbing, when properly done, as was the case near Fresno some nights ago, is the most lucrative of the arts, and as it is attended with slight danger, it should become a favored method of raising the wind. Touched by the skill and artistic ability of the trainwaymen, the detectives have done all in their power to expedite their flight; the people along the route of retreat have lent them horses, have given them food and shelter, and have informed the Hawkshaws of their whereabouts a day or two after their removal to a place of safety.

I would not say a word that is calculated to discourage anyone from taking up the art of train-robbing as a means of earning a livelihood; it is more than probable that the Sontags and Evans believe that that enterprise is more honorable than publishing a paper, but I would suggest that a man who is so careless of his person as is the Sontag now in jail should be punished for contravention of the first law of nature. The statutes of the State of California provide hanging as a proper reward for failing to rob a train, after the undertaking has proceeded a certain distance; in Mr. Sontag's case there should be no delay, and if the chief entertainment of the day could be preceded by the dismemberment of Mr. Will Smith, who allowed the greater ruffians to escape, the affair might have a deterring influence on those who are not especially fitted by nature for professors of the gentle art of train-robbing and man-killing.

TIME TO WORK.

The sooner the merchants of San Francisco learn that the way to get business is to go after it the better. For some time past they have permitted the other man to do the rustling, with the result that the interior, the north, and the south are going ahead at the expense of this city, which should be the distribution point for the entire Coast. As a matter of fact, the business men of the Queen City have, in their indolence, allowed others to do their thinking, and have followed, in a quiet and docile manner, wherever they were led. They will admit that their leaders have taken them from the paths of prosperity into the sloughs of stagnant trade. The leadership they have followed has been a dangerous one, and no time is better than the present for throwing it off. In his sanctum the editorial business man has done the thinking for the business business man; and the latter, believing in the existence of a wisdom that the former did not possess, was glad to follow. The editor has assured his victims that the city was bound devil-ward, and his readers believed it; he has said that the railroad was killing trade, strangling business, and playing havoc generally, and he poured his story into willing ears. Few suspected the editor of guile, or thought his enmity to the railroad was occasioned by that corporation's refusal to fill his paper with paid notices of its liberality. It has been with no desire to help the city that some editors have assaulted the railroad; they did not hope to remedy evils by their senseless and pernicious attacks; their only aim was to worry and badger a company that had refused to accede to their extortions.

The business men have discovered this, and have also learned that their worst enemy has been the editorial pen. They are showing a disposition to go ahead without the guidance of that implement, which is in danger of being beaten into a shovel, and it is not unlikely that San Francisco will march forward in line with her sister cities who have not half the advantages that we enjoy here.

A very interesting investigation has just been undertaken by the U. S. Department of Labor. It is nothing less than a complete examination of the Building and Loan Societies of the country, their loans, resources, characteristics. The accounts of each institution are expected from its very inception and the results forwarded to the Department where they are embodied in book form prefaced by an article which will embody the results of the research. In this city Special Agent O. A. Bernand is conducting the examination which will necessarily take considerable time. He has recently completed an exhaustive report on Local Endowment Assciations for the Department.

A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

My Dear Miss Matilda:—However admirable in a story, veracity of the type that Tristiane possessed would be uncommonly inconvenient in real life. She is introduced as "the Woman who tells the truth," and is part of the circus troop of jolly Triflor. She is tall and large, wears dull scarlet and black wolfskins, and has lived all her years deep among unpopulous mountains a life of enforced innocence. Having refrained, perhaps unconsciously, from lying, she knows truth from falsehood in others, and draws wages from jolly Triflor for exerting her powers. That so interesting a creature should be exhibited seems a strange commentary on life, besides a reflection on the veracity of the fair sex. She is a rarity, and, like all other women good, bad, and indifferent, meets her fate in the person of one Sweyn who is tall, stalwart, and steadfast like herself—brave enough to be true and strong enough to be noble. He is a great personage—the King's favorite and she fills a hidden want in his nature.

But it is unfair to the beautiful story which Miss Gertrude Hall has written to speak of Tristiane thus: She is a delightful conception this woman who tells the truth. Her strength and tenderness are so expressed that one feels her protecting charm, her great pity, as Ib did—poor Ib who leads round the tamed lion. Perhaps, for a woman who has lived her life amid mountains, she has too perfect a faculty for speaking her thoughts, but they were not unworthy of her assumptions, these thoughts. I would suggest to some of the Christmas book publishers the idea of splendidly illustrating this tale for I have seldom met with so admirable a subject for a great painting as Tristiane with Ib fleeing from the soldiers of her lover. One fine bit lingers in my memory. "On the high cliff against the palely, roseate sky appeared the great form of the woman, burdened with the wounded man leading the lion." Beside her is the sea illumined by the early morning light; the stars go out one by one; through the mists of dawn she sees the tall dark form of the pursuer and his hordes of horsemen, relentless and cruel. She lays Ib on the ground, seats herself beside him with his head on her lap. The doting old lion crouching by him, licks his hand feebly. The sky deepens in color where the sun is rising.

The other stories in this book "Far From To-day" are written in a style as picturesque, as harmonious as Tristiane. There is Sylvanus, a faun, stolen from the woods as a child, educated by the rich merchant whose wife, Hildgart, loves him almost to idolatry. He longs for the green country and the distant blue hills. Perhaps there is too much stilted dialogue in all these tales.

The "Sons of Philemon" would be an improvement at half its length. Servirol, however beautiful is the telling, is spun out until its proportions are lost. What a picture Will Low could make of Aurore—she who was a spot of light in the dark room—all the beauty of youth in its bloom in the line and hue and texture of her face. Her gown, white, so thickly covered with violet silk needlework that it showed like a rich brocade; on her head a close-fitting violet coif that came well behind the small, rosy ears; from under the edge of it came a band of black that helped the hair to its vivid gold and the skin to its excessive fairness. Seated in a high-backed chair, her delicately cut features outlined against the black carved wood, she is a figure to dream of.

However, to turn from the ideal to the real; here is the latest book by the authoress of "Love Letters of a Worldly Woman." Considered as love letters I expressed the opinion that they left something to be desired. Readable, undoubtedly extremely clever, it seemed to me they lacked that touch of tenderness which must speak through a sentimental correspondence. From an artistic point of view, "Aunt Anne" is better, though I doubt if it will be half as widely read. This is an extremely clever character study, well balanced and smoothly written. It contains no fine writing, but much excellent dialogue. The *dramatis personæ* are commonplace, but they are admirably depicted and blend into the bit of a plot in a manner suggestive of genuine work. In a phrase or two it is hard to characterize "Aunt Anne." She is a bundle of contradictions—a little, frail old lady, full of old-fashioned courtesy and delicious tenderness, impulsive, generous, extremely dignified, yet immoderately, prodigally extravagant. She is vain of her appearance, gorgeously contemptuous of servants and tradespeople, with whom she does not hesitate to run up enormous bills without the slightest uneasiness about their payment. Her marriage to Alfred Wimple, so many years her junior, however ridiculous it seems in the abstract, is so related that it is in perfect consonance with her character. The brightest part of the book is that devoted to pretty Mrs. North, who had shining blue eyes that fascinated and repelled, and who believed there is little really unselfish goodness in the world, but that the purchase of a pleasant feeling for one's self is the getting rid of an unpleasant one. To Mrs. Hibbert, whom she speaks of as a Madonna, she says: "I wish I were like you, only—only I think I should get tired of myself. I get tired now, but a reaction comes. But a reaction, to the purely good, must be tame at best." I think you will read the book with pleasure. I can recommend it.

I believe I wrote you many months ago of "The Story Without a Name." It is written by Jules Barbey D'Aurevilly and translated by Edgar Saltus. Of the author, the translator says: "His life was made up of mystery, astounding neckcloths and bountiful prose. Before he had time to be twenty-one he had made two acquaintances—the Muse and George Brummel. A little later he made a third. The first awoke his life, the second colored it, by the third it was marred. The latter, of course, was a woman." Thereupon, Mr. Saltus, in his antithetical manner, proceeds to pay his respects to "that unnecessarily necessary animal, *la femme*." Every woman is Delilah—and Diana too—not Diana, the shunner of men, but Diana, the huntress of them. Look classical antiquity up and down, and not a symptom of compassion is discernible. In that respect woman, who always varies, has not varied in the least." And so on. There is a shudder in this nameless story. At the time I read it, I thought it among the most terrible I had ever found. It was published ten years ago and Saltus says of it that it startled even Paris. Whoever had read of Father Riculf, Madame de Ferjol and Lasthénie is likely never to forget them, nor that village sunk in a pit in the Cevennes.

Oracle, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Far From To day," by Gertrude Hall. Roberts Brothers, publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

"Aunt Anne," by Mrs. W. K. Clifford. Harper & Brothers, publishers. For sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

"A Story Without a Name," by Jean Barbey D'Aurevilly. Morrill, Higgins & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

HOW ARE YOUR PICTURES FRAMED?

The excellent stock of picture frames that Sanborn, Vail & Co. have always on hand has been reinforced this week by a large invoice of imported goods in the latest designs. Among the handsomer frames are some in Florentine patterns, open work. The carving on some of them is very pretty, and they are real works of art. The exquisite designs in white and gold make beautiful settings for pastels and colored photo-gravures. A very charming effect is gained by the use of colored photographs in broad gold frames, with sanded mats. These pictures are of historical characters, and they are done in oil by hand; the price is very moderate, averaging about $60 to $75 each.

Among the many pieces fitted for decorative purposes are some pretty parlor easels, finished in white and gold, or with very delicate bisque ornamentations and exquisitely designed screens, the frame-work of oak, with brass trimmings, or white enamel with brass trimmings In the art gallery are some very fine examples of modern artists. The new etchings by Julian Rix will be greatly admired.

My friend of the Santa Cruz *News* has touched the nail on the head: "It seems that Bergman, the wretch who shot Manager Frick, had a dynamite cartridge in his mouth at the time and attempted to commit suicide by exploding it with his teeth. This, it is believed, is the first time on record that an Anarchist's jaw ever went back on him."

"Didn't you tell me that when the robbers entered the car each passenger held up their hands?" asked Hicks.

"No," said the Bostonian, "each held up his hands." *Tid-Bits*

HAVE YOU LACES OR FINE LINENS?

IF SO

WASH THEM ONLY WITH

DINMORE'S SOAP

AND SEE THE RESULT.

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THE MUMMERS.

"WOMAN'S EYES," AT STOCKWELL'S.

It will always be a matter of wonder to me how the first production of Mrs. Bancroft's new play would have resulted had a capable company been engaged for its presentation. "Woman's Eyes" is not a great drama; indeed, great dramas are rarely written now; but it must be better than it seemed on Monday evening, or no manager would ever have imperiled his reputation by offering it for the pleasure of an audience. Had it been presented at the Grand Opera House by the company that produced "Bluff King Hal," it would have been pronounced a grand success, and the authoress would have had a fight at once with the association under whose patronage it was given for the proceeds of another presentation. The deadly, murderous mistakes of the amateurs would have been overlooked; the glaring incompetency of the leading actors would have been forgiven; and whatever is bad in the play would have been charitably forgotten in the belief that the nonprofessionals were the parties at fault.

But no mantle of charity may be thrown over Mrs. Bancroft's play; "Woman's Eyes" may not have been its own undoing, but it is undone. Whatever of good there was in the piece was spoiled by the acting, and the bad was so accentuated that only pity could be felt for the unfortunate lady who had put her work into the hands of such a gathering. On the part of the audience a desire was shown to be as lenient as possible, and on the slightest provocation an enthusiasm was aroused that was quite flattering, and this, too, without the assistance of the clacque whose efforts during the Daly season were decidedly annoying, giving as they did unmistakable evidence of having been badly trained and poorly managed. But early in the first act the audience noted the fact that kindness would be wasted, and enthusiasm thrown away; thereafter, the play moved sadly forward, uninterrupted by applause.

There is very little in the play that theatregoers have not enjoyed before. Lacking originality in plot, it is barren of good dialogue, and the action is singularly weak. The story has to do with a handsome young French woman who engages in the marrying business strictly for money; finding her way to New York, she appears as the angel of an Episcopalian parish, is loved by the rector, and is discovered by a friend of her first husband, and also by her mate in her second matrimonial adventure. The play is a riot of love; sweethearts abound in every scene, and old maids and bachelors are as thick as insects on a San Jose terrier. The comedy is *not* supplied by the young lady and gentleman to whom the humor of the piece was entrusted, but by an actress whose part was evidently a sad one; the lines are in mourning, but the young woman has a manner of acting that makes her pathos exceedingly humorous. This, while pleasing to the audience, and a matter of great joy, is calculated to be distressing to the writer of the lines; and for that reason I am inclined to regard the young person's methods as extremely reprehensible. But she was not so very much worse than any of her companions on the stage, and I will pass her, with the sincere hope that she retire to a nunnery.

With some pruning, a little more dramatic fire, and a better means of reaching a climax, "Woman's Eyes" could be made a strong money-making play, but it will never please an audience in its present form, nor will it ever find favor in the eyes or ears of the public if produced by the company that gave it its initial presentation. It is a matter of sincere regret that the drama was not a success, yet Mrs. Bancroft has the satisfaction of knowing that as a play "Woman's Eyes" is infinitely superior to the people as players who tried to produce it.

Next week "Forget-Me-Not" will be presented at this theatre.——

"Alabama," whose simple story has touched the hearts of so many people in this country, was given a second production at the Baldwin on Monday night. The audience was unusually large, and the enthusiasm that was so marked a year ago was renewed again. The Palmer Company has a firm hold on the people. "Colonel Carter, of Carterville," the Augustus Thomas dramatization of the celebrated story of F. Hopkinson Smith, will be seen at the Baldwin Theatre on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings of next week, with the A. M. Palmer's company filling their original roles. The story told is that of an incident in the life of a certain impossible gentleman of Virginia, Colonel Carter, whose cherished ambition is to run a railroad through the county in which his estates lie. His adventure in New York, where he goes to enlist capital for the proposed road, are told with no little humor. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, and matinee, "Alabama" will be given for the last time. Sol Smith Russell follows in "A Poor Relation."——

Louis A. Morgenstern will be tendered a benefit at the Baldwin Theatre on Wednesday evening, August 24th, during the first week of Sol Smith Russell's engagement. Mr. Russell will appear in "A Poor Relation." As this is Mr. Morgenstern's first benefit, there is every indication that it will be successful in every respect. The beneficiary is one of the most popular men in the theatrical profession in the city, and it is likely that the play will have a production on the 24th such as it never had before. The benefit should be a success.——

A happy variation in farce will be the attraction at the California next Monday night, when jolly Nellie McHenry will present her circo-comedy, "A Night at the Circus," for the first time in this city. It is a mixture of song, dance, and fun in the usual way, but in addition to the compound, includes a grotesque side view of life among the performers in the white tents. There is more of the play itself by H. Grattan Donnelly than is usual in the vehicles of variety specialties, and for Miss McHenry is provided the double character of twins, one of whom is a demure Quakeress, and the other a frolicsome circus rider. During the first two acts, the equestrienne makes fun by taking the place of her sister as governess to four demure but roguish girls. The last act is played in the tent dressing room of the "Greatest Show on Earth," with Miss McHenry in the guise of Mlle. Electra, the queen of the arena. It is full of sawdust, spangles, hoop-la and band wagon flavor.——

The Bush Street Theatre opens the regular season on August 22d with "Little Tippett." This play has done wonderfully well in the East, and is now being presented at the Knights Templar Conclave in Denver with splendid success.

Our Trade Mark in Every Hat is a Lasting Guarantee

-FOR- First-Class Material, Superior Workmanship, Perfect Taste, And Exclusive Designs

MOSHER & CO.

Finest Imported Millinery

All Prices Marked in Plain Figures.

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BALDWIN THEATRE

AL. HAYMAN & CO., - - - - - Proprietors
ALFRED BOUVIER, - - - - - Manager

MONDAY, AUGUST 15th

Second and Last Week of

A. M. PALMER'S HOME COMPANY

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday Evening

FIRST PRODUCTION HERE OF

COLONEL CARTER OF CARTERSVILLE

Thursday, Friday and Saturday Matinee and Saturday Ev'g

POSITIVELY LAST TIMES

ALABAMA

MONDAY, AUGUST 22d

THE QUAINT COMEDIAN

MR. SOL SMITH RUSSELL—IN—A POOR RELATION

NEW CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

Handsomest Theatre in the World.

AL HAYMAN & CO. ..... Proprietor
J. J. GOTTLOB ..... Manager

To-Night and Sunday, Last Times of TUXEDO

MONDAY NIGHT

JOLLY NELLIE McHENRY

AND HER

Greatest Show on Earth

A NIGHT AT THE CIRCUS

STOCKWELL'S THEATRE

L. R. STOCKWELL ..... Lessee and Proprietor
ALF ELLINGHOUSE ..... Business Manager

WEEK COMMENCING AUGUST 15th

Matinee Saturday — Every Evening, Sunday Included

JEFFREYS LEWIS And Stockwell's Company of Players

—IN A—

Magnificent Production of

FORGET-ME-NOT

Seats Now on Sale — Popular Prices

Next, - DIVORCE

"WHY, Jimmie, what is wrong? You look shockingly blue, and when I've such a morsel for you, too—wait till you hear and see it."

And Lady Glossop gave a little squeak, full of pleasant mystery, as she handed me a cup of tea. I felt in an infernal temper, too. 'Never had such a day in my life. 'Drew a fox in one of the most unlikely covers in ten counties; then my brute of a mount went dog lame, when I'd barely managed to keep on the tail of the field, over a few miles of the beastliest fallow-land (just after a severe thaw, too) in the shires I did feel blue, even though it was the women's hour and dinner was in the near future.

"H'm!" I rather crossly replied to pretty Blanche Glossop's sweetly uttered remark. "You'll have to turn out something big to soothe me just now, Blanche, I'm in a pretty deep hole, and here's one of the beasts on which I have been banking, as my chief mainstay during the rest of the season, utterly broken down. Gad! it's hard lines."

"Abominable!" she murmured sympathetically. "You poor boy; never mind, I have your remedy, and I know she is worth at least 500,000. Then she is quite a presentable—indeed, really a very pretty little barbarian."

"American?" I inquired briefly.

Blanche nodded.

"Mrs. Chumley met her at Nice in the autumn and trotted her out a little; she introduced her to me. She says she is traveling for amusement and to improve herself. I think she is looking about to buy up a suitable *parti*." And Blanche's lids drooped over her big blue eyes in an amused smile.

Lady Glossop had always stood me a bright good friend; she had out a Manchester girl for me all through that winter; a big girl, with big feet, and a correspondingly big purse; Manchester straight through, she reeked of cotton. And the worst of it all was the creature insisted on riding, or trying to. She had half a dozen clean thoroughbreds down at Glossop during her stay—cost five hundred each and up to twelve stone—she rode them on a curb, too. It was the very devil to see her tugging at those beauties, while I pounded along on a forty or fifty guinea Irish beast; it *was* a severe winter.

Under the circumstances, you can understand how relieved I was to hear of an American; *anything* but a brummagem Englishwoman.

"Blanche!" I cried enthusiastically, "you're a trump. Half the men I know would be colonizing now but for you're saving help; you're our only refuge, God bless you! Where is she?"

"Oh, she will be here directly, she's quite decent looking, very *chic* and that you know—why here she is!"

I looked up as there entered quite a smart-looking little body—very pretty, too, just my style, all big gray eyes and fuzzy hair, and very correctly dressed. Blanche introduced her all round, skillfully steering her up to me. "Ina," she said sweetly, "let me introduce to you one of my nicest boys, Mr. Hallett. Now you must be very gracious to him, as he gives the best things about here. But I must run; I see Captain and Mrs. Randal are coming in."

Soon we were chatting away, and I was the happiest and most sanguine of fishers. She had excellent points, and was really very fetching—in any case she was a tremendous improvement on Miss Morton, the awful cotton heiress.

Now there was staying at Glossop just then in the character of Blanche Glossop's favorite tame cat, the Bay Middleton of the North country; his name was Arthur Briarton, we called him "Beauty." I'll grant him he could ride crocks and unknown animals to better advantage than any other man in the Shires. He certainly was at that time the very surest thing between the flags, and he really was the handsomest man under eleven stone in our set. Briarton, we all knew, never did own any cattle, and yet he was always one of the best mounted men out; truth was, Beauty was of a diplomatic turn, and kept in with the "tailors," who affected to ride, and who were afraid to ride a gentleman's beast when they did own one. To all it was obvious the only thing which floated him was his riding and Lady Glossop's regard. When Briarton noticed my little American he went in for her hot and heavy. Blanche was furious, and keen as mustard on pushing the affair in my direction. She threw us together on every possible occasion. I liked the child, too, 'pon my word I did; did my level best to please her; even allowed her to ruin a ripping polo pony trying to teach her to ride, you know.

"Miss O'Brien," at last I ventured one evening, with courage got up for the occasion on some of Blanche's '34 port and an excellent dinner, "I want to speak to you most seriously, may I?" Such confused astonishment was never seen on any young woman's face. What an actress the little sinner was to be sure.

"Seriously! What can you be going to say? Why, Mr. Hallett, you almost frighten me to death," and she smiled till her face was a regular bed of dimples.

"Ina," I remonstrated, "you know, you must know how I——"

"Here Hallet, old man, sorry to disturb you and all that, but Lady Glossop wants you to give us a banjo performance; cut along now, there's a good fellow," said Briarton over our backs. I scowled at him, but he was beautifully imperturbable, and I needs must obey my hostess's commands; she was angrily observing "Beauty" take my place.

"Well?" she interrogated crossly.

"Briarton said you wanted me!" I replied shortly.

She almost stamped, really she did. "Wanted you!" cried Blanche. "Why, Jim, you surely knew better than to think I'd call you away from her— Oh dear! Go back to her at once—no, I want him to sing and Miss O'Brien to play." But, impatient, she went herself. So for the present the danger was over. For a few weeks "Beauty" and I ran neck and neck. Then Blanche and I counseled together; I had either to go to the wall or have the girl, and, as I told Blanche, there was no sense in proposing only to be sent down. Blanche scolded me like a good 'un. "Think of some plan," she calmly demanded. "Have you no brains, man?" I said "Yes," pensively, "but what is there to think of? I have no title to offer her; they always want a title, you know. Nothing but half a dozen platers, a hunting box, and the far-famed name of Hallett. Briarton has nearly as much."

"Why, I have it; you can invent a coming title. Coniston must be going to die! Do you understand? Telegraph for him today, now! He's to have hopeless consumption; doctors given him up and all that. He can be going away to his place in Italy for this horrible consumption. He must be going to die soon; then you will be Lord Coniston. She'll never refuse the future Lord Coniston for penniless Arthur Briarton. Coniston will agree to helping you

out; he's such a good-natured fellow, you know." I was delighted with the plan, so was Con when he arrived; we laughed no end over it—in fact, he was strangely amused at my attempts to secure a rich wife; admired her Hibernian name, too.

Well, we took that girl in to see Con. They acted the whole business through like professionals. He gasped like consumption, and coughed, and breathlessly begged her to excuse his not rising from the midst of the shawls and blankets in which we had enveloped him on a sofa in a darkened room; and Blanche had his eyes done up with some black concoction, till he really did look hollow-eyed and consumptive, but Con was so energetic in his acting we had to remove Ina, as his gasping brought on a severe fit of genuine choking, with which same complaint, to our extreme surprise, Ina was affected. When we got her outside the door she said "it was because she felt so sad to see a great big man lying there weak and ill, dying, perhaps." And Blanche and I were touched by her tender little heart, and then I told her of my grief and how I loved my brother, and would mourn his death even though it benefited me. Would you believe it, the little sinner let me warble on but never gave me a chance to get right down to business?

Then Con and I went to Paris—and had, well we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

After a week of paradise, I returned to the classic shades of Glossop, and my heiress. I found Briarton gone north. I also, to my intense discomfort, met many inquiries after my brother's health, and, to my delight, much sympathy from Ina.

So I resolved to propose. I began by seeking sympathy for my coming bereavement. She gave it freely, etc., etc. In fact, I gave her a preliminary canter to warm her to what was expected of her—then I told her I loved her. "Could she, could she, be my wife?"

She really was embarrassed—I'll say that much for her. I pressed her for an answer rather approving what I considered her maidenly coyness. She fiddled with her fan; she twisted her handkerchief into wild, grotesque enough shapes even to decorate a German cake. She sniffed, cleared her throat, and went through awful facial gymnastics; so I put my arm about her, and brushed my mustache across her cheek, just to see her through, you know.

"Oh, Jim!" she burst out, "didn't Lord Coniston tell you I met him at Mrs. Chumley's in the fall, and—oh, well we're engaged, so there."

I didn't quite take in her meaning.

"What?" I demanded, but she was laughing in a nervous kind of way.

"Ah, really, it was all his fault, you know," she said between her giggles. "He wouldn't let me tell you after all that joke about the consumption; said it was too good to spoil."

Then I comprehended! All a beautiful little cover for Con to slip off to Paris under. Joke indeed!

It's all serene, though, as the money's coming into the family, and you may be quite assured Con will see me through, or Lady Coniston will hear of that week we spent in Paris, when I had him dying of consumption.

F. F.

That beautiful picture of Matt Quay, who would persist in being a Saint when he was rich, draws the following from the Stockton *Mail:* "It was Senator Matthew Stanley Quay, the virtuous and good Pennsylvania statesman, who, in the Senate, fathered the amendment providing that the World's Fair shall be closed on Sundays. Now, Lord, let Thy servant live long enough to see Satan teaching a Sabbath-school class; then let him depart in peace."

FASHIONS AND FANCIES.

FOR THE LADIES.

By recent reports we are informed that gay colors are to be much worn for autumn costumes and wraps, and startling combinations will be made at the slightest provocation, though black is to play a part in nearly every instance, forming the balance-wheel and giving character to a creation that only can be obtained when that somber hue is used with the proper discretion. Even the daintiest evening and dinner gowns will not be correct in style unless a wee bit of black velvet, lace, or jet is brought into its construction, so the Parisiennes say; but it is not to be disputed that only a practiced and artistic eye can be trusted with the responsibility of the exact placing of that finishing touch which can easily make or mar the entire costume.

* * *

For street costumes, Russian tints are to be found; as first choice is the fine woolen fabrics, emerald green, dull blue, and deep red, and, as a combination, emerald green and deep blue will be much used. This suggests, of course, the beautiful Scotch plaids which combine these colors so well. They are to be found in silk and wool materials, and are particularly satisfactory in bengaline and poplin. These goods will be much used for street wear, though for that purpose a rigid simplicity should be maintained in the making, little or no trimming being used.

* * *

This summer's season is witness to the decline and fall of the long bell skirt, and, though effort may be made to retain it for house use, the streets and avenues will know it no more—a fact that will bring rejoicing to a large portion of the community. With the short skirt, which just touches the ground, a relief comes from the simple straight lines of the past two seasons in the form of slight drapery. One model, in a soft woolen crepe, is caught up slightly on the left hip over a false skirt of contrasting color which is finished by a heavy lace inserting. An old rose bengaline dinner dress has a simple skirt caught up on one side of the front by means of a silk loop that fastens over a large Dresden and gold button at the waist line. This drapery raises the skirt several inches at the foot, and displays a scant flounce of Irish point lace.

* * *

A novelty for early autumn days is the sleeveless coat. One model is made in hunter's green cloth; it is double-breasted, tight-fitting, and reaches nearly to the knee, and has large reveres and collar of velvet in a darker shade of green. This coat is very striking and convenient now that the present dress sleeve is such an enormous affair, but I scarcely think that it will enjoy great popularity, as it would be too dressy for ordinary street wear, and coats are seldom desired for calling costumes in San Francisco. In fact, it is probable that the new coat will have to look for popularity to some city where carriages and carriage wraps are more desirable than here.

* * *

The new sailor hat retains the wide brim of its early summer sister, but has a higher crown. They come in coarse red straw, with bands of black ribbon, and in black straw, with black straw bands. These simple hats are of all the best for all-round summer wear.

* * *

At present there is no accessory to a girl's wardrobe more important than her hose, shoes, and slippers, and the number she must possess in order to keep up with the times is startling, for the day when a dainty little pair of patent leather slippers would do service with a dozen house gowns and still be in correct form, is past. Now each and every form of house costume from the bath robe to the ball gown must have its own particular form of foot covering—and never was the variety one has to choose from greater or more attractive than now. For the b udoir, the fancy can run riot, and one can choose for a slipper something so unique that it will also do service as a room decoration when resting on a rug beside the divan. One charming damsel delights in a pair of Esquimau fur slippers; the hide turned outward was decorated in some peculiar native needle work, and the lining was formed by the fur.

* * *

Another dainty maid wears Indian moccasins made of white kid, and, of course, we have the Japanese straw slipper, which though scarcely calculated to enhance the beauty of the foot according to our ideas, yet is always picturesque. The heelless Turkish slipper is scarcely to be improved upon, though our own manufacturers have made an imitation which are not far from exceeding the originals in beauty—these come in suede of all shades, and are bespangled and embroidered to a bewildering degree. Then to accompany the tea gown we have the most captivating of all, the French sandal, and what woman does not realize that for a pretty foot there is nothing so becoming. These are usually made of embroidered satin, with a dainty pointed and upturned toe; there is no support for the back of the foot so the high heel falls jauntily from the daintly stockinged foot when the wearer lounges comfortably back on the cushions of her divan. For dinner and ball gowns slippers must match not only in color but must be of the same material of the frock.

MME. X.

Laundry Farm still continues to draw crowds every Sunday. As a picnic resort for parties desiring to spend a day or a few hours in the hills it easily takes first rank. Here one can forget for a time the struggle for existence and enjoy to the full the attractions of nature in her most bounteous mood.

Young Wife (at midnight)—Wake up! Wake up!
Husband—What is it, dear? Robbers?
Young Wife—Mercy, no! You asked me at supper what ailed the cake. It just happened to come me this minute. I forgot to put any sugar in it!—*New York Truth.*

AN EVENT FOR ART LOVERS.

The arrival of a consignment of new pictures at Gump's is an artistic event. Some very fine ones have just come in, and are now being exhibited in the art rooms on Market Street. The most notable is a Lèo Herrman, one of the best examples of the work of this artist that has ever been brought here. In style he resembles Vibert, and his pictures, in Paris, bring prices equally high. This one represents a priest watching his pretty young housekeeper broiling a duck. She is a charming maiden in flowered print, and her complexion is one of roses and cream. Her hand holds up her skirt, exposing a section of ankle, and just a suggestion of admirably moulded limbs. Alas, it is not at her pretty feet the Ecclesiastic is gazing. He looks higher. How deliciously benignant his face, and what admirable painting it is—so smooth, so firm, every detail rendered with perfect precision, the sideboard covered with Dresden china, the Madonna on the mantel-shelf, the rug covering the floor. As for the flesh tints—they are marvelous. The picture is a veritable gem. For a Lèo Herrman quarter the size of this, Mr. de Young paid $2500 at an auction sale a few months ago. Besides this there is a remarkably fine Kowalski, a snowy plain on which two conveyances meet, also a Turkish court-yard by Frank, as good a bit of color and detail as anything of the far-famed Weeks.

She pined; she seemed to pine away;
Again, again she did repine;
But when the season opened gay,
Straight as a pine she rose up fine.
—*Truth.*

STOCKTON LIFE.

STOCKTON, August 10th. DEAR WAVE:—The town seems almost deserted—still more people have left for Santa Cruz. Of course Colonel Sperry and Captain Will Johnson accompanied the gallant soldier boys. Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Young have been occupying their lovely Beach Hill cottage for some time. Mrs. H. E. Adams, Mrs. L. E. Doane, and Mrs. Jas. E. Brown, of Fresno, who has been visiting here, and their families have gone down over the "dog days," and Mr. and Miss Dohrman are spending Encampment week there.

Jennie T—— has flown to the Santa Cruz mountains, George McN—— is in Berkeley studying, preparatory to taking a course in law, and charming Miss Dudley, as usual, is spending the summer at the Sea Beach.

We poor stay-at-homes have naught but drives, tennis, and swims at Jackson's to console ourselves with. Ogden H—— is the most obliging of mortals, and often sacrifices his morning "beauty sleep" to take either the Simpson girls or myself out for an early dip.

Frank W——, John D——, George E——, Arthur W——, and Marshall L——, always place their buggies, and themselves, at some pretty girl's disposal evening after evening. Miss Calla H—— seems to be a great favorite, and is out with a different man every pleasant evening.

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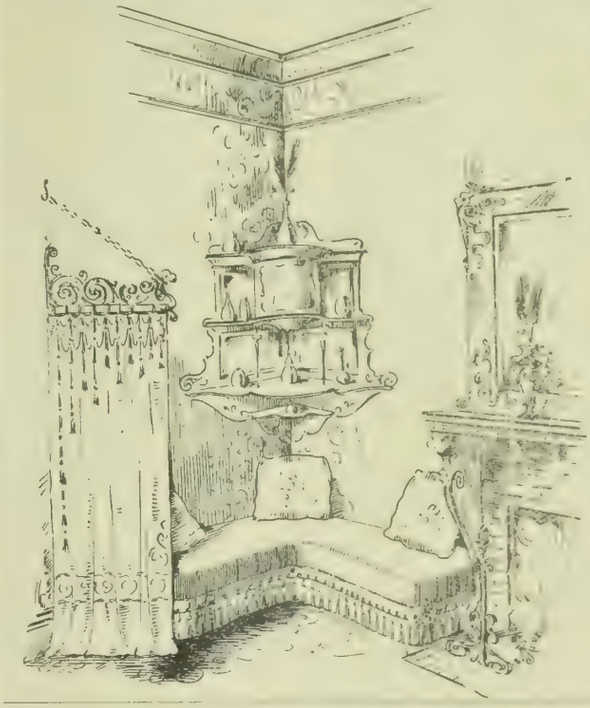

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THE YEW-TREE ARBOR.

BY E. NESBIT.

If he hadn't called me by name, I should never have known him—he had changed so in those six months. He was fat and well-looking in the old days—had a plump, rosy cheek, a full, blue eye, and what old ladies called "a pleasant way with him."

There had never been friendship between us, only good fellowship; but now he greeted me as though I had been his brother, and a brother he loved.

It was in the Salle d'Attente of the railway station at Cannes. He was wrapped in furs, and crouched over the fire, though the weather was our July's.

The month was February. When he called my name I turned and went across to him. The hand which I took in mine was thin and fleshless. His eyes were deep-sunken, and his pale skin seemed drawn too tightly across the bones of his face.

He had the look one gets used to seeing in Cannes.

"Where are you going?" he asked, and his voice was the ghost of his old voice, just as he was the ghost of his old self.

I answered that I was going to Nice, but that there was no hurry.

"And you?" I added.

"I've just come from Nice, and I'm collecting warmth and energy to tell someone to call a carriage for me. I'm awfully glad to see you."

So stricken with astonishment was I at his changed looks that I could only murmur some banality about the pl-asure being mutual, but he cut me short.

"Don't," he said; "it's not humanly possible that any one could be as glad to see me as I am to see you. Come back with me to my hotel."

He leaned heavily upon me as I led him to a carriage; his gait and his air were those of an old man.

When we were in his sitting-room at the Victoria, he sank into a chair and looked at me.

"My God!" he broke out suddenly. "You don't know what it is to see you again—to see one of the old faces—someone who knew me in the old days when I was a man."

He made a gesture like a contemptuous repudiation of the thing that crouched in the easy-chair among the furs, and went on:

"They told me this place might save me, and I came out, and now I shall die here—like a dog—and no one here to care a straw, or to distinguish between me and the last invalid who had these rooms, or the next man who will die in them."

"But I thought you were married," I blundered, for I had parted from him on the eve of his marriage to an English girl—rich, beautiful, and good.

"Oh no!" he answered hurriedly; "you're mistaken, I'm not married."

It was easy, even for the myopic eye of an average journalist, to see that there was something the matter with the man besides the fact that he was going to die, and I felt very sorry for him.

"Look here," I said, "you seem a bit down in the mouth. I'd as soon be here as at Nice. Suppose I send for my traps and stay here a bit."

No one would have believed that that thin-drawn face could brighten so suddenly and completely.

"Oh, if you only would!" he said, just as a child does if you offer to stay by its bed when it is afraid and can't explain what's the matter with it.

I had been a week at the Victoria, and had made up my mind to stay till the end, which could not now be long delayed, when one evening he spoke.

"If ever you did a good thing in your life, old man, you've done it by me. I believe I should have died mad if it hadn't been for you."

I said the first thing that came into my head.

"Would you like to know why I didn't get married?" he went on.

"I should like to hear anything you like to tell me."

"I want to tell you. It was like this. You know how fond I was of Her; but you didn't know, and she didn t know, that before I ever met her I had been just as fond—and fonder—of another woman; and I swore to the other woman that I'd never marry anyone else. Well, she died—and I was very unhappy for a long time—and then I met Her—and——"

There was a long pause.

"It was the night before the wedding," he went on, "that it happened—before the wedding that never was, I mean. She had been so busy all day with dressmakers and bridesmaids and all the rest of them that there had been no time for me. I wanted to see her, to hold her hands in mine and look in her eyes once more before I faced the long night that lay between me and my new happiness. She had promised to meet me in the yew-tree arbor—you remember it—at the end of the lime avenue?"

I remembered it.

"Well, I went at the appointed time. It was dark, though there was a full moon, because of the clouds, but every now and then the moon came out."

He shuddered.

"It was very dark in the yew-tree arbor, and it smelt mouldy—I think it always did. I could just make out that I was not first at the rendezvous. She was in white. I made haste to take her in my arms, but before I could touch her she raised her face, and the moon came out suddenly, and I saw that it was not *her* face, but the other woman's—the other woman, who had been six years in her grave."

His whole frame was rigid with horror—his hands were tight-clasped.

"And so?"

"And so I did not get married," he went on, in a very low voice. "I did not want to be married. I did not know—I don't know now—*what* it was that was there. I only knew there could be no marriage for me—only death."

"And you've been living here ever since," I tried to say in a commonplace way.

"No; I have not lived since. How could I live? I have been too near the Dead."

A week later I laid him with Them. And I don't attempt to explain his story.

Explain it yourself, if you can.

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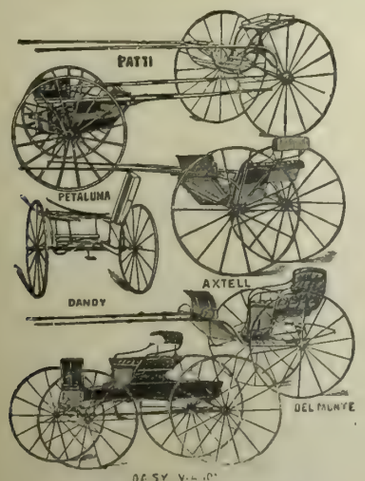

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Business sense, by the way, in connection with the arts, means literally plain and universal robbery; the phrase is not exactly delicate, still it's less abrupt than robbery, and this is the age of ornament, when calling things by capital and proper names is unfair. It is not how much or how able the teaching is, merely the insistence that a very fine article is to be had at an unreasonabe price. As there are men and women who take a sly pleasure in acknowledging vaguely the things they ought not to have done, there are many who pay large prices for articles of small value for the pleasure of bragging in a virtuous way about it. In the matter of singing lessons it has grown to be a commonplace that unless you ask or pay six dollars an hour for your lessons you are ridiculous.

With one or two exceptions the singing methods taught and practiced by local vocalists have little claim to originality. Luigi Dama may or may not have been what is known as a great singing master. He, however, possessed original ideas on the subject of the voice and its production, which were developed by his new experiments and tenacity of purpose. Hawthorne's definition of originality seems to have fitted Dama in some measure, from the varying accounts of people who speak knowingly of his method. There was perplexity somewhere. Luigi Dama was the most aggressive and original of the teachers of singing who has occupied the attention of the musical public, and he, at least, set the much needed example of thinking to those engaged in teaching.

The majority of our singing teachers have had their thinking done for them in Europe, Asia, and Africa, at least as much as they choose to take snacks of by the way. Like violin making, singing is regarded much in the same light. Sometime in the mists of the past there is believed to have been a great school of singing in Italy, which died, leaving a glowing halo over that land of song. We are still hearing the echoes, of the grand reverberation. These echoes, it may at once be allowed, are little less than painful, so much is the difference between them and the brilliant and harmonious superstition of the past.

A belief in the Golden Age in any form is a proof of simplicity, and simplicity is become quite an eccentricity. Combined with this talent for belief there is an inclination to write reminiscent notes upon methods of practice, which repeat, in language somewhat relaxed as to grammar and syntax, the common old saws of the nursery. The fact that greater treasures of music are to found for the singing in modern compositions should prove the fact that singing is held as high as it was, and that though we do probably have greater numbers of indifferent singers than heretofore, the art of singing still lives, and out of Italy also.

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A WIFE'S STRATAGEM.

"Why, it sounds just like the beginning of one of the 'Queer Stories' in *Truth*," said Helen Remnant, as she finished reading for the second time a letter from her cousin Fanny; "but, then, things always end so prosily in real life. Heigh-ho! I suppose I ought to feel very happy in this lovely gown and with these delicious flowers to arrange, but somehow I don't!"

And to look at her and her surroundings one would have thought that Mrs. Remnant had everything in life to make her happy. Surrounded by every luxury that art and wealth could produce, up to her elbows for the moment in exquisite cut hot-house flowers, with the daintiest of delicately-embroidered white muslin aprons protecting her charming dress, in the tastiest of drawing-rooms, the windows of which stood open to the ground, whilst the sweet smell of roses blew in from the garden, fighting with the heavier scents of the exotics, she certainly was an exquisite picture in a suitable setting. But at this moment brooding over the past, and allowing her thoughts to wander backwards, she almost regretted what she had seen to be wisdom in her calmest moments. She felt almost remorseful that she had married the respectable and wealthy stockbroker who called her wife, instead of defying all the world and standing to the man to whom she had once been bound, but who had, since she had broken off the engagement, forced by her friends to do so because of his poverty, betrayed the trust of his employers, and was now a fugitive from justice. Yes, Jack Hazlewood was a criminal; but then he was a handsome rogue, and Helen had given her first love to him, and, bad though he was, he was a flesh-and-blood man, and Henry Remnant, her husband, was little better than an automaton. The latter always wanted money putting in the slot before he could be got to work. The former had something of spontaneity about him.

"Helen."

Mrs. Remnant half thought she heard, through the rustle of her dress, her name spoken little above a whisper. She paused, hand in air, and listened. A moment's thought told her it could not be. There was nobody in the house but the servants, and her husband certainly could not have got home on settling-day so early as this. The world was more likely to come to an end than that. And she went on arranging her flowers without even turning round.

The reader, however, endowed with the universal clairvoyance, which we call imagination, can see something not unastonishing. In the French window to which Helen's back is turned, stands a smartly-dressed footman, whose face answers in every particular, but one, to that which is tucked away in Mrs. Remnant's mental gallery, and not in hers only, but in the mental gallery of certain police officers and detectives in plain clothes, to whom it would be worth a good £100 to get the "bracelets" on to the wrists belonging thereto.

The one particular in which the faces differ is in the presence and absence of mustache and beard.

"Helen," the footman's mouth again shaped, and so audible was the result this time that Mrs. Remnant started round on the instant.

"Jack, you here!" she cried.

"Yes, Helen, here for the last time, and at the risk of discovery and imprisonment." And Hazlewood came forward into the room and stood up, feasting his eyes upon the girl he loved.

"But why, why are you here?"

"Why am I here? Helen, you ask. You know as well as I do. I am here, Helen, because I have to drag out long years, perhaps, of a weary, miserable existence, an exile in a foreign land, and I would rather risk the years of imprisonment which are my due—yes, there's no blinking the fact, I am guilty of what they charge me with—I say I would rather risk all this than, at the last, not carry away with me one loving look, one grasp of the hand, one—perhaps—one kiss of forgiveness from the only woman who could have saved me from myself. Yes, Helen, there was always a devil in me, chained whilst I had hopes that you would help me mend him, but let loose so soon as I knew that you were lost to me for ever. But mind you, Helen, it is the last thought in my mind to blame you. Up to the time you married, I was a man better than most, but so soon as I knew that you could never be my wife I broke loose and stole the wherewithal to go first-class to hell. Helen, forgive me," he continued, as he saw that his vehemence distressed and frightened her. "Brooding over the past, and hunted from place to place as I have been, my nerves are unstrung. Pity me, pity me. Indeed, at least I deserve that!'

"Oh, Jack," she said. "Pity you, pity you—of course, of course, I do. What can I do to help you? My poor, poor fellow. If only I had known!"

"Jack," she said, "this is sheer madness. You must go. Suppose my husband were to return. Suppose the servants were to come in. Inquiries would be made which might lead to your detection."

"Never fear that, Helen. No one would know me dressed like a footman. Please, ma'am," he continued, assuming a menial voice, "my mistress bid me bring this note, and, seeing you as I passed the window, I made so bold, ma'am, as to step in with it. And, please 'm, there was no answer to wait for."

And then they began to talk of old times, and Helen could not for very pity refuse him last words of comfort. And so ten minutes grew into fifteen, and the fifteen minutes grew into half-an-hour, and still they talked on.

Suddenly Helen glanced at the clock.

"Jack," she said, "my husband will be here any time now. You must go."

"And you will give me one sisterly kiss of forgiveness, to be my assurance through years of exile that one will pray for me, and the one of all others will not forget me?"

Helen hesitated to answer for a second. Then, raising her head, she said:

"Jack, you would not respect me as you should if my prayers are to help you when you are gone if I gave, even for a second, my lips to yours. But, Jack, now I have said this, to show I trust you, there is my face to kiss where you please."

And she stood up to him and put her hands behind her back.

In a moment Jack had his hands on her shoulders, and, after a moment's gaze into her good, true eyes, he reverently put his lips to her forehead and turned silently to go.

In the window through which he had entered stood Helen's husband.

Mrs. Remnant had sunk down on her chair and buried her face in her hands, overwhelmed by the mystery of Jack Hazlemere's hopeless departure.

Mr. Remnant spoke—

"Good heavens, Helen, what's this?"

Then Helen knew in an instant that the safety of the man she loved so much, because she loved her honor more, and that honor itself, in the eyes of her husband, were at stake.

And then Mrs. Remnant began to adapt to the occasion, with a mendacity born of a last resource, the story that she had read in her cousin Fanny's handwriting that very morning, and declared to be just like the beginning of a "Queer Story" from *Truth*.

She sobbed a good deal at first, just for the sake of gaining a little time, and kept on asseverating that she would never have thought that a little innocent fun could have brought things to such a pass as this, and then she launched forth into the following story. I give it substantially in her own words, but not interlarded with her sobs and other garnishments.

Her husband stood near the window, and the pseudo-footman in the middle of the room, in an attitude of meek depression, twirling his cockaded hat dejectedly in his hands.

"I needn't tell you, Henry, that I haven't given this impudent fellow any encouragement to act in the way you have seen, but I must confess that, perhaps, under the extraordinary circumstances of the case, he is not so much to blame as appears. The plain facts of the case are these. You know Fanny Roberts, my cousin? Just a few weeks before our marriage a most ridiculous thing happened, which I never had the face to tell you of, because I thought you might be annoyed. I was driving with her one day in her carriage, up Queen's gate, sitting with my back to the horses so as to be out of the wind, and as we pulled up at one of the houses she said:

"'I'm afraid I shall hardly get away from the Bandicoots within an hour, Helen. Would you like to take a drive round the park whilst I'm in here?'

"I said I would just as soon wait outside.

"'Very well, dear,' she said, 'only mind, I warn you I shall be some time.'

"With these parting words she jumped out of the carriage and disappeared into the Bandicoots' door.

"The day was very warm, with a hot, strong wind blowing, and I heard people as they passed along the pavement say that there was thunder in the air."

"I lay back," continued Helen, "lazily and sleepily in the carriage, with my arm thrown across a bandbox that Fanny had just had put in.

"Whether I had actually dozed or not I don't know, but suddenly a great, big thunder-drop splotched down on my upturned nose."

Hazlewood nearly smiled at this, for Helen's nose was distinctly *retroussé*.

"This drop was soon followed by others, and in less than a minute a shower was jumping and hissing in and round the carriage, most bewilderingly. I had put up my parasol, but it was but little protection against the spouting rain, and I was just about to run for shelter into the porch, when the footman of the house, this very man you see standing there, appeared with a large umbrella, and said, 'Will you step this way, miss?'"

"Just so, sir," said Hazlewood, pulling his forelock sheepishly to Mr. Remnant, as he began to realize the part he was to play in the romance, but wondering how on earth it was going to extricate them from their dilemma.

"When I got into the hall," continued Helen, "he said:

"'The bell will ring when Miss Roberts is ready for the carriage. Will you walk this way, please?'

"With that he preceded me to the back of the house, and, before I realized what he was

doing, I found myself descending the back stairs into the lower regions. Then, for the first time, the truth of the matter burst upon me. Coming in with bandbox in hand, as I had done, he had actually taken me for Fanny's maid, and was conducting me to the servants' hall. The position was, of course, exceedingly ridiculous, but I determined to make the best of it and play the part. But, Henry, of course, I didn't know what I had let myself in for. I had no idea what were the habits and customs of servants amongst themselves, or, of course, I should never have done it.

"Well, Henry, to make a long story short, the fact of the matter appears to be that it is the prerogative of the man-servant in a house who first introduces a maid-servant to a strange kitchen to give her a kiss, and this I discovered in the following way."

Helen continued, "At the bottom of the stairs the butler was standing, and directly he saw me he came and placed himself on one side of me, whilst that man walked on the other. Then both of them at once asked for my name, which I said was 'Jane Smith.' Whereupon, like a flash of lightning, they both sprang forward and, speaking together, announced 'Miss Jane Smith.' After which, amidst a chorus of laughter, I was ushered into the midst of a whole host of servants. And then it was I discovered what it all meant, for a discussion arose as to which of the two men had obtained the privilege of a kiss by right of being the first to introduce me. As you may imagine, I made the most of my opportunity to escape the ordeal by temporizing, and, as luck would have it, before I was forced to settle, the drawing-room bell rang to give notice that my cousin was departing. Up jumped the footman, and, saying, 'Come along, Miss Smith,' put his arm round my waist, and, amidst a roar of laughter, in which the butler joined, drew me from the kitchen, and, when in the passage, tried to kiss me. I would not, however let him, and he had to hurry up to the hall. And I made good my escape as I believed from a ridiculous dilemma."

"The rest of the story," she continued, "can be told in a very few words. Here I am, as you see, Henry, dressed in an apron, and looking, as you have often said to me, for all the world like a servant-girl. I was standing doing my flowers just a minute or two ago, when suddenly I felt two hands on my shoulders, and that impudent fellow saying, 'Well, Miss Jane Smith, who'd have thought of finding you here? How about that kiss you never gave me?' Before I knew what he was about, he actually had the impertinence to do what, I suppose, you saw. The fact of his using my assumed name recalled all the particulars to me which I have told you. How he came to be here, I can't think. You had better ask him."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Remnant, "what have you to say?"

"Please, sir," said Hazlewood sheepishly, "what the lady says is puffickly true. It is the custom, as she says, in the servants' 'all, and when I come to-day with that there note and saw your wife, sir, begging you pardon, as I find she now is, suckimstances, combined with the apron, led me to suppose, as I passed the window, that this was the Jane Smith wot owed me a kiss, and I thort the oppertoonity too good to be lost, and stepped in and just put my foot in it, just as the lady says. It was no 'arm I meant, sir, and I beg you, sir, to forgive, and, if you can, for——"

"You can go, man," here interrupted Mr. Remnant, "and, mind you, never set foot in my house again."

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OAKLAND GOSSIP.

OAKLAND, August 10th. DEAR WAVE:—The very atmosphere of Oakland is conducive to dreams of love and dear little vine-covered cottages, as stately fastidious Lou Breck, whom everyone thought would never surrender to the charms of the blind god, has become engaged to Fred Hathaway, who is so happy at his good fortune that he acts as if walking on air. Well, wonders will never cease, and now that the charm is broken in that large family, the others will doubtless soon follow in the footsteps of their brother and sister. Rumor has it that Jim hopes to announce his engagement to a certain heiress on her return from abroad. Will call at Lou's to-day so as to find out when the wedding is to be. By the way, I am almost tempted to sever my engagement with Andy, as he doesn't come up with enough candy, flowers, and jewels to suit Frou-Frou's exacting taste, besides I could never be content to live so quiet a life as does Andy's sister-in-law, so don't be surprised to hear of a broken engagement. In my next you shall have a full account of Dell Chapman's wedding, also the Magee-Hush nuptials. The other two sisters are to be bridesmaids, while the other two Magee boys are to act as ushers. Four Magees and four Hushs in the wedding party. How about that third wedding which has been predicted so often? From present prospects it looks as if Powning-Tubbs would be the next announcement, as Willie, with his papa and mamma, has followed the Tubbs party to Denver. Isn't it remarkable that when Willie is trying to win a girl his parents always show his hand so plainly?

Amy Requa gave a little dancing party last week, which was attended by all the younger element. Mrs. Requa does not intend that Amy shall be a full-grown Society girl too soon, and very sensible she is, too. Those at the party were the Selbys, Josie Chabot, DeFremerys, Lolita Booth, E. Lilliencrantz, Prentiss Selby, Percy King, Lucy King, Granville Abbott, Bert Gashill, A. A. Moore, Jr., Will DeFremery, Mona and Laura Crellin. What lovely young girls the latter two are. Will Cullen was there also—what has become of him of late? Can it be that he has become too aristocratic for the plain, everyday Society of our 150? The pretty Middleton girls have returned from a prolonged visit to Salt Lake. Wonder how the little *affaire du cœur* which exists between one of the sisters and a dashing person will terminate? *On dit* that the gentleman is still a constant wooer, but that the stern parents are relentless and cannot be persuaded to give other than a negative response to his repeated proposals for their daughter.

Judge Garber's party, the Folgers and Braytons have returned from Castle Crags. Oakland's favorite minister, Dr. McLean, wife, daughter, and Alice Borland, daughter of the late millionaire, Archie Borland, are home from their Alaska trip. They had a most enjoyable time.

Met Dr. Russell while crossing the ferry last week, and he gave me a glowing account of his daughter's brilliant success at the "Emersonian School of Elocution and Oratory." The instructors are all in raptures over her extraordinary talent and magnificent voice, and are trying their utmost to persuade her to adopt the stage as a profession—they insist that she will be a success from the first, so you see, dear, our Oakland girls are coming to the front after all. Rhodes Bordon has been spending the greater part of the season at San Jose. They say that there is a greater attraction for him in that place than Oakland ever held. If such is the fact, it must be a pretty severe attack, as his friends thought it would be an impossibility for him to ever recover from the wounds which were made by one of our Oakland *ingenues*. If I have spoken too much of love forgive it, dear, but it is the only topic of conversation on this side now-a-days. It has become such an epidemic that the boys are making the wildest proposals. The poor fellows who are over twenty-five and haven't sweet little wives to share their destines with them are most disconsolate and have the entire sympathy of hopeful

FROU-FROU.

BURLINGTON ROUTE EXCURSIONS.

Commencing Tuesday, March 15th, at two P. M. from Los Angeles, and Wednesday at eight A. M. from San Francisco, and every Tuesday and Wednesday thereafter, the Burlington Route will run its regular summer excursions with Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars to Chicago *via* Salt Lake City and Denver. For particulars and excursion folder, apply to agent, Burlington Route at 204 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, or 32 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

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7.00 a m	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*12.15 p m
.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6 15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton	*8 45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9 00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Martinez	12.45 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4 00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced and Fresno	9.45 a m
4 00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4 30 p m	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	8 45 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	8.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
*6.00 p m	Sunol and Livermore	.....
6.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	9.15 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo	‡8 45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡7.45 a. m.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p. m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos, Saturday and Sunday to Santa Cruz	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.38 p m
‡7.30 a m	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excur'n	‡8 28 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
‡9.30 a m	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations	‡2 45 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.03 p m
12.15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations.	3.30 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.37 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, Gilroy and Principal Way Stations	*9 47 a m
*4.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
‡11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	‡7.30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

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SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, August 10th. DEAR WAVE:—Quite a number of the 400 returned this week, and our streets begin to look gay. Mrs. C—— is back from Catalina Island, and Mrs. Dr. L—— and her pretty daughter have had their outing, and she is now ready to take charge of that club of juveniles.

It is odd how tastes change. I notice the *Mercury* announced the swell dinner given by the Morrison girls. Why, they used never to permit anything of the kind to appear in the San Jose papers. Well, we had a real swell dinner, and Mrs. Sawyer and Mrs. Tom Morrison wore magnificent dinner dresses.

On dit that the same ladies intend holding a reception in honor of Angie's birthday. Also their cousins, Mrs. Kate Kennedy and Miss New, whose natal day falls in the same month. It is a big house, and the girls know how to make the best of it.

What do you think of the taste of a man who will compare ladies to pugs? Yet that is what the General did in his letter to the *Mercury*, styling his new mother-in-law "the old pug" and his young bride the "young pug." It is enough to make mamma-in-law bristle, isn't it? Just when she fancied she had got into Society, too. That name will stick to her worse than a cockle-bur. Tom says the boys whistle now as she passes.

The Friants have moved into their new home and are just as cosy as can be. Effie was a darling as a belle; as a young matron she will rule Society.

Sweet Miss Lusson has been captured. Took us all by surprise, because we expected she would go into a family high in ecclesiastic circles.

Mabel's wedding is right at hand. My, but don't some of us wish we could make a good catch and move into a cute little nest?

Poor "Dawniel" finds life hardly worth living at present. Between his fear of his partner and the dread of the *Mercury* he doesn't sleep well, and it begins to show.

I am just as mad as I can be to think I am not a Knight, such good times as lots of our people are having now.

Clement has just come home, and if he is strong enough to take his medicine, you will hear from it.

Our other "prize tourist" has been heard from and she is enough better than Virgie to justify her friends in sending her. Her letter just sparkles with gems and ripples along like a wildwood stream.

BABBLER.

SACRAMENTO AFFAIRS.

SACRAMENTO, August 9th. DEAR WAVE:—You don't know what dullness means, unless you are unfortunate enough to be obliged to remain here during this month; I had hoped to be able to visit Santa Cruz while the boys in blue are there, but if I did who would keep you informed of all that goes on at the different springs and various seaside resorts where our local 400 are at present residing? So you see it is unselfishness and consideration for you and your many readers that keep me at home, where I am literally being bored to death; when I think of the good times to be had at Santa Cruz during the next ten days I feel as though I should be obliged to leave you to the fate of ignorance. Among recent arrivals there are Mr. and Mrs. Van, Mr. and Mrs. Birdsall, the Lewis family, and the Clarks at the Pope House; the Ebners and Leavensons at the Riverside, besides any number of cottagers; the Atkinsons and Hammers as well as the Willis family have a cottage at Seabright, while the Rev. Mr. Ottmann and family are at the hotel at the same place. The Johnsons are at the Sea Beach where Mary's sweet voice may be heard quite often, as she is one of the few girls who both can and will sing.

Mamie D—— has left us to pay a short visit to San Mateo; we were fortunate to have so much of her charming society this summer, and I am sure the Undine boys will agree with me. Their rows on the river still continue, to the great delight of the few girls who are at home, as they are the only means of amusement, and on a warm moonlight evening have a very pleasant way of passing the time.

As the Artillery band has gone to Santa Cruz with the regiment, we can now have but one concert a week, I suppose. The Huntingtons, Clunesses, and Mebiuses, have gone to Del Monte for a brief visit; if they like it they will probably prolong their stay, but as there are no other people from Sacramento there I am afraid they will feel lonesome and ready to return. Mabel, Laura, and Etta, are at present in Paris, where they are having a delightful time with no thought of returning.

Dr. Ellery and his bride have returned, which will really give us something to do at this dull season; we can pay our call, see the Parisian styles, and see how she compares with all these advantages with our own girls. I do hope that "Dr. Billy" has livened up a bit, for, at times, he was, to say the least, a little slow; and as his wife is considerable of a *bas bleu*, I am afraid he will remain as he was; but *nous verrons;* I will not condemn him until an opportunity for judging presents itself.

Two more young lawyers have been added to the already large number, and, if all reports are true, "Happy" well deserves his sobriquet. We shall look for a wedding at no very distant date. Edith is a very sweet girl and has a rare talent for China painting, which she has turned to very good account; it was very convenient for the young man when her family moved up town and so near to his own residence, for before that he had many a long walk to take; in the summer he did not object so strongly, but on cold, dark, winter nights it was anything but pleasant, besides there was the danger of footpads; but now they are engaged and I hope will accept the sincere good wishes of NINA.

FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

FRESNO, August 10th. DEAR WAVE:—At last something truly exciting has happened to break up this fearful monotony. A *bona fide* train robbery at our very doors, several Fresnoans on board, each with his experience to relate. The *intensely* amusing one is Jack's. I am betraying his confidence, I know, but this is really too rich to keep. Jack had struggled manfully with Morpheus, and conquered his strong inclination to sleep, when he was richly rewarded, during the exciting robbery, in witnessing the "side act" between the swell capitalist of our 150 (whose propriety and dignity have been our criterion) and a pretty, brown-eyed grass widow. His efforts in pacifying this sweet chunk of humanity were an endless amount of caresses and endearing expressions. Imagine Jack's convulsions when the dear creature remarked, "She really didn't know whether to be angry or not, at the old fossil." Such innocence is truly refreshing in these degenerate days.

The Red Men have sweltered during their convention here; still they are unanimous in praising our city and its environments. We could hardly display a representative gathering of our 150 at a ball in August, yet a fair sprinkling graced the festivities last week and won the hearts of the braves.

George and his bride arrived home last week, and his handsome countenance is wreathed in smiles. Mrs. George appears desperately in love with her husband. That's a refreshingly welcome sight in this nineteenth century, when brides and grooms wear the blasé air of the couple who have seen several anniversaries pass in Society's giddy whirl.

Bob and Corrine manage to remain devoted, notwithstanding this weather. Moonlight drives and theatres haven't lost their attraction for them, even with a 110° thermometer. Our handsome Daisy and the elegant Rob Barton enjoyed the theatre in the Barton box last week. Good heavens! won't Rob play havoc with our girls this winter. He will be a big attraction in Society, truly. The lawn social, Friday evening, drew a few of our boys out, but as W. Coleman C—— says, "Such affairs, with the 150 absent are infernal bores." So say we all of us, Johnny! The Park Concert was more enjoyable to me. I had Tom and Will all to myself, there being no Daisys or Minnies around to share their devotion, you know. I hear a handsome Colonel, whose better half is far, far away, has resumed his bachelor habits at the Coast, has, in fact, resworn his allegiance to King Bacchus and the fair sex, and is enjoying life to the limit. Like another Colonel I know, he needs a Russian officer to straighten him out. Strange how rapid these military officers become when their *better* halves are out of sight. Geo. Roeding has returned from his vacation and has grown so fleshy we hardly knew him. The boys all ask him if it was beer or watermelon, a new name evidently. Our soldier boys are enjoying their encampment and report the weather as delightfully cool after the intense heat here. Next week we will welcome our sweethearts and husbands home again, and the distinguished General Muller, who has covered himself with glory, in the battle field, at the head of his brigade. More anon IMP.

LOS ANGELES LIFE.

LOS ANGELES, August 8th. DEAR WAVE:—The hot weather has come at last, and this week we have been baking under a fierce, determined, summer sun. The more fortunate ones immediately flew to the beach; but we, of the poorer persuasion still linger amid the dust and heat of the city.

The week opened up with a delightful concert, given by the musicians who assisted at the Chautauqua Assembly, and this is the last time that I am going to mention this aristocratic order of *littérateurs*. Mr. Benham and Hugo Mansfeldt certainly received a warm reception, and cunning little Miss Priest, and stately Miss Fox, of New York fame, won the heart of every Angeleno. And now they have all departed and we are going to rest our weary brains and dream of the by-gone days.

We girls all went to the baseball game on Friday. Minnie's brother was with us, and he kept us posted on the innings. It was the best game ever played here; and everybody was enthusiastic. N—— looked as handsome as ever, and, of course, he received lots of applause; S—— is a good player, without any doubt; and T—— made things lively for awhile. I saw the ex-Senator in one of the boxes; and H—— was down among "the boys."

There has not been a single party of any note this week. Mr. L—— had a big reception in one of the churches over at the East side; and they have had lots of lawn parties at Pasadena; but that is about all. Mrs. L—— has gone to Del Monte; and dear Mrs B—— is at Santa Monica. Mrs. R—— is back from Sacramento; and Rody got married last week; but our 400 is now resting its social soul at the beach.

Catalina is at its height now. The little Island is crowded, and the tents are numerous. D. M—— is over there, Harry S——, and, of course, the B—— boys. Yachting is all the rage, and they had quite an exciting race on Thursday. The "Restless" won, and we girls were delighted, for the dear owner's sake—but you needn't tell H—— I said so.

Jimmie is in town, and Mr. S——, of San Francisco, is here. Governor Markham has been with us. You know his home is at Pasadena, and he runs down occasionally to fish a little, and try his old camping ground.

The *sandia* (that's the Spanish for watermelon) is our emblem now. I wish you could see them afloat here. You would think we all had a tinge of negro blood in our veins, so eagerly do we feast on them these terribly warm days.

I saw our handsome real estate agent on Spring Street yesterday. I do wish our boys would wear negligé summer clothes this warm weather. D—— looked stiff and uncomfortable on Broadway last Wednesday. A—— was out serenading the other night with his guitar. But I must not chat on any longer; so *adios*, K.

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To the readers of THE WAVE: If you are "in the swim" and are contemplating a trip East you will see that your tickets read via the UNION PACIFIC, THE ONLY LINE RUNNING PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM SLEEPING CARS AND DINING CARS, SAN FRANCISCO TO CHICAGO WITHOUT CHANGE and making direct connection in Chicago with the fast limited trains for all Eastern cities; ONLY THREE AND ONE HALF DAYS TO CHICAGO; ONLY FOUR AND ONE HALF DAYS TO NEW YORK. This line also runs select Tourist excursions through to Boston every Thursday in charge of experienced Managers. For tickets, sleeping car reservations, and full particulars, apply to D. W. Hitchcock, General Agent, Union Pacific Sys., No. 1 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, or G. F. Herr, Passenger Agent, 229 South Spring Street, Los Angeles.

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SANTA CRUZ NEWS.

Of course every thing in Santa Cruz this week is tinged with a war-like hue, and we take our pleasures to an accompaniment of military bands, and subject to military orders.

The Encampment is fulfilling expectations in the way of numbers and devotion to work, and the promise that it should be a camp of instruction is being almost too literally fulfilled to suit the many pretty girls, who only care for that portion of the tented field which represents the quarters of the shoulder-straps of varying grades. There is less of official entertainment than in years before, although no falling off in official courtesy.

Then again, there is, properly speaking, no dress parade, since all full dress suits were left reposing in the armory lockers of the various commands, and this takes away much from the brilliancy of the afternoon review or parade, and while there is a large concourse of carriages to witness parade and guard-mounting every day, yet I'm very sure there's not the same temptation for a girl in white sitting in her pretty phaeton or cart, to beckon with imperious finger to "my friend, the Adjutant," to join her when he is only in fatigue suit, as there was in the dear old days when his manly breast was covered with that fearful and wonderful arrangement of gold lace and gilt cable cord. Don't think I complain, however. If the girls could see how the poor fellows work for three or four hours in the morning, drilling in that "new tactics" which just now engrosses them they would realize what it really is to be a hero of Tripe Hill. Even the "regulars" have by no means become proficient in it yet, and Colonel Shafter has not been able to take the field this week having been attacked with rheumatism after his ride down with the troops. Mrs. Shafter and Mrs. McKittrick are with him and they are entertaining at their cottage some New York friends, Mrs. and Miss McLaughlin.

The military event of the week—and the social one also—was the arrival on Wednesday of Governor Markham and staff. Their reception by the Division was everything that could be desired, and that same evening Mr. and Mrs. John T. Sullivan gave what proved to be, by all odds, the most brilliant event of the season, a complimentary ball at the Sea Beach Hotel to Governor Markham and staff and to General Dimond and staff. It was a very large and also a very enjoyable affair. The girls had saved their very prettiest gowns for it; the men were, of course, *en regle* as to full dress, the officers as to uniform, and the host and hostess had left nothing undone for the success of occasion.

On Friday evening Sullivan gives another ball to the officers of Camp Columbus, and as the "Charleston" and the 'Boston," with the admiral will then be in harbor, that will be another brilliant affair.

On Thursday evening Messrs. McCollum and Bilicke gave a very pleasant invitation hop at the Pacific Ocean House at which the officers were in the ascendant and dancing was greatly enjoyed. They give another at the Casino on Saturday evening.

Among the festivities of Wednesday there was given by the Y. L. I. and Y. M. I., of Santa Cruz, a grand ball and exhibition drill at the Pavilion. This was a very large party and the enjoyment lasted far into the morning hours.

The orphans of the Holy Cross profited well by the entertainment given for their benefit at the Pavilion on Tuesday evening. General Dimond and members of his staff were present. A large party of guests came over from Santa Maria del Mar, including Mrs. James R. Deane, Mrs Colonel J. J. Nunan, Mrs. Laogier, Mrs. Byng, and Miss L. A. Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grismer (Phœbe Davies) and Mrs. Clay M. Greene were guests at General Dimond's table one evening this week. Honorable B. D. Woolf is spending a week's vacation here. Judge Levy is a guest at Camp Columbus.

Stockton, Sacramento, Visalia, and Fresno people make almost a city full of themselves here, so plentiful are they.

An important business item which I must give you before closing is the purchase, by J. P. Smith, of the three-fourths interest in the Pacific Avenue Street Railway, owned by A. P. Hotaling. This railway is the first original street-car line established in Santa Cruz, and has been run by horse power. When Mr. Hotaling acquired his interest in it he had underground wire laid in anticipation of putting in storage electricity when that system should be perfected for short lines. Now that Mr. Smith has purchased it, the line will undoubtedly be made electric very soon, and run in connection with the electric road in which Mr. Smith is so large an owner.

Mr. Hotaling, in selling the road, has by no means lost his interest in Santa Cruz. His handsome new block is about finished, and will be filled entirely with tenants by September 1st, and I am told he is looking at other important real estate with a view to further investment.

KATE KEARNEY.

LAWN TENNIS.

With the exception of the California Club's cup tournament, which was decided two weeks ago in favor of that rising young player, Geo. De Long, there has been but little interest displayed in tennis circles since the late championship contest at San Rafael. It is expected, however, now that the double championship event for gentlemen and the ladies' singles championship are close at hand, that the courts will be well patronized by those who are anxious of displaying their skill in September.

The winners of the all-comers' doubles will this year be hailed as the Pacific States champions, as Hubbard cannot be here to defend the championship with Haight. The latter will, in all probability, enter in partnership with C. D. Bates, Jr. Bates was to have played with Carr Neel, who cannot be here for the event, as he has gone to Chicago. Judging from the showing made by Tobin and Hubbard in the late Western States championship there, it is safe to state that Carr Neel and his brother Sam will afford the Chicago cracks a little more than ordinary amusement.

Tobin and Hubbard have not done much in the East since the Longwood tournament at Boston, in which both were defeated, Tobin by Hubbard, and Hubbard by Hovey. Tobin took part in the Saratoga singles event, but was defeated by old man Bixly, age forty-four years, 5-7, 6-1, 6-4. Hubbard did not join in the above games, evidently on account of his blistered heel, which gave him a great deal of trouble in his contest with Hovey. He was to have taken part in the Nahant tournament, which began Wednesday last, Tennis players were in hopes of getting a good line on his probable chances at Newport on the twenty-second inst. by the manner he handled himself in this contest

The Oakland contingent will be strongly represented this year in the doubles, but in the singles not many ladies will take part from that side of the Bay. Miss Bates, a very clever player whose chances of winning were second to none, has decided not to go in, and it is doubtful if Miss Kimble will play. Miss Bertha Crouch, the lady champion, will be back from the East in good season to practice, so as to be able to make a hard fight to retain the title which she so gallantly captured last year. Miss Crouch has not practiced much in the East, as her game was not adapted to a grass court.

The California cut stroke, which is played a great deal on this Coast and particularly by all the better players, was said by many to be an impossible shot on grass, owing to the fact that the balls did not bound as high as on bitumen, but Hubbard's opinion would seem to offset this completely. He says this same stroke was his most effective in the matches which he won, and also that the ball bounds but very little lower than on a bitumen court.

The Oriole Tennis Club of San Lorenzo will hold its annual championship singles tournament to-day, and will send a strong delegation to the September tournament at San Rafael.

The Olympic tennis annex will hold its double tournament at the courts of the Olympic Athletic grounds to-morrow. Stetson and De Long and Collier and Treat will take part, and there are a number of other teams entered of whom great things are expected. Stetson and De Long have been practicing hard of late at the California club courts, and, barring accidents, should capture the Olympic club event.

O. S. Campbell, the United States champion, has arrived in New York from England, where he has played all the crack players with very poor success. Some of his matches while abroad were very close, but he was unable to touch any of the best ten players. He has had excellent practice, however, against the hard hitting game of the Englishmen, and his friends are positive of his ability to retain his title of champion at the Newport event.

Gerry Field is rapidly coming to the front rank of tennis players. His strokes are all clever imitations of Renshaw's, while his chick-chick drives are very near perfection.

THE SCORER.

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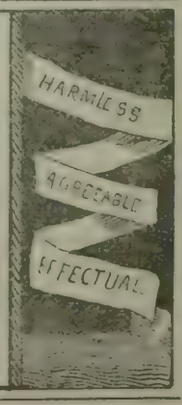

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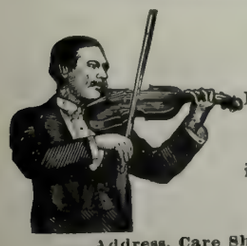

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SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M., 1:40, 3:30, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:35, 11:10 A. M., 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco		In effect Apr. 24, 1892.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION	Sundays	Week Days
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

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THE WAVE

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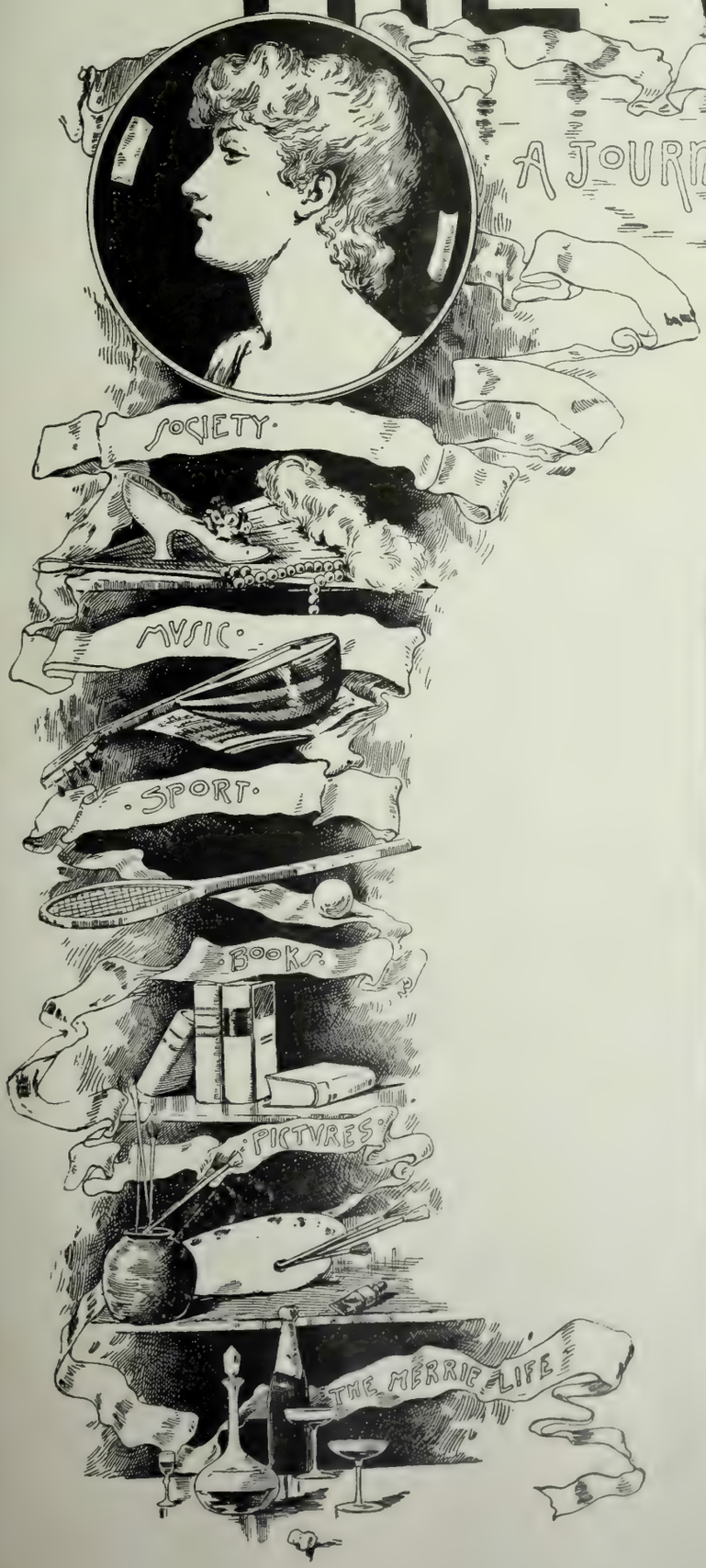

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And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flowers."

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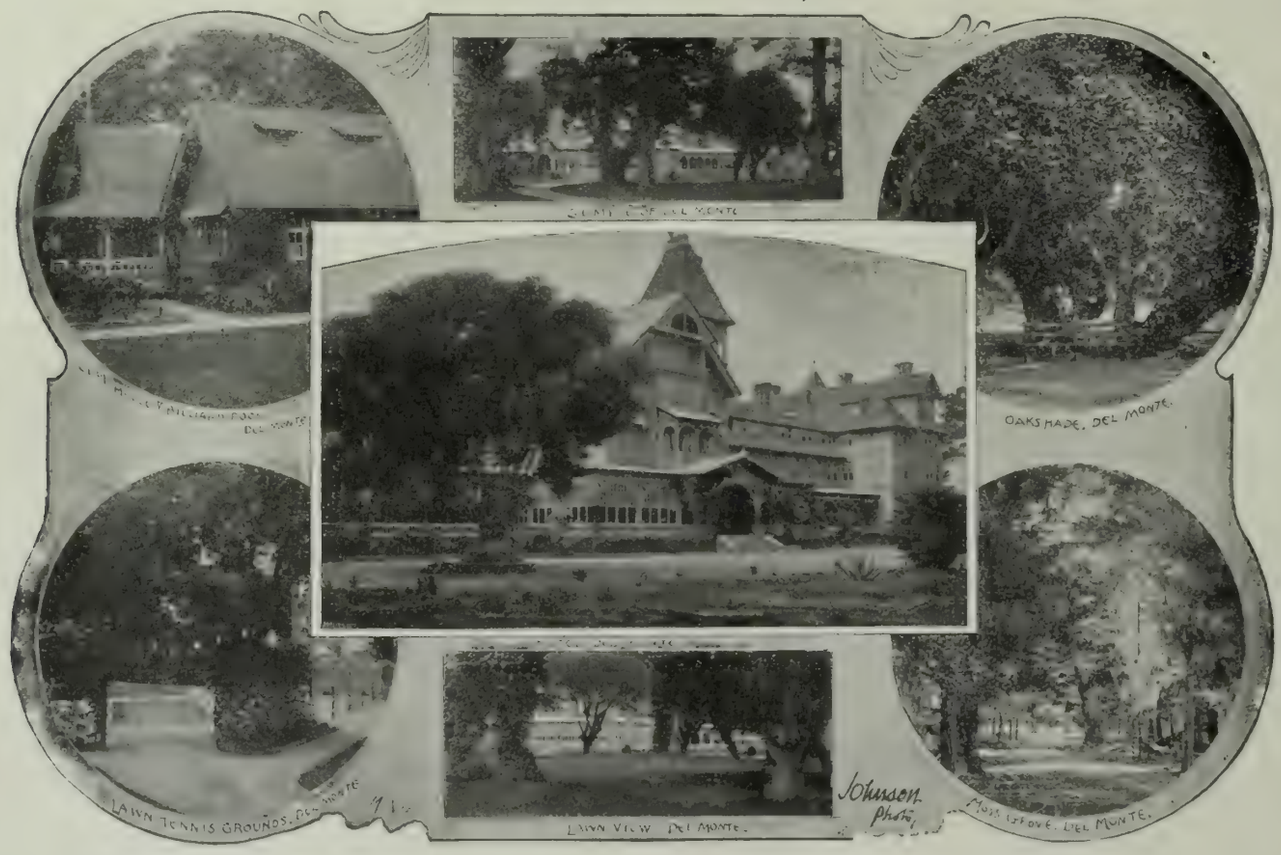

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THE WAVE

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The Wave

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

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SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 20, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

To be successful in these days of intense business competition is either to be very fortunate or exceedingly capable. To the latter category belongs Mr. C. L. Dingley, whose portrait adorns this issue. He is quite a young man, being only twenty-six when he commenced advertising the brand of "Drifted Snow" flour, with which his name is inseparably connected. One does not know which to admire more—the boldness of his advertising campaign, or the manner in which it was conducted. Certainly he has built up a magnificent trade and he has his own capacity to thank for it.

SPLASHES.

SOCIETY is gradually being concentrated at Del Monte. Saturday's "limited" brought down several carloads of fashionables, and the corridors are no longer crowded with birds of passage from the East. The male element has yet to become embarrassingly numerous, but for the first time this season there are maidens in plenty. To-night the absentees are expected to put in an appearance, as it is proposed to have a german after the very young people have had their dance. No reason exists why a successful cotillion cannot be given. Miss Hager may be depended upon to lead a series of pretty figures, and the leap year feature should prove attractive. At least there will be no lack of fine costumes.

* * *

Hardly a doubt exists but that considerable money will be wagered upon the outcome of the pigeon shoot at Del Monte. As it is now, Edward Donohoe and Fred Tallant have the lead, with Dick Sprague, Fred Webster, and Ramon E. Wilson, but a few points behind. Two of the possible winners, Bob Woodward and Will Kittle, are practically disabled, owing to their recent accidents. Woodward, however, is going to try to practice a little during the coming week, and may enter the lists. Joe Quay is also on the retired list at present, as he severely sprained his right wrist last Sunday while out fishing. Crossing a ravine, using two rocks and the fallen trunk of a tree as his stepping points, he fell quite a distance, sustaining a severe sprain. However, it is possible that he may recover sufficiently to make a record.

* * *

That old adage, which tells of the worm's misfortunes at the beak of the early bird, is aptly illustrated by the struggle for rooms at Del Monte. Those fortunate ones who secured accommodations in advance for the "shoot" of the Country Club are rejoicing at the ill luck of their dilatory friends. The vast majority who do next week what should have been done last month, are decidedly out in the cold. Among others I hear that George Howard is greatly chagrined because of his failure to secure rooms that would have the benefit of the morning sun, the afternoon sun, and the evening moon. D. B. Davidson, of the Nevada Bank, is another sufferer, and so is Alexander Boyd, who, by the way, is now at El Paso de Robles Springs with Mrs. Boyd.

* * *

PRIVATE EQUIPAGES are quite the rule at Del Monte this season. In other years the rigs furnished by the hotel were considered quite comfortable enough for the afternoon excursions of the most fastidious. Now, however, to be "in the swim," one must have one's own. Mrs. Hager has a very handsome carriage, an admirably matched team and a stout English coachman, whose imperturbable countenance would not be amiss in a sketch of Thackeray's. Mrs. Wilcox has also a handsome turnout though her Jehu is not to be compared with Mrs. Hager's. The Dimonds have both a buckboard, which seats a party of eight with comfort, and a handsome Victoria. They have a stately pair of high-steppers and a coachman whose face expresses an almost portentous respectability.

* * *

Joe Grant's liveried coachman gently guides a swell team of trotters from the front seat of the latest in drags. So far, however, no one has attempted to emulate the magnificent M. Theodore Kearney, whose tandem used to provoke the admiration of the porch. To see the two spirited steeds, darker than Erebus, trot rapidly to the steps and the ascent of the proud Fresnoite was a spectacle for the gods. Drury Malone in his most altitudinous moments never reached that majesty of demeanor that Kearney affected as he wrapped the buggy robe around his lower limbs.

* * *

AT SUMMER RESORTS one does not discuss affairs of national importance. Over a yellow dog of considerable versatility of species quite an amount of fun was had at the Vendome. Collarless and ownerless, this canine orphan wandered around until two pretty Spanish maidens considered the idea of assuming a protectorate over him. On his behalf they proceeded to take up a collection, and as there was no resisting an appeal re-enforced by such eyes, they raked in sufficient shekels to ensure the beast's comfortable existence for at least two months. Had the animal been less objectionable, I believe his protectresses might have obtained a reputation for charity. A few weeks later they left for Del Monte, the yellow dog in the meantime assuming the functions of a door mat whenever an opportunity offered.

* * *

Excellent in certain locations, even door mats become invidious when obtruded in dark corners. If curses could kill, the canine would have died a thousand horrible deaths. However, the second month ended on Tuesday last, and the sufferers concocted a terrible scheme of revenge. They expressed the yellow dog to the Spanish maidens at Del Monte, accompanied by an invitation to raise a sufficient sum for his continued maintenance there. However, among the regulations of that institution is an anti-dog law that would delight Ambrose Bierce. The result, an accommodating bell boy was given him in charge and he has neither barked nor bitten since.

* * *

THERE IS BUT LITTLE going on in the San Francisco Verein, owing, I suppose, to the fact that so many of the members have been and are now away in the country. During the coming season there are to be several entertainments, some of them even of greater interest than those of last year. The first affair of importance will take place on Saturday evening, October 22d, when an opera entitled "Christopher Columbus" is to be presented. The music is by Mr. Hinz and the libretto by Mr. Waldeck, both of whom have done excellent work in the past. The opera is romantic in theme, having but one comedy character. It is highly eulogized by those who have heard the words and melodies. The stage settings, the scenic effects, and the costumes will be in advance of all the Verein's previous efforts. Some one has assured me "Bluff King Hal" and the Art Association

will have to hide diminished heads after the production.

* * *

The Directors of the Verein have busied themselves of late in making reforms in various departments of the *menage*. It has been an open secret for over a year that the members were not satisfied with the catering of the steward, Abrahams, and strenuous efforts were made to get a new one. Although the Verein has never spared expense in the matter of its suppers, it is a fact that many of the members preferred going to a restaurant rather than enduring the *cuisine* of the institution. However, affairs are to be different, as the position of steward has been declared vacant, and on the first of next month it will be filled by the former steward of the Pacific-Union Club. He is said to be the right man for the position, hence the members are rejoicing.

* * *

TO BE INVIDIOUS at the expense of Sausalito, one might compare the current gayety to that prevailing at a French ball after midnight. The place is as dull as a Quaker meeting and as uninteresting as a dummy novel. General Dickinson has returned from the war, and again occupies "Craig Hazel." I understand that the Dickinsons are to give an entertainment and dance at the Pacific Yacht Club before very long, to which a few of their friends will be invited. An amateur play of a light character will then be produced, to be followed by a dance and supper. Mrs. Dickinson, I am told, possesses considerable histrionic ability, and ought to appear to advantage.

* * *

I am told that Will Van Bergen has had his cottage beautifully decorated with "Gold Dust," and that the effect is not only artistic, but meets with the hearty approbation of his visitors whose name is legion. Some jealous people have accused Mr. Van Bergen of having an eye to business in this form of decoration, but—perish the thought. Everybody admired Mrs. Van Bergen when she was Miss Uhlhorn, but now they admire her more as she wears her matronly charms with becoming grace, and is by far the prettiest and most popular young married woman in Sausalito. A wealth of blonde hair, the brightest of blue eyes, and a faultless complexion are her chief charms. She has the rare faculty of dressing in most becoming taste.

* * *

The Sausalito Athletic, Boating, Swimming, and Fencing Club has been incorporated with unlimited capital and a limited membership comprising Billy Stinson, Gus Wilde, Al Bonnell, and Jim Bonnell. The members occupy Alcatraz Cottage, up on the hill, and make the welkin ring with their jollity at night. At five o'clock in the morning one may see their shapely forms disported in the wavelets that fringe the pebble-bound shores of Sausalito, and after that they indulge in "Sinbad cocktails" and other muscular exercises. Rumor has it that if this Monastery combination attempts to execute all its matrimonial engagements they will be obliged to emigrate to Utah. If I had time I would tell you a story or two about some of the many fair maidens who have made Alcatraz Cottage their favorite abiding place this summer; however, *poco tiempo*.

* * *

Miss Rosalie Meyer gave a delightful lunch party last Wednesday at the home of her father, Mr. Eugene Meyer, on the corner of Pine and Gough Streets. Miss Simon, whose wedding is to be celebrated on September 7th, was the guest of honor, and sixteen well-known girls were invited to meet her. Of course the table decorations were highly artistic, and the luncheon abounded in those delicacies that delight the feminine heart, as well as palate.

* * *

September will be gemmed with matrimonial alliances and it behooves the 400 to commence laying aside money for wedding presents. An early wedding will be that of Mr. Ellis Wooster and Miss Emma McMillan, which will take place on the evening of September 7th at the home of the young lady on Ridley Street. The bride elect is an exceedingly bright and vivacious girl, sensible and intelligent. Her parents are dead but she was left well provided with the necessaries of life, as were her brother and sister. Mr. Wooster is the son of the late J. B. Wooster, formerly of the firm of Wooster & Shattuck, commission merchants. He is an excellent example of what a young man, and he is quite young, can do if he has sense. Instead of squandering his patrimony he invested it in the paper box manufacturing business and now enjoys a good income. I believe that Miss Jennie McMillan, the bride's sister will be the maid of honor, and that Mr. Walter B. Cooke will act as best man. The ceremony is to be private but there will be a large reception afterward.

* * *

One german leader has retired from active social service. Vernon Gray, who for several seasons past has headed the maneuvers that fashion calls figures at one or other of the Friday night's cotillions, is living in Siskiyou. He has purchased an interest in the Morning Dawn Mine and is engaged as its Assistant Superintendent. I believe the prospects for a development of ore are excellent and it is not improbable that ere many years are gone Mr. Gray will be rich in his own right. He has just returned to his mine after a brief course in assaying which he undertook at Mr. Price's laboratory.

* * *

The engagement of Miss Aileen Ivers to Edward Morris Robinson, of New York, was the subject of discussion in Society circles this week. She is veritably a beauty—tall, slender, graceful, with pale blonde hair and a perfect complexion. Her features are regular and she has magnificent eyes. Miss Ivers was not specially fascinating, however. She seemed to lack that indefinable magnetism which makes belles of maidens far less admirably dowered by nature. Indeed, she was rather cold, statuesque, self-conscious. Mr. Robinson has an interest in the New York branch of the firm of Drexel, Morgan & Co., and is regarded as a rising man in financial circles. Just now, Miss Ivers is traveling in Europe with Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Spreckels.

Richardson & Robbins' Potted Ham for Picnics and Teas.

* * *

The Concordia Club's theatre nights are going to prove quite popular. At the Baldwin and California last evening there were several parties, one of them made up by the Friday Night Bowling Club, which is always foremost in taking advantage of such opportunities. After the performance a nice supper was served in the clubrooms, and those who cared to, enjoyed a dance in the big ballroom. It proved quite an agreeable affair, besides being in the nature of a reunion after the holidays. The Directors of the Club have decided to erect a stage for theatrical performances. It will be fitted with scenery and all manner of appliances. I presume amateur dramatics are among the agreeable possibilities.

* * *

SO LOUISE BONYNGE and Major Maxwell are married at last. I never imagined it would happen. She was just a little arrogant, while her step-sister, Virginia, *née* Daniel, was an exceedingly sweet girl. Bonynge had legally adopted her, however, and treated both girls alike. Maxwell was a most assiduous suitor. At Cairo, where they first met, he dined with them nearly every night. He is short and stout and so is Louise, and about forty years of age. Bonynge did not encourage the match, for Maxwell, though of good family and *aid-de-camp* to General Grenfell had only a slender income besides his pay. The best people go gladly to Mrs. Bonynge's teas. Their social position in London is almost unique. And it was obtained in a very simple fashion. Princess Christian, a daughter of Queen Victoria married to a German Prince, lives at Cumberland Lodge a few miles from London. Her allowance from Parliament is not excessive and she has several children including two daughters about the same age as Virginia and Louise.

* * *

Mrs. Bonynge with her children was traveling by rail to Homburg some years ago. In the same compartment was a lady with two young girls. The maidens began to chat with each other and presently became great friends. The ladies exchanged cards and Mrs. Bonynge learnt that her new acquaintance was none other than a daughter of India's Empress. When the party arrived at Homburg, the two families took a double house for three months, dividing the expense. Princess Christian became very much attached to Mrs. Bonynge who is an affable and charming woman with broad ideas and a thorough knowledge of the world. Bonynge was absent in California at this time so his eccen-

tricities were not made manifest. Afterwards he purchased for £16,000, a handsome residence in the most fashionable part of London, Prince's Gate, not far from the Row and adjoining the residence of Joseph Chamberlain. The daughters of Princess Christian, like the daughters of other people, go to the theatres once in a while. They used to run up from Cumberland Lodge and stay over night at the Bonynge's very often. All this gave them great prestige. In fact, many of England's proudest families went habitually to their house. Indeed, it was said that while the Prince of Wales attended divers entertainments, the Princess occasionally dined with Mrs. Bonynge. To those who understand the inner arcana of London court circles the distinction is decidedly obvious.

* * *

Bonynge is a curious fellow. I remember once that he spoke of himself as a "rational idiot," and that application may explain his oddities. He was a very shrewd stock operator and had an innate faculty for getting out before a crash. He left San Francisco several years ago and said to me: "I'll be gone a year or two, but I'll be a much richer man when I return than now." "How is that?" I asked him. "You will surely not go into any hazardous enterprise while you are absent." "Oh, no," he laughed, "but when I return I'll have what I have now, while those fellows," pointing to the Stock Exchange, "will lose half of their present fortunes." The fact that many have lost all while Bonynge lives in luxury in London, shows the man's cynical provident philosophy. His eldest daughter, Virginia, is a rarely beautiful creature. Tall, graceful, slender, with masses of blonde hair, and an habitually pensive expression in her blue eyes, she has won many hearts but she is not yet married, and has some disagreable memories, I fancy. She has been twice engaged, one of the *partis* being ihe eldest son of an earl. They styled him Devil Trebbel at the clubs which, perhaps, indicates his characteristics better than I can.

* * *

Bonynge was willing and offered to settle enough property in trust on his daughter to net her £5000 annually; but he asked that the Earl make to his son a similar allowance. He, though the owner of one of the proudest names in the peerage, could not divert that amount from the entailed estates, so Devil Trebbel lost his bride. I have heard that the affair has been taken up again, and the son is straitening up, so it may yet be a match.

* * *

HERE IS A STORY I am allowed to tell on condition I mention no names. It is about a certain old maiden lady whose residence is not over three miles from Menlo Park. Rumor credits her with possessing something over $300,000, and she has, besides, a nephew whose sense is not of the type known as common. I believe he understands that to inherit her fortune it is necessary to keep in her good graces, and for weeks at a time he devotes himself to paying her the most assiduous attentions. In return for this desertion of a fond mamma and fonder sisters, he receives nice, fat checks on which he is enabled to enjoy life in the city.

* * *

Beside being fair, fat, and occasionally extremely asthmatic, this dear old lady has in constant attendance a maid servant, who is a perfect peach. She is not nineteen, she has rosy cheeks, a sweet low voice with just a touch of London accent, and she reads the old lady to sleep over Miss Braddon's dukes and ghosts, and Ouida's princes and marble palaces. She was engaged in September last, this sweet English maid servant, and from that moment the visits of the nephew grew longer and more lengthy. The pretty maid would read aloud to the two, he with one hand laid affectionately on the old lady's shoulder keeping the flies off with a palm leaf fan.

* * *

The effect of the cool current was to send the old lady to sleep quickly, as the nephew never neglected at dinner to ply her well with heavy old port. After her eyes closed and her breathing became regular, I am afraid the sweet English maid occupied that nephew's attentions for too, too many hours. However, months sped onwards. He became exemplary, did this nice young man. He could not bear, to separate from his dear aunt, who, of course, had never noticed what went on behind her lagre easy-chair. She always slept so soundly, the good old creature.

* * *

Last Saturday was this lucky young fellow's birthday, and just hear what happened. His beloved old aunt called him to her at the breakfast table and said, "Jack, I have here a check for $5000. It is my belief that you would be only too happy to marry my maid," and she added, slyly, "you know you ought to, and if you wish to, Jack, you may do so. This $5000 will support you to the end of your days. But if you promise me that you won't, I will do something very kind for the girl. I know I can make you very happy by giving her a nice present—so that she may go back to England next Monday and live there independently. Eh, Jack?"

Next Monday the girl did start for England and Jack is now telling the story as a good joke up at the Pacific-Union Club.

* * *

WHOEVER IMAGINES Governor Markham is lacking in shrewdness will be likely to find he is mistaken. Sitting in front of his tent at Camp Columbus last week, he was absently rubbing against his shoe a match of a make that will only ignite on the box.

"Hello, Governor," said Al Castle approaching him. "I'll bet you four bits yon cannot light that match on your shoe."

"You will," returned the Executive, cautiously transferring some of the phosphorus from the box which he had concealed in his other hand to the shoe, "I'll take you."

With that he again struck the head and it flew into a head of flame. Castle has been wondering ever since how it occurred.

* * *

The staff had a good deal of fun with itself and a dozen stories are going the rounds about different affairs. One afternoon Colonel Chadbourne was seen by Colonel Sanborn to bow profoundly to a negro couple that were passing through the camp. The railroad man called "Chad" down and demanded an explanation.

"Governor's orders to salute the colors," was "Chad's" answer.

* * *

John W. Flood, paying teller at the bank of Donohoe, Kelly & Co., is the happy possessor of one of the celebrated Winchester rifles called "one of one thousand." It seems that it is a custom with this concern whenever a thousand rifles are finished, to select from them one hundred that are better than the rest. From that hundred they select the best ten, and from the ten they chose one which is supposed to be the most perfect rifle of the thousand. On the barrel is engraved in script "One of One Thousand." Mr. Flood is an ardent sportsman and a crack shot, either at the traps or in the tules.

* * *

The little chapel at Del Monte, the nucleus for the erection of which was started by Mrs. Hattie Crocker-Alexander, has had everything necessary for its use except a large Bible in the pulpit. Miss Leiter, of Chicago, recently started a popular subscription for the purchase of one, and last Sunday Ned Greenway helped the fund along by collecting twenty-eight dollars at the hotel. From present appearances they will soon have a Bible at the chapel.

* * *

It is curious to note how the omission or addition of a single letter of the alphabet will effect a marked change in the name of a place. By a mistake of the engraver all of the silverware at the Hotel Del Monte is marked El Monte. Did you ever notice it? The Pacific Improvement Company have been the sufferers by another peculiar error of an engraver. It was originally intended to call the new tavern near Mount Shasta Castle Crags, but the engraver omitted the final s, and now the resort is known as Castle Crag. Funny, isn't it?

* * *

The O. F. Willeys will remain at their cottage on the bluffs until September 1st, when they will return to their home in this city. Mrs. Willey is not in the best of health and contemplates another trip to Europe. Her sister, Mrs. Jennie Poultney, is a frequent visitor at the cottage. Frank Willey has not lost a pound of flesh since he arrived in Sausalito, much to his sorrow. I hear some rumors of him joining the noble army of Benedicts in the winter.

* * *

THE RETURN of our Congressional delegation, which includes Senator Felton, has

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revived the many rumors circulated lately concerning a settlement of the Senatorial succession. While experience has taught me to place little or no reliance upon political compacts, I have yet long realized that it is dangerous to say (when discussing politics) that anything is impossible. National prejudices, family feuds, and personal animosities are often scarcely ended in the grave, but it is not unusual to see politicians, who were the apparent victims of deadly hatreds, effect the most effusive and affectionate reconciliations in a single day. I, myself, once witnessed a sudden coalition between two clubs, which, for months previously, had been carrying on a war in which two men were shot, several wounded, and a large number battered up with brick bats and clubs. The efforts at reconciliation began at noon, and at nightfall the combatants were drinking over the same bar, and laughing at their previous differences. It seemed that some one had entered the district that morning and offered a large sum of money for the Assembly nomination on condition that harmony should prevail. Of course "harmony" at once prevailed.

* * *

Hence, I have little faith in the "fights" of the politicians. To me the hostile attitudes of Mr. De Young and Mr. Felton mean nothing more than that they each fervently desire the Senatorial vacancy, and are willing to call each other hard names to get it. I should not be surprised, therefore, to hear it authentically stated that these gentlemen had formed a combine agreeable to both. At present I hear it unauthentically stated that Mr. Felton's arrival will be the signal for the introduction of much "harmony" in the Republican ranks. The story is this: On all sides it is agreed that if the prevailing quarrel continues there is danger not only that neither Mr. De Young nor Mr. Felton will succeed to the Senatorship, but that the State itself will be lost to Harrison and Reid. Mr. Reid's millionaire father-in-law, D. O. Mills, was expected early in the campaign to open a "bar'l" in California, but he has not yet done so, and it is currently reported that he says he has worked altogether too hard to accumulate the few dollars he possesses to spend any of them in politics. Thus the campaign is left to be carried out on great moral ideas.

* * *

The politicians have little or no faith in great moral ideas as engines of success, and they feel that what with the quarrel between Dan Burns and Kelly and Crimmins in this city, and the scramble between De Young and Felton in the State, everything will be lost. Consequently great pressure is being brought to bear to effect an amicable understanding. The plan proposed is to secure a pledge from Harrison that in the event of his re-election he will appoint a Californian to a cabinet position. This will open the way for an easy settlement of all the difficulties. De Young is to withdraw from the Senatorial contest and next year go into Harrison's cabinet, probably as Secretary of the Interior. The factions in this city are to be brought together by a division of the city and Federal patronage. No less powerful personage a than Senator Stanford will undertake to execute the details of the pacification programme. In case Harrison is defeated Mr. De Young promises to retain his equanimity, for he is to have the first vacancy in the Senate that occurs. It is intimated that if the Legislature is Republican Senator Stanford will resign. Some of Mr. De Young's friends object that the editor is getting the worst of the bargain, but as an offset it is said that Felton is an old man and not likely to long need political honors while De Young is still a youth and can wait.

* * *

SIGNOR GALVANI is arranging a concert for an exiled friend, a Count in his own country. Like others no less distinguished, led by the lack of funds and a fine barytone voice, he became a chorus singer. That was sad, but fortune had worse in store. With the wreck of the Juch Company, he remained in San Francisco. However admirable in Italian the Count has not over twenty words of English, and for that reason is not available for our local opera houses. The special feature of this concert will be the introduction of two extraordinary instruments. One is the Harmonie Piano, and the other the Falter Harp. They are the property of Mr. Rossi who imported them recently from Milan.

* * *

The Harmonie Piano is an instrument fitted with an attachment for vibrating the strings. A curious organ effect is produced by the simple pressure of a pedal. Otherwise the instrument is simply a very excellent piano. The other instrument is a large upright harp provided with a sounding board and keys that touch the strings in such a way that one is playing the harp as if it were a piano. In combination with violins and 'cellos the effect producible is exquisite. A few nights ago at a little entertainment given at Mr. Rossi's house, the inter-mezzo of Mascagni's opera was repeated fourteen times for an enchanted audience.

* * *

ONE HEARS BUT LITTLE of Joe Harrington nowadays—he who taught Theodore Wores and many another of the artistic band that has since acquired fame. For thirty years he has lived in the Latin quarter, and, because he seems to defy the ravages of time, some have gone so far as to say he has discovered the elixir of life. He ascribes his perennial youth to Italian cookery. A thousand and one stories are told of Harrington, but about as good as is going is one that concerns the late Bishop O'Connell, of Marysville. He spent eighteen years in Italy, and learned there to paint holy pictures—the Stations of the Cross, Madonnas and St. Josephs—with a touch of the art of the old masters.

* * *

His brother presides over the Church of St. Francis d'Assissi, at North Beach, and has ever been Joe's friend and counselor. Many a good commission in the country churches did he secure for him. Among others was one from Bishop O'Connell to paint a picture of the Holy Family for a church in Northern California. Though a Bohemian, Joe certainly possesses diligence, and in two weeks had finished the Infant Christ in the arms of his mother, and St. Joseph gazing down upon the child with fatherly love. The colors were pre-Raphaelitish, and the bill which accompanied the picture to Marysville was seventy-five dollars. A week later I met Joe in Campi's and asked him when he intended giving a dinner in honor of the payment—this in accordance with an ancient custom which he sedulously observed.

* * *

"Oh!" he said, "I have had a row with the Bishop."

"What about?" asked I. "Over that dirty picture; look at this letter."

It ran thus:

"MR. JOSEPH HARRINGTON—

"MY DEAR SIR:—I have received the picture of the Holy Family which you painted for the church at French Corrall, also your bill for seventy-five dollars. Believe me, sir, I think the price is exorbitant and your conduct outrageous. I could have bought a better picture in Rome for twenty-five dollars. I remain, dear sir,

"Faithfully yours,

"P. O'CONNOR."

* * *

"But," said I, "what was your reply to this?"

"Ah!" he said, with a sigh of joy, "read that; it will crucify him!" And here was Joe's reply:

"RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD,

"I have received your favor of the fifth instant from Marysville. Believe me, sir, I agree with you in your statement that you can purchase a better picture than mine for the price you name, but remember that this is not Rome, but San Francisco. So far as my conduct is outrageous, believe me, Right Reverend Father, yours has been more blasphemous than that of Judas Iscariot; he betrayed our Lord and Master Jesus Christ for thirty pieces of silver; you, Right Reverend Father, would betray the whole Holy Family for twenty-five dollars. I remain,

"Your most respectful and obedient servant,

"JOSEPH HARRINGTON."

* * *

STEPHEN MAYBELL, General of the new army of the "Kingdom of Heaven at Hand," who was divorced from his first wife about a month ago, and married to Mrs. Mary Hanson on Thursday evening at Metropolitan Temple, according to a ceremony originated by himself, is an unique and amusing character who will yet repay study. Some years ago Steve was chiefly known as a poet. He wrote verses with great facility, and it was thought for some time that he might make a record for himself among the doggrel manufacturers of the Coast. But suddenly he dropped the idea and took to the stage. For a

Richardson & Robbins' Potted Ham for Picnics and Teas.

while he shone with great lustre in this department of literary usefulness. He appeared at several of the minor theatres in small parts, which gradually widened until his gall induced him to essay Hamlet, Othello, and other Shakespearean characters. His success was so marked—that is, his escapes from physical violence were so miraculous—that he concluded to take to the road. So he gathered together a dramatic company and spent some time rehearsing a play which he had composed himself.

* * *

Steve has always maintained that his plans were perfect. His fatal error was in essaying the road with an original play. "Had I stuck to any of the dramatic poets," he said to me once, "or even staid with the well-known modern playwrights, all would have gone well; but an original piece ruined me. You see we struck Grass Valley at a bad season of the year. It had been raining and everybody had a cold and felt grouty. The house was full the first night we played there, however, and the audience appeared to be quite appreciative; but somehow the play did not suit them. In the second act I made the villain score two or three triumphs. He had jailed the hero, foreclosed a mortgage on the heroine's father's homestead, poisoned a rich uncle who had left him all his wealth and forced the heroine to marry him. Of course I had it arranged to twist all this around in the next act, even to a divorce for the heroine; but when, at the close of the second act, the villain advanced to the footlights and hissed, 'Who can thwart me plans now?' a big miner in the pit arose and said 'I can.' There was a burst of applause. Just then someone hit the villain in the head with an egg, and four or five rough men climbed upon the stage. I ran forth and attempted to explain that everything would come out all right in the next act, but they wouldn't listen. The big miner, who led the party on the stage, said, 'We wants de man what wrote dis play. He's de duffer *we're* after.' Of course I left the theatre at once. In fact, I left the town. I walked to the nearest railroad station in a driving rainstorm and rode a brake beam into Sacramento."

* * *

It is unnecessary to add that Steve at once abandoned the drama. The Grass Valley incident convinced him that the audiences of the interior were incapable of appreciating his abilities. So he came to San Francisco and changed his system. He ran for the Legislature. He was elected in 1879 on the sandlotter's ticket and served in the Assembly during the long session of 1880. Steve did not make a brilliant record as a legislator. He was too modest to take part in the debates and his great mind chafed at the skullduggery of the committes. He drew his salary promptly, however. During 1881 he remained with the drooping sandlot party and after its death made several ineffectual attempts to organize other parties on a similar basis. In the invention and propagation of a new religion, however, Steve's versatility is certain to come into play. The creed of the "Army of the Kingdom of Heaven at Hand" shows the peculiar bent of his mind. He does not promise converts to insure them a future Heaven, where they may enjoy an eternity of happiness and comfort, but he guarantees, in consideration of liberal contributions to the Army's funds, a "Heaven at Hand," that is, an immediate or earthly Heaven. According to Steve's calculations an immediate earthly Heaven is worth any number of uncertain future Heavens, on the principle that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Some people may think that General Stephen Maybell and Generaless Mary Hanson Maybell are cranks, but they are mistaken. The advertising secured by the marriage in Metropolitan Temple on Thursday evening is quite sure to make the new religion popular and profitable.

* * *

FRANK M. STONE is an able lawyer and politician, but he is not very popular among the "boys" of his Assembly District. It is said, however, that a prophet is never without honor save in his own country. Just why the young men who attend to primary matters for Kelly and Crimmins in the Thirty-fifth Assembly District do not admire him has not been disclosed, but it seems that every chance they have to manifest their dislike they take advantage of. For instance, Mr. Stone recently desired to attend the Sacramento Convention as a delegate. Of course he could have procured a proxy from Del Norte, Mono, or some other distant county, but he did not care to do that. Such a proceeding would have given color to the story that he was too unpopular at home to represent his own district, which would surely have been started. Such stories are embarrassing if one desires to wield influence in a State Convention.

* * *

When Mr. Stone applied to the "boys" of his district for permission to represent them, they received him with a shout of derision. "Represent nothing," they said. Frank then bethought himself of the owners of these "boys," and he hied to the Third Street saloon. He said something that convinced Martin Kelly of his fitness to represent the Republicans of the Thirty-fifth District, and that boss sent an order out that he wanted Stone's name to go upon the ballot and no foolishness. To make assurance doubly sure that there could be no trickery, Frank had his own tickets printed and sent to the primary election board. It will be remembered that the primary election by which Martin and Phil created the last State delegation was a mere form. They executed the usual primary processes under the Porter law, but the politicians in charge of the ballot boxes had a monopoly of the voting. To say that 100 legitimate votes were cast out of the 10,000 found in the boxes at six P. M. on that day would be quoting an absurdly extravagant figure.

* * *

As the "boys" in charge of the box in the Thirty-fifth District had to do the voting they considered that they had a right to stuff in such tickets as suited them. So when Mr. Stone's tickets appeared they tore them up and filled the box full of ballots on which the name of one of their favorites appeared. This gentleman was Mr. De Pue. He did not wish to attend the Sacramento Convention and the placing of his name on the ballot was a purely gratuitous operation. Late in the evening when Mr. Stone called at the polling place he found that the votes were nearly counted and that his name was not on the tally sheet. Wild with rage he made for the Third Street saloon. Half an hour afterward an excited messenger rushed into the polling place of the Thirty-fifth District and delivered a thundering note from Martin Kelly. It read: "I want Frank Stone to go as a delegate from your district and no d—— nonsense." The votes had all been counted, but the "boys" were equal to the emergency. One of them scratched out De Pue's name on the tally sheet and entered that of Stone. This operation triumphantly elected Mr. Stone. "The old man is a bloody idiot," said one of the boys, in explaining the matter to me, "but when he writes a note like that we has to give him his way."

* * *

THE ORIGIN of the bitter feeling that exists between W. W. Foote and Ned Curtis, which culminated at Chicago in the exhibition of active hostility against the latter by the California delegation, dates back to the period of the former's incumbency as Railroad Commissioner. It appears there was a meeting of the Board in its rooms and Mr. Foote was expressing his contempt for everything pertaining to monopolies, when Curtis, who happened to be in the room, interrupted him.

* * *

"You must not speak of my friend, Stanford, in that fashion," he said to the irate Commissioner, very emphatically. "It is not right, sir." The two had been good enough friends previously.

"Mr. Bailiff," said Foote, "Who is that person?"

"Mr. Curtis, sir."

"Don't know him. Throw him out."

And the Bailiff requested the friend of the Southern Pacific to withdraw.

* * *

THE UNREADABLE does not always occur. At intervals, regular or the reverse, one hears of episodes that are the climaxes of a series of remarkable situations, of strange *reconters* that put fiction to the blush, of happenings that culminate romances. Here is a little story that has this rare advantage of being both true and interesting. It brings into action a variety of the emotions that obtain

Richardson & Robbins' Plum Pudding—A Delicious Dessert.

their proper names on the stage and are not ordinarily supposed to figure in the lives of people of aristocratic pretensions. There is a father who, besides being tall, is well-known in social as well as political circles, his wife, a member of a rich and prominent family, and a son who has recently graduated at an Eastern university.

* * *

That is the situation on the surface. To go further, however, there is another wife in the background—the mother of the son. The circumstances of the divorce I have forgotten, I only know that the twain parted with a pronounced detestation for one another and that the father swore the boy, whose custody the law had given him, should never meet his mother. In the course of years she, too, married again, her husband being a man of prominence, whose name is very familiar to newspaper readers. These long years this son has enjoyed the deepest affection of his father's heart. He has been thoroughly educated. His new mother has done all she knew how to replace her whom the law had taken from him. That name he had never been allowed to hear.

* * *

Not more than a few weeks ago, this youth, bound somewhere or other on a Sutter Street car, found himself listening vaguely to a couple of well-dressed women who were discussing the matrimonial infelicities of their friends.

"I wonder," said one to the other, "if D—— is happier with his second wife than he was with Number 1?"

"His first; why who was she?" inquired the other in tones of deep interest. "I did not know he had ever been married before."

"Certainly. Don't you remember their divorce and her subsequent marriage with Mr. ——."

The names they spoke were those of their listener's parents. Strange the instruments that fate makes use of—how the chance words of two gossips in a car may change the current of a life.

* * *

It all came to him in a flash. He decided he must see and know his mother. Bravely he told the father what he had learnt and the nature of his wish. However agreeable of speech there is that in the face of this man which shows firmness bordering on obduracy

"If you see her," he said, "you will leave this house and me forever."

They talk in this unreasonable strain in real life as well as on the stage do *fin de siècle* fathers. However, the son was not to be turned from his purpose. He called on his mother. She lives at an up town hotel, a very charming woman with quite a little family of her own. It meant a good deal to both, this meeting. They advanced to shake hands, did these two long separated ones. But the stress of emotion was too strong. The woman fell on the floor in a dead faint. He dropped beside her.

* * *

Of course they were recovered, and between tears had a long, long chat. Think how much they must have had to say to one another. Again and again they met, the father knowing nothing of the boy's new found felicity. But, secrets will out. At last he heard all, and taxed his son. The youth denied nothing. There ensued a stormy scene, recriminations on both sides. But the second wife interceded for the son. Her petitions prevailed. He was restored to favor on condition he would see his mother but once a month. Now that the relations between the two is recognized I wonder how long the violence of their fondness will last. Life has no joys like those that are forbidden.

* * *

MILITARY CRITICS, and there are more than most of us suspect, are all of one mind regarding the recent encampment at Santa Cruz. They pronounce it the most successful the militia has ever had, and prophesy endless admirable results to accrue. The spectacle of bodies of men marching under a hot sun, over a dusty plain, ordered hither and thither by Colonel This and Captain That, is calculated to excite respect rather for their patriotism than for their intelligence. Yet, a National Guard is a necessary evil and it is fortunate for the rest of us, who fail to discern the individual gain of drilling, that the community is not all of the same mind.

* * *

In the uniforms of the soldiers who deployed at Santa Cruz last Saturday, there was not enough scarlet or gold lace to give brilliancy to the review. Indeed, there is little awe inspiring about modern maneuvers, save it be a cavalry charge. The regiments, headed by bands of various degrees of incompetence, filed past Governor Markham and his Colonels, saluted and climbed the hill. That is, the defending force did. The others, including the marines and the Naval Reserve, were massed at the south end of the field. If one has space to fill, the matter of light glinting from polished gun barrels or scintillating from the serried array of helmets, is good to work in, otherwise the scenic features were not obtrusive.

* * *

Someone who claimed to know asserted that the long Infantry line, moving across the plain, running and kneeling, firing one volley after another, the crack of their rifles sounding like explosions of huge bunches of firecrackers, had all the characteristics of an actual combat. The opposition army was stationed on what is called Tripe Hill. and it was attacked in front and by a detachment from one side. The victory was a matter of mutual understanding and of time rather than of exhibited superiority.

* * *

The Naval Reserve is composed of far superior male material to the militia. The average of health, height, and intelligence as evinced by physiques and physiognomies seems much higher. In the cause of picturesqueness it is regrettable the landing force from the warships insisted on disembarkation by way of the wharf instead of the beach. The latter would have been ever so much more exciting, besides agreeing with the *Call's* illustration, which represented the event as happening that way. I would like to congratulate Mr. Pickering on his artist. He is a little worse than the *Chronicle's*.

* * *

HERE IS A STAFF STORY. Down at Santa Cruz last week, during the encampment, the Governor and his Colonels were gathered in easy-chairs on the veranda of the Sea Beach just outside the quarters of Colonel Chadbourne, awaiting the arrival of Admiral Irwin and his officers. As the minutes slipped away and the distinguished sea dogs came not, Colonel Younger arose and wandered off down the balcony humming an air from "Bluff King Hal." He was soon observed by his envious fellow officers delightedly engaged *en tete-a-tete* with a lady of most charming appearance. This went on for several minutes. The guests of the evening had still to appear. Finally Colonel Bergin arose to the occasion. "Boys," he remarked, rising from the depths of his rocker, "how would it do for me to get an introduction to the Doctor's friend? Then I'll throw a bomb into his camp with an order from Markham to appear forthwith. Watch me." The conspirators retired within "Chad's" room, through the broad windows of which they observed this transit of Venus in the camp of Mars.

* * *

Bergin dropped his hat politely as he approached the pair and the pantomime that followed kept the spectators in a mild state of cachinatory convulsion. Suddenly Colonel Younger was seen to retire, leaving his insidious rival in possession of the field. He traversed the balcony on the quick step and entered the august presence of his chief and assembled brother officers.

"Governor," he said, soluting, "I am told you want me, and with me duty is law. What is it?"

A half minute of silence followed broken only by a wink from Colonel Laidlaw.

"I only wanted to know, Colonel," calmly returned the Governor, "from your own lips"—a pause—"how Colonel Bergin managed to steal that girl away from you."

There was a burst of laughter, in one of the pauses of which Colonel Younger remarked in a dazed but distinctly audible voice that he really felt "extra dry."

* * *

GAVIN D. HIGH is the latest San Franciscan to appear above the theatrical surface. For years he was a reporter on Mr. Bunker's evening paper, went to Sacramento for him, and conscientiously roasted the Southern Pacific. While doing so he developed a tenor voice of fine quality and devoted his leisure to its cultivation. The results were so satisfactory that he abandoned journalism and

went East to secure an engagement on the operatic stage. Instead of demanding a star part, Mr. High was content to secure experience in the chorus of MacCollins' Opera Company now playing in Atlanta, Georgia. However, in "Olivette" he was given his opportunity.

* * *

The solo "Jamaica Rum" is sung by two principals and by Mr. High—he having the second stanza. The first night his voice took the house by storm. He was encored half a dozen times, the rapturous applause bestowed on him being in decided contrast to that which rewarded the efforts of the principals. His name, strange to say, was not even on the programme. I understand that Mr. High, or, as he calls himself, "Melvin Hye," has a capital part in the new opera by Smith and De Koven, "The Fencing Master." Who knows but that ere long he may be one of the stars of the operatic stage? It should be said that Mr. High was a competent newspaperman. One never knows what kind of a butterfly the reportorial chrysalis will expand into.

* * *

PEOPLE WHO ARE FOND of giving explanations have told me a dozen different stories to account for Mr. De Young's election as Vice-Chairman of the National Republican Committee. That it is a distinguished position is unquestionable, and there could be paid no greater compliment to any man than his election to such a post. In the absence of the Chairman, the charge of the campaign devolves on him. His responsibilities would then be enormous. However, Mr. Carter enjoys good health, and there is but a slight possibility that the proprietor of the *Chronicle* will be compelled to take the reins. Here are the facts, however, though they will be considered so only by those who are already apprised of them. That the President is not burdened with many friends on the Committee is well known.

* * *

Clarkson, the Chairman, led Blaine's forces at Minneapolis, and his chief associates acted as lieutenants. After the battle, when it came to a question of selecting the men who should conduct the fight for the Republican party, Harrison intimated very decidedly that he did not favor Clarkson. In fact, he went so far as to express extreme disapprobation of his incumbency. Though the entire Committee desired his re-election and offered their most cordial support, he refused to accept, and insisted on his resignation being accepted. Then arose the question of a successor. The President wanted Cheney, of Vermont, to make his fight, with Hobart, of New Jersey for Vice-Chairman, and Bliss for Treasurer, but the Committee determined that slate should not go through.

* * *

For Chairman they chose Campbell of Illinois, whom Harrison had refused to appoint Collector of the Port of Chicago. Then arose the question—whom shall we select for Vice-Chairman? However high the honor, whoever accepted it in opposition to Harrison's candidate could not fail to have an enemy in the President. Some one suggested De Young and he was asked if he would take the chances. The consequences seemed to have few terrors for him. He was ready and willing, and at the meeting next morning his name was presented. The entire committee was present and all knew how affairs stood. The Senator from South Dakota nominated him in a clever speech extolling his abilities. Murmurs of approval followed. Then who should rise to second him but one of the President's closest friends on the Committee, a South Omaha Hebrew. How the insiders laughed.

* * *

Then General Sewell, a Harrison man, who had been asked to present Hobart's name, arose and said that the sentiment for De Young was such that he would not nominate Mr. Hobart.

The Omaha man made the motion, and M. H. de Young was elected Vice-Chairman by acclamation. His luck and courage had carried the day. I don't imagine, however, that President Harrison regards him with greater favor than he did. One thing is certain, on the Vice-Chairman devolves the distribution of much of the immense patronage of the National Committee. If Harrison wins, therefore, M. H. will be one of the most sought after men in the country.

* * *

The investigations of the committee appointed to examine into the affairs of Alfred Greenbaum, reveal how undeserved were the slurs cast on the character of Mr. S. W. Levy. It was clearly shown that the $82,000 about which there was so much talk, had been loaned at odd times and in good faith. He was entirely ignorant of the conditions of his son-in-law's business and made him advances as he asked for them. In order to facilitate the settling up of the estate, he has waived his claim, which in these ungenerous days is a remarkable instance of self-sacrifice. Attorney Chickering and the expert, Mr. Reynolds, are both emphatic in their statements about the manner in which Mr. Levy's money was advanced and exonerate him from even the suspicion of complicity. I am glad to learn of this, because Mr. Levy has held so high a place in the community that to know him dishonest would be sufficient to shake one's faith in human nature.

The Witness.

NEW STATIONERY.

About stationery now-a-days one has to be particular. There are so many styles, and the latest fashions must be followed. For invitations one must have a certain size and color; for replies another tint and make must be used. In order to have the correct style it is necessary to go to an establishment where a large selection is kept. Sanborn, Vail & Co. make a specialty of stationery, and if one is not thoroughly posted the variety is rather bewildering.

In these days of country excursions people must look well into the question of leather bags. There are fashions in satchels as exacting as those that rule in millinery. If you want to find something really swell for the "Shoot," examine the stock that this firm has on sales. Every imaginable variety is there, the severely plain as well as the elaborately mounted. A specialty is also made of Mahie, Todd & Co.'s gold pins, and of copper-plate work.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

After reading of preserving fruit by the California Cold Process, I got samples, and cleared over $50 last week, selling directions. People will pay a dollar for directions gladly when they taste the fruit, which, not being heated or sealed, looks beautiful and tastes perfectly fresh. I think this a grand chance to make $100 or $200 round home; I have a friend that has made from $10 to $12 a day for the past three months selling directions. The Cold Process being so much better, cheaper, and healthier than canned fruit, everybody wants it; you can put up a bushel in ten minutes. I will mail sample and complete directions to any one for 19 2-cent stamps, which is the cost of sample, postage, etc. In this way I can help you to start in a good business.

MISS FRANCIS ROBBERTS,
New Concord, Ohio.

A GREAT SALE.

A few days since L. Grothwell & Co., the well-known real estate dealers, sold the property located at the north side of Market Street at the junction of Haight, containing 6000 square feet. This is one of the largest sales made this year, and involved about $90,000.

Some 28 years ago, the lot in question was a sand hill several feet high. There were no buildings in the neighborhood, and the locality was looked upon as practically outside land, and was bought for $1400. The increase in price will go to show the great strides that have been made in real estate in this city in the past quarter of a century.

L. Grothwell & Co. are to be congratulated on their success by carrying this business to a successful issue.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE MORAL GRANDEUR OF MAN.

LOVELY WOMAN'S INCAPACITY TO SYMPATHIZE WITH IT A SORE AFFLICTION TO HIM.

BY ARTHUR McEWEN.

A few weeks ago I had something to say in THE WAVE on the subject of woman's dress as an outward and visible sign of her inward instinct to make herself physically attractive to men. The theme is an alluring one, but as it has been taken off my hands by the abler ones of Mrs. Frona Eunice Wait and Mr. Ambrose Bierce, which insures the present involvement of Lillian Plunkett, I am constrained to retire and turn to another and, perhaps, equally important phenomenon—Woman's belief that she is engaged in a grand and rightly directed movement for her own elevation. The sex appears to be under the delusion that it is oppressed by Man, that it is he who bars Woman's way to higher things, that through the ages he has kept her down, and now though affecting chivalry, but veils his odious tyranny by insisting on treating her as the "plaything of an idle hour." It is because of this baleful resolution of the male not to accord intellectual equality, we are informed, that our courts are not crowded with female lawyers, our colleges with female savants, our streets with skirted merchants, that Congress is not a Sorosis, and that the picture of the President, photographed in a low-necked dress, is not on sale. Long ages of oppression, we are assured, suffice to account for the cramping of the female brain and the undeniable inability of women to compete with men in intellectual employments—and this, too, after half a century in this country of women's colleges, freedom to enter the professions and rather more than legal equality in the matter of property rights. It has to be confessed that notwithstanding Vassar and Wellesley the "higher education" has not cured woman of her tendency to obliterate herself in marriage, or made the college spring-boards for the introduction of highly trained females into the professional, political, and commercial swim.

Why is it that the "woman's movement," which has so vast a literature of its own, makes so little headway? Why is it that though here and there a masculine understanding pushes her way to the front, the sex as a whole yet remains indoors and waits to be courted, exactly as it did before the higher education and the woman's movement were heard of? To attribute the poverty of results of the kind desired by advanced females to the jealousy, the machinations and the tyranny, raw or sugar-coated, of man, discloses that marvelous power for inversion which inheres in the feminine mind, and which in reality explains the failure of women as a mass to advance beyond the household and the nursery.

Woman's incapacity to appreciate man, to understand how enormous is the debt which she owes him, her incapacity to rise to a perception of his moral grandeur, explains her subordinate place in the scheme of things. That she remains his inferior is not his, but her fault.

Once, in Virginia City on a snowy day, I saw upon the street, homeward bound, Captain Bob, chief of the Piutes, and his royal family. The Chief himself held by the hand the heir apparent, a toddler of three, who trotted by his side. Immediately ahead was the Chief's consort. Held on her back by a strap which passed over her low, broad brow, was a cooking stove. It was not a large one nor in very good repair. It had been thrown out as superannuated from some miner's cabin. It must have weighed nearly a hundred pounds, and undoubtedly its corners and knobs pressed deeply into the back of the Chief's helpmate. On either side of her a little daughter clung to her calico skirt as an aid to progress through the snow. Presently Captain Bob wearied of holding his son's hand, and picking him up with a calm grunt, placed him sitting on the stove. His wife bent a little further forward and readjusted the strap on her forehead. That was all. She made no complaint and evidently felt there was no cause for any. She recognized her lord's right to do as he damned pleased.

As I viewed this simple little aboriginal domestic scene it occurred to me that it conveyed a great moral lesson. Bob and Mary were the natural man and woman, standing for the relations of the sexes when the same have not been vitiated, or modified, by artificiality. Bob had absolute power to do as he liked, and did it.

Whatever civilized woman has beyond what Mary possessed, she owes to the generosity of man.

The writer who said that the whole progress of civilization was marked by the difference between an Indian's wigwam and a lady's boudoir, told the simple truth. And the boudoir is man's free gift to woman.

Endowed with a more powerful body than she, generous man does not beat her, save in exceptional cases, each of which should, in justice, be studied by itself before condemnation is passed.

Possessing a brain superior in mass and more delicate in construction than hers, he has not employed his advantage to her hurt, but to lifting her from the position of Mary, while he has by his own unaided exertions toiled upward from the status of Bob.

And what has been his reward? Once and only once in our era he has faltered. Declining the example of the Greek, who frankly eliminating woman—virtuous woman, that is—from his intellectual and social life, and so reached a point in civilization never since equalled, Christian man, following the pagan Roman example, conferred equality upon her. Despairing of the experiment, in a flash of sanity to which the eyes of experienced male posterity turn backward in reverent admiration, he fled from her to the wilderness, turned hermit and went upon all fours eating grass. Unhappily in this solution inhered a defect beyond the power of masculine remedy. Woman smiles at the glorious, if futile, ascetic revolt. God, who is not the friend of man, has placed it in woman's power to copper the ascetic game. She decides that it is not well for man to live alone and eat grass for the good of his soul. She is the foe of moral grandeur. Though he is backed by all the mighty spiritual power of the church and his own higher instincts in his desire for an herbivorous existence, woman, lovely woman, is too much for the combination.

The discerning will detect that in this truth is hidden the cause of woman's failure to advance beyond her present level of a kissable nuisance. Since it has been by holding to man's fond and foolish hand that she has been raised from the wigwam to the boudoir, it follows that it is solely by the further upward march of man that she can ascend.

It is because the "woman's movement" has concerned itself with women that it has made such trifling progress. Its forces should be applied to man, even as gas is applied to the balloon. Through him alone can woman be lifted. It should be the policy, therefore, of the ladies who, on the platform and in the press, exhibit solicitude for the improvement of their sex's condition, to enjoin upon women deference and obedience to man, and a restraint upon their baleful power to hobble the hoofs of his soul when the mood seizes him to gallop to those higher moral eminences upon which his eyes are fixed in mournful hope.

Man has done much for woman; he would do more if she would let him. The stately ship of his moral longings has ever been impeded in its majestic course by the dragging anchor of woman. To her is given the high task, not of cutting the connecting cable, but to lift that anchor to the deck of his superiority, and there, standing by his side, to extend to him the help of a submissive hand and a chastened mind.

FAST TIME TO EUROPE.

The London *Times*, in a recent article, draws attention to the increased business done by the German lines, and particularly by the Hamburg-American Packet Company, and said a comparison of their business with that of the British lines would not be gratifying to the British pride.

From the number of San Franciscans who now take the steamers of the Hamburg-American Packet Company, it would seem that this is the most popular Trans-Atlantic Company. Their steamers make the trip from New York to Southampton in about ten hours faster time than do the steamers of any other line.

Their steamers are undoubtedly the best that ply the Atlantic Ocean.

BURLINGTON ROUTE EXCURSIONS.

Every Wednesday at eight A. M. the Burlington excursions will leave San Francisco with Pullman tourist sleeping cars to Chicago *via* Salt Lake City and Denver. For particulars and descriptive folders apply to Agent Burlington Route, 32 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

There is but one Decker Piano, and that is Decker Bros.—the one used by artists, and known the world over as faultless in tone, touch, and finish. Kohler & Chase are agents for these incomparable instruments, 26, 28, and 30 O'Farrell Street.

DRIFTED SNOW FLOUR

A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—Verbena Camellia Shephanotis, rather an unwieldly name for a heroine even if she does live in a cemetery, is the title of Walter Besant's last book. In Chapter I there is a priest with character enough to alter this extended botanical combination to Vera Camellia—and as he was engaged in baptizing her at the moment, his amendment prevailed. She lived in the loveliest cottage ever seen, covered with climbing plants up to the very chimney. Before the door, a lawn, mown and rolled until it was as soft as velvet and as smooth as silk. Flowers in profusion bloomed all the year around. From the window where Vera sat the live long day she saw the great iron gates of the West Finchley cemetery, through which streamed funeral after funeral in all the sombreness of mourning array. Because everyone who came to the ground was clothed in black, she wore white—she a tall, thin slip of a girl; her fair hair abundant hung unconfined except by a ribbon; her blue eyes large and serious as she wandered with basket and scissors attending to the flowers of forgotten graves. Thus Vera grew up until an aunt who had hitherto given no thought to this motherless cemetery maiden, took her to the theatre. The girl is ravished; she saw, for the first time, youth, the joy of being beautiful and the joy of being loved. For the first time she felt that yearning for joys unattainable which glorifies youth though it too often makes that time unhappy. Then appears Nina Cazalet, the leading lady of the company, who seems to embody all the loveliness of this new world, and with her Vera falls in love.

The story of this cemetery maiden's passion makes an artistic narrative which one reads without any thought or suggestion of the sordid everyday world intruding. She is a beautiful conception is Vera, and Besant writes of her in a style eminently felicitous and simple. But that is the shortest of three stories. It is followed by "The Doubts of Dives," a type of tale that would be lead in the hands of most writers. It tells of two young men, one of whom had all the things the world desires, fortune, pictures, fine houses; the other is poor, lazy, but deliciously good-humored and good-natured. He sings, plays, writes poetry, and drinks beer, has countless friends, and never a cent he can call his own. By means of an Arabian drug they change souls. Kit's organ, if one may speak so of the vital principle, proceeds to animate the limbs and brain of Dennis, while that of the young millionaire assumes control of the physical functions of the spendthrift. The manner in which they conduct themselves, the changes their characters undergo, and a delicious embroglio precipitated by the new Kit's failure to recognize the maiden to whom the old one had pledged his heart make up the plot. In fact the complications of the situation are such that they decide not to change back as the only happy method of solution.

"A Tale of Twenty-five Hours" can easily be read in sixty minutes. In no way a remarkable production, it is light, bright, interesting, and ingenious, and that is saying a great deal for any book. There is nothing like having pleasant, intelligent people for one's heroes and heroines. Mr. Paul Stuyvesant lives in New York, in handsome apartments, and loves ardently Miss Kitty Vaughn, who rejoices in the possession of lively eyes, a bright smile, and lovely light golden hair. He, by the way, a Professor of Law at Columbia College, engaged in writing the history of Circumstantial Evidence, is a warm friend of this delightful young woman's brother. Mr. Charles Vaughn, rising artist, a trifle eccentric, is the mystery of the tale. The nature of said mystery and the difficulties its solution lead the prospective brother-in-law into, are capitally set forth. Indeed, considering the uncomplimentary character of his suspicions, one cannot help thinking he got off more lightly than he deserved. I suppose the excellent precept that advises every individual to attend to what he knows is his own business is as honored in the breach now as it was five thousand years ago.

I wonder, had death taken Walter Besant instead of the lamented Rice, if we would have novels as delightful as "Armorel of Lyonesse." One can never know the possibilities of literary partners until death remove one or the other of them. And even then it is often impossible to decide how much discrimination the King of Terrors has exercised. Here, however, is a second story by Dorothea Gerard, of whose "Queen of Curds and Cream" I wrote some weeks ago. Save that the plot is novel and that the character conceptions are interesting, it has none of the traits that made Reata and the Waters of Hercules books of so much note. Evidently Miss E. Gerard supplied all the subtle qualities that went to redeem from the commonplace these delightful stories. Her's were the artistic touches, and the style that refreshed and interested. Of "Etelka's Vow," the embroglio is distinctly, startlingly new. Between the young officers there arises a dispute which a duel must settle. One of them repents and proposes as a substitute an American duel, which the authoress seems to believe is an institution of this country. Instead of the combatants meeting on the field of honor, they draw lots and the loser is bound to shoot himself within a given period. A Hungarian named Paloghy is the hero's opponent and he loses, promising to shoot himself ten years later. He does so, but under unique conditions, and the survivor marries the girl who was to have been his wife. Really, the idea is capitally worked out. The difficulty is, however, that there is little *finesse*.

ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Verbena Camellia Stephanotis," by Walter Besant. Harper & Brothers, publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"A Tale of Twenty-five Hours," by Brander Matthews and George H. Jessop. D. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Etelka's Vow," by Dorothea Gerard. D. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

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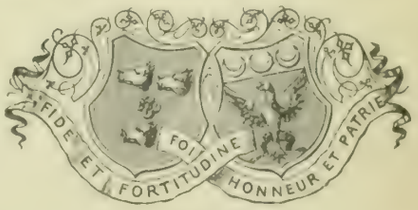

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The Wave

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, August 20, 1892.

SPECIMEN REPUBLICAN CHEEK.

Occasionally some of my esteemed Republican contemporaries mention—though, it is but just to say, not without signs of guilt—that unless the working people vote for Harrison again they will by the introduction of Democratic free trade soon be overwhelmed with the products of the "pauper" labor of Europe. I never encounter this calamitous assertion that I do not marvel at the low estimate the writer places upon the credulity of his readers. There never was, in my opinion, a more arrant piece of idiocy than the assumption that Republican Custom House "protection" protects the laborer or increases his wages. Wages, as anybody can observe by looking around him, are regulated by the supply of laborers. How can workingmen be protected by forbidding the entry into our ports of the products of Europe "pauper" labor when the entrance of the pauper laborers themselves is perfectly free?

In all the history of this Nation there never was but one bit of legislation calculated to protect the American laborer, and to that the Republican Party was and still is opposed. I refer to the Chinese Restriction Acts. Two Republican Presidents in succession vetoed them, and but for the Democrats in Congress not a single one would ever have been passed. In fact, none of those Acts ever were passed except under the whip of campaign necessity.

How can a party which favors the free importation of Chinese coolies and welcomes with open ports the scum of Europe, hold up its head and declare that it is in favor of "protecting" the American laborer? The matchless cheek of such a contention is worthy to be exhibited at the World's Fair as one of the wonders of the age. The fact is that the phrases with which the literature of Protection abounds were invented to fool the people. Men naturally favor any system of laws which promise to quickly produce a desired result. To tell people that the removal of all harassing restrictions upon trade, commerce, and transportation will, in time, make a trading nation rich and prosperous, does not sound so welcome as to tell them that laws can be passed to force such a condition immediately.

What is called "American protection" is really British protection, as we originally copied it from England. The system prevailed in that country for ages before the American Revolution, which it mainly caused, and it was not until the English began to see its evil effects, as we are beginning to see them, that they abolished it forever. As soon as the South and West of this country realize that they are being bled for the benefit of a few Pennsylvania iron workers, protection will be abolished in the United States.

THEY SHOULD BE CURSED.

In my humble capacity as a patient newspaper reader I am beginning to weary of the stories that are telegraphed overland every month or so, concerning the effects of Eastern "cursing." The latest of these yarns is concerned with the fate that has overtaken the three men who were chiefly instrumental in sending Walter B. Lennox-Maxwell *alias* Brooks, to the scaffold. Maxwell killed his friend, Preller, in a hotel at St. Louis, stuffed the body into a trunk and departed for the Orient. He was overtaken, caught, and hanged. It turned out that he was well connected in England, and when his aged mother, who came over to save him, was unable to do so, she "cursed" the Attorney who prosecuted, the Judge who sentenced, and the Governor who refused to pardon him.

It transpires that the Governor and Prosecuting Attorney have each since committed suicide, and that the Judge has been defeated for re-election. From all this some egregious ass concludes that the old lady's "curse" has taken effect, and he writes and telegraphs half a column about it.

At the present time I shall not adopt any very savage measures with reference to the author of this yarn, who is really entitled to recognition as a "space" fiend of more than usual eminence, but if he repeats this performance within six months I shall certainly assault him vigorously. The truth of the matter is, the Judge was a Republican who tried for re-election in a Democratic town, and the Governor and Attorney neglected to Keeleyize themselves in time. I believe the "curse" fake originated with Mrs. Surratt who was hanged for harboring the assassins of President Lincoln. All her prosecutors died poor. The enemies of assassin Guiteau also died either poor or from hard drink, and now it seems that everybody who assists in sending even scrub murderers to the gallows is sure to meet the same fate. If some one would "curse" the fiends who concoct these yarns I would rejoice uproarously.

A SOMNOLENT PRESS.

One of the wonderful developments of the past week has been the serene equanimity with which the esteemed "anti-railroad" press of this city has received the plan of Mr. W. H. Mills, of the State Board of Trade, to increase the green fruit exports of California. Mr. Mills proposed to quadruple these exports by creating markets for early green fruit along the routes now traveled by the through trains of the fruit raisers. The business already brings a million or so into the State every year, and by this means Mr. Mills thinks that practically all the fruit of the State, much of which now rots on the trees for want of a market, may be consumed. That the "anti-railroad" press has not received this scheme with a shout of disapproval is really a remarkable fact. Mr. Mills' connection with the Southern Pacific Company, in the estimation of these newspapers, usually disqualifies him for expressing an intelligent opinion on any subject whatever. That his plan has not been denounced as a "railroad job" seems to indicate that something is wrong with the ponderous wits who write profundity for the daily papers. But they have not even received Mr. Mills' plan in silence. All of them have commented upon it with becoming gravity, and actually indorsed it! This is the most astounding fact of all.

I wonder if these journalists know that this fruit, if Mr. Mills' plan is carried out, will have to be transported over the lines of the Southern Pacific? Do they realize that perhaps that Company may have a chance to increase its earnings a little? If they do, they certainly will never consent that California shall export any more fruit. Or, perhaps, they think it will be carried over the San Francisco and Great Salt Lake Road, which Alvinza Hayward and Daniel Meyer are now so busily engaged in constructing. If so, I can understand their complacency.

If the National Guard ever intends to again camp at Santa Cruz it should take measures to change the name of Tripe Hill. That eminence is reminiscent of two things that are very repugnant to Californians. To begin with, the name is derived from the first battle on the hill (in 1886, I believe), when the troops went into action with their stomachs full of decayed tripe furnished by a rascally San Francisco contractor, in consequence of which they were repulsed with great loss; and, second, it brings to mind the fact that Perrie Kewen was arrested on that day for refusing to fight. Possibly we could stand the revival of the tripe reminiscence occasionally, but the arrest of Perrie Kewen was a military outrage that General Dimond's oligarchy will repeat at its peril. It nearly caused a revolt among Perrie's extensive circle of lady acquaintances at the time.

* * *

As the fare to Stockton, owing to the war between the steam scows that plow the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers, has been reduced to fifty cents, now is a favorable opportunity for shipping up such of our prominent citizens as should be in the asylum. The People's Party of this city ought to be shipped in a body. Unless it is soon disposed of in some manner the *Examiner* will go crazy itself. The way in which that journal is writing up that aggregation of cranks is a truly alarming symptom.

* * *

If the English reporters were as enterprising as their American prototypes they would have obtained a snap camera of the scene when Gladstone at Osborne House knelt and kissed the Queen's hand "in accordance with custom." The spectacle of these two aged persons in such an attitude would possess great historical value.

MUSIC.

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

The queer juxtaposition of pieces played in the local theatres has become a characteristic of those temples of art. Specially qualified to show the cosmopolitan quality of taste possessed by our theatre-goers, the choice of musical numbers shows the strictest impartiality and a desire to cater to all and sundry. Culled from the Baldwin programme the announcement that during the evening, the orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Hinrichs will perform the following selections: Overture, "The Jolly Robbers;" Waltz, "Roses from the South; 'Medley, "Plantation Echoes;" Nocturne *Op. 48* Chopin, and there is nothing to be surprised at. The connection between Chopin's great *C Minor* Nocturne and the "Jolly Robbers Overture" is not apparent to the general or the particular public for that matter, and for want of a better reason seems to demand all the subtleties of conjecture in explanation. As to there being anything in common between the play "Colonel Carter of Carterville" and the half heroic Nocturne no sane person expects such things; it would be too much to ask that the music of the *entr' acte* fit the situation. If such questions are asked or encouraged the public will be demoralized. The next thing will be some impertinent person will demand the reasons why Chopin's Nocturne is given by arrangement at all. Chopin had a great respect for the orchestra, it is to be presumed, so much so that he abstained from writing for it—probably he had experience of the standard of proficiency attained by the Baldwin band.

Generally speaking, music between the acts is alleged to have a purpose—to carry on the sentiment and emotion roused by the preceding portion of the play. This idea does not commend itself apparently to the leaders of our theatre orchestras. If any one wishes to enjoy the tranquility of "Alabama," the delights of the "School for Scandal," or the power of "The Middleman," it would be well to prepare for any musical accidents which may happen in the shape of the new amateur polka, some molasses from Strauss and arrangements of saccharine melodies of a popular type. Between the acts is the time when cornets, clarinets, and oboes languish; the air is filled with rent phrases and dessicated dynamics and many signals of distress loom up on unaccented measures. But death scenes call out all the intensity of taste and feeling possessed by the bands for a vigorous wake; treasures in the way of requiems for superannuated cows, moan heavenward and the horrors of dissolution grow richer a hundred fold. In one of our theatres any allusion to the "dim drear beyond" calls forth the "Angels' Serenade" played with italics as it were, and bearing a fine vin-ordinaire flavor of celestiality.

Musical interludes are usually eschewed by people of taste, and no surprise ought to be exhibited at the meritorious exodus which takes place between the acts at our temples of dramatic art. If distraction is not the result of sitting out the interludes at our theatres it's a pure accident, and there is no accounting for accidents. The contrast between the finished performance behind the footlights and dull insouciance going on before those illuminations, is always in favor of the mummers. Just at present there is a trying contrast nightly proceeding from the Baldwin, the Palmer Company maintaining a high standard of well-poised acting and the band going into painful accidents with exuberant facility. There are worse performances given than those indulged in by these musicians, of course, still, for indifference they do quite well and promise in time to be quite worth the price of admission not to hear. There may be better selections than the "Jolly Robbers" and only a solo performer can give the unity of effect to the playing of a Chopin Nocturne.

LESLEY MARTIN.

LAWN TENNIS.

From Saratoga, N. Y., comes the account of an exciting and important match which, from the high rank of the contestants, will long stand as one of the most remarkable ever played in this country. As an exhibition of nerve and determination against overwhelming odds it has never been equalled in the annals of tennis. Percy Knapp, formerly of Yale, Intercollegiate victor 1884-85, challenger, succeeded in defeating F. H. Hovey, of Harvard, Intercollegiate champion of 1890-91 and '92 and previous holder of the New York State championship. Hovey's play from the start was aggressive, and by brilliant and accurate volleying he won the first two sets from his opponent, who was forced to play defensively on the base line, by a score of 6-2; 6-4.

The third set proved to be the sensational as well as the critical one of the match. The score quickly ran up to 5-1—"forty-fifteen" in Hovey's favor, who now needed but one single point to win the match, but Knapp, who is known as "The Worrier" on account of his steady persistent play, after several long rallies and by great pluck and perseverance, succeeded in winning the game, and finally by the same careful and accurate play he pulled out the set 8-6, amid great enthusiasm. Knapp had yet two sets to win to take the championship, but as the match progressed he played with increasing confidence and skill while Hovey seemed somewhat discouraged. The fourth set went to Knapp 6-4, and the fifth and deciding 6-0, amid the well-deserved applause of the spectators. Score: Knapp beats Hovey 2-6, 4-6, 8-6, 6-4, 6-0.

Such a contest has never before been played in this country when one man with absolutely nothing to his own credit and only one point to lose to meet with defeat, has turned around, won the game and the succeeding three sets, thereby changing almost certain defeat into a brilliant victory.

Chas. P. Hubbard, the California crack, has been doing exceptionally good work at Eastern tournaments. During the past week he has defeated in the Nahant tournament both Sam T. Chase, the Western States champion, and Quincy Shaw, another crack player, by scores of 6-3, 3-6, 6-3 and 6-0, 6-4 respectively. He was, however, defeated by Malcolm Chace, the Providence, R. I., wonder, in his first contest by 6-2, 6-2. This is, indeed, more than our Pacific Coast players expected, and makes everyone here think that our champion, W. H. Taylor, Jr., would make some of those Eastern cracks hustle.

The Oriole Tennis Club, of San Lorenzo, had a very interesting tournament on Saturday last, to decide the ladies' and gentlemen's championships, for which elegant prizes had been offered. The contests were viewed by a large gathering of spectators who were kept busy applauding the many clever plays.

In the ladies' singles Miss E. King defeated Miss Carrie Roberts 6-0, 6-1; and Miss Alice Roberts beat Mrs. King 6-0, 6-0. In the finals Miss Alice Roberts defeated Miss E. King after a hard fought battle by a score of 6-1, 10-8. Miss Roberts is looked upon by her many friends as a likely winner of the ladies' championship, which, I am told, is to take place at Oakland next month. The gentlemen's single championship was won for the second time by Mr. C. S. King who went through a large list of entries without losing a set.

The next event in importance to the Pacific States Lawn Tennis Association is the Southern California Lawn Tennis Association tournament for the championship of Southern California, which takes place at Santa Monica, commencing Monday, August 22d, continuing during the week. The events comprise ladies' singles, open; gentlemen's singles; open. Handicap, gentlemen's singles, association. Gentlemen's doubles, open; gentlemen's doubles, association, and mixed doubles.

The victory of Stetson and De Long in the doubles at the Olympic Club tournament, in which they gave odds of half thirty to their last opponents, is another feather in the cap of that clever team, and I would not be surprised to hear of their taking part in the Southern event.

Should Hubbard return in time for the double championship it is very likely that he will defend with H. Haight the championship of which they are the holders.

THE SCORER.

SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN,

Especially infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

BEST & BELCHER MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the seventeenth (17th) day of August, 1892, an assessment (No. 52) of twenty-five (25) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Thursday, the twenty-second day of September, 1892, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the thirteenth (13th) day of October, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

L. OSBORN, Secretary.

Office—Room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

BULLION MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California, location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the eleventh day of August, 1892, an assessment, No. 39, of twenty-five (25) cents per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 20, 331 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the sixteenth day of September, 1892, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the fourth day of October, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

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Every Evening, Sunday Included Matinee Saturday

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R. D. PERRY, Secretary,
At the Office of the Company, 305 California Street, San Francisco, California.

THE MUMMERS.

COLONEL CARTER AT THE BALDWIN.

Character studies pure and simple seem to be the *raison d être* of the plays we are now permitted. As much mannerism and as little drama is apparently the plan of the better class performances, while the others are devoted to forked lightning galore in the shape of incidents and passions. Of the class devoted to characteristic the public demands it shall be what is usually known as interesting in its types, and the dramatist, from the quagmires of his inner consciousness eked out with judicious thefts from his dozing fellows, equips a likely personage or two. If his play intends to brave the test of an audience composed of "nice people" his puppets must be variegated with clever exaggerations.

One of the first conditions of being truly "nice" is to be bored with all simplicity. Mr. Augustus Thomas appeals to the better class people who have necessarily worn down the primitive taste for the drama of the emotions. "Alabama" mainly dealt with mannners and peculiarities, and the adaptation of "Colonel Carter of Carterville," is entirely a play of individualities. Colonel Carter is the plot, passion, and incident of the play, and of him the muchness and sameness are unexpectedly balanced. Of the genus irresponsible, he has a hive in his bonnet which threatens to settle with all manner of serene uncomfortableness at the slightest provocation and with no encouragement whatsoever. Many men raise the question as to which is the first necessity, a home for incapables, or the drastic regime of State's Prison. Colonel George Fairfax Carter is caught in the subtle meshes of the question and his proper deserts promise finely for the restraints prescribed by an etiquette more exacting than Society's. Strip the stage fine gentleman of his finesse and something first cousin to the misused victim of the law talking loudly of "honor" will reassure the public. Colonel Carter possesses an even share of honor and debt; he lives upon the first and amuses himself by accumulating a generous quantity of bills.

For a man in his position the Colonel insists upon taking himself seriously and is singularly un-American in deriving no satisfaction from the humor of his situation. His debts and his honor might be forgiven him, but his want of humor is fatal. Only in the concluding and dismally natural scene is the scion of one of the finest families of Virginia allowed to become dimly aware of himself, an awakening which would have taken place twenty years sooner in real life. The exigencies of the drama demand a few impossibilities, however, and as well this as another.

Mr. Holland never ceases to be interesting, and his Colonel Carter is more remarkable than usual. The personality taken on is a trifle thin, rather under than over-sympathetic, played with infinite discretion and faultlessly finished. Chad, the colored servant, in Mr. Harris' way of presenting him, is a genuine treasure and worth as many dollars as his weight. Nothing less than finish is expected and given by the Palmer Company generally. "Colonel Carter of Carterville" in the hands of any less artistic mummers would succeed admirably as a failure, and of itself the fact might not be regretted. For Mr. Holland's work and the excellently modeled portrait of Chad given by Mr. Harris a lasting memory will remain with Baldwin audiences.

The Bush Street Theatre re-opens on Monday evening with "Little Tippitt." This is a farcical comedy which has had considerable success in Paris and throughout the East. The dialogue is eminently snappy, and the ultimate result of the complications, with which the plot abounds, does not transpire until the end of the last act. "Little Tippitt" differs materially from other plays that have recently been given here. It is actually accused of being cleverly constructed. The incidents which make the embroglio consist of a brace of divorces followed by an equal number of re-marriages and babies; of the latter, one belongs to Mr. Austin Tippitt, the other is the offspring of that individual's servant.——

In vivid contrast to "Alabama" and "Forget-Me-Not" is "A Night at the Circus," which has amused the patrons of the California this week. That it is an admirably constructed play, or that Miss Nellie McHenry is a great actress I will not assert. I am sure no one will contradict my assertion that after evenings with Colonel Carter and the wicked adventuress it is a distinct relief. To describe just what Mlle. Electra does not do would be easier than to catalogue her feats. Of course she dances; it stands to reason that she sings. She appears in tights *a la* circus. She bounds, capers until the audience really marvels at her versatility. There is no question but that Miss McHenry is clever. "The Circus" continues another week and is followed by "The Ensign."——

Just why it should be so I will not hazard a guess, but there is no doubt Jeffreys Lewis is at her best as Stephanie in "Forget-Me-Not." I remember being deeply impressed by the playing of Miss Genevieve Ward in this role years ago. Her conception of the part differed from that of Miss Lewis. She was so very majestic and stately. One felt the pressure of circumstances had made her an adventuress. Miss Lewis is bad by reason of her tendencies. Next week at Stockwell's Augustin Daly's comedy "Divorce" will be produced, Miss Lewis as Fanny Ten Eyk. The business of the week has been satisfactory.——

The many friends of Louis A. Morgenstern have already bought a great number of seats for his first testimonial benefit, which will take place on Wednesday evening next. On that evening Mr. Sol Smith Russell will appear in "A Poor Relation." There is every indication that Mr. Morgenstern will have a packed house.

BLACK LACES.

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A LARGE ASSORTMENT, EMBRACING MANY NEW DESIGNS.

O'Connor, Moffatt & Co.
INCORPORATED 1892.

111 to 121 POST STREET

"Love is the sin of all men."—*Du Bosc.*

MLLE. NINON was as pretty as the wings of a butterfly.

Octave said she was an angel.

The elevator boy said she was a "lalla."

Constantin said nothing. He just loved. Nay more: he worshiped, he adored.

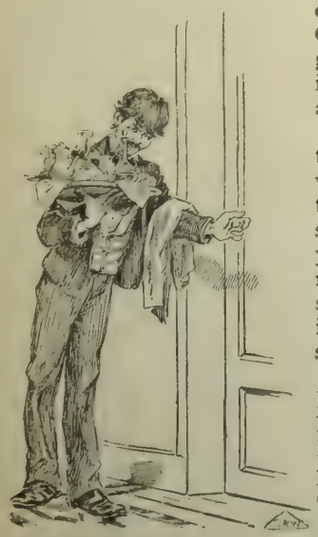
When the elevator boy would run into the restaurant of a morning—by which one means about noon or a little later—Constantin's face would assume an expectant smile. If the elevator boy furthermore shouted "94 wants her breakfast!" Constantin's face would redden up in a crimson flush of love, and something would gather in his throat so that for a while he was unable to reply.

But the elevator boy never noticed these internal struggles on the part of Constantin. Neither did Octave, the acting partner of the concern.

Oh, how Constantin shuddered lest Octave might suspect. And Octave—— Pouf! if Octave suspected Constantin he would have fired him on the spot.

It is needless to say that Mlle. Ninon lived in No. 94.

It was late when Mlle. Ninon took breakfast; it was later when she went to bed. She had lots of company—elegant company that loved nice suppers and sparkling champagne, all of which things were duly sent up to Mlle. Ninon's room from the Maison Savarin downstairs; and all of which were promptly paid for in gold or with little I O U's signed by gentlemen of incontestable financial solidity.



Therefore, Octave knew she was an angel; therefore Constantin, with the yearning of the moth for the star, loved with irresistible passion.

Why Mlle. Ninon called herself Mlle. Ninon was purely a matter of conjecture.

She was beautiful, certainly. Oh, yes; beautiful as her namesake the lovely de L'Enclos herself, and every whit as witty; but she came from the County of Cork.

The charming de L'Enclos once laid down an axiom to which Mlle. Ninon of No. 94 was a glaring exception. She stated that "Love never dies of starvation, but often of indigestion."

Indigestion had no tangible effect whatever on the tenant of No. 94. She was a healthy Irish beauty, bubbling with spirits and prettiness, sweet as a summer breeze and just as fickle. Vain as a peacock, flattery enchanted her, catholic as charity she cared not whence the flattery came.

Often of an evening she dined below stairs in the Savarin, and when she did so she was invariably alone. Most of the time she had invitations to drive outside. Elegant carriages used to come for her at about six o'clock, and later on in the evening you might see her glittering with diamonds in some box at the Baldwin, or may be at the Grand Opera House. She had a really good time of it no doubt, and when she came back from the theatre—that is if she did return to No. 94 at all—she entertained there sumptuously and royally.

But she did dine at the Savarin occasionally, and then Constantin's life was a heaven *pro tem.* She always came to his table, she always smiled at him so—— Ah! the ecstasy of that smile.

She would watch him blushing scarlet and pretend that she thought he was angry about something. She would notice him growing pale as a sheet with suppressed passion, and affect great solicitude while she inquired if he were ill. In fact she read Constantin like a book, and the perusal thereof amused her immensely.

After dessert, the majority of the patrons having left the restaurant, Octave would come up smiling from his seat behind the desk and bid Mlle. Ninon *bon soir*, and converse with her almost on a plane of equality. Then Constantin would gnash his teeth with impotent rage, and the perspiration would roll from his forehead in the agonies of his jealousy.

Octave would lean over and say, "*Bon soir*, Mlle. Ninon; I trust you have enjoyed your dinner."

Mlle. Ninon would bow sweetly and say, "Yes, thank you, Octave; I have."

Then Octave would say, "Perhaps you would like a nice little bottle of wine after your dinner, Mlle. Ninon? Eh?"

It was never in the angel's nature to refuse, so she would laugh a little word of consent; and Octave would smile again most blandly and say, "Well, then I shall bring up a particularly excellent little bottle to Mademoiselle's room myself in less than half an hour."

When Octave would go up stairs with that particularly excellent little bottle, Constantin's eyes would gleam after him in fury.

Octave had been very good to Constantin; he was almost a father to him, in fact; but oh, how the waiter loathed him now! how he detested the very name of Octave!

Octave had observed the thrifty methods of Mlle. Ninon, and admired them. He liked the way that she invested in diamonds when money was plenty, and dined quietly down stairs when by herself, and was never too proud to accept anything that was good or useful—not even a small bottle of champagne or Romanée.

"She will become more domestic in time," reflected Octave, "and then I might do far worse than marry her. She has great cleverness and a good heart. Yes, I think I shall propose to her by and by."

Constantin was different. He never thought of policy. He only knew that he loved her, and that his love was killing him by inches.

One evening he had watched Octave chatting with his goddess until his teeth drew blood from his lips, and then he had to turn away. As he turned he bethought him of an idea—an idea which he determined forthwith to put into execution.

He had never accepted a *pour boire* from the idol of his heart, and she had long ago ceased offering him any. Now he had another scheme. He would not let her pay for her dinner.

Octave went back to his desk at the door.

"Constantin!" she called, and opened the little purse she had laid upon the table. "How much is it?"

Her blue eyes glanced up into his as she spoke, and the *garçon* felt his whole frame tremble. He answered not, but stood there shaking until she put the question again. Then the courage of despair came to him.

"*C'nest rien, m'm'selle!*" he stammered. "It is nothing; take it. It is nothing!"

The pretty Mlle. Ninon almost blushed herself as she attempted to simulate ignorance, had looked up to ask what he meant.

"I love you, Mlle. Ninon! I love you beyond my soul. Pity me! I am but a poor waiter! Yet I hate him in my jealousy. I hate him, and I will die without you!"

These fervent protestations hissed in an eager whisper into Mlle. Ninon's ear were very painful to listen to. Moreover, it was treasonable to hear a waiter professing his hatred of the employer who had just promised her another sparkling bottle of wine. Still, love is a delicious flattery, and it was not in Ninon's heart to repudiate it with angry words.

"Hush, hush, Constantin!" she murmured in answer. "How foolish you are. Octave will hear you, and——"

"Do accept the dinner, my adored one!"

"How silly you are, Constantin! Look here. Six twenty-dollar pieces in my purse. They will be spent to-morrow. You could not make so much in a month. Now don't be foolish, but let me pay for my dinner."

"Ah, but my beautiful Mademoiselle; even if I am only a waiter may I not hope? Some day, perhaps, I will become worthy."

"Certainly," said Mademoiselle, with a shake of her golden curls; "certainly, Constantin; everyone ought to hope."

Now, as has been stated, Octave was very fond of Constantin, and did all he could to help him. He remembered how, when he was leaving Havre, Constantin's mother had given him a present of a big basket of Normandy pippins, which were the chief delight of a weary voyage across the Atlantic in the steerage of a big French liner. When Constantin drifted out to San Francisco and came seeking a job in the Maison Savarin, Octave remembered those pippins and had helped along Constantin in every way ever since. Therefore, he was very much astonished when one evening, almost a week later, the waiter came up

to his desk and said, "I tell thee, Octave, that thou art a beast and a pig!"

Octave had just been upstairs with a bottle of wine for Mlle. Ninon, and his meditations had been of the most enchanting nature, when Constantin so rudely interrupted him.

He jumped up astounded. "What meanest thou, Constantin?" he cried.

"That thou art a pig and a poltroon. That thou wouldst try to steal my love, my soul, because thou art a partner and I am but a waiter. But beware!"

"What meanest thou?"

"What do I mean, thou pig? Dost thou not love her? Dost thou not seek to take from me my beautiful Mademoiselle who will be my wife in time. She has bid me I may hope. She has——"

"Hé-hé!" stuttered Octave, the whole thing dawning upon him in an instant. "So it is that thou wouldst love the angel, eh?"

And the result of the whole matter was that Constantin was dismissed from the place, and that miserable litt'e bit of a Theophile got charge of the table whereat Mlle. Ninon always took her dinner.

The next time she came downstairs to dinner she came on a tour of investigation. Ever since that eventful declaration Constantin had renewed his protestations of love every morning when he brought up her breakfast. They were soothing protestations, and she could not believe that a common, every-day waiter would have so soon forgotten his vows to one so sweet as herself. They had amused her maid, too, the maid being always a patient listener. But now Constantin came no more.

"The *garçon;* where is he?" she asked of Octave the moment he approached her table.

"Eh, Mam'selle, the *garçon?* Come here, Theophile. Madame desires——"

"No, Octave. You know I mean Constantin. He was a relative of yours. Where is he?

Octave reddened, "He left Mam'selle. He is gone. He went I know not where."

"You don't say so," sighed Ninon. "Please let me have some soup. Yes, cream of celery will do."

Octave never changed his intentions and meant some day proposing to the divine one, but somehow a remorseful conscience began to gnaw at his soul and upbraid him for his peremptory dismisal of Constantin.

"Love is one thing, business another; and love is the stronger of the two," reflected Octave. "He loved her with a grand passion, and now he has naught wherewith to feed either his passion or his stomach. May be I was too hard on the boy. May be I was too hard!"

And his conscience would echo back, "Yes, you were too hard and you know it."

These pangs of remorsefulness made poor Octave lose flesh, and so worried did he become that he never noticed the fact that four days had gone by without a call from the lovely Ninon.

"Where is she?" he asked one morning of the elevator boy, as that youth came into the restaurant on an errand.

"Where's which? Oh, 94 is it? Why she sailed for Chiney wid de feller wid de whiskers. He was a dandy. Gimme a dollar every trip I took him up, an' anuder dollar if she was in. An wasn't she a lalla, too. Well, dey're gone now—de lalla an'de dandy—an' elevator work ain't got no more money in it. Naw!"

And the boy shook his head as he departed.

Octave shook his head too. "Those women! how they are unreliable," said he, and he gazed out through the window.

As he gazed he saw a tall gaunt figure on the other side of the street—the figure of a man, who, with head bent backwards was gazing up tirelessly at the window of No. 94.

With a shout of delight the partner rushed to the door and frantically tore it open. Out into the street he dashed, and across it, heedless of cable car and prancing horses. Flinging himself at the tall gaunt figure, he threw his arms around its neck.

"My Constantin! My Constantin!" he cried, "Come back to us and forgive me, for I was a pig and a poltroon."

EDWARD A. MORPHY.

"BIFFILO BULL" THE BUFFALO JUMPER.

BY JEROME LINCOLN.

DO you know R. R. Grayson
By his friends for short called "Bub,"
Member of Pacific-Union,
Also of the Country Club?
Well! one day from the City,
To the Country Club he came
To have his summer outing
And slaughter divers game.

We sat around the fire,
On the night our Bobby came
And, somehow, we got spinning
Strange yarns of killing game.
Some told of how they slaughtered quail,
And some of killing deer,
Then came wild tales of shooting bear,
Most wondrous things to hear.

At last, to cap the climax,
Bob, puffing his cigar,
Says: "I'll tell you a story
"Will beat all those damn far."
Says: "I'll tell you a story
"That will show you in a minute
"That with me in wild adventures
"You suckers are not in it."

"A way back in the 'Fifties.
"The early ones at that,
"When I was strong and active
"And agile as a cat
"I used to hunt the Buffalo
"On the plains bestrewn with dust
"And, if I didn't mangle them,
"Well—you bet I'll be cussed.

"Bright in the early morning,
"On a wild and untamed horse,
"You could see me chasing madly
"The waving plains across,
"Far on the red horizon
"Grazed the Buffalo in peace,
"Not dreaming how ere evening
"Would his noble herd decrease.

"And when I'd reach the startled flock
"And put them on the run,
"Would I shoot them with a pistol?
"Would I kill them with a gun?
"No.—but with my knife in hand
"Upon a large bull's rump,
"Swiftly, and with a savage yell,
"From off my horse I'd jump.

"Then with my shining blade in hand
"To the sucker's neck I'd creep,
"Slash him one cut across the throat,
"Then to another leap.
"And so on through the herd I'd go—
"They always on the run—
"Till all their bodies filled the plain
"Ere sank the golden sun."

And so he closed his story,
And we, with staring eyes,
Thanked heaven that the Country Club
Had gained so brave a prize:
Thanked heaven chance had sent us
One of so strong a nerve
Who, from the deadliest danger,
Knew not to turn or swerve.

* * * * * *

Next day we all went fishing,
Down to Martell's Bluff,
McCook, Bob, and the poet
And Johnson nick-named "Cuff."
But, when we reached the towering cliff
What was our weird surprise,
To see a bulging look of fear
Sit in our Bobbys eyes.

And shall I tell the story,
The story of our shame,
Of how we learned with sorrow
Bob was no longer game?
Of how we tied him with a rope,
This man who used to leap,
How three men bore our "Biffilo Bull"
Adown the rocky steep?

L'ENVOI.

Nay, rather let me close my verse,
The moral's quickly told;
Fine brass will sometimes glitter
But will not ring pure gold.

PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

The practice of rebating is one that underwriters wax eloquent on nowadays. It is astonishing what loads of eloquence the subject evokes—denunciation too. The strangest feature of the situation is that a consensus of opinion points to, as the chief sinner, the London and Lancashire. Few underwriters are more generally esteemed than Colonel Macdonald who besides being an experienced insurance man is also possessed of character and a reputation for integrity. Still, there is no eluding the fact that the company he manages is regarded as chief sinner, but the strangest feature of the affair is that he disclaims all knowledge of malpractice. Of course, everyone understands it is not easy to keep business such as Macdonald's company purchased from the Anglo-Nevada. It was put on the books of that concern by artificial means. In order to pay dividends and build up a surplus, special private inducements were given large insurers. They were offered all manner of rebates. Prominent brokers were invited to give their lines to the two million dollar concern, and the result was that the income they speedily acquired was actually filched from existing companies.

* * *

When the English company assumed control, Colonel Macdonald volunteered an assurance that the manner of obtaining business that had prevailed would be done away with. That was some time ago. Since then this Company has purchased the Southern California whose risks were acquired by means even more illicit than the Anglo-Nevada's. The result is that the entire street is up in arms. I have heard a dozen instances of risks that have been placed with certain men for years being diverted through special inducements to the London and Lancashire. Yet it has proved impossible, so far, to obtain proof of the kind the Compact requires. Colonel Macdonald has in his employ some of the slickest men in the business. They are paid salaries large enough to enable them to rebate below the average. Besides, they are skillful at hiding the traces of their work. That Colonel Macdonald should be ignorant of the misdeeds of his subordinates is credible only on the assumption that he does not inquire into them. Perhaps he is content to obtain the business and ask no questions. That, at least, is the current explanation.

* * *

A most entertaining contest is being waged for the vacancy occasioned by the death of T. A Mitchell. Of course the managership of the insurance company of North America is an exceedingly honorable berth. It is the second largest concern in the United States, having assets of over $9,250,000. The list of competent men who are ready and willing to assume the scepter already includes some of the lights of the street Men whom one never would suspect of entertaining such an ambition are among the competitors, but the chances all seem in favor of James D. Bailey, the incumbent. The question is to be settled by Secretary Ellison who is even now due here from Philadelphia.

* * *

E. W. Carpenter has gone East for a short trip. H. M. Grant, of the ————i s down from Portland, attending a recent meeting of the Fire Underwriters' Association of which he is Vice-President. LOCAL.

MINING AND FINANCIAL.

During the past week brokers had not much trouble to execute orders, for, as a rule, the majority of them had very little to do; fluctuations were light and while at times some little life would enthuse in one or two stocks, it would soon peter out and at each call the prices remained about the same. The main trouble was the unusual number of assessments levied. Last week at least six mines were assessed; this made speculators wary of investing. Take the fact of Hale & Norcross for instance. Last week it rallied from 90 cents to $1.15. When an assessment of 50 cents was levied on it, it went down like a rocket, till it touched 65 cents, carrying Savage down with it from $1 to 65 cents. During the week the insiders had a number of their brokers notably Stauf, Paxton, and Walls buying Belcher, and while they did not force the price of the stock up, still, in a quiet way, they bought quite a quantity of shares. At least 4500 shares were purchased, about three times the amount of any other stock. The outlook of this mine is most promising, and as the water is now under control on the 400 foot level prospecting will be pushed along rapidly. Should a continuation of the ore body be found on the 400 foot, as was on the 300 foot level, lively times will be seen in the Gold Hill stocks. As old Belcher, next to Con. Virginia, is the dealer's favorite, it will not come amiss if she once more takes a front rank. It would be well to watch the progress of the work carefully and be ready to lay in a few shares.

While silver sold down to 82½ cents per ounce and at present is about 83¼, still it remains far below the price at which silver mining can be made profitable. There is not much hope for the outside districts, such as Tuscarora, Candelaria, etc., making a stir, and stockholders in these mines will have to stand a long siege, besides a number of assessments. Nothing new to report from the North End mines. In the joint winze of the Sierra Nevada and Union, work is still being pushed on the 900 foot level.

From the weekly report of the Superintendent of Con. Virginia the progress of work on the different levels is going on. There were extracted 991 tons of ore and sent to the Morgan Mill, and 980 tons crushed at an assay value of $24.89 per ton, battery sample. (This is about $5 more than the previous week.) Bullion was shipped to the Carson Mint, assay value, $15,523. Bullion on hand in the assay office about $14,200.

The committee of two who went up to Virginia to inspect and report on the condition of the Savage mine have filed their report, and it is doubtful if the stockholders received an adequate return for the outlay. All the information about supplies, etc., could have been found out at the home office. As a rule these trips to mines are needless expense.

The Bulwer at Bodie has made a shipment of $9517 to the Carson mint. The New York has now about 600 tons of ore on the dump which assays from $20 to $25 per ton; if the Justice Mill starts up this will be worked. The Overman has shipped to Morrow, the treasurer, bullion valued at $5917, being the final shipment on the July account, the total for the month being $15,055. The Idaho Mine, of Grass Valley, which declared a dividend No. 265 of $2.50 per share last week is one of the deepest gold mines in the world, work being done now at a depth of 2000 feet. It has paid $5,370,950 in dividends.

The tailings which have accumulated from the Justice Mine, 2000 tons, have been purchased by E. D. Boyle. They assay about $13.50 per ton and are being worked at the Douglas Mill. A one-fourth interest in the Keystone at Pioche has been sold by S. T. Godbe for $50,000.

The following incorporations have declared dividends: Contra Costa Water, 50 cents per share; Homestake Mine, 10 cents; Ontaria, 50 cents; Daly, 25 cents.

Assessments have been levied by the Best & Belcher, 25 cents; Hale & Norcross, 50 cents; Bullion, 25 cents; Crocker, 5 cents; Navajo, 5 cents; Independence, 5 cents; Equitable Tunnell, 10 cents, and Metropolitan Railroad, $5 per share, Confidence, 50 cents; Pacific Phonograph, 25 cents.

At the Stock and Bond Board local securities were in demand and at a slight advance over last week's prices. Hawaiian Com., Spring Valley Water, California Electric Light all advanced, the principal dealing being in powder stocks, Giant and Safety Nitro. As the combination is practicably settled higher prices will be the result, and, as I sometime back notified the patrons of THE WAVE, these stocks are a buy and will advance materially.

During the last week about 5000 shares of stock was bought and sold at quite an advance over the previous week's business. SURETY.

Laundry Farm still continues to draw crowds every Sunday. As a picnic resort for parties desiring to spend a day or a few hours in the hills it easily takes first rank. Here one can forget for a time the struggle for existence and enjoy to the full the attractions of nature in her most bounteous mood.

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD
VIA SAUSALITO FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY and SAN RAFAEL (week days) 7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A.M., 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P.M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00 11:30 A.M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 4:00, 5:25, 6:45 P.M.

Extra Trips on Sunday for Sausalito at 11 A.M. and 7:45 P.M.

From SAN FRANCISCO to MILL VALLEY (week days) 7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A.M.; 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P.M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00 11:30 A.M.; 1:30, 2:30, 4:00, 5:25 P.M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P.M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days) 6:10, 6:45, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A.M.; 1:45, 3:30, 5:00 P.M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:45, 11:00, 11:50 A.M.; 1:10, 2:25, 3:40, 5:15, 6:05, 7:00 P.M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 6:25 P.M. Fare, 50 cents round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days) 6:25, 6:55, 7:58, 9:10, 11:10 A.M.; 3:35, 5:05 P.M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:05, 11:20 A.M.; 1:20, 2:45, 4:00, 5:30, 6:30 P.M. Fare, 40 cents round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days) 6:45, 7:15, 8:15, 9:50, 11:45 A.M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:45 P.M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:20, 11:40 A.M.; 12:35, 1:45, 3:10, 4:25, 6:00, 6:50, 7:45 P.M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7:00 P.M. Fare, 25 cents round trip.

Leave San Francisco.	Through Trains Destination.	Arrive San Francisco.
7:30 A.M. } Week 5:00 P.M. } days. 8:00 A.M. Sundays	Camp Taylor, Tocaloma, Point Reyes, and Way Stations.	8:45 A.M. } Week 6:15 P.M. } days. 8:15 P.M. Sundays
7:30 A.M. Week days 8:00 A.M. Sundays 5:00 P.M. Saturdays	Tomales, Howards, Duncan Mills, Cazadero and Way Stations.	8:45 A.M. Mondays 6:15 P.M. Week days 8:15 P.M. Sundays

Thirty-day Excursion Round trip, 25 per cent reduction.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round trip tickets: Tocaloma and Point Reyes, $1.25; Tomales, $2; Howards, $2.50; Cazadero, $3.
Sunday Excursion—Round trip tickets: Point Reyes, $1; Tomales, $1.50; Howards, $2; Duncan's Mills and Cazadero, $2.50.

THROUGH STAGE CONNECTIONS DAILY (Sundays excepted) at Cazadero with morning train from San Francisco to and from Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

WILLIAM GRAVES, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent.
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Magnificent new twin-screw steamers of 13-16,000 b. p. This line holds the record for fastest time to London and the continent.
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From New York to Genoa and Naples, via. Gibraltar, by the magnificent twin-screw express steamers.
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Grand excursion to the Mediterranean and the Orient by S. S. Fuerst Bismarck from New York February 4th to Gibraltar, Genoa, Ajaccio (Corsica), Alexandria (for Cairo and the Pyramids), Jaffa (for Jerusalem), Smyrna, Constantinople, Corfu, Malta, Syracuse, Palermo, Naples, Algiers, Lisbon, Southampton and New York.
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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE.	FROM JULY 25, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7.00 a m	Benicia, Ramsey, Sacramento	7 15 p m
7 30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	†12 15 p m
	Niles and San Jose	†6 15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4 45 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8 45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton	*8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Martinez	12.45 p m
3 00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9 45 a m
4 00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced and Fresno	9.45 a m
4 00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9 45 a m
4 30 p m	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10 45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8 45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	8 45 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	8 45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
*6.00 p m	Sunol and Livermore	.....
6.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	9.15 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo	‡8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8 15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡7.45 a. m.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p. m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos. Saturday and Sunday to Santa Cruz	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.38 p m
†7.30 a m	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excur'n	‡8 28 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
‡9.30 a m	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations	‡2.45 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.03 p m
12 15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.30 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.37 a m
*3 30 p m	San Jose, Gilroy and Principal Way Stations	*9 47 a m
*4.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.25 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7.30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.
Through Line to New York via Panama

Steamers will sail at NOON on the 5th, 15th and 25th of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—August 25th, S. S. "City of Sydney," Sept. 5th, S. S. "San Jose," September 15th, S. S. "San Juan."

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at NOON 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Bonita San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San Jose de Guatemala, Acajutla La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—August 18th, 1892, S. S. "Acapulco."

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.: S. S. "City of Rio de Janeiro," Saturday, August 27, at 3 P.M.; S. S. "City of Peking," Saturday, September 17th, at 3 P.M.; S. S. "China," via Honolulu, Tuesday, September 27, at 3 P.M.; S. S. "Peru," Saturday, October 15, at 3 P.M.

Round trip tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

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Carrying U. S., Hawaiian and Colonial Mails.

Will leave Folsom Street Wharf

FOR HONOLULU.

AUSTRALIA, a splendid 3000-ton vessel.....12 M. Aug. 30, 1892

FOR HONOLULU, AUCKLAND AND SYDNEY, WITHOUT CHANGE.

The Splendid New 3000-ton Iron Steamer
MONOWAI.....12 M. Sept. 16, 1892
Or immediately on arrival of the English Mails.

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Ready-made suits of all descriptions, from $20 upwards.
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Cloaks and wraps of all descriptions.
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Ladies' Own Goods Made Up
AT THE
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BEAUTY, PLUMPNESS AND HEALTH
DR. O. P. BROWN'S TISSUE BUILDER
beautifies the skin and feeds the tissues, preventing the shrinkage which produces wrinkles. Not a Cos etic, but a **Natural Skin Tonic** which most skins, hungry for nourishment, absorb like a sponge. Druggists or by mail, $1.00. Send 10c. for Sample, with Lady's paper Illus. Seven Ages of Woman's Life and devoted to the care of Face and Body. J. G. BROWN, 47 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J.

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The Dining-room connected with our establishment offers the best inducements to those who are in search of a quiet elegantly appointed restaurant of undoubted excellence.

Finest Wedding Cakes.
Wedding Breakfasts a Specialty.

EDWARD R. SWAIN **SWAIN BROTHERS** FRANK A. SWAIN

213 Sutter Street, S. F.

Incandescent Electric Lamps lighted from our own plant.

Madame A. M. NELSON
FASHIONABLE DRESS AND CLOAK MAKER
Rooms 119-121, Phelan Building, 3d Floor.

BLACK AND WHITE.

IN GRAND MANEUVERS.

It was with great delight that the Lieutenants Louis Brunel and Sidi-Ben-Ali embarked at Algiers to come to France; one a magnificent Zouave, white and pink blonde like a girl; the other, officer of Turcos, as black as blacking, so that the two comrades might have served as a sign for an exposition in white and black, dear to our modern art.

Linked by an old and close friendship, the result of long years passed together in the desert in the same columns, Brunel and Sidi-Ben-Ali had obtained from the command of the Nineteenth Corps thirty days' leave to come to witness the grand maneuvers at La Champagne, and judge a little, as very greatly interested spectators, of the struggle of Davout against Gallifet. To better understand the operations it had been decided that the Zouave Brunel should follow the army of the east (Davout), while the Turco Sidi-Ben-Ali should attach himself particularly to the west (Gallifet).

The Zouave and the Turco landed at Barsur-Aube, and, of course, were stared at with the most intense curiosity. The semi-Oriental costume of Sidi-Ben-Ali was greatly admired, but the large howitzer trousers worn by Brunel with his sleeved dolman richly trimmed with embroidery of gold braid and with gold lace, also produced a certain effect.

Upon reaching the hotel of "The Bell," they were immediately monopolized by the Fifth Division of Cavalry and the officers of the Cuirassiers claimed the honor of entertaining the two animated crayon sketches.

The Cuirassiers are gay, those robust fellows who, with their gigantic horses, representing the catapult in our modern armies, have preserved the great exuberant joy of our fathers, so the reception given to Brunel and to Sidi-Ben-Ali was simply formidable. They all drank like bell-ringers, they ate like Knights Templar, they gave "the health of the native army," "of the Arabs," "of the odalisques," "of the camels," of every body and every thing. The whole party wound their napkins round their heads in the guise of turbans and the toasts were mingled with wild cries of *Allah! ouch Allah!* as in the farces of Molière, without forgetting the good prophet Mahomet, the man of the voluptuous paradise.

At dessert Captain Chavoye told about the interview of Tilsitt.

"Now this was the way of it, the sergeant told me: 'Constantine, my cousin, you have the honor of mounting guard before the tent of the Emperor Napoleon,' and I answered, 'All right!' I had not been alone there more than five minutes when I saw arrive a very tall, thin man with an opera hat, fine linen, and a devilish lot of ribbon on his queue. Then he said to me, 'I want to speak to Napoleon.'

"I said to him: 'Do you imagine that anyone speaks like that to the Emperor?' 'It is not my first meeting.' 'Who are you?' 'Who am I?' 'Yes, who are you?' 'I am the King of Prussia.' Well, that was nothing low. I went and asked the Emperor if he could enter. He said, 'Let him come in.' And he went in. Then, as soon as he saw the Emperor, he said: 'Is it you who come to worry my people, carry off my girls, and steal my Rosbach column?'

"'Well,' said the Emperor, 'as to worrying your people, you have worried them enough yourself already; as to carrying off your girls, my soldiers are able to do it; as to your Rosbach column, may the bell of Notre Dame serve me for a foraging cap if I don't make it a clock-pendulum under a glass globe in my Tuileries!'

"When he heard that, the King of Prussia broke up his camp without even giving the Emperor time to say, 'My compliments to Madam.' That was the Queen of Prussia. And that was the interview of Tilsitt."

The Zouave and the Turco laughed the tears into their eyes listening once more to the legendary jokes which are transmitted in the regiments from generation to generation like a dogma across the ages. To tell the truth, our two friends began to be a little tipsy, and through the fumes of wine and tobacco, Sidi-Ben-Ali had some vague idea that he must have some one rouse him the next morning at dawn, in order to be with the Army of the East before Chaumont, while Brunel, who had only to rejoin the Army of the West at La Voire behind Brienne, need not go until a whole hour later.

"Don't you be uneasy," said the Commandant de Poigne, "I will have you waked up by the hotel boy. Where is your room?"

"Number twelve."

"All right, you may sleep soundly."

And really overcome by the too delicious wines the brave boy of the desert began to slumber a bit already. To wake him up they shouted the famous *Chanson des Turcos*—

It opens with a swift rhythm, the seven hundred Turcos, bayonet in hand, charging upon the the enemy intent upon bloody deeds, their light uniforms flashing through the air like so many blue-birds amid the corn. But they finish by being overwhelmed by numbers, and at the end of the combat the Turcos number but thirty, and the refrain of the beginning is resumed but in a minor key, lugubrious, like a dirge rising over a desolated earth—"The Turcos, the Turcos are good boys!"

Upon this Sidi-Ben-Ali began to weep and, greatly moved, brandished his fists in the air, shouted, "Good boys! Good boys!" and tumbled in a heap. It was necessary to pick him up like a baby. They put him to bed, and tucked the clothes round him. But, in one last ray of reason he said again to his friend the Zouave Brunel, who was as nearly far gone as himself:

"Don't forget to have me waked up tomorrow at four o'clock."

"Now be easy," said De Poigne again. "I told you I would attend to that."

Thus reassured, the Turco Sidi-Ben-Ali closed his eyes and was soon sound asleep and snoring like an organ pipe. Then, while Brunel went off to bed in his turn, the Cuirassiers had a diabolical idea. They mixed on a plate a skillful concoction of flour, and with a pencil they artistically covered Sidi's face. He soon became a superb clown that a circus might envy. Then they abandoned him to his unhappy fate.

The next morning the hotel boy came, according to the order received, and knocked violently at the door of No. 12.

"My Lieutenant, it is four o'clock. It is time to rise to go to Chaumont."

"Very well," answered the Turco in a voice a little thick.

A dim light began to enter the window of the still dark chamber. Sidi-Ben-Ali got up, thinking of the lucky Brunel who could yet continue to sleep. Then, his eyes still heavy with sleep, he went toward the glass and mechanically regarding himself, he viewed a white face entirely unknown to him.

"The devil!" he cried. "What a fool that waiter is! He has waked up the Zouave!"

And he went back to bed.—*French of Richard O'Monroy*, by EMMA FRANCIS DAWSON.

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Great Clearance Sale.

Fine Oil Paintings
Engravings
Etchings
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Fancy Goods

Is now offered at reduced rates on account of Removal about Sept. 15th to our New Building No. 113 Geary St.

S. & G. GUMP
581 MARKET STREET

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Queen of American Health and Pleasure Resorts.

These well-known Springs are under a new management. New Cottages, Swimming Pond, Electric Light, Telephone, New Bath House, Etc.

Stage connects at Pieta with N. P. R. R. to the Springs for dinner.

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The Queen of Perfumes
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Electro Deposit Dental Plates
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These plates are made by an entirely new process, by depositing chemically pure silver and gold directly upon the plaster model. Its perfect accuracy of fit is thereby insured. Its advantages (aside from the fit), are its strength, cleanliness and absence of heating qualities, being far superior to the ill-smelling, non-conducting, and, in some instances, injurious, rubber plates.

Full and Partial Plates, saddle bridges and crowns can be made to perfection by this method. The most difficult cases are solicited by Dr. B. W. Haines, who has had much experience in this work, and has met with great success, and takes pleasure in recommending it to those desiring the best artificial denture that art and science can produce.

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MANUFACTURER, Sole Right of California.
14 GRANT AVE., over City of Paris, SAN FRANCISCO

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PHARMACY
COR. CALIFORNIA & KEARNY STS.
Use ROSORA CREAM
An elegant and efficacious compound for Chapped Hands, Face, or any Roughness of the Skin, rendering it Soft and Smooth, and allaying all irritation caused by exposure to the sun and wind.
25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

FASHIONS AND FANCIES.

FOR THE LADIES.

Ribbons are coming back again as dress trimmings and give promise of unusual popularity for autumn house gowns. Indeed, the new fashions make such unique disposition of them, that there is sure to be rejoicing in the heart of the manufacturer as well as the wearer. For the bottom of dress skirts narrow widths will be used for little frills. They are usually formed by three rows closely lapping, and are most effective when of different colors; for instance, a white foulard with a design of purple violets with their green leaves, has on the bottom of the skirt three inch-wide frills of French grosgrain ribbon, one pale green, one violet, and one white. Another pretty finish for a skirt was seen on a black moiré, having narrow stripes of yellow, light blue, and green. There were three tiny box plaits of the moiré at the bottom of the skirt, each stitched in the centre and placed one directly above the other. On either edge of the first plaiting was stitched a band of bright green satin baby ribbon, on the second was the yellow, and the third light blue—the effect was exceedingly dainty.

* * *

Among the startling uses that wide ribbons will be put to during the coming season is a large broad bow of ribbon set on the chest and quite covering that part of the corsage. This mode is much affected by Parisiennes. From this bow ribbons descend on each side of the waist, and are taken up in the back to form a similar bow to that in front, put just between the shoulders from which fall long ends making the watteau effect. This style is quite becoming to some figures, though I would strongly suggest that only the tall, willowy girl try the experiment.

* * *

Another unique fashion is two rows of knife plaited sash ribbon stitched around the armhole with the sleve, giving an effect much like the Russian over sleeve.

* * *

Our best authority on coats tells us that the fashionable garment of the future will be the long redingote, cut double breasted with wide Directoire reveres, big buttons, and a double or triple cape. For the street they will be made up in tan cloth as the best for all round wear, though deep blue, olive, and heliotrope, trimmed in narrow bands of fur will also be correct. Fashionable evening coats will have exactly the same cut, but will be made up in lighter colors and richer materials.

A fawn colored bengaline for evening use should have a narrow band of beaver exactly its match placed about the edge from the immense reveres to the bottom, which should just touch the floor. Each of the three deep capes should be finished in the same way. Another charming evening coat can be made in the same way, the material being cream white lady's cloth with linings of cream satin; pipings of sable should form the finish.

For dresses trimmed with white cotton or wool material that usually are sent to the cleaners because merely the collars or light edges are soiled, pipe clay will be found a most useful home renovater. With a clean brush and clean tepid water rub into the soiled surface; at that stage your task will look hopeless, but in a short time the clay will dry and can easily be brushed off. It is with pipe clay the British soldier preserves in immaculate whiteness his gloves and uniform decorations. Your white slippers can be cleaned in the same way, and when put aside should be rolled in dark blue tissue paper as well as your fine laces.

MME. X.

The STATE FAIR AT SACRAMENTO
SEPT. 5TH TO 17TH 1892
A GALA-HOLIDAY FOR AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.
A GRAND PAVILION EXHIBIT.
MANY NEW AND ATTRACTIVE FEATURES THIS YEAR.
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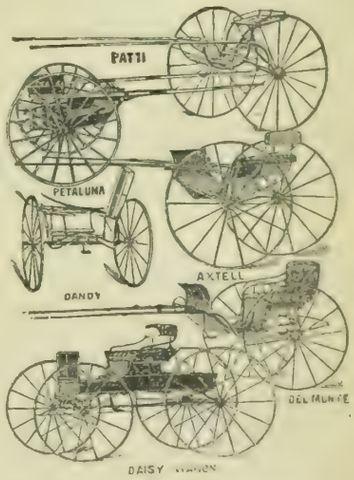

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Made in FAST BLACK, drab and white.
All genuine have Clamp Buckle at hip.
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Our Trade-Mark in Every Hat is a Lasting Guarantee
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Finest Imported Millinery
All Prices Marked in Plain Figures.
143 POST STREET

SANTA CRUZ NEWS.

SANTA CRUZ, August 18th. DEAR WAVE:—Camp Columbus dissolved in a blaze of glory; its memories, both social and military, are precious to the girls and not without charm to the men—that is, the men who wore uniforms.

Messrs. McCollum and Bilicke gave another large reception at the Pacific Ocean House, and there, too, there was a large crowd, handsome gowns, beautiful women, and gold-laced officers.

General Dimond was honored with a dinner at Sunshine Villa, a very *recherche* affair given him by Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Smith. Twenty-four covers were laid in the lovely dining-room, the *menu* and wines were perfect, the house adorned in the loveliest way, and the ladies beautiful and elegantly dressed. Mrs. Smith was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Newton, Mrs. Overacker, and Miss Robson. The First Regiment band played on the lawn during dinner.

General Dimond entertained at dinner, at different times, the Smiths, Mayor and Mrs. Jeter, the McLaughlins, and others.

On Sunday morning Captain Wiltse, of the "Boston," received on board by invitation Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Overacker, Miss Robson, and Mayor Jeter with a party of thirty invited guests.

At the Sea Beach Hotel a second ball in honor of the officers of Camp Columbus was given later in the week.

The First Regiment, U. S. A., is still with us and will be for sometime. Colonel Shafter is still confined to his cottage with an annoying and painful attack of poison oak. Mrs. Shafter and Mr. and Mrs. McKittrick are with him. Lieutenant Strother has rejoined the regiment and his happy, smiling face is a great social boon.

Colonel Trevelyn, manager of the big Barton vineyard at Fresno, is enjoying a salt water vacation at Wildwood Cottage. He is accompanied by several good-looking young Englishmen who take to the surf every morning All were entertained on Wednesday at a charming lawn party given by Mr. and Mrs. Meyrick at their beautiful place, View Mount.

KATE KEARNEY.

Business.

The outlook for a prosperous future for Santa Cruz brightens daily. Its prosperity has been of slow growth. In the old *manana* days, the time when tomorrow was as good as to-day, and a good deal better if work or business were in question, the people—enjoying in a half sensuous, half indifferent way the mere delight of living in a country where nature supplied every want of body and soul with scarce an effort on the part of either body or soul except to receive the goods the gods provided—dropped easily into a *dolce far niente*, which proved for many years a very effectual bar to any progress that meant effort.

But there has been a grandual infusion of new blood—people have discovered Santa Cruz who know how beautiful, how attractive, and how prosperous the whole country can be made with the application of brains, energy, and money, and it is going to be done.

I told you, last week, that the Pacific Avenue horse car line—the pioneer line—had passed principally into the hands of J. P. Smith, who is a very large owner in, and a Director of the Electric Railway. Mr. Smith at that time purchased A. P. Hotaling's three-fourths and to-day he has purchased the remaining fourth of C. B. Younger, constituting him sole owner of a very valuable property. Along this road the underground wire is already laid for electricity, and as soon as possible the other necessary transformation will be made and such loops and connections made with the present Electric Road as will give a most complete service to nearly all parts of the city limits.

I am able to announce another very important step in advance this morning. The Santa Cruz Electric Light and Power Company have just purchased from Henry Cowell, the great lime owner, his right to the use of the waters of the San Lorenzo River from Cowell's line near the Big Trees to the California Powder Works. The consideration is a very large one, but the present and future value of the interest conveyed is immense. The water power is the finest on the southern coast of the State, having a volume of 26,000,000 of gallons daily and a fall of 110 feet. Of course, this purchase does not interfere with the rights of the California Powder Works, which remain unchanged. Indeed, the latter is constantly enlarging its business.

The Electric Light and Power Company has its plant at present on Pacific Avenue, and by means of immense engines furnishes power for the incandescent lighting of the city as well as the motor power for the running of all the electric cars. Now, however, the Company will at once construct a dam across the river below the Big Trees, and carry as much of the stream as may be needed to an island in the river near Rincon station. Here, for the use of the present and immediate future, will be erected works of a capacity of 500 horse power, capable of operating 5000 electric lights and moving 40 electric cars. Of course, the immense power at their disposal provides for an unlimited future growth, and the saving in cost by doing away with steam is immense.

Here in town the fall will see many improvements in streets. J. P. Smith and I. L. Thurber are filling up the bulkhead river frontage of their property, and Laurel Street extension is to be brought up to grade and continued along the bulkhead as a boulevard. Front Street will be opened through Smith's property to the foot of Beach Hill, and all the trestle work of the Electric Railway on that street will be filled in. Along the base of Beach Hill Messrs. Enright and Thurber will open a street leading from the river to Pacific Avenue, while Pacific Avenue itself will be opened to the new Union depot, Messrs. Grover & Co. having consented to turn the private road past their new planing mill into a thoroughfare.

The county roads are to be attended to, also. Public spirit is at last aroused in this direction, the Supervisors are about to purchase a movable rock crusher and steam power, and the three new Supervisors to be elected this fall will doubtless be chosen for their sympathies with road improvement.

J. Bernheim & Co., the leading general merchandise firm, report this summer's business as far in advance of any previous season; they have been obliged to increase their force materially.

The Arcade, Schwartz & Son's leading dry goods house, have also had to enlarge their staff of assistants and have had the largest business of any season since they have been in trade. BIZ.

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SACRAMENTO AFFAIRS.

DEAR WAVE:—The regiments have returned, and brought a little life with them, which is really a blessing for those of us who have been vegetating here for the past two weeks. I really never knew such a general outpouring as occurred this summer; the boulevards were deserted; it was even possible for those who reside on other streets but J to find seats in the cars. Is it not an outrage that the other line is not put on? When the State Fair occurs there will be but one way of reaching Agricultural Park.

Speaking of the Fair reminds me that I wish to say to all who are out of town and expect to stay longer than this month, that they had better change their minds and return, as the attractions at that time are to be far superior to those of any preceding year and a general good time may be expected. Mrs. Hughson and Edith are in San Francisco very busy with preparations for that young lady's trousseau, having taken a house for this entire month. The S—— family are also there, but are not likewise *engaged*, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. The delegation which went from here to Del Monte has returned. They missed the adulation to which they are accustomed at home, and did not enjoy it as much as Santa Cruz. I am told that that festive place simply swarms with natives from our city. One could almost imagine one's self at home. The Van V——s can be seen daily in their swell turnout; Mrs. Foye and Carrie are there, and even Robie; but where is Douglas? Alas! I fear he is not very true.

Our genial Billy is on hand at all times, acting as floor manager and making himself generally agreeable to the ladies. I have been told that surf-bathing would reduce flesh, so advise our friend with the superfluous avoirdupois to take a daily dip. Gus and Adolph actually managed to tear themselves away from charming Mrs. Ed C—— long enough to pay a flying visit to the city by the sea, and the girls were simply delighted to see them.

The Van Fleets have really removed to San Francisco; have been thinking for some time that they would do so, as he evidently felt this place too small. She will not be missed very much, as the greater part of her time has been spent there. The Ed. C——s are to take the house of the latter family which will be pleasant for Mrs. S—— as they are very intimate this summer. They must miss Mrs. Jack and her carriage; she has gone to "Del Monte" to be away for the remainder of the season. Mrs. Wood and Mr. Bonte have returned from Big Meadows; they had a superb time, but missed the Joe D——s who went to Santa Cruz. Who did not? Laura had better return and look out for Will; he has been going further out on H Street lately taking a certain young lady driving. I presume she will be leaving town again shortly as she never remains long at a time, so will not prove very dangerous. Before closing, I must pay Dr. Billy a compliment, for he surely is wonderfully improved. Matrimony really does a great deal for these quiet men; his wife is decidedly pretty, and will, doubtless, prove a great addition to the young married set.

And now I must stop writing, for if I do not there will be nothing left for another time. Yours,

NINA.

LOS ANGELES LIFE.

DEAR WAVE:—Between politics and baseball our heads have been in a swim, and *the* swim has actually condescended to bend its aristocratic neck and bow to the popular propensity. While General Weaver and Mrs. Lease did not capture our hearts, they certainly did our dollars, for the money fairly rained upon that eloquent lady's head on Saturday night at the Pavilion.

As for baseball, our "boys" are most decidedly "in it" this time. They came off with flying colors in the final contest, and our diamond has the honor of having had the best game ever played on the Coast played upon its Southern soil.

The resorts are crowded now. To be rated among the 400, you must be at one of the beaches. Santa Monica leads in gayety; Catalina in numbers. Mr. and Mrs. John P—— have registered at the Arcadia for one week. Our adorable insurance man—who is never going to marry—is there, too, flirting with all the pretty girls. Miss Annie W——, of San Francisco, is at the hotel, and Charley M—— goes down for an occasional swim.

Mrs. R——, of Tustin fame, is at Catalina, and the First Brigade is camping out over there. The handsome attorney is making quite a stay on the Island, and dear Jack is among the "boys." The tents are thick on the hillside, and one pays dear now for even a cot.

I saw Mr. and Mrs. F——, of San Francisco, on Spring Street last Thursday. They were on their way to Coronado for his health. Mayor Sanderson has been in town, and Mr. M—— has come down to look up some business interests. Mrs. W—— is back from Catalina and is talking of an Eastern trip. Harry is engaged to be married, and Fanny soon will be.

Our young tenor and some of his musical friends got up a tally-ho party one moonlight night last week and drove down to Pasadena. There is considerable speculation as to who Tessie Tattler is—the gossip on one of our Sunday papers. Some of the girls think she is *perfectly horrid*, but she was clever, the other day, to give B—— the roasting he deserved. K.

SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, August 17th. DEAR WAVE:—When one has been away awhile, mingling with the social life in other cities, the mortifying reflection is forced in, that we are, after all, very provincial. I wonder if we shall ever outgrow it. The Vendome was expected to educate us out of our countryfied ways, but it does not. The *habitués*, of course, are quite cityfied, but the rest of us when we dine there, have the feeling and manners of "a cat in a strange garret." We do not go to Del Monte because we are actually afraid of the city people there.

The literary people affect Pacific Grove, but then that resort is devoted to religion and blue-stockingism. To be sure, Mrs. W—— *did* go to Del Monte, but she did not get full satisfaction for her outlay—well—because.

We go to Capitola (think of it) and return rustier than ever, browner and coarser, but *there* we meet San Jose people. The Misses Morrison are at Santa Cruz, chaperoned by Mrs. Ward Wright. If Mrs. Wright makes as charming a chaperon as her mother I know the girls will have a delightful time Mrs. Murphy is just splendid. How well I remember the summer that she chaperoned dear Angeline and myself at Soquel, and how anxious she used to be for our safety; why she would spend hours scaling rocks and walk miles to find us if we were not by her side at sun down. Once Angie did actually get lost, and you can imagine the time we had.

The only item of interest is the prospective garden party for the Pratt Home. If this materializes it is to be given in the Vendome grounds. The leading spirits in the movement are Mrs. Seyer and Mrs. McCracken for the Home and Mrs. Dr. Hill, Mrs. Younger, and her daughters who are among the most energetic workers in the Aid Society. Of course the high social position and the well-known generosity of these ladies will make the affair a grand social success, but I am afraid that even they cannot make it successful financially. The honest truth is, that our people are tired of these endless demands upon their purses to support charities that are not charities. The ladies are not harmonious, the notorious mismanagement having caused many members to resign. Some hold on because it is their only means of getting into notice, but a good many of us fail to see that it is necessary to hand out our shekels to support a few rich old men and women.

The Aid Society used to do a great deal of charitable work under the leadership of Mesdames Murphy, Belden, and Callish, but by some means it has been induced to join with the Sheltering Arms Company and disaster awaits both. The old "Home of Benevolence" is a fine institution. It covers the field completely and will live to celebrate the funeral obsequies of all the pretenders. Forgive me taking up so much time with this, but Tom says he won't go to the garden party, neither will Henry nor Billy. Bob won't be here, so where's the fun going to come in?

Did you see the Senatorial bee that Charlie found in his hat? He'll "get there" sure as you live.

Some of our belles have despaired of matrimony and turned their attention to raking in the dollars. It seems incredible that Cora should aspire to be a *dressmaker*, but she has set the fashion and Devine Street will soon show a wonderful gathering of pretty apprentices. Mrs. Dave S—— was in town recently, just as handsome and just as loud as ever.

The camping party at Alum Rock must have met with some misfortune, for the mention of the word draws lightning from the eyes of some and a peculiar expression visits the faces of the rest, but *Kay* says he liked it. Well, you can't always tell by the outside how an apple will taste.

Bettie T——carried her pretty face to Pacific Grove. That girl is wholly given over to books; too bad, for she could revel in handsome gowns.

Wonder why Jake K—— went to Highlands? Could it be his fondness for Lillie? He is said to be fond of one variety, and lovers will go far in pursuit of game.

Just think of Mrs. F. P. R—— going to Europe. Some things pay, don't they? I wonder when it will be the turn of BABBLER.

LIONS IN LYONS' WINDOW.

A beautiful painting of a lion, lioness and cubs drinking at the water's edge in the jungle is now on exhibition in one of the show-windows of Charles Lyons' fine store, 1216 Market Street, The painting is by the celebrated Munich painter, Werthheimer, and is valued at nearly $1000. Mr. Lyons took a fancy to the canvas, and has placed it on exhibition partly on account of its masterly drawing and brush work, and partly because of the fact that the subject of the painting suggests the name of the London tailor himself.

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OAKLAND GOSSIP.

OAKLAND, August 17th. DEAR WAVE:—The sound of wedding bells is still in the air, and the latest victims to Cupid's darts are popular Dot Handy and Frank Hume, whose wedding will be celebrated next month, and isn't it delightful that Dot doesn't have to change homes, as Frank's father has purchased for him the famous Handy ranch, known as "Rancho Glen Una," which is located in the vicinity of Los Gatos. Mrs. Handy will also continue to dwell upon the old place. My congratulations to both Dot and Frank—they have scores of kind friends, who wish them all the goods the gods provide. Then pretty Lou Brech and Fred Hathaway intend giving us a swell wedding in October, and shades of night defend us! Whom do you think is the last to become engaged? None other than Lena B——. It is really true this time as Mamie told me so. "Who is the man?" do I hear you ask. Well, he is a stranger to Oakland's ways which, perhaps, accounts. Joe Standeford, Edson Adams, Granville Abbott, Mark Requa, Jim Adams, Charlie Griffen, and dozens of others are congratulating themselves that they are no longer expected to be "in it," and they do say that Bob Fitzgerald, who but recently returned from a flight to the Kanaka Kingdom, acts and looks ten years younger since the happy announcement was made known to him. The twenty-seventh will witness the marriage of Leon Smith and Dora Wilson.

The Magee-Hush nuptials were celebrated with great *éclat*, as you doubtless have already heard, and the presents that Tom and Will gave to both girls were superb. Isn't "papa Magee" a man after your own heart, dear? He sends the four abroad on a year's bridal tour, and intends building each couple a lovely home on their return, and the plans are to be brought from Europe, so Stella and Hattie have made brilliant matches, but, after all, they give in return full value for all goods received, as they have good looks, style, and are wonderfully accomplished. There are no other girls on this side who can compare with them.

We Oaklanders are fickle if nothing else, for after all our arrangements for the amateur circus we have decided not to give it and intend producing "As You Like It" instead, with Jack Wilson as Orlando and Mrs. Allen Babcock as Rosalind. She can do the part to perfection, and to use Jack's expression, "She will be out of sight in the costume." As matters now stand the performance will be given at "Rose Lawn"—just the place for a veritable "Forest of Arden." The whole affair will be very swagger, and all for charity, too.

Judge Harry Melvin is visiting in Portland. You know, dear, the object of his young and tender affections lives in the above place, so it is only natural that he should wish to spend his vacation in her company, but it is kind of hard on a certain Oakland damsel who is longing to bestow upon him her hand and her fortune. Why is it that men are so blind, or is it stupidity?

Ella Goodall, who is a great favorite with all the boys, will soon wend her way Eastward again. This time she goes to take a course of study. Sensible girl. Another bright, vivacious woman is Susie May Hayes, who, at present, is sojourning at Lake Tahoe. Mrs. John Coleman and Jessie are enjoying a visit to Shasta. Saturday will witness a baseball game played by well-known Society boys from Oakland and Alameda; the object is sweet charity, as the Fabiola is suffering again. (What do the lady directors do with all the money? It strikes me that they are not good financiers.) Of course I will go, as Mark Requa is to be one of the players. Speaking of Mark reminds me that he is a woman-hater. I wonder why he should become a man of that type so early in life?

If second-class theatres are demoralizing we are surely on the down-grade, for since the McDonough Theatre is an assured fact Morosco has started a theatre for the amusement of the boys, and the Oakland Theatre opened last night with a fourth-class opera and the most disgusting of performers. Oh, we are "in it" in every way here lately. After suffering all these years for pure water the place is at last to be absolutely flooded, as aside from the Contra Costa Mr. Dingee's scheme is a certainty, as also is the enterprise of Mr. Simeon Winban, of your city, and, as a climax, J. S. Emory has come forward with his Blue Lake chestnut, which Tom says has been talked of for over fifteen years. Every time there is a suggestion of water, or anything stronger, the old fellow springs the Blue Lakes on the suffering public. If our boys had only his scheme to depend upon to become anti-whisky in their tastes, they would suffer, as that old man is a fossil who does years of talking and never acts. You doubtless have heard of his Narrow Gauge railroad which never materialized, but a truce to so much that is serious. Prepare for another startling engagement, and sympathize with the broken one of poor Andy and

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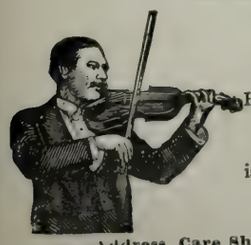

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Leave San Francisco.		In effect Apr. 24, 1892.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION.	Sundays	Week Days
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:55 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

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THE WAVE

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The Wave

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SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 27, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

Howard MacSherry has been fortunate enough to secure in the few months of his residence in San Francisco the recognition that a lawyer ordinarily acquires only after years of practice. However, he is a man of decided capacity, who can hold his own with the best men at the bar, and that, perhaps, accounts for his success. Mr. MacSherry comes of a very excellent family, the old Jersey Dunhams on one side and the MacSherrys of Pennsylvania and Maryland being his immediate progenitors. He is a member of the firm of Henley, MacSherry & Herrmann.

SPLASHES.

THE PIAZZA at Del Monte is a species of Society chess-board. To an observant outsider the moves are full of interest, and the prototypes of the pieces soon suggest themselves. The best moment for seeing the disposition of cliques is just after breakfast and immediately following lunch. They are then drawn up according to their pretensions, the strangers usually grouped on the west side, the dowagers in front of the window immediately commanding the steps, the altitudinous aristocracy gathered just under the eaves of the veranda, leaning against the balustrading; the highly respectables in the far east corner, the good-natured matrons on their left, and the lofty young married folk on their right.

* * *

A few are pretending to read, lolling lazily in the huge wicker rockers. Occasionally there is an attempt at conversation, a passing criticism of some daring pawn who ventures to challenge the judicious arrangement of knights and bishops and castles. Their chairs converging into a half-circle, the matrons gossip away about babes and grandchildren; the latest about Baxter, or the newest from town. The dowagers have less animation. The importance of their position sits weightily on them. It is dignity at all costs. They merely listen. As for the highly respectables, they seem so bent on preserving an icy exclusiveness that I cannot believe they realize how stupid they look. On each face is the same stony immobility, relieved occasionally by a slight smile.

* * *

The altitudinously aristocratic have really more amusement out of life than the others. They condescend to fraternize with an occasional stranger, and sometimes break into what seems to resemble gaiety. As for the lofty young married folk—it is a constant problem with me as to what they find to talk to each other of. Life seems a species of awful calm to them, or it may be they are learning a reconcilement to matrimony, which some one has insisted is but a synonym for monotony.

* * *

A SINGULAR FEATURE of the season at Santa Cruz is the development of belles. In past years the habitués have been content to accept such handsome women as occurred without either comment or protest. If beautiful, so much the better; if not, the worse for themselves. This philosophic point of view has been abandoned, however, and now to be unable to recognize the good looks of the current belle is to regarded as lacking in taste. Throughout the summer I have had dinned in my ears the charms of Mrs. This, the admirable complexion of Miss That, and the splendid form of Madame Someoneelse, until I had begun to believe in the actual existence of each attraction. Alas! confronted with their possessors, and my impressions proved delusive.

* * *

One exquisite creature, whose rare grace and refined loveliness have been the theme of much Santa Cruz eulogy, is an aureoline blonde, whose face is beplastered with paint. The ravishing matron whose gowns have sent three correspondents in ecstasy to a *thesaurus*, is a tall, robust female whose costumes are so cut as to display an admirable if lengthy development of limb. That she has ample shoulders her ball gowns exhibited, and some of the envious went so far as to declare her back was almost as flat as her voice. But this charmer possessed a face that lacked a suggestion of refinement; square of jaw and lusciously coarse of lip, it was indicative of far more than I would care to state.

* * *

Another there was whose luxuriant loveliness I heard extolled to the skies. "The handsomest woman we have had here this season," said her admirers. For this creature I waited one afternoon on the veranda. She wore white, and had large, languishing eyes, rather a rough complexion, and a mouth of the kind denominated coarse. She had rather a good figure, but of refinement, grace—the more delicate and seductive attributes of femininity—not a trace. Actual beauties are few in number, and at Santa Cruz there has been little to excite rapture. The correct degree of admiration in any one case did not admit the use of superlatives. As for form, I noticed that the one woman whose grace of contour excited the greatest enthusiasm abstained from sea bathing.

* * *

ALL THE INGREDIENTS of gaiety were gathered at Del Monte on Saturday last. For the first time this season there were men and girls enough to brighten the ballroom and light up the corridors. The belles wore their ball dresses. Those out of that interesting coterie were not less brilliantly costumed. Some gowns I saw were gorgeous enough for the cotillion that everyone anticipated. Perhaps that is the reason it did not take place. As usual, the matrons lined the ballroom and the music pealed forth seductive melodies. But there was little dancing. At intervals an adventurous couple ventured mildly to gyrate a little, and seemed surprised at their own audacity.

* * *

One cannot help remarking the singular indifference of local men to current maidens. There must have been a score of young fellows whose dancing is good enough for ordinary purposes standing at the entrance to the ballroom. Perhaps they were *blasé*, for they refrained even from waltzing, and were content to occasionally criticise the efforts of their friends. Later, one found them at the clubhouse. That is, after the fiat—no german—had gone forth. No one seemed deeply disappointed, however.

* * *

Afternoon teas are quite in vogue at Del Monte this week. Given in the private rooms of the more enterprising maidens, they prove an agreeable relief, and break pleasantly the long interval between lunch and a late dinner. Miss Hager has had several pleasant gatherings in her pretty parlor, and on last Sunday afternoon Miss Childs entertained quite a number of men and girls very agreeably. Music, delicious sandwiches, candy, and, of course, tea formed the staples.

* * *

Mrs. Fred Sharon gave a picnic, last Saturday, that her guests insist was the jolliest of the summer. The party left the hotel in three drags, and partook of refreshments near the

borders of Lake Majella. After the sandwiches, the champagne, and all the other dainties had been put away, a new diversion was found in tobogganning down the sandhills. There are a few especially high and steep in this neighborhood, and their descent on a shawl is fraught with pleasant emotions. The *modus operandi* is simple. The men assisted the girls to the summit, seated them comfortably on a folded rug, and then started them swiftly down. It proved great fun. On Thursday last Mrs. Hager gave a very large picnic which every one enjoyed thoroughly.

* * *

FOR "THE SHOOT" everything is ready. By the 1:30 special yesterday the main body of guests arrived, and by five o'clock were comfortably installed in their rooms. Never in its palmiest days has Del Monte been so crowded. Not only is every room occupied, but there are few apartments that have not several occupants. The aspect of the corridors and of the dining-room is brilliant in the extreme. On Saturday last President Webster brought down with him six electricians and dynamos for illuminating the grounds. Innumerable incandescent lights will glow among the trees, producing the most beautiful effects. Under the trees, close to the clubhouse, tables and chairs are placed for those who care to partake of liquid refreshments. In order that the lawns should be dry there, watering operations have been suspended for several days past.

* * *

Nothing to secure the comfort of the guests have the management or the officers of the Club left undone. An ample force of waiters has been secured, there are plenty of porters to handle baggage, and the clubhouse is plentifully stocked with champagne. As to the identity of the winner—that is to be settled to-day. Ed Donahoe and Fred Tallant are a tie just as the latter and Mr. Bosqui were last year. The cup will go to one or the other of them. For the Del Monte trophy the contest will be more interesting. In good marksmen the Club is much stronger than it was last year. Willie Babcock, a very accurate shot, Thomas Ewing, and several others who were not represented will take part. Besides, in the general shooting of the members there has been a decided improvement. Dick Sprague has practiced assiduously and is now well up on the list. So is Fred Webster.

* * *

Will Kittle, whose accident sustained at the Country Club has confined him to his home, promises that come what may he will take part. Altogether an interesting day's sport is to be anticipated, diversified by an elaborate lunch at midday. All hail to the winner.

* * *

QUITE THE MOST INTERESTING announcement Society has heard this season is the engagement of Miss Hope Ellis and Callaghan Byrne. Miss Ellis, for three years past, has been numbered among the belles. She is a tall, graceful girl, with a clear white complexion, fine eyes, and a well-molded figure. In a white flannel costume, which harmonizes with the palor of her flesh tints, and a broad-brimmed hat she has been one of the most effective from a picturesque point of view of the many maidens that gather at Del Monte. Miss Ellis is a daughter of W. T. Ellis of Marysville, and it is interesting to note that though really a country girl, she has made for herself a position in the local 400. Mr. Byrne is the eldest son of Mrs. James Irvine and a brother of James W. Byrne who is well known in Society and club circles.

* * *

He is in affluent circumstances, being an expert and shrewd judge of real estate of which he has holdings in several counties. The engagement is the result of a friendship of several years' standing, but more especially of a trip to Alaska from which Mr. Byrne and Miss Ellis have but recently returned. The wedding will take place at Marysville early in October.

* * *

THE SOLITARY important wedding of the week was solemnized in St. Luke's Church Thursday night. The happy couple were Miss Jennie Larooka Marshall, daughter of the late S. A. Marshall, who will be remembered as the President of the American Bank and Trust Company, and Mr. Philip S. Bates, who is now the Receiving Teller of that institution. They are well mated, and doubtless will be very happy. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. B. Spalding, an old friend of the family. There were two bridesmaids, Miss Lizzie Wickersham, of Petaluma, and Miss Ellen Williams, of Portland, Or., who wore gowns of white crêpe. The four ushers were Frank D. Willey and Andrew Farren, of this city, Fred H. Hood, of Santa Rosa, and George Baxter, of Petaluma. John W. Farren, Jr., was the best man, and the bride's brother, William A. Marshall, gave her away.

* * *

Miss Marshall, or rather Mrs. Bates, is an exceedingly pretty girl. Her charms were displayed to the best advantage in an imported gown of white brocade. She wore also a handsome diamond necklace which I understand was the gift of her mother. After the ceremony a quiet supper was enjoyed by the bridal party at the residence of Mrs. Marshall on Central Avenue. When the young couple return from their wedding trip they wlll live in their new home, 3300 Washington Street, which is to be ready for occupancy about October 1st.

* * *

MR. E. MOORE ROBINSON whom Miss Ailein Ivers proposes to marry is a very nice and quite rich young man. He has attained the ripe age of twenty-three and is an excellent authority on trousers. His father, who was unfortunate enough to die some years ago, helped to build up the firm of Drexel, Morgan & Co., and left two sons, a dashing widow, and a large fortune. After the usual interval, the lady endowed J. Hood with her charms, physical and financial, and later, her son, then traveling on the continent, fell a willing victim to the blonde California belle. I believe his maternal relative regarded his youth as a bar to matrimony, but, being of age, he has conquered her objections. He is to represent his parent's interest in the bank within two years, I believe.

* * *

Miss Ivers is not traveling with Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Spreckels, but as the guest of Mrs. Gus Spreckels whose most intimate friend she is. The nuptials are to be celebrated early in November, I believe.

* * *

Mrs. Herman Levy gave a charming matinee tea last Tuesday at her residence, 922 Eddy Street, in honor of Miss Simon whose wedding is to take place on Wednesday evening, September 7th. A large number of the friends of the young lady were present, and they were hospitably entertained.

* * *

AFTER THE Country Club shoot there will be an interval of quietude. For the coming week the promise is not excessive. On Tuesday there is the wedding, at Claremont, of Miss Belle Garber, daughter of Judge John Garber, and Mr. Whitney Palache, son of Mr. James Palache. Recent bereavements in the Palache family necessitate a quiet observance of the wedding. On Thursday afternoon another quiet wedding occurs, in which the interested parties are Miss F. Anita Plum, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Plum, and Mr. James Irvine. It will take place at the home of the bride's parents, on Page Street.

* * *

On Monday evening, September 5th, Mr. Arthur F. Barnard will become the husband of Miss Florence Currier, and the nuptials will be gayly celebrated at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Currier, 2725 Jackson Street. The following Wednesday evening Miss Emma McMillan and Mr. Ellis Wooster will be wedded. I referred to this latter affair last week.

* * *

The matrimonial event of the year will be the marriage of Fritz Hinckley and Miss Florence Blythe. I am given to understand it is to be solemnized in December and that the happy pair purpose spending their honeymoon in Europe. With just how many millions the heiress of the Blythe estate will emerge is hard to say. Some have alleged that her share will be in the neighborhood of four, but I think they forget Attorney Hart's contingent. He is entitled by an agreement to one-third of all he obtains. That will be a fortune in itself, though there are big fees to be paid Judge Boalt and his associates who spent that interesting year with Judge Coffey.

* * *

EVERY MAIDEN with matrimonial aspirations should join the Crocker Auxiliary. It is certainly the banner organization of this

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city for the perpetration and encouragement of married life. Mrs. A. W. Scott, the honorary President of the Auxiliary, terms her co-workers in the course of charity "her girls," and she invariably speaks of them with pardonable pride for they form a splendid exhibition of California beauty. But I am told she is exceedingly put out of late because of defections in the ranks of her proteges, while certain of said girls are almost equally perturbed for fear she will not lose several more.

* * *

If I remember correctly, Miss Susie Davis was a member of the Auxiliary; she is now Mrs. Frank Vincent Wright, of San Jose. Miss Anita Plum is the President, but on September 1st she will be married to James Irvine, the young millionaire. Miss Emma McMillan, who will be Mrs. Ellis Wooster on September 7th, is one of its hardest workers. Miss Lillian Wagner, now Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy, was likewise a member, as was Miss Lillian Bachelder, who was married a week ago to Mr. Charles M. Plum, Jr. Such a showing as this is quite remarkable, considering it is all the result of the past season. Indeed, if Cupid's reports are to be credited, I will have some more engagements to announce before many weeks are gone.

* * *

The officers of the First Infantry have had no reason to regret their stay at Santa Cruz. They have been generously entertained, residents and visitors doing all in their power to make the Encampment a pleasant experience. Among others Mrs. D. M. Delmas has been most generous in her hospitality. She has given several elaborate dinners to them and on Saturday morning last wound up the series with a breakfast at the Casino. Those who have been at Santa Cruz this season know how charmingly located this building is and the beauty of the view from its verandas. The main hall, where the table was spread, was handsomely decorated with red, white, and blue, the same shades forming the table adornments.

* * *

There were quantities of flowers, and at intervals *bon-bons* arranged in the form of stands of arms. The effect was exceedingly pretty. There were twenty-four men and girls sat down to breakfast. Afterwards there came music and dancing. The Delmases have vacated their Santa Cruz home and have gone to Del Monte for the "shoot." Afterwards they will be installed at *Casa Delmas* at Mountain View until the season opens. Miss Nettie and Miss Josephine Delmas are to be among the debutantes this winter.

* * *

The Directors of the San Francisco Verein are certainly enterprising. In referring last week to certain changes under contemplation in the *menage*, I inadvertently omitted the most important of all. The clubrooms are to be completely refurnished, carpeted, painted, and frescoed and the work will be commenced at once. The Sutter Street entrance is to be changed and enlarged, and alterations are to be made in the wide hallway, including the addition of a large fireplace. The Verein possesses one advantage over the other clubs in town, that of having its rooms all on one floor. The area covered is immense. After its renovation the club will certainly be very attractive and will warrant the large increase in membership that is expected. The rehearsals of "Christopher Columbus" are to commence in a few days.

* * *

The Hotel Rafael closed for the season on Thursday last. I am sorry for I anticipated the measure of patronage it had secured during the summer months would encourage the management to try the experiment of keeping it open until Christmas. There is no earthly reason why the Rafael should not be one of the most successful caravansaries in the State. It is admirably located, and is provided with every facility for the conduct of a large and first-class business. If the owners would take my advice, they will abstain entirely from interference in the management, leasing the institution to some responsible party, who would agree to pay them a certain interest on their investment. It is a very poignant fact that too many cooks spoil the best of broths. Mr. Brennan did as well as he was permitted to, and is certainly not to be blamed for any failures.

* * *

The Vendome is now doing an excellent business. Completely turned is the tide of ill luck that so long ran against it. Now it has most of its rooms filled both summer and winter. Just at present the weather at San Jose is delightful, the air warm and balmy, the skies clear. It may truly be said that disturbances on Mt. Hamilton do not affect the atmosphere of the Santa Clara valley. Quite a number of prominent San Franciscans are sojourning at the hotel.

* * *

With the success of Charley Hubbard and Joe Tobin on Eastern tennis fields, Willie Taylor's stock has gone up considerably. Encouraged by their achievements he will very probably go East for the next series of tournaments, and if he is in good fettle, will probably give the champions a tussle for their honors. He has spent the past two weeks at Del Monte and has played there with Earnest White, who, at a recent tournament, won the tennis prize at Cornell. Mr. White, who is a very handsome young man, is a nephew of ex-President White of that institution. Besides his distinction in tennis he also carried off honors as class orator this year.

* * *

A CERTAIN FASCINATING English youth, interested in the diffusion of an excellent champagne, is ever among the first to capture the nomadic British lordling. When young Viscount Villiers arrived here last week, on his way to join his father, the Earl of Jersey, in Australia, my young friend descended on him with tremendous effect. He gave him a dinner, carted him through Chinatown, didn't let him go to bed until three o'clock in the morning, saw to it that his Lordship's valet was properly drunk, took the next room to his at the Palace Hotel, awakened him at a hideously early hour, varnished the Lordling's boots because the valet was still drunk, rushed him down to his champagne store, made him drink a pint bottle of dry wine, gave him breakfast at the Maison Riche, and the last act of the drama was performed when the youth was met by Captain Percy Smith, dashing wildly down the corridor.

* * *

"Oh, Smith! I say, Smith! there's a good chap. What shall I do?"

"Why, what is the matter?" inquired the gallant Captain.

"Oh, I am in such a box. His Lordship has to leave on the 'Mariposa,' and his Lordship ought to have the best carriage you have in your place, but that old 'messer,' Martin, has sent his Lordship the rottenest cab there is around here. It's a beastly shame."

* * *

Villiers was a quiet, stupid young cub, and, in fact, he looked rather like the champagne dispenser himself. The latter carried on pretty much all the conversation, for the lordling limited his remarks to, "Ah, yes," or "No, I fancy not." However, I certainly must confess that I admire the young man's generalship in keeping him out of the clutches of Jack Casserly, or the other English fanciers. I had the privilege of meeting the Viscount, and he said more than "yes" and "no" to me. It was on the steamer's deck, just before the bell rang, and he remarked, confidentially:

"Isn't it funny how every Johnny says 'Your Lordship,' and 'Yes, my Lord,' 'No, my Lord,' to a fellah. Why, at home, only the servants do that."

* * *

Two scions of Gotham aristocracy have been sojourning at Del Monte this week. Sherman Martin, son and heir to the Bradley Martins who are noted in McAllister's world for their castle in Scotland, their unimpeachable dinners and their great wealth, is one, and F. Scot Gerrish is the other. Mr. Martin's misadventure with a maiden of low degree with whom he was unfortunate enough to become involved matrimonially is quite a matter of notoriety. He is a very pleasant youth, with pretty brown eyes, a chubby face, good manners, and a taste for the impossible in vests. At Del Monte he relieved the severity of his full dress with a doe-colored double-breasted waistcoat trimmed with gold buttons.

* * *

IN LOCAL POLITICS nothing for many years in the independent line has looked so formidable as the combination that is now being unfolded by Thomas Magee, John Nightingale, Charley Swift and the others en-

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gaged in creating a non-partisan party. Mr. Abraham Ruef, Senator Mahoney, and Colonel Dan Burns started the thing, but in three days it grew so large that it practically swept them away. Burns wisely declined to serve as a delegate when importuned, Senator Mahoney was not asked to serve, and Mr. Ruef, who consented, will be such a small pea in the pod that it were well he had kept out. One has only to scan the names of the men who compose the convention of this new party to observe that it bears all the signs of an uprising of the decent people of the city. If nothing is done by its promoters to discredit it between now and election day, I shall expect to see its ticket sweep the field.

* * *

The causes which have brought this serious state of affairs about—for, in order to ascertain its pretentious character, one needs only to consult the outside politicians who are regarding it with amazement and consternation—are an interesting subject for reflection at this time. In the first place, the Republican party of San Francisco consists of Martin Kelly and Phil Crimmins, two "rounders" who keep a saloon at No. 16 Third Street. That these men *are* the party, admits of no dispute. They control its legislation in the Board of Supervisors, they dictate the vetoes of its Mayor, they control its patronage in the Board of Education, and there is but one office in the whole city government which does not swarm with their "workers" and friends. Assessor Siebe still disputes their leadership. I venture to say that in the forthcoming Republican Municipal Convention not a single nomination will be made without their sanction. Phil Crimmins says Supervisor Ellert is "too d—— honest to be in politics," and, therefore, he cannot be Mayor. This remark does not indicate, as one might suppose, the declaration of a single man, but it is the utterance of the Republican party of San Francisco. Its potency becomes manifest as the campaign progresses. Ellert, the strongest man in the party for any nomination, is not even thought of by his party associates in connection with any office. He is certainly "too d—— honest" for Mayor.

* * *

On the other hand, the Democrats have made mistakes from the very first. Starting with a declaration that they desired only to serve the public, the leaders of the Reorganized Democracy have parcelled out the offices among themselves, and denied the right of the people to interfere. The policy they have pursued of conceding party action through a system of clubs, and then making laws to enable them, and them only, to control the clubs, cannot be viewed in any other light than as a species of intolerable despotism. Neither Buckley nor Higgins, in their palmiest days, would ever have dared to enforce such a system. To do so with a party of spirit and vitality would have resulted in immediate revolt. The fact that the Reorganizers have succeeded so far indicates that the Democracy of San Francisco is lethargic and indifferent of success. No stream ever rose above its source. No ticket can emerge from the Convention of the Reorganizers that will not suffer from the deadening effect of having men in control who will not concede open and impartial party action. I hope the Reorganizers will nominate good and strong men for office, but I do not see, hampered as they are, and still staggering under the dead weight of Buckleyism, how they can do it.

* * *

The Independent movement therefore, as I have already remarked, is the natural result of the prevailing public dissatisfaction. Republicans will never vote for candidates nominated by Martin Kelly and Phil Crimmins, and Democrats will not vote for the candidates selected by Sullivan, Dwyer & Co., if they can get anything better. The Australian ballot system, besides, puts a premium upon Independent movements. It separates the Municipal and National tickets and practically enforces non-partisanism in local affairs, making, as it does, an independent expression by the voter almost impossible of evasion. The Independents are certain to pick up all the strong men now before the public. The nomination of Supervisor Ellert for Mayor is almost a foregone conclusion, and, as the Reorganizers propose to nominate Barry Baldwin, and as Kelly and Crimmins will select either Mr. Easton or James B. Stetson, his election may be regarded as certain. I might mention the names of several other citizens who will be asked to go on the ticket, but this one is sufficient to show that the new movement is likely to play the devil with the politicians. This last observation, however, is always with the proviso that somebody does not succeed before election day in playing the devil with the new movement. There are a large number of gentlemen who hope to get at the public crib next year who are ready to play the devil with anything if an opportunity is presented.

* * *

OF THE DONAHUE LINE the public is destined to hear a great deal before September is out. The system must be disposed of, and the important question is—can the Seligmans acquire control of the stock? That the executors, by virtue of a parcel purchased some time ago have a majority of the shares actively held, is a fact, but in the custody of a New York trust company is a large block, deposited as security for the bondholders under some agreement which Mervyn Donahue entered into. In an emergency it is possible that the Seligmans might obtain the stock, and then the rest would be easy.

* * *

Rumor has had it that a local syndicate desired to acquire the property if a fair bid would be accepted, and in connection therewith the names of various capitalists have been mentioned. The Southern Pacific Company does not consider the road a desirable buy because of the high valuation set by the executors on the stock. The latest story associates with it the Mackay-Flood combination, and excellent reasons are given to account for their development of railroad ambition. Quite recently this firm has acquired the remaining one-eighth interest in the Eel River coal fields, and I believe intends to commence their development very soon. The characteristics and value of this property are but little known, yet I believe its prospective importance is very great.

* * *

The property consists of several thousand acres on the Eel River, some sixty-five miles above Ukiah. It belonged originally to Isaac Friedlander, and at the time of his failure was turned over to the Nevada Bank. But his ownership did not cover the entire coal area. Three-eighths of it was in possession of other estates. Mr. Flood, recognizing the possibilities of such a deposit, determined not to develop it until he had complete control. Circumstances have conspired in his favor, and it was but a short time ago that the third eighth held by the Floyd estate, passed into his hands.

* * *

Experts have pronounced the coal the best found on the Coast. It is highly carbonized, and burns to a fine white ash. Friedlander had it tested most carefully, and since then Mr. Flood has had the deposit examined and its extent computed. Its hardness may be estimated from the fact that the Eel River cuts through an immense vein, and the wearing of the water does not seem to make more of an impression than it would on rock. Of course the ledges, to use a mining term, may be broken, but the indications go to prove the contrary. Until a railroad is built the supply is unavailable, but an extension of fifty miles north and fifteen east would tap the redwood lumber country, the mines, and bring the Donahue system well on to Eureka.

* * *

The traffic that the development of these beds must bring to the road is immense. It would become one of the richest corporations in the State, and the surplus earnings would soon recoup the outlay both for construction as well as purchase.

* * *

THE EXPRESSIONS one frequently hears in the places where Democratic politicians congregate concerning the availability of this or that man for an office, leads me to make a few remarks. For instance, I have recently heard it whispered that Judge Wallace would make a strong candidate for Mayor. The man who first uttered this opinion did not pause to reflect, or he would have saved himself the pain of having his idea received with overwhelming frigidity. Judge Wallace undoubtedly would make a strong candidate for Mayor, if there was any practicable method of getting him before the public. But as things are now organized that is well nigh impossible. Everyone who has observed closely the springs of political action, must have dis-

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covered that there is a distinct Free Masonry among those who follow politics for a living. It is not any formal code of signals, grips, or pass words, but it is an understanding or feeling founded, rationally enough, on self interest. To comprehend this it is only necessary to know that the objective point of all political movements is the money in the public treasury. The great motive is "boodle," and the problem is, How to get the money out of the treasury without getting into the penitentiary.

* * *

Every man is in politics to make something. If there are any exceptions to this rule they will prove it. Hence, any man who threatens the boodle element in politics at once raises against himself the bitter although secret enmity of every man who hopes to get an office. There are occasions when the politicians select men like Judge Wallace to head their tickets, but they do so only when the alternative is certain defeat. Thus it happens that cities where the majority for either party is large are always badly governed. Tammany in New York nominates only its corrupt politicians for office. Judge Wallace in the impanelment of his Grand Jury came near landing a whole pack of boodling politicians in jail. In fact, he was so hot on their trail, that the Supreme Court was compelled to rush to their rescue. This disqualifies him for the Mayoralty.

* * *

The politicians will renominate him for Superior Judge because in that position he will not be likely to close up any of the available avenues to the Treasury and his name will add "strength" to the ticket. But as Mayor he might raise the very devil with them. Judge Wallace's popularity with the public is the very thing that makes the politicians fear him. For these reasons you never hear the names of Barclay Henley, Jeremiah Lynch, James M. McDonald, and others who participate in Judge Wallace's hunt for the boodlers, mentioned for any office. And you are not likely to. H. H. Scott, the Elisor, is a candidate for Sheriff before the Reorganizers' Convention, but he will never get it. Like the others, he has the wrong kind of a record for the politicians.

* * *

I REGRET TO HEAR it rumored that Captain James F. Smith's chances of ever becoming Superior Judge are growing slimmer as the time between now and election day becomes more attenuated. Captain Smith, whose name is familiar the world over, owing to the episode with Pocahontas, is a very estimable and reliable gentleman. Nothing that can be said in his praise would be misplaced were it not for the fact that he is a Republican. For his politics, however, he will have to answer to his Maker. I say I regret to hear that his ambition to sit on the bench is not going to be gratified, for I believe the Captain would make a faithful and conscientious officer. But it seems he has fallen a victim to the popular detestation of lawyers that prevails among the people. There are certain times when these practitioners have an opportunity of ascertaining what juries think of them. That is when they are parties litigant.

* * *

If one lawyer sues another, the jury has no chance to express itself, but if a lawyer sues a layman, or *vice versa*, or a lawyer gets into a criminal scrape, the jury invariably scorches him. I suppose this may be attributed to the coincidence that smart men are generally regarded with aversion by their ignorant or stupid fellows, and to the incontestable fact that lawyers are always looked upon as hired tricksters whose statements, unless backed up by proof, must be discounted. Captain Smith was recently engaged in the trial of a Chinese case in Judge Sanderson's Court. His associate was Mr. W. H. Chickering. One day during the inquiry a juror named Squires intercepted the Captain and proposed to fix the jury. If Captain Smith had done what it is generally believed lawyers do under such circumstances, he would have closed a bargain and thereby won his case. But he did not do that. He consulted his associate and together they laid a trap for the crooked juror.

* * *

The result is well known, as columns have been published in the newspapers about the case. Squires was entrapped and publicly exposed in Court by Smith and Chickering, arrested and sent to jail. He turned out to be a stage robber and general bad man. But he had no money or friends. In fact, when his case came up for trial, the Court appointed a lawyer to defend him, else he would have been without counsel. This seems to have been about the only thing in his favor. When he took the stand before the jury he told a most plausible story, for Mr. Squires is a man of years, discretion and placid composure. Stage robbers, I believe, in the *sui generis* aristocracy of early California are ranked as men of much nerve. He declared that Smith approached him first, and that he was hurrying out to the Court to "squeal," when Smith, suspecting his design, rushed in ahead of him and "squealed" first. Otherwise, he said, the lawyer would have been *in hoc* instead of him.

* * *

Captain Smith and Mr. Chickering each gave in detail their interviews with Squires, contradicting him squarely, but when the jury retired more than half its members believed the stage robber and refused to convict him. The fact that Squires is without means even to pay a lawyer to defend him, precludes the supposition that he could have influenced the jury in any other way than by his testimony. The bald truth is that a majority of that jury accepted the word of a stage robber in preference to that of two reputable lawyers. The politicians say the awkwardness of the situation has killed Smith's chances of becoming a Superior Judge. But I do not think so. If I were in his shoes I would apply to the people for a verdict. It will never do to permit that jury to fix public opinion with reference to the veracity of lawyers in this town. The jurors who refused to convict Squires may have been ex-stage robbers themselves.

* * *

THE AVERAGE OF HOLINESS is lower in journalism than in any other profession. Perhaps it is because reporters are thrown so much in contact with ministers that, as a class, they have so little respect for Christianity. One must be very enthusiastic or intensely devout to disattach the principle from its exponents. However, that they are morally the worse of abstinence from church-going cannot be proven. Among the amusing features of the Soul-Saving Carnival now in progress was the effort of the elect to convert the cohort of reporters who gave Fay Mills' words to the world. Tracts they were given in plenty, but besides printed exhortations, the zealous strove individually to induce an abandonment of the agreeable diversions that make life worth living.

* * *

Their labors alone rewarded their pains. Alas, the scalp of a single converted journalist does not adorn the belt of B. Fay. But there are a few funny stories told of the effort. One ardent revivalist approached Miss Boston, who has represented the *Examiner:*

"Will you come to glory?" he said, throwing a yearning glance into her eyes.

"I cannot," she returned with equal earnestness. "I'm a reporter."

One of the most devout of the disciples was explaining to the *Chronicle* representative the errors of his ways. After a long exordium he finished up with:

"Young man, will you give your heart to the Redeemer?"

"Seeing that Mike owns my mind, my landlady most of my clothes, and that Satan is sure to get my soul, He might as well have my heart."

* * *

One night the Salvation Army captured a specially tough customer and were praying might and main that he be given a new heart. "Oh, Lord," they petitioned, "give our brother, this sinner, a new heart." A new heart they droned with endless iteration. Finally the converted protested:

"Say, maties, wat's dis yer given me 'bout noo hearts? I don't want no noo heart. Might as well have noo liver. Say, ask him ter let me have a noo brain. Dat's what I want."

* * *

IF THE METHODS of the local bunglers who call themselves bankers were only understood, the cause of the prevailing stagnation would cease to be a secret. The fact is, conservatism has become a disease with them, and it is impossible to induce the co-operation of their coin in aught that is neither cable roads nor real estate. Borrowing money on an outside proposition is a task in comparison to which the labors of Hercules were child's play. It is easy enough, however, to find half a

Richardson & Robbins' Potted Ham for Picnics and Teas.

million for a sure thing in town. Dozens of important and promising enterprises are allowed to languish for lack of assistance, that in other cities could be financed for the asking.

* * *

To illustrate the difficulties of inaugurating in San Francisco a scheme that, however feasible, has attributes of novelty, a friend of mine tells this story about the electric road that Behrend Joost and J. W. Hartzell built from Market Street to the Cemeteries in San Mateo County. Though there are several hundred miles of electric lines in operation in this country, the sapient presidents of local banking concerns regarded this enterprise as a dangerous experiment. They would have nothing to do with it. Now, even if one is rich, and Mr. Joost and his friends had enough cash to make a bold start, the time comes when it is necessary to have a large amount of ready coin. Trusting to make a security on which advances could be obtained they pushed on. They owed $200,000 that had to be paid by a certain date.

* * *

In spite of their franchises and several miles of line fully completed, they could not obtain a cent. They were desperate; whom to turn to they did not know. Then some kind friend told them of a capitalist named Fox, who had just that amount lying idle. They went to him. I believe the coin was due on the morrow. He thought well of electric railroads, so well, indeed, that he was willing to accept a few thousand shares of the stock and eighteen per cent for his money. He was their last resource, and to these extravagantly extortionate demands they had to accede. Now, I believe Mr. Fox is a figure in the directorate, and has opinions of much weight on electric subjects. Such rapacity is worthy of record.

* * *

FROM THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS Sam Shortridge brings a story that possesses the unusual merit of lacking obviousness. It is about four men in a boat between Hilo and Honolulu. Well-known characters of the Kanaka capital, it had struck them as a bold idea to navigate their own way homewards after visiting the volcano. Not one of them knew more about seamanship than the best method of sailing and steering. They had been out a day when the wind changed, a fog descended, and when the sun shone again, some twenty-four hours later, all count of their whereabouts had been lost. They were miles away from anywhere. Not a sail or a mountain top in sight.

* * *

Could they have "taken the sun" all would have been well, but not one of them knew how. Sadly their desperate plight was discussed. One man thought it best to take this course; another suggested the advisability of doing the contrary. The fourth, who has the reputation of knowing more about anything than every one else, alone was silent. Finally he was appealed to.

"But one thing is left, and it seems to me you fellows might have thought of it yourselves," he said, his face and voice full of triumphant wisdom.

"What is it?" they chorused.

"Why," he replied, "we must return to Hilo and start again."

* * *

SO LONG is it since the army has furnished a good story, one may be forgiven for supposing a condition of innocuous desuetude at the Presidio. However, here is one on Colonel Graham, of the Fifth Artillery, known as the Reservation martinet, that is distinctly endurable. In his capacity as commander he paid a visit of inspection recently to Angel Island and was pleased to express discontent at the condition of the guns. Our only harbor defenses are as incompetent as broken trunnions and general decay can make them. To the Lieutenant in charge, Graham remarked querulously:

"Why don't you have these gun carriages fixed up?"

"It is impossible, sir. There is no appropriation."

"Nothing is impossible!" returned Graham peremptorily. "Before the month is out you will send me word the repairs have been made."

* * *

Word to that effect came in due course, and on his next visit to the Island Graham immediately asked to see the pieces. To his astonishment he found them exactly as before. Proceeding to wax very wroth, he turned on his subordinate.

"I thought you sent me word, sir, these guns had been repaired."

"Yes, sir," was the answer.

"But they are in the same disreputable condition, sir."

"Yes, Colonel. If you will remember, you ordered me to send you word simply that the repairs had been made. I obeyed." The Lieutenant was duly submissive.

Of course there was an explosion. The Brevet-General prated of disrespect and court-martials, but since then not a word has been heard of the episode. After all, the Lieutenant had only done as he was told.

* * *

That J. H. Stoddard, the veteran actor, is the wit of Palmer's company is a fact known only to the "perfesh." He is invariably provided with the latest stories and a fund of animal spirits that would become a youth. When in San Francisco last year he escorted a jolly party over to Sausalito, and, going and coming, kept them laughing at his pranks. Every baby he saw he insisted on chucking under the chin, and actually he waved kisses to all the girls he saw. In fact, he thoroughly amused himself and his friends. Just as the crowd was leaving the steamer, "the Guvnor," as Stoddard is called in the company, stood just behind a handsome young woman, who said to a friend who was with her, glancing at the ferry clock:

"Oh, dear, we have missed our dinner."

"So sorry, dears, so sorry you have lost your dinner," mimicked the irrepressible Stoddard, amid the laughter of the little group surrounding him.

She turned round very quickly and recognizing the speaker, said:

"Thank you, sir. Being an actor, of course you know what it is to miss a meal."

* * *

Jeremiah Lynch has recently developed a turn for lecturing, and is acquiring a decided popularity in educational circles. The Orient is his theme—Egypt, India, even Persia, and he works in *bulbuls*, *nargiles*, *yatagans*, until the young idea imbibes the impression that he has really seen what he describes. As he often descends into French their mystification is more thorough. On Thursday morning last Mr. Lynch received a cortege of High School maidens at his Egyptian quarters on Leavenworth Street, and displayed for their edification the mummy and sundry curiosities of Cairo and Thebes, which he is alleged to have picked up in Paris. I believe he is to deliver another dissertation before long.

* * *

James D. Phelan met with rather a painful accident at Santa Cruz last week. He drives a pair of spirited high-steppers, and while careering with them along the beach, was thrown out. I believe the apparition of one of the *pseudo* beauties of the region in a red bathing suit was responsible for the fright that caused the steeds to bolt. It was quite impossible to hold them, however, and when he was jerked from his seat, the wheel of the drag passed over his leg. Had he given the injured member rest all would have been well, but he used it unwisely, and as the result is now confined to his room. However, he will be out and about in good time for the Buddha jinks.

* * *

Illustrative of the oddities of local jurisprudence is a short story that Henry E. Monroe, the attorney, relates. A Chinese merchant applied to him to secure a divorce from his wife. Mr. Monroe went boldly to work and had success almost within grasp. That is, he thought he had. What a downfall for his hopes there was when, in Court, the judge asked for proofs of the marriage of the interested parties.

"And do you know," said the attorney, "I really could not prove that they were married and had to ask for a continuance."

* * *

Here's a chance for loyal Democrats to win $100,000. I am told that D. O. Mills has this amount which he is anxious to lose on the result of the next presidential contest. In the ability of his son-in-law to "get there" he has unlimited confidence and is perfectly willing to back that assurance with dollars. Mr. Mills is now in New York City, but his address may be obtained by personal application at his agent's office not later than November 3d.

* * *

The Democrats in Sausalito had a gala time last Saturday night and introduced a feature

that should become popular during the coming campaign wherever it is feasible. It was a torchlight procession on the bay instead of over the cobbles. Two naphtha launches headed the flotilla and each had fifteen whitehalls in its wake. The occupants of the boats bore torches which made the *ensemble* quite picturesque, reminding one vividly of a festival night in Venice. After the flotilla had completed this novel cruise, there were speeches and a general jollification. The chances now are that Sausalito will go Democratic.

* * *

ALAS! ALAS! that the end should come and we be the mourners! There is untold woe in the marts of Pine Street, for the beautiful Stock Exchange is to be sold and the inmates scattered like a lot of tramps. Men who have had independent fortunes and caroled through life gay and *debonair*, will now be forced to seek other haunts. They are old, gray-haired, and lost to courage and emprise. One's mind turns from the Present of utter despair, to the Past when knightly Jim Keene laid the foundation stone of the noble structure that has felt within its granite bosom so many gleams of sunshine and shadow in men's lives. In the box under the corner-stone he threw with chivalric lavishness hundreds of dollars worth of mining shares that to-day are valueless.

* * *

For the construction of the edifice $700,000 was appropriated. Those who had the work in charge succeeded in the laudable duty of expending every cent of it. They also succeeded in making that wonderfully ill-modeled interior unfit for any reasonable use, and it stands to-day a monument of well-intentioned ignorance. Who does not remember the opening day, when Coll Deane, and Archie Borland, and Henry Schmiedell, and Fleet Strother, delivered at the banquet-board such wine-inspired addresses? Then it was thought that the Comstock, like the little brook, would go on forever. That was not the era of false assays, mills crushing porphyry, and the general jobbery that has finally strangled the life and vigor of the business. Yet, after all, it was gambling, pure gambling, nothing less nor more; but oh! such fascinating gambling, when the fairy vision of Hope, like Guido's Aurora, beckoned men to embark their very existence on the illusive wave. A few were safely wafted into the placid waters of wealth; but so many lost means, respect, position, and even life, struggling in the deceitful sea.

* * *

The Comstock is not entirely responsible however. Look at White Pine, Quiatoa, and the Tuscaroras. There was poor Morris Hoeflich who died a pauper, with a broken heart and impaired mind after such marvelous vicissitudes. What a typical *chevalier d'industrie* was he! Then there were Coll Deane and Ned Hall. The poison of failure infiltrated Coll Deane's brain long before his body succumbed. From affluence to penury required but three short months, and forever after he struggled bravely but in vain to lift himself to his former station. Ned Hall lived in the house now owned and occupied by Colonel Fred Crocker. His wife received her guests sitting upon a dais under a silken canopy, as if she were a queen. Some years later he blew his brains out in New York City and was buried by charity. I shall never understand Ned Hall's failure. He was so excessively cautious that it seems incredible for him to lose his grasp. But he did, and went down in misery and darkness.

* * *

Why write of the dead? They would have died in time and only went ahead a few years. Except, indeed, that they left so young, and under such a wealth of sorrow. Hall's genial brother, Marky, who, I understand, has sold his seat in the Exchange, must commence life anew. To George Marye with his abounding store and infinite possibilities, this decadence is only a rock in a rose strewn pathway; but to Joe King it is as the withered garlands of a thoughtless career. Dear old Ned Cahill, the veteran of many battles, after his quarter of a century's connection with the Board he sits now in his seat, silent and stately, dreaming bitter dreams, I suppose, of chances lost, and days that ne'er will come again. Like the cedar in the forest left burnt and seared by the receding blaze he awaits with patience the time when he shall fall. Peckham has gone to Alameda to die. Flood's favorite broker at one time and President of the Exchange again and again sold his seat to buy victuals for his family. Need I advert to Hassey and Fipps and Duncan and Coursen and I don't know how many more.

* * *

Let those who have dealt in mining shares and suffered read these names and learn that none have suffered more than the brokers themselves, for they have lost courage and fortune, acquired pernicious habits and see nothing before them but the black stream of Lethe. Sardonic Morrow still survives to scoff and to sneer. That man is a marvel. He compels my admiration though it be of such a character as I might extend to Mephistopheles. I fancy he would chew his toothpick and find occasion for a satirical observation framed in vigorous Anglo-Saxon, though half San Francisco were in ruins. His body and mind seem to be of adamant, and despite all the varying phases of his speculative career, he is yet the stormy petrel of the dying Comstock. There is a certain praise due to men who have withstood all storms, even if it would have been more poetic for them to have fallen. In the decades to come, the Comstock and the Stock Exchange will be a fruitful theme for those who would "point a moral to adorn a tale," but to us who have hoped and despaired, won and lost, it will be a live issue as long as we are here.

* * *

William R. Hearst is to return in a few weeks from his European tour. Although he has spent a part of the time on the continent, he traveled for several months through England, Ireland, and Scotland. This is the more surprising, because the young millionaire is not at all fond of the British Isles; that is, Scotland, England, and Wales. Ireland has a great fascination for him, and he has visited the Lakes of Killarney three times during his life.

* * *

The brother of Henry Baxter, the young Englishman who was unfortunate enough to lose his heart and his head simultaneously, is out from Lancashire, and proposes to convey his afflicted relative home. Both are sojourning at the El Carmelo, in Pacific Grove, and with them are Mr. and Mrs. Baker, who so kindly returned from Chicago to take charge of the unfortunate young Englishman. As he persists in the delusion of his engagement, the task of persuading him to depart is quite a difficult one.

* * *

Here is an example worthy of emulation by some of the rising generation whose parents have overflowing purses. George Whitney, son of Senator Whitney, of Oakland, has a desire to become a fruit grower, and in order to have a thorough knowledge of the business has gone to the tract of the Oakland Fruit Association where he is working as a common laborer, thereby coming in practical contact with every phase of the business. It is mettle like this that tells.

* * *

Around the entrance of the Liebes fur store, on Post Street, are grouped a number of cleverly mounted bears, foxes, wolves, wildcats, etc., which, of course, advertise the wares of the firm. A journalistic friend of mine chanced in there last Monday to inquire the price of a sealskin, and accosting Sam Saalburg, who is one of the wits of the Verein, asked in what manner he succeeded in employing his leisure. Sam ran his hand through his Pompadour locks and quietly said, "Trying to keep the wolf from the door."

The Witness.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE SEX-MAD MAN.

ADAM-LIKE, HE TRIES TO LAY HIS DISAGREEABLE SHORTCOMINGS ON WOMAN.

FRONA EUNICE WAIT.

Women, as a rule, are delicate and considerate enough to draw the mantle of silence over that make-believe called man's moral nature, and have never felt disposed to give themselves airs because they are so much stronger in this particular. I should not be writing of it, were it not that Mr. Arthur McEwen's mental dyspepsia has been giving him another bad turn.

Man knows but two focuses from which he will tolerate woman's cognizance. He either walks out proudly to be admired, or else he comes limping sym-pathy, sym-pathy, in every step. There is no use in expecting a woman to admire man's alleged moral grandeur. She knows very well that in life's algebra it is represented by x, which is an unknown quantity. Besides this, man claims to have a corner on all the brains of the human family, flatters himself that he does the thinking for the whole race, and it is not like his high and mighty sense of justice to expect a woman to work out a problem which would involve such profound thought and research.

In his dealings with woman, man's moral grandeur is not visible to the naked eye, and so long as we have never felt its influence we should be pardoned for not having our visual laboratory fitted up with a Lick telescope.

That man is sensual and vile-minded, that he is unable to rise above his passions and desires, should not be laid to the door of woman. We are the negative forces in nature, and that man is now, and always has been, sex-mad, is not our fault. In his peevish, fretful fault-finding with woman, man acts like a spoiled child. He demands that she shall be a vestal virgin, and then stands ready to despoil and wipe out every vestige of chastity possessed by her. He is the one male of all creation that puts the female on the defensive. And this applies to every walk of life. There is no such thing as dealing with him on any other basis. The combined efforts of the Christianized world have never been able to lift him out of the basement, morally. He lives on that floor, and he has hounded and persecuted woman so much, from the muscular standpoint, that he finds his domestic cupboard cheerless and bare, and if he seeks consolation outside, soon discovers that it is purely a commercial transaction.

Mr. McEwen, like nearly all men who attempt to discuss women's affairs, seems to take delight in calling attention to the fact that educated and superior women marry the same as the rest of womankind. He seems to be under the impression that this is particularly offensive to, and against the direct teachings and tendencies of advanced thought. The ignorance displayed herein is no more dense than is man's general knowledge of the feelings and aims of woman. We are quite accustomed to being misunderstood, and in this matter it would be surprising if we were not. Having the statistics of the marriages of Vassar graduates at hand, I find that of the 1278 graduates, 317 have married, and that the remainder are engaged in various professional pursuits. It is safe to say that the majority of these unmarried graduates are amiable, sweet-tempered women, who do not boast of superiority nor claim to be man-haters.

In all the domestic walks of life woman's higher intelligence has applied itself to remedying existing defects, and if her philosophy has shown her some of man's weaknesses, it is barely possible that she sympathizes with them, and would help him to overcome them if he could only be made to see them himself.

It is a source of sorrow to most of us that our men do not appreciate the fact that the American woman typifies the nineteenth century civilization. She is the acknowledged model for the rest of the world, and will just as surely leave her impress on all time as did the classic Greek, or the stately Roman matron. She is all that these women were, but the fact remains that her own men hold her cheap. The educated American man shows a decided tendency to take himself off to a club and confine himself to curb-stone associations.

Why does he do so? Because he resents the restraint a high-bred woman unconsciously puts upon him. Instead of finding it a stimulant, as does his European brother, he regards it as depressing, and will have no pointed reminders of his own inferiority. Does he suffer by comparison? Take the sons of rich men and the daughters of the same household, here in our own city, and draw your own conclusions. The great trouble with American men is their lack of good breeding. They are ill at ease with a gentlewoman, and unfortunately their democratic principles allow them great elasticity as to the standard of a gentleman. An American man conducts himself always according to the standard set him by the particular woman he happens to be in contact with. But his key changes with every new face. He has no polite code. In this he differs greatly from and falls far short of the European gentleman. I have often wished our men would ape the Prince of Wales' manners instead of adopting his morals.

It is not just to say that money alone has secured American girls husbands and *entrée* to the most exclusive European society. It has not done so for the American man, and he has more money than his European rival. Why do not European women fall in love with him as their men do with our women? Because he is not up to their standard in breeding and knowledge of polite usage. His sullen attitude toward the gentlewomen of his own land unfits him for association with more exacting women. He needs to pay court to and familiarize himself with the refinement of cultured women. There are thousands of them in this country, and they can better afford to dispense with men's attentions than the men can afford to keep away from their society.

The American woman is the belle of the world. She is the fashion, and not only do foreigners pay her homage, but women imitate her, and next to a man's admiration this is the most soothing and subtle flattery.

To fling sex in our faces, to be snappish and ungallant, is not the way to head off and stop the evident break in the American woman's allegiance. If the American man cannot be more deserving of his women's affection and admiration than any other man, he deserves to be relegated to the smoking-room of life, and if he doesn't look sharp about it he will find himself headed that way very shortly.

It is a mistake to make love to the American woman with a club. She won't have it. She does not have to.

CHICAGO AND NEW YORK FLYER.

To the readers of THE WAVE: If you are "in the swim" and are contemplating a trip East you will see that your tickets read *via* the UNION PACIFIC, THE ONLY LINE RUNNING PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM SLEEPING CARS AND DINING CARS, SAN FRANCISCO TO CHICAGO WITHOUT CHANGE and making direct connection in Chicago with the fast limited trains for all Eastern cities; ONLY THREE AND ONE HALF DAYS TO CHICAGO; ONLY FOUR AND ONE HALF DAYS TO NEW YORK. This line also runs select Tourist excursions through to Boston every Thursday in charge of experienced Managers. For tickets, sleeping car reservations, and full particulars, apply to D. W. Hitchcock, General Agent, Union Pacific Sys., No. 1 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, or G. F. Herr, Passenger Agent, 229 South Spring Street, Los Angeles.

BURLINGTON ROUTE EXCURSIONS.

Every Wednesday at eight A. M. the Burlington excursions will leave San Francisco with Pullman tourist sleeping cars to Chicago *via* Salt Lake City and Denver. For particulars and descriptive folders apply to Agent Burlington Route, 32 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

GOOD NIGHT.

I.

Good night, good night, our lamp expiring
Now casts around a softer light,
'Tis time for friend, from friend retiring,
To whisper low, good night, good night.

II.

No sound is heard at this dull hour
Save leaf of aspen quivering light,
And naught but scent of fragrant flower
Is borne upon the breath of night.

III.

Then haste! beneath thy pillow placing
The bride-cake, charmed by mystic spell,
Doubt not, fair maid, in dreams while tracing
The secret of thy heart thou'lt tell.

IV.

So in that Mighty Power confiding
That gave to man the Living Light,
Fear naught of harm, or ill betiding
But peaceful sleep, good night, good night.

BRANSCOMBE ASHLEY.

Mr. Willis Polk, architect, has his studio on Vallejo Street, Russian Hill.

"THE WHITE HOUSE"
The Largest Retail Dry Goods Store in the City
FALL AND WINTER 1892-1893
Great Opening of Dress Goods AND Silks
ART ROOM
The finest and latest productions in Bronze, Ceramic Porcelain, Cut Glass, Terra Cotta just received.
DRESS MAKING
Special attention called to this department.
RAPHAEL WEILL & CO., N. W. Cor. Post and Kearny Sts.

A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—If Bunner were a Frenchman, half a dozen of us would be translating his easy, graceful prose into Anglo-Saxon, exploiting at the same time the exquisite quality of his humor and the dexterity of his art. But he is a product of the soil, and, though few writers are more widely read than the editor of *Puck*, he has not received the recognition his cleverness deserves. Above most American story-writers he has the sense of form. His tales are brief—deliciously brief, but perfectly rounded. Take "Short Sixes," for instance. Intensely modern and innately national is the life these dainty sketches depict; besides, they have the same qualities of suggestion that one extols in the work of Daudet. The humor is refined, subtle, deductive; it is, indeed, humor as opposed to wit. That Bunner has done nothing which compares in poetic value with the shorter stories of the great Frenchman, that his style lacks the quality as well as the beauty of the photographic prose of "Jack" or "Sappho," is very true, but there is no reason why "The Runaway Browns" should be the summit of his achievements. What is wanted is not humdrum life unrelieved by plot or art, but a central episode, a central character—then complications developed with due regard for balance and dramatic effect. In fact, the desideratum is the manner of Henry James applied to the melodrama.

In "The Runaway Browns" there are laughs without number. It is clever in the method of its construction—art that conceals art—for it is really a story of small stories as the author calls it. Spontaneously humorous, there is not in the book a cynicism, or the faintest touch of coarseness. In the series of amusing episodes that Paul and Adèle encounter, the obvious is missing, and moralizing is left to the imagination. There is an innocent pair of people brought up in the gloomy hollows of two highly respectable Philadelphia "squares," whose young lives have been all work and no play and who know as much about books as they do about baloons. Suddenly they are enriched, enabled to satisfy their slightest desires. They build a house, furnish it, and begin to be bored beyond endurance. In order to learn what life really is they read through seven dozen paper-bound novels. They have two weeks of love, crime, glory, sport, and adventure.

"My gracious," said Adèle, when the last book, a bright pink one, had reeled to a gory close, "and we thought life was stupid."

Living among people to whom nothing ever happens, they determine that it will be impossible to see life until they sink their identity and go around among people just as though they were not rich nor respectable. They actually run away from their respectable home and embark on a series of adventures, each of which is funnier than the other.

A new book by the author of "The Deemster" is an episode in letters. "Capt'n Davy's Honeymoon" is a Manx yarn told in an adroit and dramatic way. Its plot is simple in the extreme; the complications are hardly worth mentioning, but the interest is sustained to the last line of the final chapter. He would indeed be bereft of curiosity who could but put down this book without learning the manner of the reconciliation between the Capt'n and his Nelly. That two such excellent dispositions will not be permitted to fret and fume, and destroy each other's lives one cannot help feeling. Against a novelist who created characters so full of rude, rough humanity who would leave them wrecked on the rocks of their own dispositions, one would have reasonable grounds for criminal action. Yes, they fall into each other's arms, but it is only by the adroit maneuvering of two friends that they are brought together, and the situation is such insensibly they fall into each other's arms. In brief, the story is this: Davy Tuiggin, a Manx boy, in love with Nelly Kinvig, daughter of a well-to-do farmer, is sent from her home, vows to return and marry her, goes to sea, prospers amazingly and comes home to her a rich man. But he is the same Manx lad who went off ten years before totally without pride or pretension. He has spent four years in school in Liverpool; attempts to curb his many democratic tendencies—the result, a quarrel. He accuses her of marrying him for his money. She refuses to deny the accusation. Ten days after marriage they separate. There are some exceptionally clever bits in this book. A capital passage of graphic narrative is the story of Capt'n Davy's homecoming. It is full of humanity and vitality, and one feels the same thickness in the throat that he did when he saw the Isle of Man like a gray bird lying on the waters far away, the sun's light tipping the hilltops like a feathery crest. Excellent, too, is the dialogue between Lovibond and the Capt'n—the former relating the sufferings from a neglectful and wrong-headed husband, of a sweet girl he has seen at church. The latter agrees with him, finds nothing too hard to believe against the man, and that the woman is the incarnation of sweetness. I can recommend this as a book well worth reading.

Rather a pretty story is "Jean de Kerdren" by Jeanne Schultz. It contains nothing very remarkable in the way of incident or episode, but is readable and rather well told. The plot is the very old one of a man marrying a girl for reasons other than love, and coming afterwards to adore her with a passionate devotion. About the time he realizes the treasure his wife is, she falls into decline and dies. Of course his grief is terrific. He goes to sea and never marries again. The setting of the story is interesting. He is the Count of Penhoet, and his castle in Brittany is one of the most romantic and beautiful in France. She is Mademoiselle de Valvieux, an exquisite beauty—a blonde with hair of soft, pale hue and eyes the color of a dark nasturtium. She is delicately reared, and their first meeting is amid surroundings the most aristocratic and luxurious. Her father loses money and life also—she, reduced and in want, goes out to teach. De Kerdren meeting her, pities, then marries her, and when it is too late converts her into a subject for idolatry. Poor Jean.

ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Runaway Browns," by H. C. Bonner. Keppler & Schwarzmann, publishers. For sale by William Doxey.

"Capt'n Davy's Honeymoon," by Hall Caine. D. Appleton & Co. publishers. For sale by William Doxey.

"Jean de Kerdren," by Jeanne Scholtz. D. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by William Doxey.

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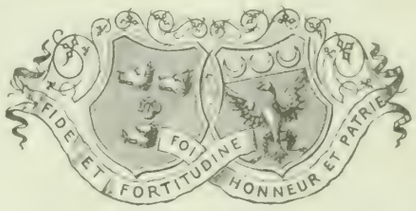

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A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, August 27, 1892.

SENATOR MAHONEY'S CASE.

In my opinion neither the personnel of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, nor the result of the coming election at all compare in absorbing interest with the dastardly attempt of the Thirty-ninth Assembly District Club to read Senator Mahoney out of the Republican party. Nothing that I have encountered lately has seemed to me to merit rebuking so much as this. I am glad to observe that the Senator having been a Republican ever since he abandoned the Unterrified some years ago, and having become partially inured to his new faith, objects to being forced into the ranks of the effete and uncongenial Democracy. And I do not blame him. When a man reaches the age now enjoyed by Senator Mahoney, whose head is white with years and honor, it can hardly be expected that he will be willing, like some of his younger compatriots, to change his politics in a night.

Moreover, the language of the controversy is decidedly objectionable. Because the Thirty-ninth District Club has denounced Senator Mahoney as a "traitor," and asked him to resign from the State Central Committee, is no reason why the Harrison Club should call Supervisor Pat Coffee a "serf of Kelly and Crimmins." Perhaps Mr. Coffee does acknowledge allegiance to those bosses, but it is very impolite to call him a "serf," or refer to him as "muddy" Coffee. Such personalities should not prevail among the political brethren of the Thirty-ninth Assembly District.

However, I trust Senator Mahoney will not be dragooned into leaving the Republican party, not because I think the Democrats would not like to get so accomplished a political machinist as he, nor because his enrollment among the Reorganizers would injure their prospects, but because the Republicans can ill afford to lose him at this time. If "home industry" is going to be protected in this campaign Senator Mahoney is the man to do it. If he should resign from the Republican State Committee home industry might be left uncovered and everything lost. I hope his enemies in the Thirty-ninth District will be suppressed.

AN AGED CAMPAIGN LIE.

With a regularity that is becoming less intermittent as the campaign wanes, I observe a curious lie in the columns of my esteemed high protection Republican contemporaries. It crops up whenever a low tariff Democrat makes a particularly strong point against McKinleyism, and is apparently kept constantly on tap, to be drawn, like the cool, sharp beer of Tar Flat, whenever a man shows up with a stomach strong enough to swallow it. This lie is (1) that the Cobden Club pays for all the free trade "literature" circulated in this country, and (2) that a muzzle has constantly to be kept on the English press to keep it from giving away that it desires Cleveland elected.

I observe that my Republican contemporaries are now quoting, with great glee, the alleged fact that the London *Echo* lately cautioned the English press against giving voice to free trade utterances at this time, because they may injure the cause of Democracy and free trade in the United States. That this stuff is printed as editorial wisdom seems to me to prove beyond question that the intellectuality of the high protection press has reached its lowest ebb. In fact, the indulgence in a lie so absurd and palpable seems to cast a greater reflection on the intelligence of the readers of the highly protected press than upon the press itself. But, then, usage sometimes makes law. Perhaps this yarn is so venerable that shamelessness in repeating it may be excusable.

It is quite true that intelligent Englishmen are as a rule free traders, but that their interests lie in the abolition of protection in the United States is quite doubtful. Protection restricts and hampers trade, and to that extent keeps American products out of the markets of the world. If the barriers were thrown down England would soon find a competitor for her wares in every part of the globe, and it would be but a short time 'ere intelligent American workingmen and American machinery would drive her products out of the American market, even if they ever came in. That this is so can admit of no doubt. Even now, in some of the protected industries the Americans trade cheaper abroad than the English. The Lake Superior Copper Kings sell copper cheaper in London than within fifty miles of their mines. The tariff enables them to rob the American consumer of the difference between the cost of production and the transportation to London.

LONG-FELT WANTS.

The publication of the platform issued by the Municipal Convention of the People's Party has given my allegiance to the old organizations a severe shock. For many years I have, in common with my other fellow citizens, divided myself nearly equal between Republicanism and Democracy. At first I admired the Democracy because it repealed the alien and sedition laws, and carried through the Mexican war. Subsequently, the Republicans put down the rebellion, and for a while they frightened me into voting their ticket by flaunting before my timid vision the "bloody shirt."

But the platform of this new party has a ring about it that takes my fancy. For instance, it declares in favor of Government ownership of gas and water, which means that those commodities shall be furnished free; it declares in favor of abolishing street railway franchises, for city ownership of street railways, higher wages for conductors and gripmen, and fares two for a nickel; also for free employment offices and free baths; also that the city shall build houses and rent them to the poor; also for a new charter that will curb the "rapacity" of the corporations; also for annual elections, in order that the politician may have sufficient business to keep them from starving; also against any more fixed terms of office, but every officer to be recalled at the pleasure of the people, and, finally, the immediate suppression of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company.

The desirability of many of these measures is apparent on their face. Street car fares two for a nickel, free gas, free water, free baths, free houses for the people, and annual elections, especially strike me as long-felt wants. If the Convention had declared in favor of free beer and free sandwiches I would renounce my fealty to the old parties and join it at once.

From the manner in which my esteemed contemporary, the *Chronicle*, misrepresents the doings of the Reorganizers and the Non-Partisans, I should think Editor De Young had gone out of the business of publishing the news and into that of politics. His reports of those affairs are certainly not "news."

* * *

Heretofore Sunol, Robert Bonner's filly, has ranked as the fastest female on earth, but it appears that she was outdone at Chicago by Miss Nancy Hanks the other day. Nancy trotted a mile in 2:07¼. There are now three lady horses in the world that rank as phenomenons. Maud S, 2:08¾; Sunol, 2:08¼; Nancy Hanks, 2:07¼. What I would like to know at this stage of the game is, where are the gentlemen horses in this competition against Father Time? The sterner sex seems to be under an eclipse, or perhaps it is too gallant to assert its superiority.

* * *

A large number of people in this part of the country cherish the hope that "Our Jim" will lick the big Boston bruiser at New Orleans on September 7th, but I fear the hope is not well founded. Sullivan is a lusty brute, and seems to have quit drinking and subjected himself to actual training. Properly trained, it is impossible to lick him. Jim will not be able to knock him out with anything short of a baseball bat. The gigantic ruffian has two layers of muscles all over his diaphragm; his neck is lined with copper, and his skull would turn a bullet. If he was human, Jim could lick him, but he is not. He is an orang-outang. I wish the rules permitted Jim to use belaying-pins and marline-spikes.

MUSIC.

THE COMING SEASON.

Last season was not signalized by any peculiar merit in the visiting artists or organizations, and of works new or of extraordinary interest we had very little. Productions of opera we had which were more or less serious in financial loss to the promoters, and the artistic merits of the performances are, without doubt, easy to retain in the memory; they had none. "Cavalleria Rusticana" was the single new work of a standard above opera of the lightest kind heard here. Comic operas in plenty were brought forward; none of them of extraordinary interest or merit. "Robin Hood" attracted more general interest, although not in its first season, and the personality of Miss Huntington in the flimsy operas she appeared in roused some enthusiasm. But the disasters were by no means infrequent, and the visitors, with one or two exceptions, failed to be popular successes. This season however, there promises to be a reverse of the order of things as far as artists are concerned.

The much-heralded and high-priced advent of Paderewski is already being speculated upon, and as his appearance does not take place until November, there will be a great time to produce sensation in the way of curiosity, greater, perhaps, than for any of the artists who have ever appeared. At one time the rumor was circulated that whilst Paderewski was to electrify us in November, Rubinstein promised to appear in New York during the same month prior to setting out on the concert tour west to end in San Francisco, so that we might have had the opportunity of making comparisons, odious of course, between the styles of the present and past; however, no confirmation of the tale has reached here, and the Polish pianist will not have the advantage or disadvantage of the contrast with Rubinstein. Pachmann is spoken of for the fall, and in him the public has already found a supreme and subtle artist.

Of operas we are not bidden to hope for much in novelties; the greatest successes of any of the European or Eastern productions have not been of the kind to bear transplantation, and the probabilities are only the usual stock companies with repertoires of the kinds familiar will be given. "La Cigale," with the additional attraction of the appearance of Lillian Russell, is one of the light works which will be given in the near future.

In local music there will probably be quite a revival. The Carr-Beale concerts are announced as resuming again in September, when it is to be hoped they will continue to interest the public and maintain the standard attained so far. Mr. Otto Bendix, who will be remembered as having made quite a stir here some years ago, has returned, and on Tuesday next gives a recital at the Curtaz piano warerooms. The programme, though not new, will be of value to the piano students and such as are glad to hear the higher development of piano technique. Mr. Bendix's position in connection with the Boston Conservatoire of Music, independent of his own artistic talents, warrant the high expectations which have been raised by the announcement of this recital. In the early part of the month the Loring Club give the first concert of the sea on, and, presumably, the Philharmonic will be heard from also. The usual number of benefit charity concerts will crop up. Already they are mentioned, and the practice of asking or demanding the gratuitous assistance of professionals seems as much a matter of course as ever. The co-operation of amateurs with musical talent, good looks, social position, and expensive raiment, is the ideal to which the promoters of charity concerts shou'd look up to. The public goes to the charity concert as a show, pure and simple; the music is an afterthought.

Among coming events the production of Mr. Rosewald's opera will attract sufficient notice. Rehearsals are said to be in progress. Mr. H. J. S ewart is credited with the composition and production of another opera to be given with as great *éclat* as "Bluff King Hal," it is said. Dark hints are thrown out of varieties of amateur opera performances, and the intending public have commenced the necessary course of treatment.

LESLEY MARTIN.

LAWN TENNIS.

The Newport tournament for the championship of the United States, began on the twenty-second inst., and from the number of crack players entered it was certainly to be ranked among the best contests ever held in America. E. L. Hall, C. Hobart, Percy Knapp, and F. H. Hovey were the pick of the knowing ones to win the trophy, and no matter which one of the above capture the event, Mr. Campbell, who has just arrived from England, will be sure of a hard struggle to retain his title of American champion. Hubbard, the California player, and the first player from this State to take part in the United States championships, has created a very favorable impression among tennis players in the East; he has beaten a number of good men, but has been beaten by the very best players, all of whom predict a glowing future for him.

The Western champions in doubles, Carver and Ryerson, who were nearly beaten out by Hubbard and Tobin at Chicago, have defaulted to the Eastern champion team who will now meet Campbell and Huntington for the United States championship. Had Tobin and Hubbard won the Chicago event it would have been a great thing for California and they would not have defaulted, but on the other hand, judging from the showing made by the West against the East last year, would have made a hard fight before being downed. Next year will probably find California represented more extensively in Eastern tournaments.

It was erroneously stated in these columns a few weeks ago that Tobin had been defeated at Saratogo by a player named Bixly in straight sets. The first set was taken easily by Tobin by six games to one, and it looked as if Bixly was not "in it." A heavy downpour of rain enabled him to pull out the match, however, as Tobin was not accustomed to wet balls, courts, etc.

It now looks as if the ladies' single event this year will not have many entries, a fact to be deplored as San Francisco, Oakland, and surrounding towns have many excellent lady players who would certainly make a very successful tournament. It looks at present as if only the following ladies will take part: Miss Morgan, Miss Gibbs, Miss Roberts, Miss King, and possibly one or not more than two of the Oakland Club players.

The lady players last year were not much pleased with the prize which was offered for competition and they are loud in their clamorings for something real and useful for this year's contest. A silver-plated cup, such as was offered last year, was certainly nothing to create interest among females, and hardly worth playing for, while the prizes given to the gentlemen were well worth trying to obtain, and were not only useful but ornamental as well. If the Directors of the Pacific States' Lawn Tennis Association wish to revive interest among their lady players, it would be well for them to give this matter their consideration, and show the girls that their efforts on the tennis courts are appreciated.

Tobin has not yet decided whether or not he will take part in the doubles this year. What an excellent team he and McGavin would make and what a bid they would make for the championship which they at one time held. McGavin is at present at his best and has of late defeated some of the rising youngsters at the California Club courts.

Miss Bertha Crouch, the lady champion of the Pacific Coast, who is at present in the East, will not defend her title this year, so that the lady winning the tournament will be hailed as lady champion of the Pacific States.

The annual championship tournament of the Southern California Lawn Tennis Association will be concluded to-day at Santa Monica. R. Peyton Carter is expected to capture the single event.

Collier and Treat, Stetson and De Long, and F. De Long and Allen will be the three teams from this side of the bay that will compete in the doubles.

THE SCORER.

Leland Gamble known in sundry capacities around town, his most recent that of an *Examiner* reporter, left on Wednesday last for Arizona and Mexico. For months past he and E. A. Phillips have kept the town supplied with frontier stories. Among "the boys" it is alleged that Lee has gone to replenish his supply. He has promised his friends a dozen good ones from Phœnix. Gamble is, by profession, a mining engineer. Tired of the ups and downs of journalism he goes back to his old life. The Harqua Hala mines are his immediate destination. Thence he will head for the famous mineral deposits of Sinaloa. In the goods of the worlds he is not now rich. Who knows but that he may come back a few years hence a *bona fide* millionaire.

* * *

Captain White is making tremendous preparations for the yacht race on Admission Day, and has the "Aggie" beached at Sausalito, where she is undergoing necessary repairs. He purposes replacing her salt-laden timbers, and make other alterations which should increase her speed. I wonder if the Captain ever ascertained who stole his lead ballast. Commodere McDonough firmly believes the "Jessie" will show the "Aggie" a clean pair of heels, but the Commodore has erred that way in the past and may again.

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"LITTLE TIPPETT."

The baby in farce and drama has of late been something of a stranger, a welcome stranger it might almost be said, to our audiences, and its reappearance at the Bush Street Theatre causes the usual mixed emotions roused by the insistent new arrivals. Whether the public is to be congratulated or not on the acquisition of so much infancy all at once is a matter of taste. In matters of taste the living crime is to impute a want of it. The public enjoys a superb reputation for appreciation. "Hamlet" sandwiched between a "Rag Baby" and the "Brass Monkey," with scraps of the "Tin Soldier" crowded in, goes not amiss, while "Starlight" and "Pete, the Vagabond," innocent of merriment as they duly were, went with a straight and comforting warmth to the vitals of that portion of the great public which disports itself within the portals of the Bush. The bond of sympathy and similarity between the individual and the crowd is a source of perpetual disgust to particular persons who wish to mount upon the pedestal of refined originality. Every man has sung the "careless, careless tavern lay," and every woman has wished she knew one. Saints, sinners, and the non-moral have property in common. The attractions of things forbidden have the same force of attack. It is merely a question of difference in the resisting points.

In Paris there is quite a contingent who have declared virtue to be an eccentricity. Bisson is one of the play-makers whose fortune has been made by re-echoing the sentiment with great spirit, some humor, and a turn for construction. In the form given to the piece, under the title of "Little Tippett," there are no witticisms fit to be rescued from the majesty of the maw of oblivion. Neither may the exercise of the right to put the eternal "why?" be permitted. The adaptation is of the moderately acrid quality, with dashes of the vinegar of American humor, evidently supplied by the actors. In the careless tavern lay mood the public accepts a few relaxations from the code of morals as it is supposed to stand, with some show of prudery, but a secret satisfaction. The doings of a lady who has frolicked and sported through most of the written and the twenty unwritten commandments with unique abandon, are heard with no show of coldness. Indeed, it is evident the lady is above fear of the reproach of eccentricity. This female, having married and divorced with incredible execution husbands by the dozen, turns her brilliant wits upon them and blackmails two of them, lawyers to boot, with very little resistance on their part. The characters, outside the woman with a pretty talent for creating scandals, who, by the way, does not appear on the scene, have the distinguishing trait belonging to all people in farce comedies—an aptitude for being obtuse. The jealous wife and the simply stupid wife, the servants with the epidermis of cast-iron, the old uncle, whose self-made money and absence of any kind of sense, unite in the most unsuspecting way; the deputy sheriff, two babies, and the mixed husbands are thrown into a situation which gives them every opportunity to be as foolish as necessary. "Little Tippett" is the successful result.

The comedians have been seen here before, most of them. Mr. Bell was probably more ornamental and useful in "Alabama" last year. Some few actors are comedians by nature, the others take much growing to reach that condition. Mr. Bell is sprouting as well as can be expected, and is in possession of his usual good looks. Of Mr. Bowser's attorney there would be blighted hopes in real life, his stage existence justifies its presence, however, and does, perhaps, more than the other assumptions in the way of making the comedy of the piece. Generally, "Little Tippett" is done with care and a standard of acting ability above the usual thing given at the Bush Street Theatre. Miss Mabel Bert and Miss Lewes are over profound in their striding accomplishments for farce-comedy, indeed, on the verge of being quite serious. Good looks and talent enough make their work sufficiently interesting, however.——

In Countess Zicka, Jeffreys Lewis has an opportunity of displaying her great dramatic ability to the full extent. It is a part that calls into action the entire gamut of emotions, and her greatest success, I believe, has been achieved in it. "Diplomacy" gives the opportunity to several members of Stockwell's company of players of showing what they can do. At the theatre, in the near future, Mr. and Mrs. Grismer produce the new play written for them by Clay Green.——

Sol Smith Russell plays his latest success, "Peaceful Valley," at the Baldwin on Monday evening. In Hosea Howe he has a character that fits his personality and temperament perfectly—a happy blending of pathos and comedy. The play is mounted very handsomely, and there is every indication that the success it achieved last season will be repeated. ——

At the California, next week, the great naval drama, "The Ensign," holds the boards. This is quite an interesting play, and is produced on a royal scale. It is full of stirring incidents and notable situations. The hero does a variety of bold deeds, and the heroine is eminently sweet and exuberantly faithful, as heroines ought to be. An excellent company produces the piece, which will surely draw big houses.

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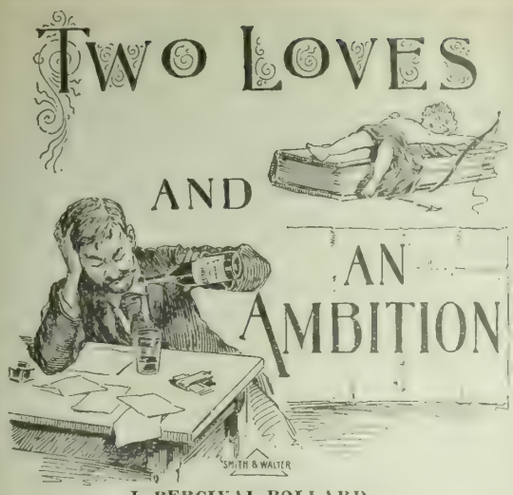


J. PERCIVAL POLLARD.

IT is all a mistake about woman's love being an unselfish thing. There is no more self-serving passion in the world. But for the love—I mean the selfishness—of a woman a certain literary "ghost" who now grinds out serials of the "Deadwood Dick" order, might be a famous novelist, with all the world bowing before his genius. He told me the story the other day while he was working himself to a point where his ideas flowed freely enough for pen expression. It takes more absinthe every day to do this, and he can't last long. His fingers played lovingly about the stem of the liqueur-glass all the while that he told this, and he sipped the sea-green liquid ever and again.

"Only a few years ago," he said, "my star was the brightest in the literary firmament. My style, my strength, my clear insight into character, and my true pictures of the passing life of to-day were praised to the skies. I was in love with my Art. The world and its people were nothing to me except as they furnished me with material. All passions, all emotions, every peculiarity of an individual, every accent of a voice—all these things I observed, coldly but clearly, as the surgeon bares a quivering muscle.

"For myself, I felt nothing except the passion for my work. The other passions I studied merely that I might reproduce them on paper accurately. I had no heart.

"This very coldness of mine, this asceticism with which I applied myself to my duty as an observer of Life, militated slightly against the power of my effects. The most discerning critics—those who yielded me every other praise—declared that my love-scenes were too hard; that the passion in my book was but a cold thing, admirable in dissection, true in every detail, and yet lacking in life as a whole.

"Then I knew that to be the perfect artist I must emerge from the region of mere observation. I must *live*. I must observe a love that myself was the object of. If I could look into the eyes of a woman who loved me, then surely I could find the tender touch that had yet evaded my skill.

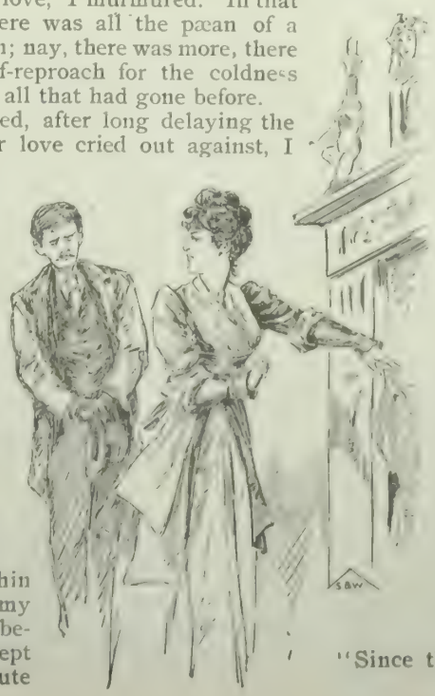
"I began to go into society. And there, after a not very long search, I found a girl who fell in love with me. Oh, what a dream she was; what a mood of passion was in her every movement; what promised b'iss lay in each curve of her scarlet mouth! I found in her the very love I had sought. It was tender, passionate, soulfelt. She was more than a mere physical beauty; her mind was a perpetual well-spring of joy to me, the novelist. Each day revealed new intellectual and moral charms in her. And each day, after our tender love-passages were over, I went home and wrote the most glorious love-scenes that ever mortal gave expression to with pen and ink. Still palpitating with the delicious art—intoxication that the observation of this delightful girl's passion for me caused—I sat down at my desk and poured forth a prose that was the very poetry of love. The book was becoming the greatest love-story ever penned, and I was looking for the day when every critic in the land should rise and call me Master.

"And then, then—oh, what passionate yearnings that day brings up in me, even now! It was in the early summer; we had been for a drive in the Park, where the scent of flowers was faint in the warm stillness. Appleblooms were scattered white over the green velvet of the grass; the robins were chirping and twittering. She went into the rose-scented boudoir and began playing the *Intermezzo* of Mascagni. Her eyes, as I approached and sat down beside her, were aglow with the fascinating charm of love. Her form vibrated with the strength of her passion. Something suddenly snapped within me; the cold observance that I had hitherto given this love that I had called forth now had in one instant given way to some new, strange, sweet feeling that I knew not. I looked into her eyes; all the pent-up passion of her soul flooded through them into mine, and then I knew that what I felt was love.

"She ceased playing, her hands sunk slowly from the keys, the tender notes died away as if reluctantly, and she half turned her face towards me. But I sprang swiftly forward and caught her tightly to the heart that had just begun to feel its new existence so strongly. My lips found the sweet scarlet of hers and stayed there until a death of joy seemed coming gently upon me.

'Oh, my love, my love,' I murmured. In that whispered cry there was all the pæan of a passion newly born; nay, there was more, there was the fierce self-reproach for the coldness and calculation of all that had gone before.

"When we parted, after long delaying the severance that our love cried out against, I left with her the manuscript of the book that had hitherto been my spiritual mistress. It was as if I was reproaching myself for my long neglect. All the calm cynicism with which I had erstwhile observed this girl's passion for me had now been swept away in the flood of love that had choked aught but love within me. The book, my whole art had become nothing except as they bore tribute to her. I could no more explain. I could only feel.



"That to-morrow! Will the memory of the Avernus to which I was suddenly dashed from the heights of heaven ever pass from me? No, never, never! I had left her a very queen of love, a daughter of Cupid, a goddess of passion. Her last kiss still burned upon my memory. And I found her a pale priestess of scorn! 'So,' she said, clenching her nails upon the book, 'this is what my love has been to you! A subject for vivisection; a thing to be squeezed to its utmost yield, and then thrown away dry and dead! While I gave you the best love of woman, you were accepting it all only that you might do what? Feed your ambition! To enjoy a new success you took my love and played with it from right to left so that you might see every shade of it, and put that shade into the picture of your book. While my kisses passed with my love from me, they gave to you only a certain, classifiable epidermic sensation! Oh, that I ever loved you! I could tear my heart out, now, when I think that it beat for you!'

"I tried to calm her. But she was too dangerously calm already. Upon my knees I swore to her that my feelings were now all love, all passion, all sincerity of affection for her, whatever they had once been. I even confessed to her the truth of my primal intentions of mere observance. I told her that ambition was now nothing to me, that I would sacrifice all for her. So strangely and so far had all my old being gone from me!

"'No,' she said, 'my love for you is quite dead. The mere thought that you ever intended pouring my passion out in a flood that all the world might see has killed that passion. After such an intention, what is your promise to make me a mistress whom you will love more than Art, more than Ambition? It is nothing. It is not a sacrifice; it is my right.'

"She took the manuscript and flung it fiercely into the open grate. The flames greedily devoured that splendid story of our love; the heat shriveled those passionate words until they glowed by the strange alchemy of fire, white upon the charred paper, and then crumbled to ashes. It was the funeral pyre of my happiness. Yet, as I watched the fierce destruction, I felt no pain, though my child of genius was passing away; I thought only that the barrier between me and my love was disappearing.

"The coals sputtered, cracked apart, and fell about the ashes so that all trace of the book that had been was lost. The flames flared steadily. That death was over.

"I looked upon her face, waiting for the love-light to creep back into it. I had sacrificed ambition to my love, so great had been my revulsion of feelings.

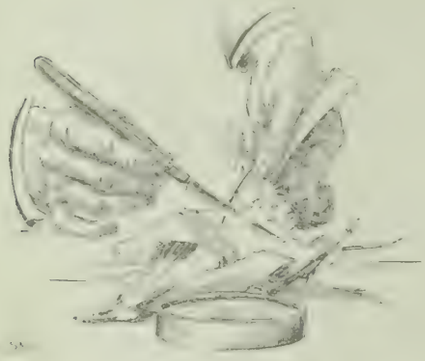
"But her eyes were still cold, and her scarlet penciled mouth was stern and straight.

"I caught the hand that had flung the book into the fire. I tried to kiss it. She drew it away quickly and passed out of the room without another look or word.

"My love could brook my ambition's death; hers could not suffer the pain of a wounded vanity.

"Since that day ——" He emptied the

glass and gazed at me dreamily. And as I looked at him I cursed that fragile thing—the love of woman.



IMPOVERISHED.

To buy that bouquet, he, the poor devil in love with the beautiful comedienne he had deprived himself of his slight breakfast, had sold his black coat, sold some books, pawned the only mattress on his iron bedstead, borrowed of all his comrades, absolutely renounced soup and dessert at his dinners at the "Four Pots." He was already thin, and now through his sleepless nights and diminished meals he had grown thinner yet. No matter! He had been able to buy the bouquet—a bouquet that cost a hundred and fifty francs! "A finer one cannot be made," the flower dealer had said, and it had cost ten francs more to have it delivered to the actress by the stage doorkeeper. At present the magnificent roses, fully blown, each like the mouth of a lovely giantess, were flourishing near the adored one. Every night for three days he had gone to the theatre and asked for any response. Ah! he had not confined himself to sending flowers, he had put under the roses a letter, a wild, desperate, sincere letter, wherein raged all his desire, and sobbed all his despair. The first night, when the man had replied "No answer," he was not astonished. The beautiful young woman had not had the time to write even one word. The second night, nothing yet! Nothing again the third night! He walked away hanging his head with a longing to weep. What! she had not had had pity on him? She had not been moved by the tale of such sufferings, by so much devotion, so many prayers? He had asked so little, too! Only a few words: "I pity you," or "Do not die." How cruel she was to him, how wretched he was! As he walked on he thought of his cold and solitary room, the bed so hard now without a mattress. But no, no, she must be as good as she was beautiful. She had not answered to-day, she would do it to morrow. Certainly she would write to him; two or three lines perhaps, in compassion. With what tender recognition he would cover that dear, perfumed letter with his kisses! Yes, yes, to-morrow. It was not necessary to despair. Oh! he could not regret having sold his coat, having gone hungry, having borrowed, being so thin, being so poor, when, thanks to the roses bought, he had the incomparable joy of being consoled by her! Just then he saw a flower-vender coming out of a shop, one of those women who offer at hack-stands and restaurants flowers re-sold at low prices by the porters or dressers of the theatres. He uttered a cry! Faded, withered, sad, his bouquet, he recognized it and he bought it—the last franc!—and under a street-lamp, with trembling hands and eyes filled with tears, he found the letter that she had not read among the roses whose fragrance she had never inhaled!—*French of Catulle Mendes.*

PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

The underwriting world finds its chief concern, just now, in the question of rebates. Of that, more later. Another matter is agitating the great minds on California Street, however, and as it is a subject of general interest is worth speaking about. The heaviest individual loss sustained during June was that of Schwabacher Brothers, in Seattle. Their store—one of the largest general merchandise establishments in the North—was burned to the ground a week before the national holiday and all their goods destroyed. It was a total loss, and the underwriters were involved to the extent of $300,000. It transpired, however, that, contrary to the terms of their policy, the firm had permitted a dozen cases of blasting powder to remain on their premises, and it was owing to the presence of this dangerous explosive that the destruction was so complete. It seems the firemen, early in the fight, were apprised of its whereabouts, and, of course, were chary of rushing into the burning building. Twice they were ordered out by the chief, on the last occasion only in time to prevent serious injury to their lives.

* * *

Had the conditions of the policy been complied with the underwriters claim the loss could hardly have exceeded $50,000. The firm has put its claim in for the full amount, however, and has retained all the prominent lawyers in Seattle with the exception of one firm that the underwriters have secured the services of. Their employees are under strict orders to give the companies no information. Even the presence of the powder is not admitted. That is the situation. As against those who believe the case should be fought on straight issues is the fact that the powder had nothing whatever to do with the origin of the fire. It appears the explosive was in transit from the firm's magazine to the dock. However, the drayman who had it in charge arrived too late to get it there, and for safety the 12 cases were allowed to remain over night in Schwabacher's warehouse. A very competent committee consisting of C. R. Haven, C. F. Mullins, G. W. Spencer, and B. Faymonville is dealing with the case. The chances are in favor of a compromise being effected, that is, if the Schwabachers are willing to accept a reasonable percentage of their claim.

* * *

On the street, the efforts of the Executive Committee and the brokers to relieve the rebating evil attract considerable attention. Meetings are being held every day and a vigorous endeavor is being made to get the matter into some shape. The present agitation, if it has no other result, will at least draw the attention of home offices to the condition of affairs here. That is necessary before any reform can possibly be effected. At the several discussions Isadore Gutte has presented to the committee a series of amendments to the Constitution of the Union that seem to embody the best suggestions made; of there being adopted as offered is improbable, but there is now a chance that some of them will be incorporated. The gist of the amendments are briefly: a deposit by each broker and solicitor of $250 to be forfeited for rebating, enrollment also to be lost, members of the Union to make a deposit of $500 to $1000 as guarantee of good faith. On conviction of being accessory to rebating, this amount is forfeited and the member is forced to make a new deposit. A penalty of $500 is imposed on conviction of purchasing business of an expelled broker or solicitor. The rate of brokerage or commission is reduced to 10 per cent.

* * *

Whatever chance there may happen to be for the rest, it is out of the question that the last mentioned provision will prevail. It would alter existing conditions too completely and would necessitate a change of the relations between agencies and brokers that could not be arranged without great difficulty.

* * *

That fire insurance is no picnic is beautifully exemplified by the *Coast Review's* statistics of losses up to date. The total California losses for July were $559,041; for the Coast $875,366. For the Coast up to date the losses for the year are $3,089,690, or an increase of $1,155,168 over last year. Already the loss ratios of some of the agencies have assumed proportions that indicate the results of the year's labors a loss.

LOCAL.

THE CALIFORNIA HOTEL.

Hotels and hotels there are in San Francisco, but connoisseurs prefer the California. For their preference, of course, there are a variety of good reasons. The house is magnificently furnished and the *cuisine* is remarkable for a rare degree of excellence. San Francisco has a reputation the world over for the quality of its restaurants, and travelers are never weary of exploiting the wonderful meals that may be had for a dollar. Host Kinzler, of the California, in his *table d'hote* dinners has given the Frenchmen points. The *menus* that are offered are worthy the discussion of *gourmets*. They embrace every delicacy of the season, and the preparation and manner of service speak volumes for the art and dexterity of *M. le chef*. Whoever has never had a dinner at the California, is hereby advised that his ignorance is the reverse of bliss.

Wm. H. Sherwood, the American pianist, who was heard here last January, will make his second appearance in San Francisco at Irving Hall, Tuesday evening, September 13th. He will give but one recital.

PHARAOH.

FRANCIS SALTUS.

Monarch o'er countless leagues of palm and sand,
What are to thee an unknown God's decrees?
Numberless as thy sphinx's granite gries,
The hosts of Egypt wait thy first command.

Thou scorn'st the plagues that desolate thy land,
The awful darkness and the foul disease;
With thy first-born clasped dead upon thy knees,
I see thy gaze, inflexible and grand!

Whene'er I hear thy puissant name, I dream
Of tapering obelisks and festal halls.
Bathed by the lotused Nile; the Pomp and awe
Of Phta's dim temples where gold altars gleam,
And, beneath Pyramids where the fierce sun falls,
I see pale, haggard Hebrews toil with straw.

—*Chicago Figaro.*

A HUGH JOKE.

There was once a young dudelet called Hugh;
His clothes were exceedingly nugh;
His beaver was shiny,
His shoes sharp and tiny;
But he owed for them all to a Jugh.

Of talents this dude had but fugh;
Ideas he had one or tugh;
"A girl I will marry,
Whose fortune I'll carry—
'Twill keep me from feeling so blugh."

So he "mashed" a young lady called Lugh;
And swore that his love was quite trugh;
Her father "invected,"
And he was ejected,
With no chance to murmur adugh.

SANTA CRUZ NEWS.

The week has been quiet—indeed with such a crowding of fun and gaiety into the last hours of the Encampment, almost anything would seem dull afterward. Yet there is a good deal of quiet enjoyment after all, and, possibly a feeling of relief that the crush is over.

At the Sea Beach the pleasant times are by no means past. A very delightful hop was given on Saturday evening to the officers of the First Regiment, U. S. A., which still lingers at Camp Columbus. Colonel Shafter is still confined to his cottage, and has not been with his command since the first day. I fancy the old hero would far rather meet a band of red men on the rampage than that deadly little poison oak bush, to which he has had to succumb for nearly three weeks.

Numerous courtesies and mild festivities have been offered the officers of the First during the past week, and I saw one pair of very bright eyes shine out more brilliantly than ever the morning it was announced that the regiment would remain the rest of this week.

Among other entertainments there was a parting dinner at the Delmas' who left this week to be ready for the "shoot" of the Country Club at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Smith, of Sunshine Villa, have gone to San Francisco for a week. They will be at the California.

The citizens gave one of their old time Bulls' Head breakfast to the officers of the First Regiment Thursday amid the ferns and redwoods of Wagner's Grove. It was very successfully managed by Mayor Jeter, J. H. Logan, W. H. Bias, J. F. Cunningham, J. R. Chace, and ex-Mayor Bowman.

Mrs. Ida Weil has issued cards for the marriage of her daughter Rosa, to Adolph Rummelsburg, a leading Napa merchant. The marriage takes place September 4th, and the wedding will be a very gay one, with friends and relatives by the score from San Francisco and Napa. Miss Weil is a niece of the brothers Bernheim, leading merchants of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Bernheim and Miss Rosalie are at their country place, Summer Home Farm.

Congressman Loud and family are at the Sea Beach Hotel, while Hon. Tom Clunie is at the Pacific Ocean House. Santa Cruz is a nice quiet place for a little political maneuvering, though, of course, I don't mean any connection between that remark and the personals above recorded.

One of the very prettiest entertainments given lately was the reception, on Monday evening, to the Camp Thunder Outing Club, by Mr. and Mrs F. W. Swanton, at their home on Soquel Avenue Colored incandescent lights, hammocks and tents in the grounds, and brilliant apartments handsomely decorated in-doors, with delightful music, dancing, and other pleasures, revived memories of the days and nights of delight at the many annual outings of the Club at Camp Thunder in the Santa Cruz redwoods. The Club, by the way, will go as usual this year. It includes most of the young Society people of Santa Cruz, and their two weeks' outing at Camp Thunder is an idyl of open air life.

General Dimond came down during the week, and was for several days the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, at Sunshine Villa.

A very pretty surprise reception was given on Monday evening, by a young social club to Miss Mabel Drennan and Miss Mabel Mead, both graduates of the High School class of '92, who leave this week to pursue higher studies; Miss Drennan at the Normal and Miss Mead at Stanford. Santa Cruz is sending to the several institutions of higher learning a bright and promising contingent of her young men and women. Miss Mabel Sullivan, daughter of John T. Sullivan, of the Sea Beach Hotel, has matriculated at the State University, where an older sister is in her sophomore year.

KATE KEARNEY.

FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

DEAR WAVE:—How refreshingly welcome this cool spell is after the terrible maneuvers the mercury performed last week. Several of our Society matrons who have exhibited an unusual fondness for home and hubby this season, were compelled to renounce their vigilance, and in self-defense seek a cooler resort. Some men are very hard to please. I have in mind a certain military officer who complained incessantly of *our* climate, until he finally landed himself and family in one of California's most popular health resorts. Then, not contented with a seventy-eight degree thermometer, he riles the 150 and his better half by his abominable actions until the temperature is again in the top notches. Such tales as have been whispered to me since our *jeunesse doree* returned from their summer outings. Jack says a certain Major's devotion to fascinating Society buds, and his disregard of his wife, compelled even the dissipated vineyardist to express the deepest disgust and anger. I am rather positive if I were the fortunate possessor of the family sack my better half would never neglect or insult me in the presence of Society—or anywhere else, in fact.

The Creightons, Hays, Pollaskys, and Hughes returned this week. The handsome and vivacious Mrs. C—— professes the greatest admiration for military encampments, and is all enthusiasm when they are mentioned. She shared the attention of the distinguished officers with the most gracious of all hostesses, Mrs. General Muller. I am so relieved over the arrival of these ladies, as I will not experience the dearth of social news so prevalent during their absence. Dinners, teas, etc., are on the calendar during September, to be followed by receptions and dances later on. A snap-shot photo was taken at the club-house last week, and were I possessed of the art of pen-portraiture I would gladly send you this scene from the Foresters. Such a happy group; mention of financial troubles not permitted, neither the absence of wives nor husbands. They went for a jolly time, and the camera evidently agrees with the bald-headed capitalist when he remarked: "You bet we had it."

Pretty Maggie Johnson, of Visalia, is visiting her sisters, and receiving the usual amount of attention from the genial Judge and Johnny. Now, dear WAVE, here's a secret (at least the family are trying to keep it so). Tom has *at last* proposed to Lizzie and she is considering the question. You know L——'s heart has never quite healed from the effects of the "*Dock*" wreck. Of course a pretty summer resort is conducive to healing heartaches and bringing forgetfulness with the next fellow—and they say that Tom took advantage of these favorable circumstances and implored, on bended knees, the remnants of pretty L——'s heart and her fair hand. I sincerely hope he is rewarded. Tom's a jolly good fellow and deserves all the luck in life.

Louie is now a benedict and in the seventh heaven of bliss. Lee says "Mrs. Louie is awfully charming, doncher know!" so that settles it. Any one Beau Brummell recommends must, indeed, be desirable. I shall call as soon as they arrive home from their wedding tour and will tell you all about the pretty bride. Charley Bonner goes east next month to claim his sweetheart's hand. Phonse Newhouse draws his pencil across each day on the calendar with smiling face, as it brings him nearer to October and his pretty blonde bride. Fair Daisy distributes her favors with equal grace. One evening with Johnny Mc—— to witness a Frohman company production, another evening with Will driving, then again at the concert with the fascinating Frank. Lucky girl and luckier boys.

Thy, IMP.

NOTES.

After what proved quite an exciting contest Harry Tod was elected President of the Press Club. All day Thursday the clubrooms on Pine Street were crowded with the friends and adherents of the rivals. It was really an interesting and proved a very close fight, Moran being only beaten by six votes. The Australian ballot system was used. Mr. Tod is a journalist of decided ability and considerable character. Under his guidance I am sure the Press Club will continue to increase and prosper.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Haxton (*née* Thibault) are in Munich at last accounts, where also are Mrs. Barreda and her two daughters, with Mrs. Hearst. Mr. Haxton recently climbed the Jungfrau from the Grindelwald side with great *éclat*. He had Almer (Whymper's favorite guide) with him, and did three peaks through thirty-six hours of snow and storm. It is considered the most intrepid feat of the Alpine season this year.

* * *

Mrs. Hearst is waiting in Munich for her son, who intends to climb some of the high mountains in the Tyrol. He is late in the season, to be sure, but then he intends getting some superb photographs, for his special "camera artist," Worthington is with him.

* * *

Miss Sibyl Sanderson writes that she has given up all ideas of "Werther" this year, and will sing "Dinoroh" and "The Magic Flute," in the Paris Grand Opera this winter, going to Brussels for the spring. Her rendition of the famous "Shadow Dance" is said to be a perfect dream.

"Are you the widow of the man who was shot?" asked the Texas coroner of the woman who stood before him.

"Two hours ago I was," she replied; "but now I am the wife of the man who got the drop on him."

Mr. Joseph Roeckel and Mme. Ellen Coursen Roeckel

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FASHIONS AND FANCIES.

FOR THE LADIES.

August should be the month of all others when the fashionable woman puts aside all care of the latest modes and for a brief season give herself up to the pure enjoyment of making the best of all the lovely creations that have caused her so many hours of thought and possible anxiety, for no matter how clever the modiste or unlimited a bank account, every dainty woman feels more or less the responsibility of her wardrobe. Though this task may or may not fall upon her, a limited field only is open just at present. Summer fads even must be counted things of the past, and it is several weeks too early to know anything definite of what is to be the correct style for autumn and winter wear; however, some attractive novelties are already shown, and if daintiness of color and design is a medium by which to judge their success, then only a brilliant season can be foretold for them. One device slightly more practical than the mink so much worn about the throat last season, though evidently intended to take its place, is a double collar of velvet edged in fur. The first collar is high, and flares slightly from the throat, the second falls from it and is from six to eight inches deep—cut full enough to form a wavy effect on the edge and pointed fronts. These dressy little affairs are most effective and becoming in black, golden brown, or moss green velvet, edged with mink or sable fur, and worn over a tight-fitting cloth costume without a jacket.

* * *

It is quite probable that the new and exceedingly dressy coats will find favor as autumn calling wraps, worn with simple dark silk skirts; in fact, I cannot see what other practical purpose they can be put to here. though the original designs were intended more for carriage wraps to be worn at the races or on the boulevards of gayer cities. The Charles II. coat is the prettiest of the new designs; it is of dark bottle-green heavy corded silk, and made with a waistcoat of white suède closed with heavy silver buttons in *repoussé* work. Deep cuffs of leather closed with the same buttons in a smaller size appear on the sleeves, and the neck is closed with a stock and cravat of silk muslin edged with fine lace.

* * *

A pretty and exceedingly stylish India silk is intended for a young girl of seventeen, and will be appropriate for wear during the coming month. The light tan silk has a faint stripe outlined in a black vine. On the bottom of the plain short skirt is a narrow band of black moiré ribbon. The tight-fitting waist is sleeveless and cut low in the neck and is finished with an immense flaring collar of black moiré, and buttons double-breasted to the waist line with large moiré buttons, finished there with a narrow belt of the ribbon. This waist is worn over a gamp of white silk with a small black polka dot; it has a collar of the black ribbon and large bishop sleeves. The hat, quite essential to this effective frock if intended for out-of-town wear, is a broad-brimmed, high-crowned affair made entirely of shirred tulle of tan coloring to match the dress. The back is caught up with two large black velvet rosettes and a band of black velvet about the crown with a profusion of soft black tips finishes the trimming.

MME. X.

GREAT REDUCTION SALE

ALL

Spring AND Summer Goods

AT

A TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE

To Clear Them Out This Month

INCOMPARABLE BARGAINS

IN

Cloaks, Dress Goods,
Silks, Laces, Ribbons,
Gloves, Hosiery, Underwear
Gents' Furnishings,
Wash Dress Fabrics,
House Furnishings, Etc.

J. O'Brien & Co.

MURPHY BUILDING

Cor. Market and Jones Sts.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO SECURE

Great Clearance Sale.

Fine Oil Paintings
Engravings
Etchings
Mirrors
Statues
Ornaments
Fancy Goods

Is now offered at reduced rates on account of Removal about Sept. 15th to our New Building No. 113 Geary St.

S. & G. GUMP

581 MARKET STREET

GOLD AND SILVER

Electro Deposit Dental Plates

PATENTED FEB. 5TH, 1889 AND DEC. 31, 1889

These plates are made by an entirely new process, by depositing chemically pure silver and gold directly upon the plaster model. Its perfect accuracy of fit is thereby insured. Its advantages (aside from the fit) are its strength, cleanliness and absence of heating qualities, being far superior to the ill-smelling, non-conducting, and, in some instances, injurious, rubber plates.

Full and Partial Plates, saddle bridges and crowns can be made to perfection by this method. The most difficult cases are solicited by Dr. B. W. Haines, who has had much experience in this work, and has met with great success, and takes pleasure in recommending it to those desiring the best artificial denture that art and science can produce.

B. W. HAINES, D. D. S.

MANUFACTURER, Sole Right of California.

14 GRANT AVE., over City of Paris, SAN FRANCISCO

MYRON T. HOLCOMB'S RESIDENCE

E. D. ORMS

ELAIR PARK — LAKE

LINDA VISTA TERRA

TUNNEL (THE PIEDMONT SPRING WATER AND POWER CO.)

VIEWS ON LI

PIEDMONT CABLE RO

S RESIDENCE

PROF. J. P. GARLICK'S RESIDENCE

BLAIR PARK—BAND STAND AND FOUNTAIN

RESERVOIR (THE PIEDMONT SPRING WATER AND POWER CO.)

E OF

ND, OAKLAND

SAN JOSE NEWS.

DEAR WAVE:—We have had a lovely time since I wrote last—quite a revival, as it were, of gayeties. There was Mabel's wedding, which was just as pretty as could be. Tom and I walked by several times during the day to see the flowers carried in. Fred was dancing around there all day; guess he wanted to see how Mabel would look in her every-day gown, but if I had been in her place I would have sent him about his business.

Well—then there was the Cory-Ledyard reception; it was a really wide affair, lots of flowers, both houses filled with women in their best gowns. I stood behind a group of particular friends of both families, and learned lots of things; Mrs. A—— said the handsome window draperies were picked up in Turkey; the Japanese tables really came from Japan (I thought they were made on Second Street); the *samovar* was a souvenir of Siberia; and May's manners were procured in France. In fact, that family seem to possess everything except, perhaps, intellectuality; but this one can neither inherit or acquire, so probably it never has been missed by them. If we didn't have an intellectual feast, we had real Arabian coffee, and the cutest and smallest sandwiches you ever saw. Tom didn't eat half his lunch because he was expecting some chicken salad, so I grinned mockingly at him while he "toyed with his spoon (isn't that correct?) and pretended he wasn't hungry. You know, of course, that the egotistic daughter has resigned her position as *nourrice des enfants*, and aspires to run one of the great schools that are to be established here this fall. Albertina looked like a tropical plant in her scarlet dress. But what's the use of attempting to describe all the pretty girls?

We have introduced a new fashion here, but with a difference. Our ladies who own high steppers and pretty phaetons drive a great deal, but ye gods! what *outre* style they affect. Imagine a *lady* wearing a white dress and white slippers, the lap-robe discarded to exhibit the entire get-up, holding her own ribbons and guiding her thoroughbred through the busiest streets and among trucks and fruit wagons and hawkers of melons. Isn't it absurd? Not one of the old regime indulges in this style; it is the *nouveaux riche*, and it is almost as appalling as it is to see a pretty woman sitting close to her ebony Jehu. Fah!! You never see any of the Beans or the Spencers or the Murphys out in that style.

Wasn't it funny what an excitement the announcement of Arthur C——'s engagement created? You see he was engaged to half a dozen girls, and now five of them are vowing to have his scalp.

Tom says all the boys are laughing at the efforts the girls who wear silk petticoats make to show them. A pretty creature on Santa Clara Street exhibited her green satin to the admiring gaze of a crowd, the other day, while the rest of us stood in the store doors and laughed. BABBLER.

STOCKTON LIFE.

STOCKTON, August 24th. DEAR WAVE:—In lieu of something more interesting during the past week, conversation has been devoted to the weather. Is it any wonder, with thermometers reaching ninety on shady verandas, how could one even think of anything else?

It is true that Tyndall, the great mind-reader, spent several days here, giving not only an exhibition of his powers at the "Yosemite Club" and in the hotel parlors, but one at Pioneer Hall, which was attended by nearly all of our men. They never gave a thought to we poor girls fairly perishing of *ennui* at home. Possibly they expected their deepest, darkest secrets would be revealed, and what a revolution it would have caused! Will D—— need not have any fears, even Tyndall would find it a task to read *his* mind. Marsh L—— was a good subject, being always steady and reliable; but I think the cigar trick was comparatively easy to perform, for *without* the "influence," or whatever it is called, Henry E—— would surely have been the one to capture the fragrant weed, especially if it was one of the "two-for-a-half" kind. There were a few pretty girls among the spectators, consequently as long as Rob A——'s eyes were open he was uncontrollable. But enough of this subject.

Mrs. George Sperry has returned from the Big Trees and I am daily expecting to receive an invitation to one of her jolly informal dinners. Mrs. Frank Lane has gone to Klamath Springs for awhile and Mrs. Parker *née* Nellie Dudley, has derived much benefit from her sojourn there. She accompanied her mother and Miss Dudley to San Francisco last week. Charming Gertie E—— is recuperating from a severe attack of whooping-cough, and at Santa Cruz is using her beautiful voice but little. They tell me Dode has created quite a sensation there, using his magnificent barytone *so* willingly and with *such* great effect. What a natural flirt he is! Will S—— has flown to the mountains, I believe, and Dow S—— thought San Francisco would prove more attractive during Idah F——'s stay. Sweet Bessie W—— is home for a few days, but leaves for San Francisco very soon.

On dit, that a duel is to be the next thing on the tapis. The principals? Claiborne H—— and Ira L——. The cause? The smiles of Miss ——! Both are devoted, but in different ways. Ira, a superb swimmer, accompanies Mrs. S—— and Mattie to the baths in the afternoon, but evenings, since the Kyle turnout is at Claiborne's disposal, he is the favored one; Nan being out of town, Dr. and Mrs. S—— make up the party of four to fill up the oak buckboard.

Mrs. C—— and daughters, Madge and Lola, have gone housekeeping. So we may expect several "small and earlys" this winter, and, of course, you shall hear all about them for they will not fail to invite THE SPINSTER.

LOS ANGELES LIFE.

LOS ANGELES, August 22d. DEAR WAVE:—Although August is not the chosen month for brides, our hymeneal altars have been kept busy this week. First on the list came Miss G——. Of course her wedding was an artistic affair, because the Professor was the happy man. Minnie was one of the bridesmaids, and everything passed off delightfully.

Next came Daisy and what a quiet affair hers was! We girls were awfully disappointed. We thought the big house up on the hill would throw open its spacious parlors, and we would have a merry dance. But Papa R—— was very much opposed to the wedding, and so Daisy had to be married very quietly. Then Miss B—— was added to the list. (Her brother, the blonde dentist, was married about a month ago.) Miss B—— has always posed as a girl of sixteen, but the license registered her as *twenty-eight*. Wasn't it dreadful? But she has gone off to Indiana to live, so she doesn't care.

We all went to the "Lute" concert on Thursday night. It was a very swell affair, and many of the fashionables came up from Santa Monica to attend. Pau T——, the leader of the orchestra, is Modjeska's nephew, so she gave the third act from "Adrienne Lecouvreur" for the benefit of the boys. Pretty Mrs. S—— was there dressed in white. I wonder why her husband is never with her! She always has some lady friend for an escort. Clarence W—— sat in one of the boxes; Mr. D——, the critic, was below stairs, and Mad R—— was arrayed in her usual juvenile style. The pretty friend was with her, though.

The boys of the Seventh Regiment have gone down to Ventura for a ten days' camp. No dress uniforms this trip; and C—— says they will have to work hard. General Allen and Captain Barry, of the United States Army, are there. Some desperate flirtations are going on, they say, between the boys in blue and the seductive Ventura maidens.

At Long Beach the Ninth Regiment is settled for a week, and the military tactics are in vogue. The girls are in love with Captain D——.

There is to be a big tennis tournament at Santa Monica next week, and the rackets are now flying. Some of the girls are going to play for prizes. K.

SACRAMENTO AFFAIRS

SACRAMENTO, August 24th. DEAR WAVE:—The past week has succeeded in driving the few people who remained to seek a cooler clime. We have been congratulating ourselves on the mildness of the summer and wondering why every one rushed out of town into fog and wind, when old Sol blazed forth in all his fury, as if paid by the owners of the different sea side hotels. The few who had hoped to remain at home during the entire summer grew desperate and rushed off to squander their savings on mean food and hard beds; but then, you know, every one does it and why should not they? It takes a good deal of courage to be independent and consistent with one's own ideas.

There have been a few returns, mostly among the younger men who are fortunate to be able to get off for a couple of weeks. "Billy" comes back to us as smiling and chubby as ever; I fear me he did not follow my most excellent advice as regards the reducing of flesh; but he is such an awfully good-natured and obliging fellow that we will forgive him a few extra pounds. Ned has ceased idling and gone to work for W. F. & Co. It is quite a loss to the girls, as he never failed to be on hand in the afternoons. How does Will C—— manage to remain in this dull place for so long a time? I expected he would spend the entire season at the fashionable watering place. I hear he is quite devoted to his fair neighbor, and really exerts himself considerably in getting up rowing and swimming parties in her behalf. Mamie D—— has gone to San Mateo to visit, and Ella to Santa Cruz, but they will both return before long. The youngest sister is now out of school and is the prettiest girl in [illegible] set that must be a very charming [illegible] city that it is really sad for them to be obliged "to waste their sweetness on the desert air."

A howl has gone up at the new arrangement made by the Directors of the State Agricultural Society. Ever since there has been a State Fair season tickets [illegible] that there are to be no more and we will be obliged to pay for admission each time, both to Pavilion and Park. Rather hard lines and unless the [illegible] fear that the attendance will be smaller instead of larger, as the Directors hope. They will have to depend upon strangers, as the gayer set, who used to go in parties, are all out of town, and I doubt if they return. Many of the large houses, which were formerly filled with young people [illegible] rather the worse for our Society set, as the present possessors seem to think it is enough of grandeur to live in a big house, even if it is shut up all the year round, with one feeble light during the winter months [illegible] year will see a change. Some of our girls are visiting friends in San Francisco; Blanche is with her friend, Miss K——, who spent several weeks here last spring; Lulu is also visiting among the fogs and winds; and Ethel seems to have decided on a permanent residence there. Of our other girls you will hear more anon from NINA.

FAST TIME TO EUROPE.

The London *Times*, in a recent article, draws attention to the increased business done by the German lines, and particularly by the Hamburg-American Packet Company [illegible] ness with that of the British lines would not be gratifying to the British pride.

From the number of San Franciscans who now take the steamers of the Hamburg-American Packet Company, it would seem that this is the most popular [illegible] the trip from New York to Southampton in about ten hours faster time than do the steamers of any other line.

Their steamers are undoubtedly the best that ply the Atlantic Ocean.

Laundry Farm still continues to draw crowds every Sunday. As a picnic resort for parties desiring to spend a day or a few hours in the hills it easily takes first rank. Here one can forget for a time the struggle for existence and enjoy to the full the attractions of nature in her most bounteous mood.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE	FROM JULY 25, 1892.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	†12.15 p m
.....	Niles and San Jose	†6.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton	*8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Martinez	12.45 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced and Fresno	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.30 p m	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	8.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
*6.00 p m	Sunol and Livermore	.....
6.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	9.15 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡7.45 a. m.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p. m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	.....
	Saturday and Sunday to Santa Cruz	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.38 p m
‡7.30 a m	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excur'n	‡8.28 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
‡9.30 a m	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations	‡2.45 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.03 p m
12.15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.30 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.37 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, Gilroy and Principal Way Stations	*9.47 a m
*4.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7.30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

San Francisco and North Pacific Railway

San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, :30, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		In effect Apr. 24, 1892.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5.00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

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AUSTRALIA, a splendid 3000-ton vessel.....12 M. Aug. 30, 1892

FOR HONOLULU, AUCKLAND AND SYDNEY, WITHOUT CHANGE.

The Splendid New 3000-ton Iron Steamer

MONOWAI.....12 M. Sept. 16, 1892
Or immediately on arrival of the English Mails.

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JOHN D. SPRECKELS & BROS., Gen'l Agents.

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

VIA SAUSALITO FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12.30, 1:30, 2:30, 4:00, 5:25, 6:45 P. M.

Extra Trips on Sunday for Sausalito at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO to MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 2:30, 4:00, 5:25 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO week days—6:10, 6:45, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:45, 11:00, 11:50 A. M.; 1:10, 2:25, 3:40, 5:15, 6:05, 7:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 6:25 P. M. Fare, 50 cents round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days) 6:25, 6:55, 7:58, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:05, 11:20 A. M.; 1:20, 2:45, 4:00, 5:30, 6:30 P. M. Fare, 40 cents round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days 6:45, 7:15, 8:15, 9:50, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:45 P. M. (Sundays—8:45, 10:20, 11:40 A. M.; 12:35, 1:45, 3:10, 4:25, 6:00, 6:50, 7:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7:00 P. M. Fare, 25 cents round trip.

Leave San Francisco	Through Trains. Destination.	Arrive San Francisco.
7:30 A. M. } Week 5:00 P. M. } days. 8:00 A. M. Sundays	Camp Taylor, Tocaloma, Point Reyes and Way Stations.	8:45 A. M. } Week 6:15 P. M. } days. 8:15 P. M. Sundays
7:30 A. M. Week days 8:00 A. M. Sundays 5:00 P. M. Saturdays	Tomales, Howards, Duncan Mills, Cazadero and Way Stations.	8:45 A. M. Mondays 6:15 P. M. Week days 8:15 P. M. Sundays

Thirty-day Excursion—Round trip, 25 per cent reduction
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round trip tickets: Tocaloma and Point Reyes, $1.25; Tomales, $2; Howards, $2.50; Cazadero, $3.
Sunday Excursion—Round trip tickets: Point Reyes, $1; Tomales, $1.50; Howards, $2; Duncan's Mills and Cazadero, $2.50.

THROUGH STAGE CONNECTIONS DAILY (Sundays excepted) at Cazadero with morning train from San Francisco to and from Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

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Magnificent new twin-screw steamers of 16,000 h. p. This line holds the record for fastest time to London and the continent.

Aug. Victoria.....Sept. 1
Normannia.....Sept. 8
Columbia.....Sept. 15
F. Bismarck.....Sept. 22

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From New York to Genoa and Naples, via. Gibraltar, by the magnificent twin-screw express steamers.

F. Bismarck.....Nov. 17 | Aug. Victoria.....Jan. 5
Normannia.....Dec. 1 | Columbia.....Jan. 19

Grand excursion to the Mediterranean and the Orient by S. S. Fuerst Bismarck from New York February 4th to Gibraltar, Genoa, Ajaccio (Corsica), Alexandria (for Cairo and the Pyramids), Jaffa (for Jerusalem), Smyrna, Constantinople, Corfu, Malta, Syracuse, Palermo, Naples, Algiers, Lisbon, Southampton and New York.
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Is now on the berth at New York, and having large engagements, will receive quick dispatch. To be followed by

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Stage connects at Pieta with N. P. R. R. to the Springs for dinner.

J. P. STOCKWELL, Prop.

ASSESSMENT NOTICES.

BEST & BELCHER MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the seventeenth (17th) day of August, 1892, an assessment (No. 52) of twenty-five (25) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Thursday, the twenty-second day of September, 1892, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the thirteenth (13th) day of October, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

L. OSBORN, Secretary.

Office—Room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

BULLION MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California, location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the eleventh day of August, 1892, an assessment, No. 39, of twenty-five (25) cents per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 20, 331 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the sixteenth day of September, 1892, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the fourth day of October, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office—Room 20, 331 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the eleventh (11th) day of August, 1892, an assessment (No. 102) of Fifty Cents (50c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 26, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Thursday, the fifteenth (15th) day of September, 1892, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the seventh (7th) day of October, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

A. B. THOMPSON, Secretary.

Office—Room 26, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York via Panama.

Steamers will sail at NOON on the 5th, 15th and 25th of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—August 25th, S. S. "City of Sydney," Sept. 5th, S. S. "San Jose," September 15th, S. S. "San Juan."

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at NOON 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San Jose de Guatemala, Acajutla La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—September 19th, 1892, S. S. "City of Panama."

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.: S. S. "City of Rio de Janeiro," Saturday, August 27, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "City of Peking," Saturday, September 17th, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "China," via Honolulu, Tuesday, September 27, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "Peru," Saturday, October 15, at 3 P. M.

Round trip tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.

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MINING AND FINANCIAL.

Mining shares are rather dull at the Stock Exchange. Outside of a slight demand for Ophir, Con Virginia and Belcher, there was no market for the rest. The past week has been a hard one on those holding shares, as many of them have touched lower figures than since the deal in 1884. About that time the lower levels on deep mining was abandoned and the mines allowed to fill up to the Sutro tunnel level. The majority of the brokers believing the Comstock played out, went short of the whole line. Then the deal of 1884 came along and prices went sky-high. Con. Virginia from 10 cents to $70, Ophir from 75 cents to $40, Mexican from 40 cents to $18, etc. The advance caught the street and many failures occurred.

Whether history will repeat itself or not is the question. Many of the stocks are selling lower than for 5 years past. Mexican at $1, Potosi at 35 cents Chollar at 40 cents, Bullion 10 cents, Overman 20 cents, Challenge 20 cents, Seg. Belcher 15 cents. At these figures, which are the lowest, it seems bottom must be very near.

Notwithstanding the depressed condition and the low figures at which the whole line is quoted at, Con. Virginia, which the bear element have been trying to break for the past month, still holds up and at the ruling prices 500 or 1000 shares can be sold without lowering the stock more than 5 cents. There are always buying orders for this stock, although during the month of July the mine ran behind some $12,000, which leaves $5000 on hand to begin the month of August with.

From the Superintendent's report it appears there were extracted from all parts of the mine 992 tons of ore, of which 980 tons were worked at the Morgan Mill—average battery assay $22.34 per ton, as against $23.89 of the previous week. Bullion valued at $31,649 was sent to the Carson Mint.

Belcher is also in demand at ruling figures, and of this stock there was bought during the week about three times the number of shares of any other mine. Not only is important work progressing on the 400 foot level, but a shipment of 9 bars of bullion was made to the Carson Mint valued at $32,689 as a final clean-up for the July account. This will put the mine in good financial condition. It is understood that the Savage Mine has about closed negotiations for the lease of the Douglass Mill at Dayton. The ore will be taken out through the Sutro tunnel at an expense of 45 cents per ton and hauled to the mill, a distance of three miles for 25 cents. At present it costs 85 cents per ton to hoist the ore to the surface, and $1 per ton to haul it to the mills at Carson River. As 60 or 70 tons a day can be worked, quite a saving to the mine will result. The Directors have also instructed Superintendents Keating and Ryan to see as regards the working of the Savage and Hale and Norcross through one shaft, probably that of the Hale and Norcross, as it is in better condition, and two of its compartments reach a greater depth. If consummated it will make a saving of $4000.

Very little work is being done in the Savage, Chollar, and Potosi, as the Nevada Mill, which crushes their ore has been shut down while the water tank is being repaired on Mt. Davidson. This will take five or six days.

Superintendent Kincaid reports that the ore of the Gould and Curry now being worked at the Occidental Mill assays $20 per ton.

Superintendent Sharon, of the Yellow Jacket, Confidence etc., arrived in San Francisco on Wednesday; reports that in September the mills on the Carson River, the Brunswick, Vivian, will start up, as there is likely to be enough water, and then the resumption of extracting and milling of ore will go on. The sinking pumps in Belcher and Crown Point are all ready; they were tested and worked well. The Carson River is said to be lower this year at the present time than ever it has been in the memory of the oldest settler.

At a meeting of the Associated Brokers on Tuesday a resolution was passed by a vote of 37 to 32 to sell the Stock Exchange Building for the sum of $450,000; it is understood that the Trustees are opposed to the selling. On Wednesday at the executive of the Stock Brokers a motion was adopted abolishing the Life Insurance of $5000. It was passed by a vote of 39 to 15. Having about $15,000 in the treasury it will not be necessary to collect dues from members, and a dividend may be declared, also there was adopted a resolution that the Board will not as a body purchase any more seats, having now about ten. It was feared that it would become a close corporation. The next move and a wise one, would be to allow operators on the rail to buy and sell stocks as formerly without having to call a broker to execute the order. It is thought by the abolishing of this absurd rule now in force, business could be increased materially.

About $1000 a day is being taken out of the Jack Robber mine, Casa Grande, Ariz. It is reported that silver ore running $1000 per ton has been found in the Rupert Mine near Phœnix.

The ruling price of silver in New York the past week was about 82½ to 83 cents per ounce.

Dividends have been declared by the Osceola Mine, $1 per share, Dexter 10 cents.

Assessments were levied on the Navajo of 10 cents and Challenge Con 10 cents per share. SURETY.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING.

Some of the most beautiful and valuable pictures ever brought to San Francisco are now on view in the art rooms of S. & G. Gump. Works of positive merit, it is an artistic education to study them. Among the most interesting canvases in the gallery is the exquisite interior by Leo Herrmann. "Between Mass and Vespers," a picture full of a subtle and refined humor admirably painted. Which to admire most—the smoothness and truth of the flesh tints, the careful rendering of detail, or the manner in which the artist has caught the expression on the good priest's face—is hard to decide. Besides this work of art, intending buyers should certainly see the "Homeward Drive"—one of the few good Kowalskis that have ever been brought here, also the charmingly poetic "Mandolin Players," by A. A. Lesrel. These, however, are only a few of the more noteworthy pictures. There are scores of canvases, equally admirable in handling and composition.

TINTED STATIONERY.

The very latest in stationery is tinted paper. Whoever desires to be "in the swim" must indite invitations and responses on paper that has color. Indeed, to write even to one's best young man on the snowiest of letter heads is a confession of ignorance or an insinuation that he does not know the difference. At Sanborn, Vail & Co. one finds the latest in paper—a bewildering variety of shades, qualities, and textures. The subject of stationery suggests copperplate and visiting cards. This firm has now in its employ one of the most competent engravers in town and is prepared to furnish the newest designs in wedding invitations and announcements. Another fad we seem to have caught recently is a taste for fancy ornaments for writing tables. It is *en regle* to have one's desk decorated with pretty little appurtenances in silver and other metals. Of these Sanborn, Vail & Co. have a delightful variety.

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Paid-up Capital -	$ 5,000,000	Cash Assets - -	$9,031,000
Cash Assets - -	$21,911,916	Assets in America	$1,956,330

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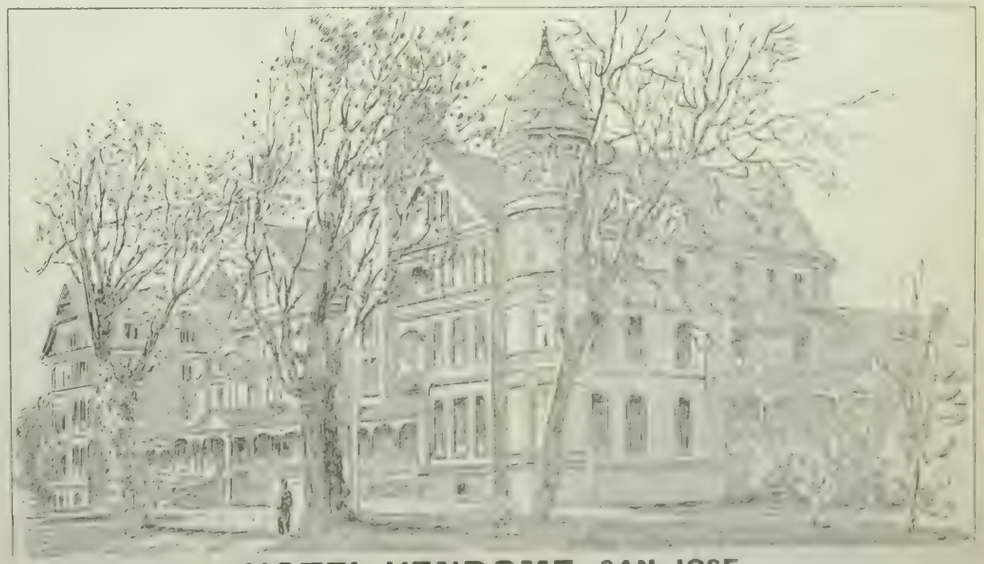

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OAKLAND GOSSIP.

OAKLAND, August 24th. DEAR WAVE:—If the weddings do not cease pouring in upon us we will have to go into a state of bankruptcy, as new gowns and presents are rather costly affairs. In fact, I am compelled to remain away from Monterey this month in order to save up for September matrimony. Next week will witness the marriage of Whitney Palaclie and Belle Garber, daughter of Judge John Garber. How smooth they have been about it. No one dreamed of it until the receipt of the wedding invitations.

Now, dear, prepare for the greatest surprise of all. Popular Harry Adams and demure little Mattie Knowles at last admit that they are engaged. I have predicted it for over two years, as, from the first, it was a real love affair, but the stern parents, on account of Mattie's extreme youth, rather opposed the match, so took her East. Absence only served to make the hearts grow fonder, and now they have the "God bless you, my children." The engagement is only known to our swell Jackson Street coterie, so, dear, please don't betray me for telling. Wonder if she will permit him to continue his club life? Her sister, Harry's wife, won't even allow him to be a member of the highly proper Athenian Club.

After all, Mrs. Wetherbee has been making another match, and it does not meet with my entire approval, as Grace Henderson, with her fine presence and glorious voice, was created for the operatic stage, and it does seem sad that it all should be wasted upon one man, but evidently Fate, otherwise Mrs. Wetherbee, ordains that Tom Matherson, a jolly good fellow and a relative of the late Mr. Wetherbee and Grace shall be wedded. Of course, you know she is Mrs. Wetherbee's niece, and this is her second engagement.

It was too mean that the Bachelders did not send me cards to Lillian's wedding; *on dit* that it was awfully swell, and that "papa Plum" presented the happy couple with a good fat check. Then the Bayleys forgot to invite me to their reception, not that I care, but one does like to be iuvited. Tom tells me that Lou Brech and her *fiancé* were there, and they were so intensely happy that they were utterly oblivious of every one in the room. What a blissful state to be in. The Torreys, Deans, Kloses, Paddocks, Robins, Morrisons, Purcells, Carletons, Clifts, and Burns were there.

Tom has the joke on me, as I refused to attend the races with him last Saturday, and chose the baseball grounds for my place of amusement and had a most stupid time. It was only attended by the younger element and the Fabiola Society hunters. Any way, congratulations are the order of the day, as our boys beat the Alameda team. Among those present were the Requas, Yules, Kimballs, Stolps, Crellins, Sanborns, Townes, and I really envied the Chabot party who were over gay, and pretty Lois Bromwell and her bright New York cousin. They were escorted by handsome Hiram Bradley and a dark youth who captured my eye, and had more than their share of attention, I think. Tom says that Walter Laymance and Billy Foote were most successful, as they won at every race during the week, but Selby Adams was not so fortunate. Those at the last races were the Henshaw party, Hettie, as usual, looking more beautiful than all the women around her, Mayor Chapman and wife, Fred Henshaw and Gracie, the Cohens from Alameda, the Godfreys, Rodney Church and wife, and, of course, A. C. Dietz, Shelby Martin, Dr. Dunne, Dr. Walker, Andy Stone, Henry Hook, Harry Meek, and, last but not least, our philanthropic friend, Jim Adams.

The C. O. G. Millers have taken the old Hamilton house on Jackson Street, and, I assure you, we are happy to have them on our side the town, but I wonder why Chris doesn't buy a place? We will doubtless be invited to some swell dinners, as Chris and Eva are fond of entertaining in that way; but no matter what they have we can never enjoy ourselves in that place as in the days of old, when it was owned by genial Noble Hamilton and his beautiful wife and daughters. The place used to be a *rendezvous* for all the young girls and boys of the street. Speaking of the Hamiltons reminds me of the days that are gone, and, as Tom says, there has been no real Society since the time of Minnie Fox, Fannie Houghton, Eva Green, Al Knight, Harry Meek, Billy Hamiliton, Ned Hamilton, Harry Houghton, Frank Green, and dear old Jim Baker. Tom says that those boys used always to plan amusement for the girls, while nowadays we have to offer champagne before we can induce most of the boys to honor us with so much as a call, and the Athenians and Reliance boys are so selfish that they absolutely refuse to open their doors more than once a year to the fair sex. If they do not soon entertain us I intend giving away several of the escapades of prominent members of both clubs.

Adios, FROU FROU.

Jinks (examining his prescription)—These doctors are awfully fond of Latin, aren't they?

Filkins—Yes; it's a dead language, you know.

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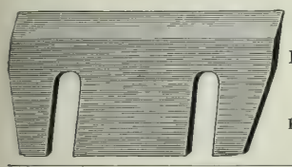

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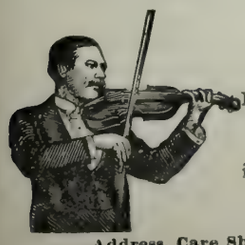

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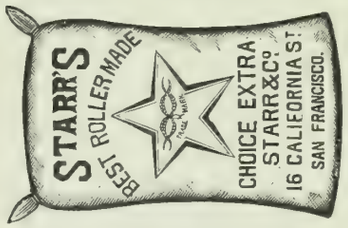

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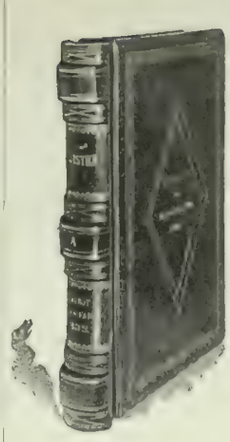

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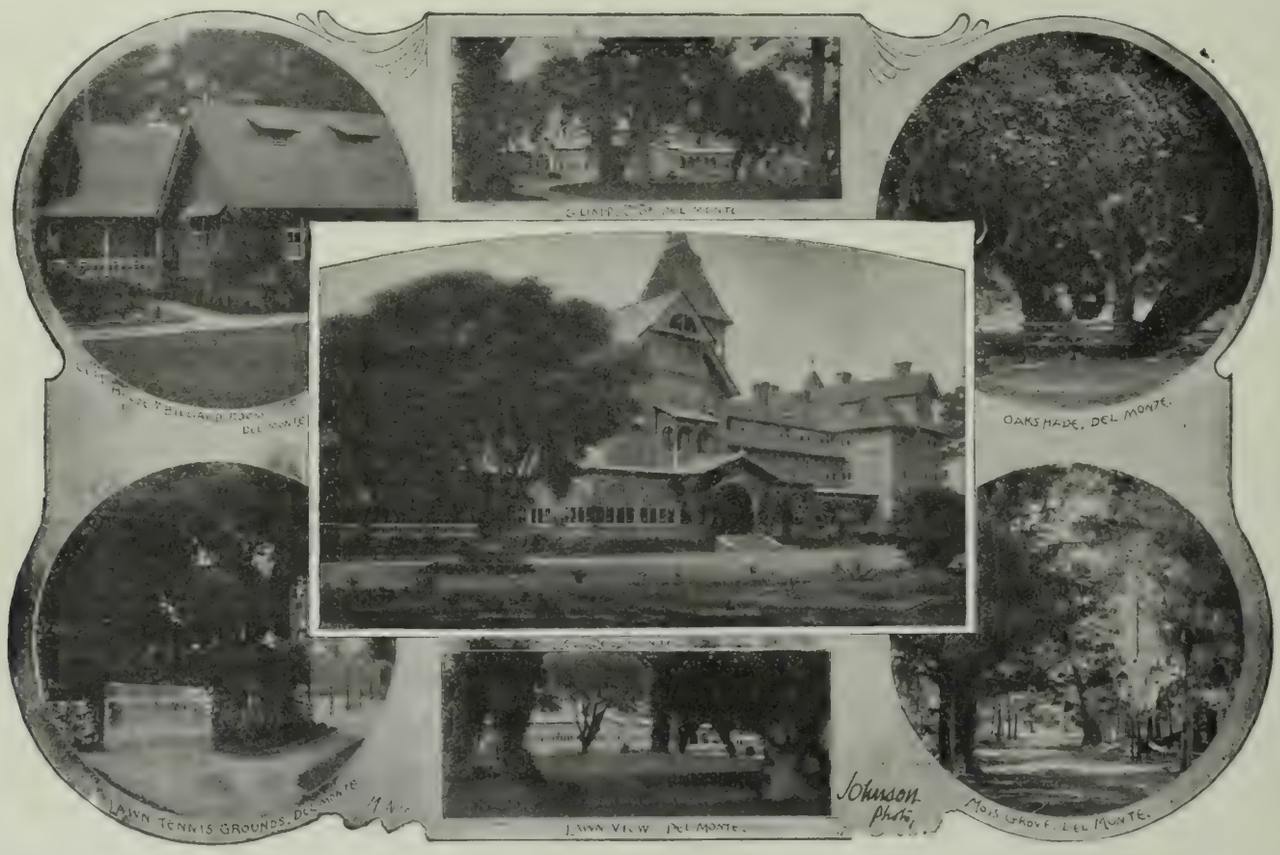

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THE WAVE

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SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 3, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

Mr. Lewis Freer is a bright young lawyer, just come to town, whose name in a year or two will be rather more familiar than it is at present. He is from Butte County; his ancestors and relations are all men of family and distinction; he has brains, push, ambition, and eloquence. If fortune fails him, it will be because the fickle jade has abandoned precedent. Mr. Freer was orator on last Fourth of July and made an impression by a capital speech, which had the uncommon merit of being both sane and rhetorical. He is now aspiring for distinction at the local bar.

SPLASHES.

OVER THE COUNTRY CLUB SHOOT it is *en regle* to be enthusiastic. A great success it was, undoubtedly. Everything happened in accordance with the *menu*. The events knew what was expected of them, and lived up to instructions. Even the sun acquiesced in the universal jubilation, and shone his brightest from a sky that left nothing to the imagination. As for the climate—even in his wildest guide book flights Ben Truman never did better. Because everything happened just as it ought, the usual ray of discontent crept in. The affair was a trifle too perfect, and as they who have experienced this amiable virtue in one or other of the genders know to their cost, it is rather depressing. The greatest generals have ever left something for criticism. As one cynical female remarked:

"Oh for a solitary accident!"

* * *

The Blue Book up to date was at Del Monte. From such an event, a leader of Society alone could afford to be absent. It was a grand jumble of the aristocracy, the Irishtocracy, the plutocracy, and the ambitious—belles, beaux, chaperons, and shootists, revolved round one another. Theophile Gautier *might* have done justice to their costumes, and Henry James could find infinite material in the cliques. A few beauties leavened the congregation, relieving facial tedium, and just a sprinkling of handsome men exhibited consciously their potent charms. Thus, all the ingredients of festivity were represented, including a general disposition to be gay. However, swallows do not make summers, nor Kansas doves an exciting pigeon shoot. They were slow, were said squabs—slower than a Slavonic dead march.

* * *

A mild suggestion to the Country Club—why not try electricity? How easy to have each trap a dynamo and throw in a shock with every shot. I imagine the birds would then rise swift enough to suit Annie Laurie—that is, fifty per cent would fly unscathed. As it was, the event had hardly the interest of a prize-fight and was more of a sensation in the Sunday *Examiner* than in fact. I believe the shooting was clever—the lady friends of the shootists said so. Over the success of Ed. Donahoe, everyone but Tallant was jubilant and to him happiness is a myth. His are the pleasures of the mirror. Of the two, the winner is rather more popular than the latter. This is eulogy.

* * *

A more delightful spot than that selected as the scene of the "shoot," exists not in the county. Surrounded by pine groves and shaded by spread oaks it presented charming color contrasts. The golden brown of the sun-parched fields was relieved by the rich, dark green of the foliage. Gayety was added by the bright-hued flags, by the pink, blue, and reds of the beater's tunics, by the cream-white uniforms and snowy caps of the marksmen, and a variegated background was furnished by the brilliant costumes of the ladies. Enthusiasm over gowns is not a failing with me, but that worn by Mrs. Fred Sharon compelled my admiration. It was both striking and simple. Of course, there were other admirable confections, Mrs. Janin's, Miss Hager's, Miss Mena Govin's for instance, but Mrs. Sharon's deserves the palm.

* * *

The ball was a brilliant success, but for the decorations which were ornately hideous. All sorts and conditions of wreaths and ropes, and red, white, and blue streamers, and smilax, etc., hung suspended against the dead white walls, but there was neither unity or beauty of effect. However, the gowns were superb. Even the *Bal Poudre* brought out no sweller *toilettes*. Magnificent jewelry, too—costly diamonds in profusion, emeralds, opals, rubies. Most of the pretty girls from town were present, and to select a belle from among them is hard. Miss Hope Ellis, graceful as a lily, looked her best; Miss Mabel Love, a beautiful girl; Miss Alice Ames, Miss Mulford, Miss Jolliffe, and Miss Mills, looked very handsome. Miss Govin wore one of the most artistic confections in the room. It suited to perfection her type of dark piquant beauty. I noticed, too, Miss Edna Robinson, Miss Josephine Delmas, Miss Annie Buckbee, Miss Jessie Coleman, Miss Lily O'Connor, Miss Simpkins, and Miss Goewey, as appearing to the best advantage.

* * *

Among the married belles it was a choice between Mrs. Sharon, Mrs Janin, Mrs. Fred Wooster, and Mrs. Carolan. They all looked superb, and wore stunning gowns. Mrs. Jack Cunningham, too, Mrs. Rutherford, and a dozen others, should have had poems written to their dresses. However, there's not space to do the subject justice. The other features of the "outing" went off admirably. The fireworks were great; the music unimpeachable. Altogether, to Fred Webster, to Mr. Tubbs, to Mr. Douty, Mr. Schonewald, and Mr. Clough, who were the active agents in the happy event, felicitations are due and highly deserved.

* * *

THE PRESS CLUB election is over, and round the fire they are telling stories about it. Such a fight there was for the presidency—a regular political contest—no quarter given or offered, and interests enlisted that seemed to have no bearing on the event. A funny episode that occurred just after the result had been announced is told with great gusto by the victim. A particular admirer of one of the candidates, presumably a pretty maiden, took the deepest interest in his fight, and about ten o'clock called up the Press Club by telephone to learn how her friend had fared. A certain member answered the impatient ring, and shouted an answering "Hello."

* * *

Said certain member thus reproduces the dialogue:

"Tell me, please, how the election came out?"

"Todd beat Moran."

"Oh, that's too bad. How much did he beat him by?" In the voice there were traces of despair.

"Just six votes."

"Only six. Oh Eddy! Are you sure you are not mistaken?" There were tears in the voice now.

"Quite sure."

"To think that a great hulking overgrown creature like that Todd should beat our Ed."

"Awful, isn't it?" (sympathetically.)

"But who is that talking to me?"

"Todd."

* * *

THE IRVINE-PLUM wedding passed off merrily last Thursday afternoon and it was an affair of pleasure from beginning to end. Miss F. Anita Plum, the bride, is the daughter of Charles M. Plum, a prominent merchant of this city, and is well known as the President of the Crocker Auxiliary. She is a demi-blonde, of medium height and graceful carriage, but her beauty lies principally in her goodness of heart. She is a great favorite with both men and girls, and the groom has my congratulations in securing for a partner in life so fine of type of what is best in womanhood. They have been engaged a year and surely should know each other well by this time. Mr. James Irvine, the groom, has the credit of being two and a half times a millionaire, and there is hardly a doubt of his ability to manage the vast estate his father left to him. His mother, Mrs. James Irvine, is still alive and he has two half brothers, Will and Cal. Byrne. He is still young, twenty-six I believe. The famous San Joaquin Ranch, in the southern part of the State, which was one of the pieces of property he inherited, will be the future home of himself and his wife.

* * *

The wedding was celebrated at three o'clock in the parlors of the bride's home on Page Street, and amid the beauty and fragrance of flowers, the ceremony was performed by Bishop Nichols and Rev. Dr. Chetwood. The bridal party comprised Mr. Harry Baechtel and Miss Gertrude Goewey as ribbon bearers, Sidney and Adele Knorp and Georgie and Louise Keil, little nephews and nieces of the bride, as flower bearers, Miss Lulu Plum, the bride's sister, as maid of honor, and Mr. J. W. Byrne, as best man. They were all prettily dressed, especially the bride, whose gown was of cream colored brocade trimmed with duchesse lace and stephanotis. She also wore a few of the diamond ornaments that the groom has lavished upon her. I am told that the value of her jewelry is well up in the thousands.

* * *

THE FIRST WEDDING of the week that Society people are interested in took place across the bay at Claremont, the pretty home of Judge John Garber. The bride was his fair daughter, Miss Belle Garber, and the groom was Whitney Palache, a young merchant of Portland, Or., a son of James Palache, of the firm of Kittle & Co., of this city. It had been decided to have a quiet wedding, as bereavements had visited the Palache family of late, but an invitation here and one there brought the attendance up to between one and two hundred. Rev. Giles Easton, of Berkeley, was the officiating minister—not Rev. T. Chalmers Easton, as some one stated. The bride's two sisters, Miss Juliet Garber and Miss Lida Garber, were the bridesmaids, and Miss Nellie McKee, of Oakland, was the maid of honor. They all appeared charming in their prettily fashioned gowns. The groom was assisted by Mr. Charles Palache, as best man. There was a *déjeuner* after the ceremony, that was marked by much quiet pleasure, and in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Palache left for their future home in Portland.

* * *

Some of the young people at the Palace Hotel and a few of their friends have organized a dancing club, and have had the exceeding bad taste to call it the Del Monte Social Club. I call this bad taste for the simple reason that the day has passed when an organization of *fin de siècle* people should be called a Social Club. Let that term rest south of Market Street forever. There is still another reason why this band of well-meaning young people should change the name of the Club, namely: There is another club of the same name now in existence, and surely the members of the new Club do not want to be mixed up with the old one. At any rate, the organization gives its first party Thursday evening, in Union Square Hall, and later on, will have a dance for the benefit of the Children's Hospital. However, I venture to offer a suggestion that they change their name to the Palace Dancing Class, or something similar.

* * *

Duller and duller grows Sausalito as each week speeds along. Whether it is due to the over-hanging mantle of fog there I know not, but the place is undoubtedly uselessly dull. However, I am told of a little streak of sunshine that will serve to brighten matters a little. To-night the monthly hop of the Pacific Yacht Club will take place at the club-house which will afford a little pleasure, and on next Saturday night General Dickinson will entertain the members of the Second Brigade Staff, N. G. C., at "Craig Hazel," his cottage on the bluffs. I believe that a special tug boat will convey these sons of Mars home at midnight.

* * *

There is but little socially to announce for the coming week—simply two weddings. Miss Florence Currier and Mr. Arthur F. Barnard will be married on Monday night, while Miss Emma McMillan and Mr. Ellis Wooster will join their hearts and fortunes on Wednesday night. I have commented on the details of these weddings in previous issues. Musically the only affair will be the concert of the Loring Club at Odd Fellows' Hall on Wednesday evening. These concerts always draw fashionable audiences.

* * *

I hear, with a certain tinge of regret, of a pending divorce, the interested parties being well known all over the Coast. The husband has been for many years a prominent hotel keeper in this city, but he recently disposed of his interest to other parties. Rumor places his fortune close to a million. His wife is his junior by many years, and has considerable property in her own right. The affair is being conducted very quietly, and this is the first publicity that has been given to it.

* * *

The engagement of Will S. Barnes and Miss Delphine Delmas is formally announced. Mr. Barnes is a son of General W. H. L. Barnes, and is District Attorney of this City and County. Besides he is one of the brightest members of the younger generation, a clever speaker, and an excellent lawyer. He has already an admirable record and his future is most promising. Miss Delmas, a very charming and accomplished girl, is the daughter of D. M. Delmas, the well-known attorney.

* * *

The Calliopean Club gives a jinks on the evening of Thursday next. It will be an impromptu affair—the staple refreshments, beer, sandwiches, and pipes. A few invitations will be sent friends of the members—only a few, though. Calliopean "Jinks" of the past have gone off successfully, and there is plenty of talent in the Club to make this one go. On Saturday night the Concordia Club's "Night Off" takes place. It was postponed on account of the death of E. L. Goldstein. There is every reason to anticipate a very jolly and interesting entertainment. Charles Ackerman is the "Sire."

* * *

OVER THE OLYMPIC CLUB election, a great deal of interest has not been aroused. To the regular ticket there is no opposition, save in one particular, that of leader. Mr. Schuster is making a vigorous fight against the regular candidate Mr. Kolb. and it is a toss-up who will win. For two years past Kolb has done excellent work. Foremost in promoting contests of one kind or other, he has made an admirable leader. Strange as it may appear, his opponent is the man who made his fight the first time. The objection urged against the regular candidate is that he sells wine.

* * *

He is a wholesale dealer in liquors, but in connection with his establishment has a small sample-room, where those who feel like it can imbibe. For this his enemies call him a saloon-keeper. Mr. Schuster is in a branch of the same line—he sells materials and equipment to wine makers. The fight is a pretty one as it now stands—the result one will know Wednesday evening next.

* * *

BOHEMIA will be in the ascendant to-night, and the grave old owls will wink and blink among the trees of the new grounds at Tamalpais Cañon. From all I can hear the arrangements for the jinks are most elaborate, and a great effort has been made to have the affair excel anything the institution has given in years. Quite a number of the members have been among the redwoods during the week busily engaged in decorating and putting the final touches on what will be a scene of

Richardson & Robbins' Potted Ham for Picnics and Teas.

much beauty. The *chef* and the club steward are on the grounds so that there is no fear but that the inner man will be well attended to, and the charges for everything are to be very moderate.

* * *

Marion Wells has completed the immense statue of Buddha, which is placed at the end of a long avenue of trees. Approaching it are temple lanterns set in a double row. As is now well understood, it is to be a Buddhist jinks, and Fred M. Somers, the well-known journalist, will preside as Sire. The ceremony promises to be both elaborate and interesting. General Foote reads a poem. Other papers, pertinent to the occasion have been prepared by Al Gerberding, Romie Hart, Peter Robertson, General W. H. L. Barnes, and others. Uncle George Bromley will perform the midnight sacrifice, as is only right and proper, and Ed Pomeroy will officiate at the low jinks. Members of the Club are expected to leave on the 1:45 o'clock boat, and will arrive at the grounds about four o'clock.

* * *

The divinely plump Lillian Russell, queen of the operatic stage, appears on Monday evening at the Baldwin. If this exceedingly pretty woman and exceptionally clever vocalist does not have a swell first-night house I shall be disappointed. The indications are that the plutocracy and the Concordia Club will be adequately represented and that a few brilliant things in gowns will be exhibited. The opera is "La Cigale." Later on comes the "Mountebank" by Gilbert and Cellier—something to anticipate.

* * *

The engagement between Miss Hope Ellis and Cal. Byrne has been broken. A variety of reasons for the rupture are offered by the friends of both. Some say the gentleman was too exacting, and others, that the lady was too frivolous. I am satisfied neither assumption has more than a scintilla of accuracy to it, for I am sure Mr. Byrne would not be exacting with as pretty a girl as Miss Ellis, and she would not leave herself open to a charge of frivolity on the part of Mr. Byrne. There are, doubtless, other good reasons why the two have agreed to differ. Both have my sincere commiseration.

* * *

Concerning a paragraph I had in these pages two weeks ago about the appointment of Eugene Kelly to be a *Cavaliere* of the *Capa E Spada* to the Pope of Rome, I heard a funny story. A friend of mine was at the California bar talking with some stalwart members of the Irishtocracy who assemble nightly to share a box with Joe Macdonough at the theatre, or to waft incense to his ears.

"I say," said one of the tallest of the Irishtocrats, "did you see what THE WAVE said Saturday about Eugene Kelly?"

"What was it?" said the others.

"Why, the Pope has given him a big honor. He has made him a *Cavaliere Serviente*."

"What!" cried my friend, aghast with holy horror. "What did you say?"

"Upon me honor," affirmed the Irishtocrat, solemnly. "I read it with me own eyes."

The situation was brought to a climax by another question: "To what great Roman dame has the Pope made the venerable Kelly a *Cavaliere Serviente?*"

* * *

Two literary lights are kept busy justifying the *Examiner's* ridiculous contention about pigeon-shooting. They are expected to turn out each day a certain number of missives of the *pro bono publico* type, from sisters of shootists, fathers of shootists, shoot spectators, etc., endorsing Annie Laurie and the cruelty of dove-killing. Of course no one claims the sport is humanitarian, no more than one thinks of complaining of the brutality of anglers who catch trout they have no intention of eating, Undoubtedly the contention was excellent journalism, but it was very bad sense. I am rather tired of reading the letters and would suggest that the style be varied slightly.

* * *

Judging by the manner Andy Clunie and Gavin McNab paid their respects to young Mr. Dwyer, the position of Democratic Boss is not entirely a bed of roses. I may be mistaken, but it seems to me this young gentleman has a very promising career behind him. No man can expect to succeed in politics without experience. Mr Dwyer has had none to speak of and has acted as though he were entitled to all the honors and emoluments of the party. That he has defeated his own ends is apparent. Both he and Judge Sullivan have conducted themselves in a short-sighted manner, but perhaps to expect intelligence in either would be exacting.

* * *

IN RELIGIOUS circles they are in tears over the departure of B. Fay Mills—an event that attendant journalists receive with exuberant equanimity. For all the gush and sensation this revivalist has evoked the results are meager. It is true half the town listened to him, but in departing he hardly leaves a memory. Not a phrase hangs in the mind; his stories were unutterable chestnuts, and he repeated them night after night as if they had been new and good. The truth is B. Fake, as the reporters who made the best of his matter dubbed him, was as complacent a charaltan as ever gave awful warning of Sheol. His methods were simpler than those we are accustomed to, and he appealed not to sinners, but to the indifferent.

* * *

The sensation of the religious carnival was the farewell performance at the Pavilion. B. Fake had the doors locked, a most dangerous and unjustifiable proceeding as the accidents to several ladies who tried to escape by the side entrance exhibited. That was the evening Mrs. Carabine selected for going insane. She is a very handsome woman with an admirably molded figure, and half a dozen shrewd observers have commented that the score of evangelists who attempted to stop her disrobing went to the work with about the same celerity that a fireman does to a Chinatown blaze. However, a good man named Crittenton seized the lovely form in his arms and removed the lady before much that was interesting had been displayed, and how reproachfully the others viewed his dispatch.

* * *

In decided contrast was the treatment accorded a male who fell in an epileptic fit. He was hustled out with the same gentleness that a South of Market Street policeman exhibits to a drunk.

* * *

With the reporters who were compelled to listen night after night to the same old story, B. Fake was unpopular. He appealed in heartrending tones to their consciences and other organs, but without any effect. On the opening evening, at Grace Methodist Church, one newspaperman arrived early, and found in a side room a number of ladies praying by themselves. One of them rushing up seized him eagerly by the hand.

"Young man, are you a Christian or a sinner?"

"I don't know," he returned; "I'm a *Chronicle* reporter."

Another night Charles Dryden, the *Call's* baseball humorist, was sent out to do up the entertainment. Returning, he wrote up a lively half-column as though the revival were really a good game at the Haight-Street Park.

* * *

The usher system seemed to amuse him, and to it he devoted his best attention, the production being very irreverent but decidedly readable. Next day a committee of clergymen waited on Loring Pickering and demanded the immediate discharge of the ungodly reporter. However, Dryden was too good to let go, but they are not sending him to any more sermons. In days gone by they were more considerate of religion on the *Call*. An old-time reporter named McGrew was sent to an ordination service at St. Dominic's. The newly-made priest was a native-born Californian, and, in alluding to this interesting fact, Mr. McGrew commented on its uniqueness, and remarked that the "raw material for priests generally came from Ireland." The *Monitor* the following week denounced the unfortunate *Call* as an enemy to Catholicism, and next morning Pickering, in his snakiest tones, remarked to the managing editor:

"I think that young man had better find some work on another paper."

Said young man was fifty-six years old, and had been in his service some twenty years.

* * *

THOMAS JEFFERSON LONGFELLOW SMILEY, the noble old Roman, who occupies the Auditor's office, has, I am creditably informed, expressed a determination to seek an election by the people. He has not

Richardson & Robbins' Plum Pudding—A Delicious Dessert.

recently been before the people, having been appointed by the Board of Supervisors upon the death of Auditor Stern, and he thinks it will be a pleasing and exciting experience. No doubt it will; but before the old gentleman takes this leap in the dark I feel it to be my duty to whisper in his ear a few words of warning. Mr. Smiley is over seventy years old and in many respects is a remarkable man. He is still as straight as an arrow and as full of life and vigor as an egg of meat. What he did during the first fifty years of his life I do not know, but during the last twenty he has been a prominent figure in this city. For many years he was a stock broker and won and lost several fortunes. In 1886 Bill Higgins nominated him for Supervisor from the First Ward.

* * *

Although defeated, this seems to have drawn him into the filthy pool of politics. Soon after Higgins induced him to accept the Chairmanship of the Republican County Committee. The object was to give that body a respectable outward appearance and for a time he served that purpose. Next Governor Waterman appointed him Registrar. He managed the election of 1890, as he does everything that requires executive ability, with tact and success. When Governor Markham came in, however, he immediately dismissed Smiley and appointed Mr. "Soda Water" Brown, the present incumbent. It was alleged that the old gentleman was too close to Martin Kelly, but the real fact was that Dan Burns wanted the place for Mr. Brown. Subsequently Auditor Stern died and the Supervisors elevated Smiley to the exalted place of Auditor.

* * *

I do not know whether Mr. Smiley has been a good or bad Auditor. I do not even know whether he has been a straight or corrugated City Hall Commissioner, of which Board he is *ex officio* a member; nor can I say whether he will be a good Election Commissioner, of which Board he is, also, *ex officio* a member. But one thing I do know, and it is this: With all his experience Smiley ought to have better sense than to run for Auditor. He ought to be aware of the fact that every member of the Fire Department from Chief Scannell down is looking for his scalp. Not only did he refuse to audit Sam Rainey's salary for the three months Sam spent lobbying at Sacramento in the winter of 1890, but he deprived half a dozen "rounders" and pugilists of their positions. Among them was Alexander Greggains. Aleck was training for a prize fight, and drawing his salary as extraman at the same time. Smiley cut it off. And then he cut off the salaries of three district engineers, a lot of hostlers, drivers, and other employees appointed by the "Solid Nine" in violation of the law. In short, he shook up the barnacles of the Fire Department right royally.

* * *

I am willing to concede that all this was good work, but it has set the fire boys after Smiley's scalp and they are laying low, yearning for him to run for something. Among the old man's other eccentricities is a noble and chivalric admiration for the ladies. Indeed, it is said that there is nothing on earth that Mr. Smiley regards more highly than what Mr. Bierce calls the "hair sex." Consequently when he copies the Tax Collector's books, which he is required by law to do every year, he employs about 100 beautiful ladies. The politicians have always had these places and they consider the employment of the frivolous sex to perform the work to be an unjustifiable invasion of their prerogatives. Between four and five hundred active young Republicans have told me within a week that they, also, are anxious for Smiley to run for Auditor. They say they will teach him that this is a government of men, by men, and for men. There are others who are anxious for Mr. Smiley to run, but they are too numerous to mention. I have said enough to indicate the drift of affairs. Mr. Smiley is a very wise man. A word to him ought to be sufficient.

* * *

ONE EVENING last week, while at the Baldwin Theatre, I remarked to a girl sitting next to me the peculiar complexion tinge of a lady of middle age, who sat in the rear of the orchestra. It appeared as though a portion of her face and neck had been touched slightly with soot, producing a faint dark tone in the skin. My friend relieved my anxiety by saying:

"Oh, that's all right; she hasn't been shaved to-day."

To say I was surprised would be putting my mental condition mildly. It happened that I knew the female in question, but had never noticed an abnormal growth of hair on her face.

* * *

However I ascertained afterward that she had to be shaved every day, and furthermore, that she was only one of many who are likewise afflicted. I am told that a young woman who is an expert with a razor, visits these ladies daily and deftly removes all traces of a beard, and then makes up the face so that their dearest friends never suspect the character of the operation they have undergone. Of course it must be done every day. A physician to whom I mentioned the fact attributes the growth of hair to the inordinate use of grease cosmetics. It may be there is something in this theory, but the fact remains that if this peculiarity becomes much more general we will soon have to establish female tonsorial parlors. Fancy the beau of the future hearing the voice of his charmer over the balustrades:

"I'm shaving, Charlie, but will be down in five minutes."

* * *

THE WILL of the late E. L. Goldstein, admitted to probate a few days ago, disposes of an estate nearer in the neighborhood of two, than of one million dollars. He was, in his way, one of the most interesting of the old generation of capitalists. Of humble origin, he was the architect of his own fortune, owing success not so much to increase in values as to foresight and industry. He first rose to the surface as a member of the firm of S. Seller & Co., the leading wholesale grocery firm here in bygone days. This concern did an immense business and its members retired with large accumulations. Goldstein had convinced himself that the leading industry of the State would probably be wine growing, and to that he turned his attention.

* * *

He founded the house of B. Dreyfuss & Co. of which he was head. His accumulations he invested in vineyards in Napa, Sonoma, and other counties. This firm prospered exceedingly, until to-day it is easily the most extensive in the wine business. Mr. Goldstein also became interested in other houses, in Roth Blum & Co's, in Fontana & Co's, and several more, always keeping track of the details of their affairs by means of a memory that his associates speak of as wonderful. He never forgot the details of a conversation, and used often to surprise his family by repeating remarks they had made to him years previously. I know of no one who was a shrewder judge of real estate and of the trend of the city's growth. His calculations in this regard were felicitous, and rich as the estate now is I am sure that at the end of the eight years it is to be administered, it will have doubled in value.

* * *

THE FUNNIEST STORY I have heard recently is that which gives an account of how the last vacancy occurred in the Board of Control of the California League of Progress. This League, as is well known, comprises a choice collection of young business men of San Francisco. It was organized primarily to aid in the construction of more overland railroads and in the establishment of more ocean steamer lines to compete with the Southern Pacific, but it has so far served only to furnish its members with amusement and an opportunity to advertise themselves in the papers. The League proper has what it calls a Board of Control—an *imperium in imperio*, so to speak—which transacts all its business. Among the members of this Board are Henry Sonntag, Harry Wise, John Partridge, Walter Castle, Andrew Carrigan, George Pippy, William Metson, and other young and enterprising business men.

* * *

It seems that some months ago the Board elected Albert Stetson a member. Albert is a son of James B. Stetson, and is Secretary of the California Street Cable Company—a young man whose co-operation, it was thought, would be extremely valuable, inasmuch as his father was at the time President of the Traffic Association. Albert, somewhat flattered by the honor, paid his initiation fee and dues promptly, and entered heartily into the spirit of the League.

Richardson & Robbins' Potted Ham for Picnics and Teas.

But when his father resigned the Presidency of the Traffic Association, his ardor seemed to cool and he began absenting himself from the meetings of the Board of Control. This Board, it may be interjected, is the League, that is, the Board has full power to do everything and is, in fact, all there is of the main organization. After Stetson had failed to appear at two meetings of the Board, the Secretary sent him a note calling his attention to the fact that the by-laws authorize the members to declare the position of any Leaguer vacant who absents himself from three consecutive meetings without a valid excuse.

* * *

When the Board next met Mr. Stetson was not present, but in his place was a polite note stating that owing to a press of "important business" he was unavoidably prevented from attending. It was subsequently ascertained—how, my informant sayeth not—that Mr. Stetson's "important business" on that evening consisted of an engagement to attend a prize fight at the Eddy Street Wigwam. A special meeting of the Board of Control was called soon after at which it was formally stated that such was the fact, and one of the other members was authorized to see Mr. Stetson and inquire about it. This gentleman called at the office of the Cable Company and informed the delinquent Leaguer that he had been directed to ascertain the nature of the business that had kept him away from the meeting of the Board of Control on the evening in question.

"Well," said Mr. Stetson, laughing, "the truth is I attended a fight at the Wigwam on that night. It was a very interesting contest and I hated to miss it."

His brother Leaguer pretended to be somewhat astonished. "Why, Mr. Stetson," he said, "you don't mean to tell me that you consider a prize fight more important than the business of the Board of Control?"

Mr. Stetson reflected a moment and then answered:

"Well, yes; to tell you the truth, I do."

* * *

It is probably unnecessary to say that Mr. Stetson's fellow Leaguer fainted on the spot. Nor ought it to be necessary to record the further fact that when the remark of Mr. Stetson was reported to the Board of Control it did *not* faint, but on the contrary became highly indignant. Its indignation, I am told, like that of the Irish fish-woman whom Daniel O'Connell addressed as a "parallellogram," took the form of retaliatory measures. The woman, it will be remembered, threw a pail of disemboweled fish at O'Connell. The Board of Control "fired" Stetson instanter and sent him a bill for his dues. It was some days ere a reply came, but when it did it ran something to this effect: "The manner of my withdrawal, I think, has the legal effect of remitting whatever indebtedness stands against me. I have no objection to paying the bill if it will be put in the form of a charitable contribution. Otherwise, I think, we are square."

But the funniest thing about the story is Mr. Stetson's opinion that a prize fight is more important than the business of the Board of Control. The more I think it over, however, the more I am inclined myself to coincide in that opinion.

* * *

STILL VACANT is the presidency of the State University. The Regents are anxious to appoint Professor Moses, but to his incumbency there is decided opposition in the faculty. Professor Howison in particular will have none of him; Professor Kellogg naturally resents his promotion, and altogether the horizon is by no means clear of clouds. Just why some of the rest have been so outspoken in their dissent is a mystery to me. Moses is an able man even if he be averse to athletics. The chances are, therefore, that after the criticism his supposed distates have evoked he will patronize muscle developing as none of his predecessors ever did. An excellent opportunity has been afforded him of learning frankly what he is thought of.

* * *

On excellent authority I have it that there are at least a dozen men of Eastern distinction who would be glad to come to California if asked. The University has a far higher standing than is ordinarily supposed. Indeed, President Elliot, of Harvard, classes it among the five leading institutions of the country. In selecting Professor Moses, the Regents are but following the advice of the prominent educators who visited here a few months ago. His attainments seemed to have impreseed them; that they favored him for any ulterior motive is incredible. Against the candidacy of Professor Kellogg the strongest argument is that he has not taken advantage of his chances.

* * *

The opportunity to exhibit power was given him. He failed to make use of it, and though he enjoys the good wishes of the faculty, that is because he permits them to follow their own wishes and is not severe.

* * *

THE DEFICIENCIES of local organists have been so often exploited without result that it seems useless returning to the charge. However, here is Mr. Searles presenting a magnificent organ to Grace Church—an organ that might be made yield up treasures of delicious music and it remains in the charge of Mr. Bosworth. Against this gentleman I have nothing personally. He is an excellent musician, conscientious in his efforts, doubtless. That he is a second-rate organist must be apparent to everyone who knows aught about the instrument. To make this church the most popular in town is only a matter of finding a competent performer.

* * *

In the First Congregational Church there is the magnificent organ presented by Mrs. Crocker Alexander. This, too, is a fine instrument. Few churches in the country have its superior. Yet it is manipulated by Sam Mayer, who, however clever in his way, is absolutely unequal to the task of utilizing its resources. The tiny organ in the Masonic Temple has all the stops Mr. Mayer requires for the development of his harmonies. Irrespective of the eloquence of its pastor think of the superb congregations that might easily be gathered to hear a clever player. If the trustees would but devote a few hundred dollars per month to acquiring a first-class man, I have no doubt the collections would more than balance the outlay.

* * *

To Professor Eimer I have several times offered my respects. To say he is inferior to the others would, perhaps, savor of exaggeration. He has been so long manipulating an ancient organ at old St. Mary's that he is quite at sea on the magnificent instrument in the new Cathedral. Like his colleagues he is absolutely unfitted to do justice to its resources. The result is that those who are not religious are offered no inducements to attend mass while those who are musical as well as devout, find the services a penance. As for the singing at the Cathedral the subject is much too painful to touch upon. These three men have been incumbents of their positions so many years that there is a disposition against disturbing them.

* * *

But for this I presume they would have been replaced long ago. That good instruments should be permitted to waste their sweetness because of a sentiment is ridiculous from an artistic point of view. That a change would hurt the feelings of Messrs. Eimer Bosworth, and Mayer I have no doubt, but think of the satisfaction thus afforded a community with thousands of musical ears in it.

* * *

THAT DOCTORS DIFFER is a fortunate circumstance, with an appreciable effect on the death-rate. Imagine the disastrous results of general agreement. The happy accident, so salient a feature in the manufacture of great medical reputations, would cease being a live curative issue, and I feel certain the result would be in the nature of a perpetual epidemic. However, I set out to discuss the characteristics of some local homeopathists, not the deficiencies of a profession by means of which certain brainy men are enabled to drive round in victorias. The great difference between allopathy and homeopathy is imagination. The latter has more respect for its functions than the former. If we are to consider both a bluff, the disciples of Hahneman are gentler in their defiance than their rivals.

* * *

Of course there rolls between the two schools a gulf to which that of Mexico is a mere inlet. Practitioners of the new system allude to exponents of the old as butchers. They in turn

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speak of the dispensers of pills and globules as quacks. However, both have their virtues. It is agreeable to believe so, at least, because of their success in concealing them. There are some sixty-three full-fledged homeopathic physicians in San Francisco, many of them perfect ladies. To particularize half by name would be to convert THE WAVE into a directory—an ambition I have no desire to gratify. There is Dr. Eckel, probably the oldest and one of the most successful among local disciples of Hahneman. He is reputed rich, has a fine house on Geary Street, and several marked eccentricities. Practically retired, he continues to make a specialty of children's diseases.

* * *

Then, there is Dr. Albertson to whom fortune has also been kind. He is quiet, unassuming, and possesses a smile that is more effective than the entire contents of a drug store. His manner is really most agreeable, and though he, too, is out of active practice, some of his old patients would order coffins if he refused to come to them. About the Doctors Hiller I could say much. The story of that ruptured partnership clings to my memory after all these years. In those days Damon and Pythias were distant compared to Dr. F. and Dr. D. A. Of course, F. married and D. A. posed as the bachelor uncle, declaring at due intervals that he intended leaving his accumulations to the little family of nephews and nieces. Their bank account they had in common, and if Dr. D. A. did not draw as much as Dr. F. he understood that families are expensive. One day, however, there came into the former's life a widow. She was rich and had physical attractions of a type so alluring that D. A. abandoned his ambition to enrich his brother's family. He married.

* * *

At a blow all the sentiment between the two disappeared. Dr. D. A. demanded an accounting and set up for himself. Dr. F. retaliated by proceeding legally against D. A. to prevent him using the important and valuable name of Hiller. They fought for some time and I really forget who won. Nowadays there is a F. Hiller, Jr., in active practice working up a business for the days to come. To come down, or rather up, to date there is Dr. Ward who has probably the leading homeopathic practice of San Francisco. That he is bright, capable, and competent I once heard an allopathist admit, though the verdict is backed by an income of perhaps $25,000 per annum. Rather given to surgery, the Fabiola Hospital is a pet institution of his, and many an interesting operation he has conducted there. Speak it not louder than a whisper, but Dr. Ward is a little fond of taking chances, but he is clever if daring and occasionally effects cures that his friends have called brilliant.

* * *

If Dr. Ward has the largest, Dr. Breyfogle has the best practice among San Francisco homeopathists. The latter is dignified, reliable, interesting—he makes a great deal of money, is good looking, and is exceedingly popular with the fair sex. Indeed, even his enemies admit he has flashes of brilliancy, and I leave you to imagine what his friends claim. There is Dr. Boericke, among the most prominent of the younger men. He, too, has a select practice, but being blessed with an abundancy of this world's goods, does not exert himself terrifically in chasing the almighty dollar. A thorough student, he is fond of delving into the mysteries of interesting cases, and some of his patients have dubbed him peculiar because he is quite often preoccupied. Dr. Davis, I am told, is reckoned one of the ablest of them all. He is quite a thinker—cares more for books than practice, makes a good living, of course, but not the income that would be his if he tried as hard as Dr. Ward, for instance. In methods he is daring and a trifle impatient and I believe if he can be accused of a weakness, it is for mining.

* * *

Dr. Martin belongs to the rising young physician type. Rather boyish looking he is yet dignified enough to command the respect of an extensive clientele. He is really brainy, works hard in adding to his knowledge of the profession, dabbles in experiments, and is regarded as the legitimate successor of Dr. Ward, when that worthy has real estate enough to retire. I should have spoken about Dr. Curtis before. Bluff, unassuming, reliable, he has little of the smoothness of a few of his compatriots. Among his patients numbers the Stanfords. Well on in years is Dr. Curtis, but having for the last decade enjoyed a comfortable income, has no cause to repine. Dr. Palmer has a practice that nets him at least $20,000 per annum. For some time he was associated with Dr. Albertson, and when that worthy relapsed into private life, inherited his business. He drives a fine team, is a dextrous surgeon, as Dr. Curtis also is, and succeeds in being so unassuming that no one suspects him of so large a revenue.

* * *

Among the great majority less known to fame is Dr. Albert Wheeler whom one speaks of as a coming man. Dr. Wheeler has been here only a limited time, but is building up an interesting practice. He had an excellent reputation in New York before he sought these Western shores. In Alameda is Dr. Tisdale, who has quite an endowment of versatility. He is rather prominent in politics, writes well, and talks better, has any amount of go and push, and, besides, is thoroughly well posted in homeopathy. Were he not endowed with a rich father, he would be less of an Admirable Crichton and have more of a practice. Then, there is Dr. Peterson who is slow, methodical, careless of manner, but right up to date on every thing pertaining to eye, ear, and throat. He always purchases the very newest apparatus, generally has at least one good story which he tells in a dry way, and, above all, is a gentleman—the latter quite a unique characteristic.

* * *

It would hardly do to forget Dr. J. E. Lilienthal, whose father was among the most prominent homeopathists in the country. Besides being an insanity commissioner he is a clever physician, and is not inclined to underestimate his powers. His connections are all that an aspiring professional man could desire. After dealing with the men, it now behooves me to speak of the ladies. To homeopathy they take with a naturalness that arouses suspicion. Perhaps it is because there is less danger of assassination in the use of globules and tinctures than in the administering of the more desperate remedies allopathists prescribe. There is Dr. Saltonstall, for instance. She is a species of female prototype of Dr. Ward, who, indeed, turns over to her much of his surplus business. She has been a success, and makes an income, her friends allege, of over $10,000 per annum. Someone tells me Dr. Saltonstall is a trifle cold in manner, but she is smart and decidedly clever in more ways than one.

* * *

Dr. Mary G. Edmonds has also an excellent practice. She is the widow of the late Judge Edmonds who left her with but little money. Deciding it was necessary to earn her own living, she turned to, studied both the allopathic and homeopathic systems and became a full-fledged doctor. Her income is now quite considerable, greater, indeed, than that of her husband when he departed this life. There is Dr. Jean Deweese, once well known in Society. She comes of a prominent Southern family and undertook the study of medicine after domestic difficulties had thrown her on her own resources. She, too, has achieved a great success, and though in practice but a few years is quite prosperous and grows gradually more so. However, she happens to be a bright clever woman, of charming manners and appearance. There are many more, but, as I have said, my ambition is not that of a cataloguist.

* * *

After all is said against homeopathy, one must not forget the incident of Mr. Chapman, of Watsonville. Being of an inquiring turn of mind he devoted himself to describing exactly the symptoms of a certain stomach trouble he suffered from. These he embodied in the form of a letter, copies of which he addressed to twelve allopathic and twelve homeopathic physicians. In each envelope he enclosed a five-dollar bill, and the names selected were among the most prominent in the country. From the twenty-four he received answers, and one bill came back. It was from a single allopathist, who declined to treat without seeing him. The other eleven sent prescriptions—each entirely different. Then came the twelve homeopathists. To his surprise they were all agreed—they prescribed *bycopodium*. For thoughtful people there is a great deal in the little story.

* * *

IN THE MIDST of the matrimonial epidemic that seems prevalent in Oakland, I venture to offer this tale of the courtship of an heiress. If it has a moral those who are

fond of finding such things are welcome to it. She was the beautiful and only daughter of fond parents, who are immensely wealthy, and, like most girls, had an admirer. He had been her companion since the sweet days of childhood, and as they grew up together their friendship increased. Hers remained just a pure, honest fondness, but his, under her budding beauty and manifold charms, ripened into love—a fact that was finally noted by the parents. They had no objection, particularly, to a union between the two and spoke one evening to her concerning her future and the possibility of marriage to her adorer. She explained her sentiments and avowed that though she liked him as a friend, she did not love him as she hoped she would her husband.

* * *

"Then in that case," said the father, "you should not encourage him as you do. I will tell him of your feelings and I am sure he will see the point and give you up."

"No," returned the daughter, "that won't do at all. He will feel offended if you speak to him about it. Leave it to me. You can sit in the dining-room to-morrow when he calls and through the half-opened doors can hear just what I will say to him."

* * *

This was agreed upon and at the appointed time the young suitor called. The Oakland maiden, after the usual preliminaries of conversation had been past, plunged in thus:

"Will you believe that I am very unhappy and feel sure that you can assist me?"

He was all attention at once. She continued impressively:

"I want to get married and I don't know of anyone else whose assistance I would care to ask but you. Now, cannot you tell me of some nice young man who will suit me and won't you introduce him to me?" Then she described her ideal—the direct antithesis in every way of her listener, who, of course, expected a word portrait of himself. After thinking very seriously for awhile he said he would do the best he could, and soon afterward went home. When he had gone the girl appeared before her parents and said:

"Now he understands that I do not love him."

Six months later she married a poor young man in Oakland and they are living very happily together.

* * *

I AM SURE every one will agree with me that one of the best fellows in the Bohemian Club is George Nagle. It will grieve every one who ever met him to learn that he has been in an abyss of woe for the past three months. Chief among his admirers is young Glenn, a son of the great wheat man in Northern California, who contemplated, among other enterprises, a grand tour of the world. Nothing would do but that George must accompany him. Of course the latter is in business, and it was something of an undertaking to arrange his affairs so that he could be gone for any lengthy period of time, but when Glenn pictured the delights of six months in Japan, and a three months' visit to the Rajah of Jeejeepore, in Central India, George fell on his neck and cried, "I am yours."

* * *

Nagle's friends in the Club gave him three farewell dinners to which he responded with three farewell breakfasts. Afternoon teas at Nob Hill had all the napkins marked: "Farewell to George Nagle," while worked on top of the sponge cake, in letters of white sugar, were "To our darling G" and "*Au revoir*, George." The daintiest of all the gifts, however, was a pair of rose silk pajamas, with his initials embroidered in forget-me-nots. This was the delicate needle work of a smitten maiden of sweet eighteen. Alas! There was an awful *denouement*. Mr. Glenn came in great grief to his friend's residence early one morning and told him the journey would have to be postponed a year. They wept in each other's arms, but that did no good, for it was pressing business that delayed Glenn's departure.

* * *

As for George, he was inconsolable, and in his wretchedness would not venture to face the world. He departed for a quiet place in the country without saying good-bye, and there he stayed in utter seclusion. The many sighing maidens murmured: "Ah, how could George have gone off without saying good-bye," while lots of clubmen said that George had such a tender heart he had quietly gone down to the boat alone, so as not to give them the pain of tearful farewells.

It was only last week that he returned to town to tell the real story.

* * *

The stress of religion will change the heart of woman upon almost any subject but one—that of fashion. Two female workers of the Salvation Army were stationed on the granite steps of the First Congregational Church, where Mr. Mills was holding a revival meeting, with the evident intention of selling copies of the *War Cry*. The worshipers were going up the steps in twos and threes, but do you think the blue-gowned lassies attempted to sell any papers? Oh, no. But every dress that came along received a careful scrutiny and, like Lot's wife, they often turned around to examine them more closely. Of such is the kingdom of woman.

* * *

NOT BEING a member of the "Army of Heaven at Hand," I suppose I have no right to interfere in its affairs; but if General Stephen Maybell, its Commander-in-Chief, will pardon a slight intrusion, I would like to address him a few words of advice and caution. If he is anything like mankind in general, I presume he will tell me to give my advice to the dogs. But I shall not do so. The dogs might be glad to get it—they certainly would if they were sensible dogs—but on this occasion I do not intend to be put off by any such direction. This, for two reasons. First, I am morally convinced he needs the advice, and, second, I feel certain if it is not heeded he will be in danger of future physical violence. Indeed, my counsel is very pertinent at the present time. General Maybell, I am informed, is about to undertake a journey to New York for the purpose of spreading the gospel of the "Heaven at Hand." Going to New York as the "Army" is now organized, I can assure him, is dangerous business.

* * *

My advice to Steve is either to resign the position of Poet Laureate of the "Army of Heaven at Hand" or remain in California. Of course the General is a poet. I am willing to admit that. But his talents are not suited to the New York market. His poetry is too breezy—too ambitious, as it were—it flavors too strongly of the Coast winds—to go down with the Eastern people. If he should ever spring on a Gotham audience the original hymns sung on the occasion of his recent marriage at Metropolitan Temple there is no telling what might happen him. They might do as the audience did in the days of Ben Jonson. When they disliked a new play they stoned the actors and tossed the author in a blanket. Just think of the following hymn being sung east of the Rocky Mountains:

We are coming from the mountain and the plain,
For the Lord, for the Lord!
And *we* are in the battle to remain,
Till we win salvation for the Nation.

We'll wave the starry banner in the skies,
For the Lord, for the Lord!
And, with drum and bugle, bid the people rise
And win salvation for the Nation.

* * *

I agree with Steve that this is noble poetry, giving utterance to a noble sentiment, but I must contend that it cannot be used with safety outside of San Francisco. His method of supplying syllables by emphasizing words is original, but I fear a New York audience listening to such poetry for the first time would insist on making the acquaintance of

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Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

the author immediately. Some of Steve's other hymns would be certain to bring about a similar result. For instance, listen to this one, which is entitled "The Party of Jesus," as distinguished from the Democratic and Republican parties:

There's only one party for you and for me,
There's only one party to set us all free;
There's only one party to set us all free,
And that is the party of Jesus.

There's only one party to ransom the slave,
There's only one party the Nation to save,
There's only one party the Lord ever gave,
And that is the party of Jesus.

The "feet" of this lay are more satisfactory than the other, and the sentiment is quite as good, but the danger is that the New Yorkers might think Steve was trying to start a new political party. There is the suggestion of the emancipation of slaves. The only slaves in New York at the present time are the slaves of strong drink. They swarm everywhere, and it would never do to sing any such song as this in their presence. The slaves of strong drink in New York enjoy their slavery. They do not wish to be emancipated.

* * *

General Maybell's noblest hymn, however, which is entitled, "God and Heaven Here," might answer were it not for the chorus. It is adapted to the tune of "We're Marching to Zion," and is as follows:

Come all who love the Lord,
And in our ranks enroll;
Come and join the Savior's cause;
Come and join the Savior's cause,
And we'll redeem the whole;
And we'll redeem the whole.

Behold our martial host!
In battle line appear—
Hear, O hear our rallying cry;
Hear, O hear our rallying cry,
For God and Heaven here;
For God and Heaven here.

Then let our songs abound,
And dry be every tear.
We are on Immanuel's ground;
We are on Immanuel's ground;
And we'll build Heaven here;
And we'll build Heaven here.

The chorus of which I have spoken runs thus:

We're marching to freedom—
Beautiful, beautiful freedom!
Marching on to freedom,
The beautiful freedom of God.

The New Yorkers who never saw Freedom and who do not know how really beautiful she is, would never stand this chorus. If the General cannot compose another chorus I would advise him to leave this hymn behind. I think if he is going to travel, however, that he had better abandon his entire poetic collection and select a new Poet Laureate from among the *Call's* bards. I do not deny that Steve is a poet, as I have previously remarked, but he ought to confine himself to translations from the Greek and Latin into heroic couplets. His genius is altogether too robust for Scriptural poetry.

The Witness.

FASHIONS AND FANCIES.

FOR THE LADIES.

Autumn fabrics are rapidly putting in an appearance, and the variety shown is so great that it takes clever discrimination to know what to select. For the girl who is fortunate enough to look forward to the possession of two or three winter street gowns, the choice does not have to be made with so practical an eye, but the girl who is limited to but one street dress a season must be most conservative in her selection if she would remain fairly well satisfied until the spring days.

Figured materials, fortunately, are scarce, and when they do appear are to be avoided, especially when the dress is to be one for frequent use, as there is nothing one wearies of so soon as striking designs in dress fabrics.

* * *

Delightful plaids in exquisite woolen reps have the handsome Scotch colorings and combinations, but seem to be Americanized in the blocks and stripes, better, I imagine, to suit stout figures. Although these goods are sure to be very fashionable, yet they are too conspicuous for frequent wear, and are only satisfactory when used in handsome fabrics.

* * *

Plain surface English suitings with tiny dots and stripes are shown in endless variety, and are by far the most satisfactory for all-round wear. If you can have but one frock let your choice be made in this class of goods; if you are to have a number, you will find a simple one of this kind indispensable.

* * *

One dress pattern in indigo serge has a tiny red overshot dot; a deep plum color cheviot is toned down by clusters of black stripes, and a third is an almost invisible check in dark blue and brown combination. These goods should be made as simply as possible, usually handsome buttons forming the only trimming.

* * *

The fur wrap, of wraps this season, will be, of course, the cape, but it will be longer than usual, and, consequently, more expensive. Cut simpler and straight, it will fall from six to eight inches below the waist. These capes are finished with a deep flaring or rolling collar, and are made up in the usual variety of furs. Of course, seal skin is always handsome, though sable, minx, and fox will be the fashionable selections.

* * *

Gray-blue and dark-blue mantles for driving or walking are a series of four scant capes, each bordered with black corded lace with straight edges, like those of insertion. A brilliant red cloth cape is similarly fashioned, and a rouche of the lace trims the neck very full and high.

* * *

Care given to the details of one's toilette is rarely misplaced. That is one great secret of the Frenchwoman's success. It is the proper care and placing given to trifles which make her costume so attractive. We have not learned that art yet. The majority of American women are apt to neglect one accessory which spoils the whole, no matter how well selected every other article she wears may be. A heavy glove with a light costume; a veil with an uneaven edge, low shoes on a damp day, and we see only those faults and overlook all that might otherwise please. This must be a reason for the list of little details which I give thinking them as important in their place as the new frocks and wraps are.

White gloves have had their day, and the dainty suede in neutral tints will again be choice for calling and theatre use; heavy stitching will be but little used on these. Evening gloves should match, as should the hose and slippers, exactly the costume they are to be worn with. Gloves for traveling and street use are best in heavy kid or Russia leather with four large buttons. White veils, also veils with large figures, are soon to pass away, and in their place we have again the fine tulle or webs with small figures or dots. If the costume will admit of the color there is nothing more becoming than a very thin red tulle veil.

Low shoes are now tied on the instep with large square bows of ribbon. The Blucher cut is the correct one for high and low shoes particularly in patent and Russia leathers.

MME. X.

CHICAGO AND NEW YORK FLYER.

To the readers of THE WAVE: If you are "in the swim" and are contemplating a trip East you will see that your tickets read *via* the UNION PACIFIC, THE ONLY LINE RUNNING PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM SLEEPING CARS AND DINING CARS, SAN FRANCISCO TO CHICAGO WITHOUT CHANGE and making direct connection in Chicago with the fast limited trains for all Eastern cities; ONLY THREE AND ONE HALF DAYS TO CHICAGO; ONLY FOUR AND ONE HALF DAYS TO NEW YORK. This line also runs select Tourist excursions through to Boston every Thursday in charge of experienced Managers. For tickets, sleeping car reservations, and full particulars, apply to D. W. Hitchcock, General Agent, Union Pacific Sys., No. 1 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, or G. F. Herr, Passenger Agent, 229 South Spring Street, Los Angeles.

Laundry Farm still continues to draw crowds every Sunday. As a picnic resort for parties desiring to spend a day or a few hours in the hills it easily takes first rank. Here one can forget for a time the struggle for existence, and enjoy to the full the attractions of nature in her most bounteous mood.

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A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—Even if I have not read Laura Jean Libbey's latest, I believe myself safe in asserting that "The O'Connors of Ballinahinch" has reached the literary low water mark. It is the most futile type of rubbish, ridiculously inept, painfully commonplace. Made up according to the recipe which "The Duchess" has unvaryingly followed for a decade past, it is full of fatuous cavalry officers and beauteous Hibernian maidens in reduced circumstances. Said officers proceed to fall in love with aforesaid maidens and the curtain falls amidst an epidemic of matrimony. The striking novelty of the situations these unique episodes develop I leave to your imagination. If you value your serenity you will abstain from closer acquaintance with Kitty, who is fair and plump and blue eyed, with Geraldine, who is tall and dark and Spanish, with Molly who has gray eyes and resembles her grandmother.

When younger and more ignorant than I now am, a favorite idea of mine ascribed general diffusion to talent. The publication of certain books I attributed to the kindliness of publishers. It seemed to me they must be continually in receipt of masterpieces which they refrained from printing because the writers happened to lack personal attractiveness. Influence, was another factor—perhaps policy. Some exterior reason must, it seemed to me, explain the existence of so much literary balderdash. Now, however, after spending weeks in reading manuscript and endeavoring to detect one touch of ability, one trace of capacity, I have abandoned my theory, and conclude that publishers are not necessarily the fools of literature. It seems to me if novelists would but abandon their claims to inspiration and regard their work as a business, as doctoring and engineering are, the world would have less shoddy and more of the broadcloth of literature.

The advent in fiction of a relative of the eminent Dickens, partakes of the nature of a literary event. "Cross Currents," by Mary Angela Dickens, is not liable to make a sensation even from the point of view of heredity. Rather an interesting story of no great pretensions, as the work of a beginner it ought to attract attention. Though it cannot be called promising, it is by no means poor. The heroine, Selma, is eminently beautiful and possesses dramatic genius. She is about to make her debut when she falls deeply in love with a very manly and unintellectual young man named Roger. Her instructor, who is also her admirer, an actor of the Irving type named Tyrrell, advises against matrimony as a bar to her ambitions. At first she is deaf to his objections; then, learning her substitute is developing ability, she decides to abandon her domestic aspirations and become famous. She does. Of course Roger is very unhappy, goes to America, and, in the course of a few chapters, recovers and weds another girl. She suffers throughout the volume; refuses the proposal of the great actor who has maneuvered to marry her, and, in the last paragraph, stands "quietly looking into the fast darkening evening—alone.'

The assumption meant to be conveyed is, I presume, that one cannot afford to disregard a natural impulse. Had Selma married Roger, undoubtedly she would have tired of him after a few months had gone. Then, had she left him for the stage, her life would contain no regrets. It is the "what might have been" that is the deepest source of pain. One episode in the volume I have puzzled over—the relations between Lady Latter and Actor Tyrrell. The former is an ugly female with a scathing tongue, and the appearance of the mummer is the signal for an attack. The instances of her powers presented by Miss Dickens do not strike one as especially awe-inspiring, but being trenchant is hard work nowadays. However, after sundry indicated encounters, they shake hands, and, subsequently, Tyrrell goes to Greece—has no letters sent him, and returns looking weary, worn, and cynical, dark shadows round his eyes, etc. He is at pains to tell his sister he is alone. Query—Where was Lady Latter, who, in a chapter towards the close, interferes in his affairs as though she had a right to?

Would you do some serious reading as an antidote to the foregoing, take up and run through a neat little volume entitled "From the Books of Laurence Hutton." The well-known critic and essayist has gathered herein a series of essays contributed from time to time to the magazines. They are cleverly written in a smooth, graceful style, and are eminently readable. Mrs. Atherton publishes in *Lippincott's* a California novel, "The Doomswoman," which I have not yet read. I cannot claim myself the most ardent admirer of the authoress of "Los Cerritos," but my inability to appreciate her brilliant qualities is, doubtless, due to a lack of taste on my part. It is a consolation, however, that I have both brethren and sistern in my misfortune. A capital magazine is the last number of *Current Literature*. The make-up has again been changed, and it appears now in the double-column style which most of the monthlies affect. As a matter of fact, it is full of interesting reading, delicious poetry, and scraps and sketches gleaned from the journals of the month.

ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The O'Connors of Ballinahinch," by the Duchess. The Hovendon Company, publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Cross Currents," by Mary Angela Dickens. D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"From the Books of Laurence Hutton," by Laurence Hutton. Harper & Bros., publishers. For sale by Payot, Upham & So.

"Current Literature." Current Literature Publishing Company, New York.

AN EXHIBITION OF CERAMICS.

Sanborn, Vail & Co. announce a novelty that will be both pleasing and artistic. They propose having an exhibition at their large establishment on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue, of ceramic painting by local artists. The exhibition will open on September 13th, and close on September 17th. So much attention has been paid of late to this beautiful line of art work that we have not the slightest doubt but that there will be much competition for supremacy. Either professionals or amateurs can exhibit, and full particulars regarding the method of exhibiting may be obtained at the Art Department. As far as we know, this will be the first exhibition of the kind ever held in this city, and it is certainly a laudable effort on the part of Messrs. Sanborn, Vail & Co. in encouraging the latent talent that must exist, of which there has been so little opportunity for display.

Chappy (growing chummy with the Proprietor while he sips his Sec leisurely)—What do you generally take after champagne?

Proprietor—Four dollars!—*Town Topics.*

IRVING HALL

TUESDAY EVENING, September 13th, 1892

ONLY RECITAL IN SAN FRANCISCO

WM. H. SHERWOOD

The Renowned American Pianist, in a carefully selected programme.

Admission (including reserved seat) $1 00

Sale of seats begins Thursday morning, Sept. 8th, at Kohler & Chase's Music House, 26, 28, 30 O'Farrell Street.

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The Wave

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, September 3, 1892.

THE HAWAIIAN TARIFF ACT.

The attitude of my high-protection Republican contemporaries toward the tariff schedule recently passed by the Hawaiian Legislature appears to me to be slightly inconsistent. These fellows do not seem to like their own medicine, no matter in how small doses it may be administered to them. In the United States they think high protective tariffs are excellent things, but in foreign countries even revenue tariffs are objectionable and disgusting. When the Queen of Clubs who rules over the Hawaiian Islands desires to replenish her depleted Treasury by fleecing her subjects according to the rule of high protection, they declare that she is mad.

But let us see about that. The favorite argument of the protectionist is that the foreigner pays all the tariff taxes of the country to which he exports. That is, if an article is brought to this country from England, the man who brings it, not the man who buys it here, pays the tariff tax upon it. If this is true, how can the Kanakas be robbed, as my protection contemporaries seem to fear, by their new revenue law? The tariff taxes will be paid by the merchants of San Francisco, and they will get their goods as cheap as ever! How funny this argument sounds when we apply it to our own affairs.

The beneficent features of the Hawaiian tariff become strikingly apparent when we look at it as an instrument for stimulating "home industry" in the Islands. There is no "home industry" there now, but it is quite certain that if the Kanakas submit to the fleecing process for fifteen or twenty years they will by that time have several rich manufacturers among them. These manufacturers will generously give employment to large numbers of Hawaiians at the lowest figure at which they will work. Besides they may experience the ineffable blessings of "truck" stores, tenement houses, strikes, boodle politics and all the other things that accompany a thieving, smuggling, log-rolling and corrupt Custom House oligarchy. For all these things the Hawaiians will be truly grateful, of course.

MR. McNULTY'S CASE.

A striking instance of the inability of the Law, as administered in this town, to execute itself is furnished by the case of Mr. John McNulty. Many years ago Mr. McNulty while intoxicated killed a gentleman named Collins. He was promptly arrested and took up his residence at the County Jail. After several years had elapsed he was tried and convicted. Then his case was taken to the Supreme Court, where, after several more years, it was decided against him. Then he was returned to the Superior Court and sentenced to be hanged. Shortly before this event the Governor reprieved him, pending the discovery of some new and startling evidence which existed entirely in the mind of his lawyer.

Finally the day to which the reprieve extended, which happened to be last Friday, was reached. Then the Sheriff refused to hang him on the ground that the Governor's reprieve did not state the hour and minute to which his life had been extended. Consequently Mr. McNulty is still alive.

There now yawns before the lawyers engaged on his case a maze of technicalities and a cyclone of argument that is truly appalling. Constitutional principles without end, hundreds of decisions of Supreme Courts, appeals, exceptions, demurrers, and writs of *habeas corpus* galore, stand between Mr. McNulty and the gallows. He is certain to die of old age in the County Jail long before his case is now finally adjudicated, for, although killing a man in this town is a light and airy incident, hanging one it seems is a mighty serious matter.

It occurs to me, however, that Mr. McNulty's case, when subjected to close legal logic, is simple enough. He was sentenced to die on a certain day. Legally, he must have died. There can be no escape from that conclusion. Neither Judge Murphy, nor any other autocrat of the ermine, has any right to look beyond the death warrant by which Mr. McNulty's fate was sealed. Furthermore, he is no longer legally in the County Jail. The Sheriff should throw the door of his cell open and air it, for legally, it is empty. If McNulty is in there he should be ejected as an interloper. He has no more right longer to board at the County Jail than I have. Legally he is dead, and he cannot, legally, board at all. If Judge Murphy ever summons him into Court again he will be dealing with a legal corpse, for in the eye of the Law Mr. McNulty is sublimated matter—a ghost so to speak.

I think I shall hereafter spell Law in this town with a small l.

THE MARCH OF THE CHOLERA.

If the cholera scare that the doctors all over the world are now engaged in fomenting, results in scaring Superintendent Gilleran into flushing the sewers of this town, it will have served a useful purpose at all events. If they are left much longer unflushed the cholera need not trouble itself about visiting us. We will breed some of our own. The law requires the Superintendent of Streets to flush the sewers at stated periods, but he never does so until he is confronted either with the diphtheria, cholera, or small-pox. So far as the cholera of Asia is concerned, however, cleaning the sewers will not eradicate it. Once in twelve years it starts on a pilgrimage around the world. It consumes all the material that crosses its track on the way and laughs at quarantines quite as gleefully as love laughs at locksmiths.

It has always been a mystery to me why the European physicians, knowing the origin of this epidemic as well as they do, do not take measures to suppress it. Pilgrims travel from India to the head waters of the River Ganges every season, but once in twelve years from two to three million of them congregate at Hurdwar, where the sanitary conditions are frightful. During the greater portion of a week in the heat of midsummer they bathe in the holy river and drink the dirty, fetid water.

The cholera always breaks out and hundreds of the pilgrims die on the spot. Those who escape spread the disease throughout Asia, and by degrees it works its way westward along the channels of commerce until it has encircled the globe. The fact that these twelfth year holy festivals at Hurdwar breed the Asiatic cholera is well known to all European physicians (for several of them have traced its origin and course again and again) and yet no measures are taken to suppress them. A few batteries of British artillery planted on the banks of the Ganges with orders to shell these dirty pilgrims when they show up to take their baths every twelve years, would soon make the Asiatic cholera a mere memory.

Now that the State Committees of the two great parties have arranged the tariff debate between Mr. Estee and Mr. White, everybody ought to breathe easier. I have been lying awake nights for weeks fearing that Chairmen Popper and Meyers would fail to agree in this matter. But now I rejoice to know that Mr. Estee and Mr. White intend in October to attack the Tariff Question. It is long odds that the Tariff Question will be knocked out in four rounds.

* * *

Miss Lizzie Borden, the Massachusetts girl, who is charged with having chopped off the heads of her father and mother in order that she might the more speedily inherit their property, is described by the reporters in attendance upon her trial as a "pretty" young lady. Never having seen her, perhaps I am not qualified to express an opinion, but if she resembles her portrait as printed in the *Examiner* the other day, I should dislike to meet her on a dark night unless fully armed.

* * *

Fresno appears to be a warm place for persons who entertain "opinions." Within three months the denizens of that place have thrashed a newspaperman and killed a lawyer who disagreed with them. At this rate it will not be long before everybody in Fresno will hold the same views.

MUSIC.

BENDIX RECITAL.

Before the opening of the musical season proper the pianoforte recitals have commenced, and there is probability of quite a harvest in the near future. Mr. Otto Bendix gave the first on Tuesday evening last, he will be followed on the thirteenth by Mr. William H. Sherwood, also reciting in Irving Hall. In connection with recitals given by pianists of reputation there are several distinguishing features, among them the most characteristic is the gathering of more than a sufficiency of people of taste whose powers of discrimination are encouragingly well developed.

No instrument has been more heartily and universally derided than the piano. Its status as a medium for ridicule has grown into something almost venerable—nearly as venerable as the perpetrated jokes themselves. Still an artist of reputation will have sufficient drawing power to attract an audience made up principally of people who have given to the study of the instrument some effort. It matters not how gifted or accomplished an artist may be, the knowledge that his audience is as familiar with his programme as himself creates that anxiety and the nervous tension to have everything absolutely finished, which, in most cases, defeats its own end. Artists know full well how simple the possession of an ideal is, and how next to impossible it is to attain it.

The consciousness that the last word has not been said upon methods, styles, and mechanical means, obtrudes itself upon the most confidently case-hardened of pianistical egoists, and especially so before an audience composed in some measure of specialists themselves. Pianists of average talent whose technical education was founded twenty years ago, labor under extraordinary disadvantages. Since that time the whole system of manual training has undergone an extraordinary modification. The public ear has been educated by the best pianists to the expectation of something more than rapid and articulate finger-strokes. In the matter of tone, the ideal itself is changed. The performances of the great artists evince the same desire, achieved with sometimes opposite means, that is, the production of as much tone with as little impact. Short tone in players and instruments is regarded as the first deficiency and the greatest. In the manufacture of pianos every means for enhancing the power and duration of the sound-wave produced by the impact of hammer with string is developed to the fullest known extent, and the ingenuity of hundreds is applied to the task of discovering higher developments.

The general supposition that piano playing has arrived at the millennium is as false as the average standard of taste is. Only within the last generation has the power of analysis been applied generally by teachers, and those teachers have not been traveling *virtuosi*. The *virtuosi* possess the intuitive perception and ability to accomplish mechanical feats as well as the artistic use of them, while the great teachers have been denied only the power of accomplishment. The practical failure of the gifted teachers has been the cause of the development and culture of the muscular system as applied to piano playing. Without the unthinking facility of texture, which comes with the genuine *virtuoso*, the best teachers have possessed a concentration and power of thought and invention, which if carried out will equal the results attained by the most naturally talented. Piano playing of ordinary performers to-day is incomparably better than the work done by people of talent whose accomplishments were considered quite uncommon a generation since.

The givers of recitals have thoroughly reflected upon all these developments, and the high standard demanded of them is generally the cause of failures from nervousness and excitement, which are so frequent in public. Mr. Otto Bendix's recital was given by invitation, and hardly warrants criticism viewed independently. His audience was large, and composed principally of musicians and amateurs, who keep a lively interest in things new and of local import. Mr. Bendix's reputation led to the expectation of something quite interesting in the display of pianism, and the audience evidently was of the mind that the performances were worthy of attention, as it remained attentive throughout a long programme. It is to be hoped Mr. Bendix will give other performances where public criticism is less a matter of etiquette.

LESLEY MARTIN.

LAWN TENNIS.

The Annual Championship of the Pacific States Lawn Tennis Association for ladies' singles and gentlemen's doubles will commence on Friday next, September 9th, at the courts of the new Oakland Tennis Club, corner of Eleventh and Fifth Avenues, East Oakland, commencing at ten o'clock sharp. The grounds are reached by taking the Broad Gauge train to Clinton Station, then a walk of three blocks east.

The arrival from the East of C. P. Hubbard is awaited anxiously by his many friends, who are anxious to see him play with Haight in defense of the championship, which was won by them at San Rafael last year. By his Eastern experience it is expected that Hubbard has improved his game in some respects, and we are all anxious to see how much better he plays. Should Hubbard not return in time for the event, Haight will play with Charley Bates.

The Oakland Club will be very strongly represented in this year's doubles, and as the contests are to take place on their own grounds, there is no reason why they should not come very near the finish.

The latest team to enter, and a team that will no doubt create world-wide comment, is Wilberforce and Wheaton. They will be known as the blonde team, and it is said that they have ordered their names inscribed upon the prizes, even at this early date, so sure are they of victory.

The ladies' single event will, from present indications, be very much more interesting this year than last, as the entries up to date are more numerous than any former event, and they are, as a rule, more evenly matched than usual.

The United States championship has been decided again for the third consecutive year, in favor of O. S. Campbell, who by his hard-earned victory over Hovey at Newport last Tuesday, now takes possession of the beautiful challenge cup. The score was 7-5; 3-6; 6-3; 7-5. Campbell's European experience seemed to benefit him greatly as his play from the back court was a revelation to his friends, whilst his volleying was as clever as ever.

On Saturday last at Newport the match between Larned and E. L. Hall was one of the most exciting contests of the whole tournament as the score following will show. Larned won a surprising victory by a score of 2-6; 6-0; 6-4; 1-6; 8-6.

The fact of R. D. Wrenn finishing so well up at Newport, being beaten by Hovey in the semi-finals, has placed Hubbard's stock a little higher as the latter defeated Wrenn at Boston.

Mr. Jos. Hunt, ranked among the seven best players at Harvard College, played several sets of doubles with Champion Taylor at Monterey last week against Stetson and DeLong, the latter team were victorious in a two out of three set match.

Tobin has not played tennis since his return from the East, and it is not considered as likely that he will take part in the doubles on the ninth inst.

The Southern California Tennis Association Tournament was concluded Saturday last at Santa Monica. R. P. Carter won the single championship, but lost the doubles with his brother. The ladies' championship was also won by another lady. Altogether the Carter family got a great set back as they were looking forward to a victory in every class.

Mr. C. S. King, the San Lorenzo champion, met with an accident while riding an ordinary bicycle, which will prevent his playing for some time.

Children's handicap tournaments are now the go in England, and may soon be adopted in this country.

Aug Taylor seems to have lost none of his old time strokes during his absence from the tennis court. Stetson had all he could do to defeat the former during the week, and it was thought by many that more of Taylor's lightning drives took the line than Stetson's eagle eye could detect.

THE SCORER.

A NATION OF WINE-DRINKERS.

It is simply astonishing to note the amount of champagne that is drunk in the United States, and statistics will bear us out in the assertion that we are a nation of wine-drinkers. There are two classes of wine-drinkers among us—those who drink it because it is the proper thing to do, and those who, like the *gourmét*, drink it as a matter of appreciation. It will be found, by careful comparison, that the latter class are the people who invariably know a good wine at the first sip, and their choice is always that glorious wine, the G. H. Mumm & Co. Extra Dry.

A banquet is never complete without it, as the most prominent epicures of the day will testify. To a wedding supper it attaches a certain *éclat* that no other wine can give; and, in fact, at any private or public celebration it invests a degree of jollity and good feeling that tends to further its success in every way.

The leading clubs of New York and the leading Eastern cities use the Mumm Extra Dry to a much larger extent than any other wine, and that certainly is an evidence of its excellent quality and great popularity.

The importations of champagne into the United States from January 1, 1892, to August 13, 1892, were as follows:

G. H. Mumm & Co. Extra Dry	39,055	cases.
Pommery	37,663	"
Dry Monopole	9,675	"
Veuve Clicquot	5,726	"
Roederer	3,389	"
Perrier-Jouet	3,252	"

Friend—Considering that this is your third baby, I don't see why you should be so exuberantly happy over it.

Young Father (who had been honored by twins before)—Y-e-s, but it's only one this time.

HAVE YOU TRIED

DINMORE'S SOAP

THOUSANDS

ARE SAVING HOURS OF HARD LABOR,

WHY DON'T YOU?

WIELAND & DINMORE MAKE IT. S. F.

BALDWIN THEATRE
AL. HAYMAN & Co., - - - - - Proprietors
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Matinee To-Day at 2, To-Night at 8
SOL SMITH RUSSELL IN PEACEFUL VALLEY

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th
APPEARANCE (FOR A LIMITED ENGAGEMENT) OF THE
Lillian Russell Opera Comique Co.
Lillian Russell, Laura Clement, Ada Dare, Cecilia Pollock, Florence Franton, C. Hayden Coffin, Louis Harrison, W. T. Carleton, Charles Dungan, James Peakes, John E. Dudley, etc., etc.
Presenting Audran's Successful Opera Comique
LA CIGALE
With the same beautiful mounting that characterized its production at the Garden Theatre, N. Y.
☞ The prices will be identical with those charged in New York and all the Eastern cities.
Orchestra and Dress Circle, $2.00
Balcony, $1.50 and $1.00 Gallery, 50 Cents.

NEW CALIFORNIA THEATRE.
Handsomest Theatre in the World.
AL HAYMAN & Co. ..... Proprietors
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MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th
Last Week ! Last Matinee Saturday !
The Great American Play
THE ENSIGN

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 12th
The Comedy Hit THE JUNIOR PARTNER
Seats ready next Thursday.

NEW BUSH ST. THEATRE
MR. M. B. LEAVITT ..... Lessee and Proprietor
CHAS. P. HALL ..... Manager

Commencing Monday, September 5th
LAST WEEK! LAST WEEK!
LITTLE TIPPETT
Success Greater than Ever
NEXT—
DAN SULLY
In his New Play, Tammany Hall
GRAND OVATION EVERYWHERE

STOCKWELL'S THEATRE
L. R. STOCKWELL ..... Lessee and Proprietor
ALF ELLINGHOUSE ..... Business Manager

FAREWELL WEEK
Commencing Monday, Sept. 5th, Matinee Saturday
—OF—
JEFFREYS LEWIS
—AND—
STOCKWELL'S COMPANY OF PLAYERS
In an elaborate production of
LA BELLE RUSSE

Next Monday, September 12th
JOS. R. GRISMER & PHOEBE DAVIES
—IN—
THE NEW SOUTH
By Clay M. Greene and Jos. R. Grismer.

Madame A. M. NELSON
FASHIONABLE DRESS AND CLOAK MAKER
Rooms 116-121, Phelan Building, 3d Floor.

THE MUMMERS.

"THE ENSIGN."

Because the arts of playmaking and literary combination do not weary by continuous and current well doing, no perceptible decrease in the interest in drama is anywhere noticeable If the dramatist only hammers straightly enough on the door knockers of the sentiments the audience chamber of success opens free and wide, and all else is forgiven him. The good public cares not whether those door knobs be of nickel or brass; brass usually makes more noise and "mere noise" is not to be despised. When the public's a boy, all superfluous energies are expended in concocting noise in the largest quantities; when declared adult, listening to loud and not unfamiliar roars is the choicest of pastimes. Doing the greatest good to the greatest number means in the writing of most dramas, appealing strictly to the unintelligent public, and the majority of playwrights are giving this philanthropic view their prompt and most benevolent attention. Criticism may uncoil every petal from the bud, but the crowd believes in the existence of the perfume of sentiments, and the belief makes miracles out of the commonest of greengroceries. Not situations, brilliance, profundity, or any of the products of intelligence will make a popular play, but emotions old as fire and water, and as simply mysterious. The gentle art of harmony is becoming more and more easy of analysis; the raking dramatist is hardly dealt with by the polite novel-reading world, so much so that he turns the white light of his capacity for reminiscence upon the impolite non-novel-readers, and is, of course, measurably successful.

In "The Ensign," the most difficult problem would be to decide where the materials did not come from. The play has a bewildering choice of sources. All the situations turn upon appeals to the most obvious moral sensibilities. The Ensign, Ben Baird, is festooned with heroics. Condemned to death for defending the honor of his country, his country's flag, and the fair name of his love, he has the heartfelt sympathy of every honest man in the house, and the killing of a very villainous villain is one of the most attractive things he does in the course of the moving events of the drama. Possibilities and probabilities are things which make good hay in the melodrama, in "The Ensign" those contingencies are chopped into the finest morsels. No one notices the grand old feelings of love, honor, and friendship. All manner of kindlinesses show themselves in every scene, and the good humor of the piece gives its audiences an exciting satisfaction in maintaining a continuously applausive attitude. William Haworth has remembered him of the allegation that honesty is the best policy, and he has frankly crowded around the central situation of the heroic hero about to die for love and country, all the humanitarianism to be gathered throughout current literature, and the result is extremely gratifying to the public bent upon seeing its reflexion in an amiable mood.

Enthusiasm is the lever which the actors bring to bear upon the audience, and they have plenty of it. A charming child, Edith Wright, rouses the greatest interest, and plays with exceeding sweetness and intelligence the part of suppliant for the life of the Ensign, Ben Baird. The remarkable make-up of Logan Paul as Abraham Lincoln, and the smoothness and vitality of the performance, as well as the excellent staging, deserve comment.——

The personality of Sol. Smith Russell is the excuse for "Peaceful Valley" in all its slumberous want of art and interest. "The Ensign" compels the sympathies as much by the situations as by the rational patriotism. "Peaceful Valley," with the exception of the presence of Sol Smith Russell, induces and compels boredom of the most liberal kind. Nothing that is not obvious flourishes in this drama. The people are as infinitely stupid as impossible, and they are of the types sacred to the tales in journals for undeserving female helps. Bad men and repentance, with innocence and flirtatiousness, scramble along in company with primitive delicacy and pastoral virtue of the mythical kind. The expected is eternally happening. In the hands of any one save Sol Smith Russell the principal character, Hosea Howe, would be an intolerable eccentricity, or something worse. Russell's magnetism and artistic finesse, though of the kind which permits him to appear best only in parts made for him, casts the glamor of genius over his audience. His assumptions are not to be mistaken for an approach to realism of the common kind, but they have a higher realism of taste, fidelity to artistic ideals, and an indescribable ingenuousness which is all his own. Players like Russell are to be taken in the same vein as many of the great musical artists must be, purely for the power of certain individual accomplishments. Attempts to classify these talents only end in acknowledging that in the world of art a strong and fascinating personality is a law unto itself, and will receive recognition despite every adverse contingency. Mr. Russell's company is not brilliant.

L. MARTIN.

As Countess Zicka, Jeffreys Lewis seems to have scored a success. At least Stockwells' Theatre has done an excellent week's business. Of course one expects from this actress a decided measure of ability, but she has flashes of genius. The part requires vigor, fire, dash, and dramatic power. These qualities this artist has. Her presentation, however, lacks consistency. Next week is Miss Lewis' farewell appearance, and she appears in "La Belle Russe."——

"Little Tippett" has another week of it at the Bush. The play has "caught on," and is running to overflowing houses. It is worth seeing, for it makes even the cynical laugh.

NOVELTY
DRESS SILKS
FOR FALL
Now Ready for Inspection.
O'Connor, Moffatt & Co.
INCORPORATED 1892.
111 to 121 POST STREET

"I wonder how it is Roscowen has not married!" I said.

"O, he's going to marry Lady B., is he not?"

"Nonsense," I said. "You know very well that report marries him to half the society women in London."

I stood up and walked to the fire-place, and stooped down to warm my hands by the fire of fir-cones that my friend Granville Ponsonby had lighted in the grate. I had come with him from town that evening in time for dinner, and I had seen his pretty bride blushing at the head of his table. Now we were alone in the smoking-room. It was time to turn in; but I was not inclined for bed.

"Granville," I said, "what are you thinking about?"

"Roscowen," he answered.

I lighted a cigarette.

"Well, why don't you speak?" I said, after waiting for half a minute.

Granville looked up at me.

"Look here, old chap," he said, "if I tell you why Roscowen has not married you must promise to keep it a secret."

"Mum's the word," I answered, staring over his head at the bookshelves. I had led the conversation up to Roscowen on purpose. I could not talk to Granville about myself, so I wanted him to talk to me on the subject that possessed my mind that night, making me so restless that I dreaded being left alone in the bachelors' quarters of the old house.

The following day Granville would give his first shooting party, and the house would be full of people; but that night I was the only guest.

"You remember my sister?" Granville said, at length.

I nodded.

"Well," said Granville slowly and with emphasis, "Roscowen *loved* her."

I gave a low whistle.

"It's the truth," said Granville, getting up from the sofa on which he had stretched himself, and beginning to walk up and down the room. "Roscowen loved my sister as well as he has it in him to love anything. I used to think that he could care for nothing but himself—and politics; but he loved my sister—not as you, or I, would love a woman, but in his own peculiar way— And she loved him."

"Then why did they not marry?" I asked carelessly.

"Perhaps you will explain that to me," said Granville, stopping short in his walk. "You know she was my only sister, and there was nothing on earth I would not have done to make her happy. My father idolized her. Very likely if my mother had lived things would have turned out differently; but we did our best, and we made a mess of it. Many an hour the guv'nor and I spent discussing the thing, wondering if we ought to speak to Roscowen about it. But we hoped it would come right; and we were afraid of hurting Beatrice's feelings by interfering in it."

"In what?" I asked.

"Why, the courtship, friendship, or whatever you like to call it. Roscowen followed her like a shadow, and talked to her about his miserable politics at balls and parties; he gave her no peace; he seemed to forget that she was a girl, and treated her just like a younger brother. The thing went on for years; it grew until it absorbed her whole life. We could not understand it."

"And she?"

"She lived for him, and for nothing else. She called his ambition 'zeal for h s country;' she justified his absurd contempt for his fellow-creatures by 'his wonderful talents;' she believed that he would one day be Prime Minister, and she actually told me that her personal happiness did not matter to her, that all she cared about was Roscowen's success in politics. In this very room, where we are now, she talked like that to me four years ago. I hate to think of it."

"Tell me about it," I said.

"Well, we had come down here to pack up, for the following day we were to leave England. The guv'nor and I had determined to take her away. We had given Roscowen a last chance of settling the thing. We had invited him to dinner before we left London. He knew that Beatrice would be away for six months, perhaps longer, and that he could not follow her. She looked very handsome that evening, and she was quite self-possessed, although it was rather hard on her. By Jove! I thought, if the fellow *is* to be Prime Minister he could not have a handsomer wife! You know Beatrice was a perfect hostess."

"Yes," I said, "go on."

"I managed to throw them together during the evening, but it was all of no use. He talked of nothing but his infernal politics.

"'You will write to me?' I heard him ask her when he went away.

"'Of course,' she answered.

"A queer smile came over his face. He fumbled in his waistcoat pocket, took something out, and put it back again. I could not see what the thing was, but it shone like a piece of gold, and I fancied it was a half-sovereign. He lingered a few minutes, then wished us a pleasant journey, and went away.

"That evening I said to the guv'nor, 'This thing can't go on. I shall speak to Beatrice and tell her that she must give it up.' The guv'nor looked wretched, but agreed to let me speak.

"I waited until we were down in the country, and then I braced myself up for the business. I would far rather have put a bullet through Roscowen, but that would have only made matters worse. So I asked Beatrice to come in here, one evening, and she came in with her two pet collies. It was just such a night as this, rather chilly; so I lighted the fir-cones, and sat down beside the fire to smoke. Beatrice seated herself on the hearthrug, and played with the dogs. I think she guessed what was coming, for she was very pale and silent.

"At last I blurted out, 'This thing can't go on, Beatrice.'

"She did not look up.

"It really can't,' I repeated. 'You must think of your future. If Roscowen cared for you, he would say so; he would not hang about as he does now.'

"'He does care for me,' she said.

"'Has he told you so?' I asked.

"'No,' she said.

"'Then how do you know it?" I demanded.

"'Because I *feel* it,' she said. 'I do not want to marry him,' she continued; 'all that I want is to be with him always. If you separate us, I shall die; it will kill me.'

"Then she moved to where I sat, and laid her cheek on my hand.

"'O Granville, don't separate us,' she pleaded. 'He said that he would come down here for Christmas. Let me stay in England.'

"'You shall not,' I said. 'I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself. How can you, who are so proud, lavish all this love on a man who does not return your affection?'

"'He does return it,' she whispered. 'You don't understand. He wants me just as I want him; he can't do without me. No one else understands him, or gives him the sympathy he must have. Some day, when he is Prime Minister, you will understand. What is my happiness compared with all that he will one day do, and be in politics.'

"'Fiddlesticks!' I said angrily, and drew my hand from beneath her face, for I felt her hot tears falling upon it.

"The following day we started for the Riviera. Beatrice was very quiet at first, but when we reached the orange orchards and the olive groves her spirits seemed to come back again; and by the time we arrived at San Remo she was quite cheerful. But there she had a long letter from Roscowen, sheets and sheets of it; and afterwards she was only happy when she could get a copy of the *Times* and read one of his speeches. What he found to write to a girl about I can't think. He has always had lots of friends and admirers. Why could he not get a hanger-on, a parasite, a creature of some sort to pander to his weaknesses and flatter his vanity—any one or anything but my poor little sister! I know he is deucedly clever, in fact, I believe he *will* be Prime Minister some day; but he is not a man, he is not human."

Granville went to the table and poured some whisky into a glass. Then he came back again to the fire-place, and looked at the white ashes in the grate. The fir-cones had burnt out.

"It is time to turn in," he said. "Finish

the story first," I said; "then we will go to bed."

"No one knows it but myself."

"But you promised."

Granville looked at me.

"I sometimes fancied that you"—he began.

"Never mind about me," I said quickly. "Finish about Roscowen."

So he went on: "The following spring I was obliged to come home on business for the guv'nor. I left Beatrice quite well, and to all outward appearance quite happy. I arrived in London, and I put up at the Westminster Hotel."

"It was there that you heard of her illness?" I interrupted.

"Yes. I had a letter first, saying that she was not well; and that was followed by a telegram telling me that she was dead. I went out in a dazed state to wire to the guv'nor, and at the red letter box, near the Aquarium, I ran up against Roscowen. He was just going to post a letter. Something in my face startled him, I suppose, for he asked at once.

"'How's your sister, Ponsonby?"

"'Dead,' I said.

"I was passing on, for I was too stunned to think of him; I was doing my very best to reach the postoffice, when he fell down like a log on the pavement.

"I was obliged to stop.

"I tried to pick him up, and as I did it a small gold ring fell out of his waistcoat pocket and rolled into the gutter. On the pavement lay the letter he had been about to post; and I saw that it was addressed to Beatrice.

"He quickley recovered himself, but not before a crowd had begun to gather round us.

"'Dead!' he repeated, as if to himself, 'Dead!'

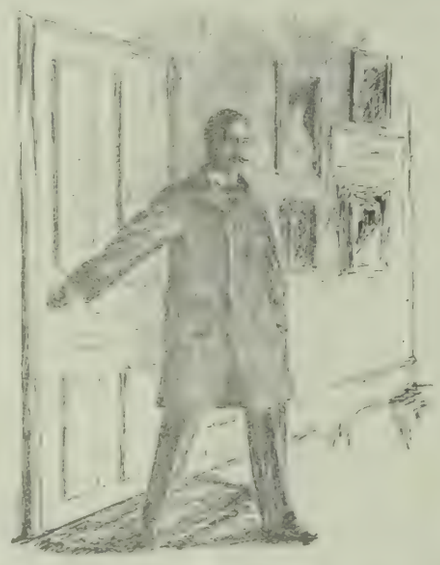
"His voice brought back to me the memory of all he had been and done; and I felt that I despised and hated him. I picked the letter up, and the ring, and I gave them to him. Then I raised my hat and walked quickly away.

"'Dead!' I heard him saying.

"That night I started for the Riviera, and travelled night and day until I reached San Remo. It seemed a long way, and all the time I kept thinking of the journey I had made six months before with Beatrice and the guv'nor. Each place I stopped at recalled my poor little sister to me; and I called myself a brute, for I had been so anxious to make her forget Roscowen that I had not been very considerate of her feelings. I missed the express at Marseilles, and went on by a slow train, instead of waiting for a quick one. Hour after hour I looked at the blue Mediterranean and the gray olives. I could not smoke. Food choked me. I saw my little sister's reproachful face whenever I tried to distract my thought by reading. It was the longest journey I have ever made; a six months' voyage at sea cannot be compared with it. When the guv'nor died I had nothing to reproach myself with; but somehow I felt that if I had not insisted upon sending Beatrice to the Riviera she would have lived. An English east wind might have given her inflammation of the lungs, of course; but the east wind in the Riviera is treacherous.

"At last I reached San Remo, and the villa where the guv'nor was staying. It is curious how small things affect us when we are in great trouble. I always remember the little Italian girls who were dancing on the gravel path when I drove up, and their frightened faces when a servant told them to go away, because the young English lady was lying dead upstairs. He said it quickly in Italian, and they stared at me as I got out of the carriage, just as if I had been Death itself. I threw them a sixpence. Then I went straight to the guv'nor. He was pacing up and down the dining-room; and with him were two strangers, doctors or something.

"'Granville,' he said brusquely, 'go upstairs at once and send that fellow away. I can't do it. 'What fellow?' I asked. 'Roscowen,' he answered. I went quickly upstairs. Roscowen came out of my sister's



room as I reached the landing. His eyes were fixed on the ground; his mouth was white and set, and on his face was a look of such blank despair, that I could not help holding out my hand. But he did not seem to see me. Before I could speak he was gone, and while I stood in the landing I heard the front door close behind him.

"Then I went into Beatrice's room and drew aside the white mosquito curtains that shut in her bed. She lay in her coffin. Her hands were folded, and on her right hand was a gold ring—the wedding ring that Roscowen had for so long carried about in his waistcoat pocket."

Granville stopped.

"What do you say to that?" he asked, after a long silence.

"What you say yourself—that Roscowen is not a man—that he is not human."

"I sometimes fancied that you cared for Beatrice," Granville said.

"It's time to turn in," I interrupted.

MAJOR BOVIL.

HAPPY IDEAS.

She—What did you say to papa, dear, when you asked for my hand?

He—The only thing I remember, precious, is calling for the police.—*Town Topics.*

Bellicose—I don't know a greater satisfaction than taking a fair advantage of an enemy.

Cynicus—I do. Taking an unfair advantage of a friend.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

He (putting on the ring)—So glad you like opals! So many girls are afraid of 'em.

She (suspiciously)—How do you know?

He—Tried 'em.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

He (suspiciously)—Has any other fellow ever kissed you, Marguerite?

She—No, Horatio. Why do you ask?

He—Because you were self-possessed enough to scream.

Young Man—I want an engagement ring for a young lady.

Jeweler—Yes, sir; about what size?

Young Man—I don't know exactly, but she can twist me round her little finger, if that's any guide.

THE TWO BISHOPS.

The faithful prayed upon the pavement prone,
Poor peasants, soldiers, people of the town,
And haughty lords who feudal service own.

Near them the corpse of one of wide renown
Wore mitre high-episcopalian,
Looked stiff as sculpture, here in state laid down.

A priest came, mounted stairs that spiral ran,
Sat in his pulpit, coughed and bowed his head,
Then his deep voice filled grand cathedral span.

"My brethren; what strength with your pastor fled!
Against the wolves how fierce! To lambs how kind!"
Spake living bishop praising bishop dead.

"From quarrels he turned men to better mind,
And to the poor preached patience and submission;
To lords advised abating toil and grind.

"Alike he treated all who felt contrition,
The servant, master, prince, or petty thief,
For two flocks were not his, that shepherd-Christian!

"He gave but told not, alms and all relief,
He prayed for those who had insulted him,
And are not these of priestly virtues chief?

"That good man is in heaven we cannot limn,
'Twixt Father and the Son, in thoughts supreme,
Will pass eternity in prayer and hymn!"

The bishop roared in measured tones his theme,
When one wild cry rang from the maddened throng
That made the stained-glass angels trembling seem.

From black and silver pomp the dead risen strong!
His eyes re-opened with appalling gaze,
Glared on the folk who shrank and shuddered long.

Dejected, white as snow-man children raise,
Full length he stretched lank arm and pointing hand
Toward living bishop, quaking in amaze.

The dead priest cried: "Thou liest! I am damned!"

—*French of C. Mendes, for* THE WAVE *by* E. F. DAWSON.

The elegant fall importation of suitings, overcoatings, and pantaloonings by J. M. Litchfield & Co., 12 Post, are now being displayed. The patterns exhibited are the neatest seen here in years—the very latest styles and modes. Their cutter, as an artist, is second to none on the Coast. His frock coats are absolutely perfect.

BEAUTY IS THE PRIZE

Now, enwreathed in summer graces,
Beauty gathers by the sea,
There, with forms and voices, filling
Eye and ear with ecstasy.
Who can wonder, looking at them
Each a joy forevermore,
That the long Atlantic billows
Race each other to the shore?

—*Town Topics.*

SANTA CRUZ NEWS.

Business.

Santa Cruz people, quieting down after the summer scramble, are taking up again the special interests and pleasures which belong to the rather varied and agreeable life which is lived here during the months when they are popularly supposed to hibernate.

The new City Council, headed by Mayor Jeter, has outlined a plan of work to be completed during its administration of two years, which, if accomplished, will make a capital record. Among other matters which will be of interest to visitors as well as citizens, and for the forwarding of which steps were taken at the last meeting, are the completion of the bulkheading as far as the city limits near Sycamore Grove, making possible the long-contemplated riverside boulevard; the extension of Front Street, originally the main business street of Santa Cruz. This runs parallel to Pacific Avenue as far as it goes, but stops short of the big, ungainly pavilion of the Fair Building Association, which organization has so far blocked the progress of the street. Now, however, it has been ordered put through by law, and will be opened to the foot of Beach Hill. A part of this distance is already traversed by the Electric Railway, which runs for some distance on an undesirable trestle. This will be filled in, and, when the street is finished, it will relieve Pacific Avenue of its too crowded condition, and prove a pleasant driveway to the beach.

People who have traveled for many seasons over the pioneer horse car line to the beach, will remember the big brown warehouse which infringes so dangerously upon the line. This has now been ordered taken down by the Southern Pacific Company who are removing other unsightly buildings from the vicinity of the new Union Depot, preparatory to its use by both broad and narrow gauge lines.

The Ben Lomond Wine Company, which for several years has been in the unsatisfactory condition of a house divided against itself, is now in a way to continue its business more peacefully. A half interest has been purchased by F. W. Billings, a capitalist of large possessions in Redwood City and Salt Lake City, who is also the father-in-law of J. P. Coope, the owner of the other half—so that the whole property will be a family affair. The vineyards of this Company are the crown of beautiful Ben Lomond and make one of the finest properties in Santa Cruz County.

SOCIETY.

At the Pacific Ocean House there was a parting hop given to the officers of the First Regiment, U. S. A., which was a delightful affair. Mr. Bilicke was assisted in receiving by his sister, Mrs. McHenry, of Modesto, who has been spending the summer at the Ocean House. Mrs. McHenry is a beautiful woman, a perfect blonde with a dazzlingly white skin, and in her gown of *canroubier* red silk she looked exceedingly lovely. She left the following morning with her two little ones and her maid for Modesto.

At the Sea Beach Hotel, capital music has been furnished the guests both day and night, and informal dancing in the auditorium has been the order of almost every evening. On Saturday evening the closing hop of the season will be given to the guests of the hotel and citizens of Santa Cruz.

The Native Daughters of Santa Cruz Parlor have succeeded in collecting an historical exhibit of considerable interest which has been shipped to Sacramento for the State Fair. It will be in charge of Miss Ellen French and Miss May Linscott, of this city. Miss Nan Porter, a prominent Native Daughter, and a favorite in Society, has been honored by an invitation to raise the "Commodore Sloat" flag, of old Monterey days, at Sacramento on Monday. She will go up on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Smith have returned to Sunshine Villa, after a considerable stay in San Francisco and a pleasant visit to Miss Jessie Robson, at her home in Napa.

W. H. Hilliard, the artist, who returned to San Francisco from Yosemite last week with six pictures, will establish a studio in Santa Cruz next week and will paint here two large pictures for the World's Fair; one, a Yosemite, from one he made while there, and one, a Santa Cruz view.

Mrs. McLaughlin has returned after a visit to San Francisco. The family will remain at Golden Gate Villa until November.

Mrs. Bernard Peyton, at the Powder Mills, and Miss Peyton have been entertaining Mrs. Hall McAllister and Miss McAllister.

Professor Philip L. Alger, U. S. N., is at the Powder Mills installing the big twelve-ton rifle gun lately received there for the testing of the powder made at the mills to suppy the white squadron war ships.

Camp Thunder is to be inaugurated Saturday with all due *éclat* at its old quarters, on the banks of the upper San Lorenzo, near Boulder Creek. The tents are models of comfort and luxury, the costumes of the ladies always picturesque, the hammocks under the big redwoods and laurels without number, and the *cuisine* unexceptionable. Over the latter Won Shoo will this year preside, assisted by Ah Toy. The camp officers, being all members of the Electric Railway Company, have taken titles to suit, and their special letter heads show that at F. W. Swanton, is conductor, F. W. Ely, motorman, William Jetter, legal light (thirty-two candle) and J. G. Tanner, dynamo doctor. Besides these officers and their wives, the members of the camp are: Mrs. Thornton Chace, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Lilly and Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Hihn, Misses Mollie Bowen, Ella Fairgrieve, Bessie Haslam, Alice Dunlap, Belle Ennor, Jennie Chace, Pearl Makinney, Louise Hunt, Minnie Dunlap, Ida A Brown; Messrs. Geo. S. Shedden, J. J. Doran, R. Thompson, J. W. Bourdett, C. W. Hammer, George Pope, A. C. Bilicke, A. Mendenhall.

KATE KEARNEY.

FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

DEAR WAVE:—Society arose in unspeakable horror Sunday night at the appalling murder of one of its brightest members. What a mockery civilization is, when such a grand, noble-hearted man as Louis McWhirter is decoyed into the garden surrounding his family domicile, and brutually slaughtered! What can one say in *defense* of a community when such crimes are becoming so notoriously common! When one thinks of this devoted wife made a widow from causes political, one longs for the society of the barbarians, where ignorance of government and its machinations is a blessing. Eulogizing the dead is a sorry consolation to the bereaved widow. Society can only extend the mute hand of sympathy to her, while invoking the aid of the Divine Providence in delivering to justice the fiends who committed this most horrible outrage.

I remember the deceased as *the leader* of all the brilliant social events, when the handsome Bruce Cavitt, Major Callihan, and W. S. McMurtry (his companions and coadjutors) were residing here. No such convivial spirits held sway in Society after his retirement, when he preferred a brilliant career at the bar and the quiet of matrimony, to the butterfly existence of a Society leader. Poor Bruce Cavitt's career, which gave promise of so much brilliancy was cut short by the grim hand of death, and our sorrow was as unmitigated over his untimely demise, as it is over this terrible ending of his friend. I can hardly discuss social affairs in the face of this calamity, interest in the newly wedded couples, park concerts, etc., being invisible. The theatre last night and other events of social importance will be discussed in my next. Yours, IMP.

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GRATITUDE.

I.

She had already put on the elegant rebellion of her little crazy curls her hat, where the beak of a bird-of-paradise pecked at a bouquet of cherries; she had already put on her shoulders the cloak of Russian sable, and he had not come yet! Truly this was something of which one had no idea. She waited; it was necessary to wait for him; it had come to this! Had he entirely forgotten that he was to escort her to-day to an exhibition of pastels, where she shone in all butterfly colors and was exquisite? Not as pretty as she really was, however, because the painter had not dared to let the resemblance seem to enter the sphere of improbability. And he did not come; he was five minutes behind time. See what goes beyond the greatest crimes! She would fly into a rage but for the fear of disarranging the dainty, delicate combinations of her toilette. Who had a very narrow escape? It was that little Saxony statuette, languishing, gay in blue and rose, on the *étagère* of Portugal wood. More than five minutes—nearly six! She would avenge herself terribly for such lack of respect. But at last the waiting-maid, who is looking out of the window, cries: "Madame, here is Monsieur!" and he enters the house. Yet not erect; he is borne in on a litter by two men. "Eh! what is this? What has happened?" He turns toward her, half raising himself. One sees on his shirt-front the color of blood. "It is over," said he; "but I was beaten for you, my darling; and I believe that I am going to die."

She looked at him, she reflected, "You have been beaten, it is very grave," said she, "and you are going to die, it is really very disagreeable; but," she added, making a little grimace, "you ought to have had yourself wounded five or six minutes earlier so as to spare me the trouble of putting on my Russian sable cloak and my hat where a bird-of-paradise pecks at a bouquet of cherries! You can just know that, waiting for you I came very near breaking my little Saxony figure, blue and pink, that I think so much of!"

II.

On a great road in Spain, where the beautiful women and fine-looking men returned arm-in-arm from a bull-fight, a young mendicant, closely wrapped in a ragged cloak, requested alms, declaring he had eaten nothing for two days. His healthy skin was so sunburned that his neck looked like gold in the glimpses of it seen through rents in his tatters. His lamentable air and hollow cheeks convinced everyone that he told the truth. However, the people did not concern themselves about him. They were busy singing songs about love. Would they let the handsome beggar die of hunger by the wayside?

But at last three girls stopped before him. They were plump and pretty, and laughing joyously and they took pity on him.

The first gave him a *real*.

"Thanks!" said he.

The second gave him another coin.

"May God return it to you!" he said.

The third—the poorest and the loveliest—had neither large nor small pieces of money; she gave him a kiss on the mouth.

The starving fellow did not utter a word; but calling a flower vender who was passing, he paid all of the money for a great bouquet of roses, and presented it to the pretty girl.—*French of Catulle Mendes, for* THE WAVE, E. F. DAWSON.

GREAT REDUCTION SALE

ALL

Spring AND Summer Goods

AT

A TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE

To Clear Them Out This Month

INCOMPARABLE BARGAINS

IN

Cloaks, Dress Goods,
Silks, Laces, Ribbons,
Gloves, Hosiery, Underwear
Gents' Furnishings,
Wash Dress Fabrics,
House Furnishings, Etc.

J. J. O'Brien & Co.

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Fine Oil Paintings
Engravings
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Mirrors
Statues
Ornaments
Fancy Goods

Is now offered at reduced rates on account of Removal about Sept. 15th to our New Building No. 113 Geary St.

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NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

The Queen of Perfumes

GREENBAUM'S AMO

128 Post Street, San Francisco

LOS ANGELES LIFE.

DEAR WAVE:—The Tennis Tournament has been the all-absorbing topic this week. Everybody went to Santa Monica to witness the contest, and our little Casino courts had quite a Southampton air. The Carters did not play as well as we expected; but Pasadena came to the front in good style. Miss Gillilaud did some fine work, but we girls wanted to see Miss Shoemaker win—she is so bright and cunning. How pretty the girls did look in their white costumes on the grand stand! Miss W—— was there, charming as ever; but, as Minnie says, she is a trifle too energetic with her powder puff. Bessie G—— looked well. The popular doctor watched the balls and rackets, and Walter M—— was interested in the game, which was very good of him.

But enough of tennis. Our boys in blue are home again. Both camps have broken up, and the Ventura girls are disconsolate—no more brass buttons, and no more flirtations. They had a big ball at Long Beach for the Ninth Regiment. The surf will echo no more military sounds. All is still, and the dear departed are now tramping the city streets, and wishing themselves back on the shore of the Pacific.

Santa Barbara has been *racing* itself to death this week. That dear old sleepy hollow awakened this time to the sounds of the turf. But she covered herself all over with glory at the time of the Rose Festival, and we are content to leave her in her quiet slumber. We girls love to go down there. Minnie says Mr. M—— is so distinguished and agreeable. Then there is the old Mission, and we always climb that venerable tower and peep through the portholes.

We expect great things at the time of the Cabrillo celebration at San Diego. We have asked the President to send us some United States troops, you know. Eva C—— went down there on Saturday to visit the W——'s at their picturesque home, Casa Albra. Doctress L—— is back from Doulton Villa, Montecito, and Jack is home again.

The latest fad at Catalina is horseback swimming. Of course Joe B—— has a hand in it. The island is more popular than ever this summer. They even turn the bath-houses into sleeping rooms at night. Dan says there is no place like Catalina for a good time.

The girls of the Æolian Quartette went down to Ventura last week to sing at a concert. Clamming is all the rage at Santa Monica now. The girls have great sport imitating this New Jersey fashion. We had a real live duel at Santa Ana. No one was killed and no one was very young, nor very handsome, but they stirred the town.

We had two weddings this week. Miss B——'s was quite a brilliant one, in business circles. She is pretty and popular, and the Hon. E. F. gave her a very handsome present. Then Susie got married. She is the cousin of our great would-be Congressman, Hervey L——. But it is horribly dull in social circles, so don't ask me to tell you anything. I am going to a swell dinner next week, and expect to pick up a bit of gossip. Until then, yours, K.

SACRAMENTO AFFAIRS.

DEAR WAVE:—Where, oh where, are all the people, what, oh what, are they doing, and how, oh how, do they manage to pass the time? If any one will be kind enough to answer me the above question I will promise to give him or her a weekly puff as long as they both shall live; or, if they object to the publicity, will endeavor to reward them in any other way they desire. Why, I actually feel like sending out a crier to gather me in the news; will any one, I wonder, apply for the position? I am afraid not, and probably it is just as well, for I agree with that good old soldier whose courtship had such fatal results, because entrusted to someone else, that "if you wish a thing well done you must do it yourself; you must not leave it to others."

It is a matter of a great deal of speculation and much wonder to me that we have so few weddings. Pick up any paper, read the Society news from the different cities, and any number of weddings will form the greater part of the contents of their columns and many of these places are not nearly so large as our city. I doubt if the girls are one-half so attractive. But once started on this subject I shall not know when to cease, so will not enlarge. The Upsons are still at Pacific Grove and expect to remain there for another month. Leila is with her sisters, but will probably return for the winter. Laura, Etta, and Mabel will not return as soon as they expected; Mr. B—— has gone on and will take them traveling about, which will be very nice for them, as one cannot "do Europe" without a man. The Hughsons will be away for some time yet, and on their return will remove to their old neighborhood. The Demings are also back after rather a short stay. The party from Alaska, composed of the McCrearys, Higgings, and Miss De L—— have returned, so has Florence, but Eva has remained in Portland to visit, consequently Wilber drives out alone—rather mean of him.

If Julia S—— is not careful she will be cut out, as Ed seems rather fickle of late. Maye has gone to Oakland to visit her friend, who spent a part of last winter with her. It is rather a good idea to entertain one's friends in the winter, so that when the hot weather comes they will return the obligation. The popular pastor has left us and gone to Oakland. Is it possible this place was too wicked for him? Louttit seems to keep himself very quiet; I never see him; how quickly he has become exhausted!

Next Monday the Fair begins, and as I expect to attend every day and evening, you may prepare yourself to hear all the gossip. Do hope something exciting, as well as entertaining, will happen. May be the men will condescend to ask the girls to go out. That would be a novelty, but whatever happens, you will hear all about it from NINA.

SAN JOSE NEWS.

DEAR WAVE:—Everybody in this town is in a bad temper this week. I guess a hot wave has struck us. Now the Flickingers are just as sweet as their own canned fruit most all the year round, but now because Charles has engaged himself to a real pretty girl, just as good as anybody else, they are all in a huff and ruffle their feathers if you even hint at it. I think it downright mean; a fellow marries to please himself and the family ought to make the best of it—not cut up before everybody.

Then handsome Mrs. F——n lost *her* temper the other day and went after Kate and Stella in a most surprising manner. That episode grew out of the harmony existing between the managers of the "Pratt Home" and the Gossip Society. The girls just laughed over it, but all the same they didn't like it a bit. If they would only study up family history they would soon discover that the escutcheon of Maria and her family is just as untarnished as their own. You see the dentist's wife wanted their pretty faces and beguiling tongues to make her booth a success at the forthcoming affair, to rake in the money to support that lonesome old man at the Pratt Home.

Any man that would be lonesome amid such surroundings deserves to be fed on husks. You see there are four dear old ladies there to coddle him, and every now and then some of the lady managers go out to have a cup of tea with him and carry him flowers and neckties just the same as if he was an imprisoned stage robber or murderer.

Maybe you think I am through—well, then, I'm not. I'll bet you Grace does not like it a bit to think her aristocratic cousin is going to marry. You see the family likes to make connections that elevate them. They have held their heads mighty high since the eldest daughter married into a rich city family.

Grandma Bascom's folks are all on the fight, too. The card of Mrs. G. H. B. Swasey—that appeared in the *Mercury* lately—was almost as great a shock to a good many people as the cold douche bestowed upon patients at the Hamman, because, you see, the impression that prevailed here, especially among those who paid the bills and made the garments so much needed by "the proud old lady," was that her children had shifted their responsibilities upon the shoulders of those who make the necessities of others their first thought and care. The noble gentleman, whose name is linked with thousands of kindnesses, would never forgive me if I gave his name in connection with bills paid for this same proud lady, whose children have recently developed such a fondness for her, but Grandma B—— has too long been a figure among us for any who ever enjoyed her spicy talk, or her remarkable reminiscences, to neglect her.

If necessary "facts and figures" can be given, of which no doubt H. B. S. is blissfully ignorant. *Verbum sap.*

The Syer, Younger, Hill, and Finigan garden party, the Cyclers' race and ball and the Native Son's excursion will make next week a busy one for more than one. I almost forgot to say that Ed C—— and his *cara sposa*, are off on a second honeymoon. We hope it will last, for she is lots more stylish than her sister-in-law, and Ed is as handsome as his father.

BABBLER.

STOCKTON LIFE.

DEAR WAVE:—Politics and nothing but politics! During the past week, besides the circus, Robinson's, and very good by the way, we have had the Republican Delegate Convention, at which only possible nominees were discussed, and the Democratic County Convention, at which real business was transacted. How our tongues have wagged, and now we are still "on the fence," and do not know which party to support. No wonder! The idea of any one's opposing our dear Sheriff C——'s re-election! And to think that Arthur T—— would even dream of securing the nomination for State Senatorship, when we girls all know that genial Captain Bob wants it. Why, of course, we shall use our influence in his behalf, and he is bound to come off victorious in that case. On the Democratic side we are equally resolved that Geo. Houskeu must be elected, as well as Billy N——, although I am sorry Ed T—— resigned in his favor. You see, Mr. N—— is a married man, and cannot reward one's labors with a delightful flirtation, which Ed, in spite of his dignity, is not averse to, and so we consider ourselves defrauded of our just dues. Until the election's returns are in, we need not expect any attention from the "Lords of Creation," I suppose.

The approach of Fair time and the opening of the schools have caused many of our "Sassiety" people to wander homewards; there are always so many preparations to be made for friends who will visit us during race week.

Frank L—— made a flying trip to Klamath last week to bring his wife home, but stayed long enough to hear some wonderful fish stories, which he has been relating for the delectation of the "fellers at the club."

The Sperrys went to Del Monte for the Country Club "shoot;" it seemed strange that neither Estelle nor Bertha S—— accompanied them, for they are related by marriage, I believe, and a more lenient chaperon than Mrs. S—— would be hard to find. Surely they would not have lacked attention, for was not Will McM—— there and did he not make the wonderful score of seventeen birds? He really deserves encouragement.

Lizzie Dudley H—— is making her first visit here since her wedding. I had quite a chat with her the other day and found her not a bit changed by her marriage with a handsome, wealthy and influential man, as, alas! most of our girls are.

Miss Maud B——, the Ladd's charming cousin, has once more forsaken the charms of mountain life for prosaic Stockton. She always looks as if she had just returned from Paris, her gowns are so dainty and chic, and I do not wonder the boys are proud of her.

Jen T—— has gone to the Geysers, but will surely be home for the races. Arthur R—— and his wife have been off for a week on their yacht "Emerald," but as they are still in their honeymoon they are forgiven for not having invited THE SPINSTER.

GOOD COOKING

Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist.

Police Commissioner—You are accused of having fallen asleep on your beat. What excuse have you to offer? Delinquent Cop—Plaze, yer Hanner, iverybody on the beat had paid oop an' there was no wan to watch.

Wm. H. Sherwood, the American pianist, who was heard here last January, will make his second appearance in San Francisco at Irving Hall, Tuesday evening, September 13th. He will give but one recital.

She—And how did you feel toward him when he married the girl you were engaged to? He—I felt as the man did toward his substitute who was killed in the war!

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE	FROM SEPT. 3, 1892.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	†12.15 p m
	Niles and San Jose	†6.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton	*8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Martinez	12.45 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced and Fresno	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.30 p m	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	8.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
*6.00 p m	Suisul and Livermore	
6.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	9.15 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡7.45 a. m.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p. m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.38 p m
‡7.30 a m	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excur'n	‡8.28 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita San Luis Obispo and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
‡9.30 a m	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations	‡2.45 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.03 p m
12.15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.30 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.37 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, Gilroy and Principal Way Stations	*9.47 a m
*4.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7.30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

San Francisco and North Pacific Railway.

San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 30, 3:30, 5.05, 6:20 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, :30, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days	Leave San Francisco. Sundays	In effect Apr. 24, 1892. DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco. Sundays.	Arrive San Francisco. Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5.00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6 05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

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AUSTRALIA, a splendid 3000-ton vessel.....12 M. Sept. 27, 1892

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VIA SAUSALITO FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12.30, 1:30, 2:30, 4:00, 5:25, 6:45 P.M.

Extra Trips on Sunday for Sausalito at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days) 7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A.M.; 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P.M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 2:30, 4:00, 5:25 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days 6:10, 6.45, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:45, 11:00, 11:50 A. M.; 1:10, 2:25, 3:40, 5:15, 6:05, 7:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 6:35 P. M. Fare 50 cents round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days) 6:25, 6:55, 7:58, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:05, 11:20 A. M.; 1:20, 2:45, 4:00, 5:30, 6:30 P. M. Fare, 40 cents round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days) 6:45, 7.15, 8:15, 9:50, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:45 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:20, 11:40 A. M.; 12:35, 1:45, 3:10, 4:25, 6:00, 6:50, 7:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:00 P. M. Fare, 25 cents round trip.

Leave San Francisco	Through Trains Destination.	Arrive San Francisco.
7:30 A. M. } Week 5:00 P. M. } days. 8:00 A. M Sundays	Camp Taylor, Tocaloma, Point Reyes and Way Stations.	8:45 A. M. } Week 6:15 P. M. } days. 8:15 P. M. Sundays
7:30 A. M. Week days 8:00 A. M. Sundays 5:00 P. M. Saturdays	Tomales, Howards, Duncan's Mills, Cazadero and Way Stations.	8:45 A. M. Mondays 6:15 P. M. Week days 8:15 P. M. Sundays

Thirty-day Excursion Round trip tickets at one fare and one-third reduction
Friday to Monday Excursion Round trip tickets Tocaloma and Point Reyes, $1.25; Tomales, $2; Howards, $2.50; Cazadero, $3.
Sunday Excursion Round trip tickets Point Reyes, $1, Tomales, $1.50; Howards, $2; Duncan's Mills and Cazadero, $2.50

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Magnificent new twin-screw steamers of 13-16,000 h. p. This line holds the record for fastest time to London and the continent.

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F. Bismarck ..... Sept. 22
Augusta Victoria ..... Sept. 29
Normannia ..... Oct. 6
Columbia ..... Oct. 13

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Normannia..... Dec. 1 | Columbia..... Jan. 19

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Paid-up Capital -	$ 5,000,000	Cash Assets - -	$9,031,000
Cash Assets - -	$21,911,915	Assets in America	$1,956,330

WM. J. LANDERS, Gen'l Agent, 205 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICES.

BEST & BELCHER MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the seventeenth (17th) day of August, 1892, an assessment (No. 52) of twenty-five (25) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Thursday, the twenty-second day of September, 1892, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the thirteenth (13th) day of October, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

L. OSBORN, Secretary.

Office—Room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

BULLION MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California, location of works, Storey County Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the eleventh day of August, 1892, an assessment, No. 39, of twenty-five (25) cents per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 20, 331 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the sixteenth day of September, 1892, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the fourth day of October, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office—Room 20, 331 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the eleventh (11th) day of August, 1892, an assessment (No. 102) of Fifty Cents (50c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 26, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Thursday, the fifteenth (15th) day of September, 1892, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the seventh (7th) day of October, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

A. B. THOMPSON, Secretary.

Office—Room 26, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York via Panama.

Steamers will sail at NOON on the 5th, 15th and 25th of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—September 5th, S. S. "San Jose," September 15th, S. S. "San Juan," September 26th, S. S. "City of New York."

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at NOON 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San Jose de Guatemala, Acajutla La Libertad, La Union, Amapala Corinto, San Juan del Sur and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—September 19th, 1892, S. S. "City of Panama."

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.: S. S. "City of Peking," Saturday, September 17th, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "China," via Honolulu, Tuesday, September 27, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "Peru," Saturday, October 15, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "City of Rio de Janeiro," Saturday, Nov. 5, at 3 P. M.

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ON THE STEPS AT "DEL MONTE."

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AT THE TRAPS.

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THE COUNTRY CLUB "SH

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READY FOR LUNCH.

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MINING AND FINANCIAL.

For the last few months the only thing that could be said of the Stock Market was the old cry of nothing new and shares dull, brokers and clients grumbling, no fluctuations, no business, no commissions in sight, office expenses heavy, mining offices having a hard time to collect assessments, passing resolutions to sell the building, abolishing life insurance, etc., but now what a change. Everything is lively, business rushing, order books full, everything goes. Stocks, stocks is the cry; brokers have as much to do now in one session as they did in a week a little while back, and even such brokers as Geo. Kelley, Homer King and G. W. Tindal are visiting the Board ready to take a hand at the game.

During the first three days of this week at the San Francisco Exchange there were recorded the purchases of 130,000 shares or an average of over 40,000 per day, and this was by no means all, as many sales went unrecorded. At the Pacific Board although not quite as much was done, still in the aggregate about 30,000 shares changed hands. In both Boards, the lobbies were crowded and new faces were seen, going to prove that with but half a chance, the public are ready and willing to speculate As I have said to the patrons of THE WAVE in the last few numbers, stocks were low enough and a buy, more particularly Sierra Nevada and Belcher. To those who acted on the advice, a good profit is in sight. The rise has been along the whole line of the Comstock, being from 25 to 50 per cent. Sierra Nevada made the largest spurt selling from 90 cents to $1.85, a rise of 100 per cent. Belcher from 85 cents to $1.45, Union from $1 to $1.45, Ophir $2 to $2.45, Con. Virginia and California $3 to $3.50, and all the balance in proportion. From these figures the market receded some, as many realized, and are taking their profits, which is a good idea, as from the way the market is acting, there will be plenty of opportunities to make turns, as the fluctuations are sufficient both ways up and down. Paxton and Schmitt were steady buyers of Sierra Nevada the last few days, mainly on Virginia City orders. It is rumored on the street that there is a pool on this stock, and now consists of 30,000 shares, with Steve Roberts and Black Miller, two shrewd and skillful operators (with plenty of capital), as chief manipulators. From the work that is being done in the joint drift of the Union and Sierra Nevada on the 900 foot level, it is expected good results will issue, and as it is a new country that they are working in, a new bonanza may be uncovered.

The surprise of the street has been the steady selling by Hirshfield, through various brokers, of Savage, Potosi, and Chollar. Of these stocks at least 35,000 shares were sold, and mainly for the account of Hobart, Hayward & Co., represented by the Nevada Mill Company. They commenced to sell Potosi at 40 cents, Chollar at 40 cents, and Savage at 50 cents, but the market took it all and advanced in the face of steady selling at least 50 per cent, the public bought, believing these stocks were cheap and worth the selling price, but time alone will show whether or not. One of the main buyers of Con. Virginia in the Pacific Board was Barney Barnett, buying on Wednesday 1000 shares, and paying up to $3.50, Ackerman and Horn being the principal sellers

Good reports continue to come from Con. Virginia, and ore is being taken from the different levels from the 1500 to the 1800 foot. The Superintendent's weekly report says there were extracted and worked at the Morgan Mill 983 tons of ore, the battery samples assaying $21.88 per ton. Bullion on hand in assay office about $14,000.

Hale & Norcross, which advanced so rapidly last week, did so on an improvement on the 1800 foot level. The south drift, which is running east, has cut streaks and bunches of low grade quartz, and indications of a widening of the ledge. When cross cuts are run to the west, it is hoped something of greater value will be found, as there is a large block of ground to develop. Repairs now being completed at the Nevada Mill, it is expected the crushing of Savage and Potosi ore will be resumed.

During the month of July the Potosi worked 2100 tons of ore at the Nevada Mill, net proceeds in bullion being $20,196. The Gould & Curry had 105 tons of ore milled at the Occidental, averaged $18 per ton. This is the first ore milled by this mine in a long time.

For the month past the Savage milled 2250 tons of ore; net amount of cash received $25,936

The total shipment for Con. Virginia for August up to date is $46,568.

In the outside districts the Bodies, Quojotoas, and Tuscaroras are quiet, with no encouraging signs of a revival. Colonel Hyman, Manager of the Tuscarora mines, has returned from the district, and says the ore worked by the cyanide process have given such good results that the process will be adopted.

Ten tons of gold ore was shipped from the War Eagle, Hawthorne, to the Arasta at Dayton; it is of a high grade. The April Fool Mine at Pioche has been bonded to Mr. Mohana for Chicago parties of $90,000.

For the month of August the total amount of dividends paid was $1,129,625; about $30,000 less than for the same month last year.

A special meeting of the Associated Brokers has been called for September 20th.

Saturday very little work will be done in the various mines, as the majority of miners will lay off to attend the annual picnic of the Miners' Union.

The plan of working the Savage and Hale & Norcross through one shaft has been abandoned, and both will be worked as in the past.

Silver ranged rom 82¾ to 83¼ for the week.

The following dividends have been declared: Homestake, 10 cents; Golden Reward, 10 cents; Calamet & Hecla, $5. SURETY.

There is but one Decker Piano, and that is Decker Bros.—the one used by artists, and known the world over as faultless in tone, touch, and finish. Kohler & Chase are agents for these incomparable instruments, 26, 28, and 30 O'Farrell Street.

"Matrimony," said a modern Benedict the other day, "produces remarkable revolutions. Here am I, for instance, in ten short months changed from a sighing lover to a loving sire."

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is stamped on your waist, there are many imitations but no equals
SENSIBLE WOMEN
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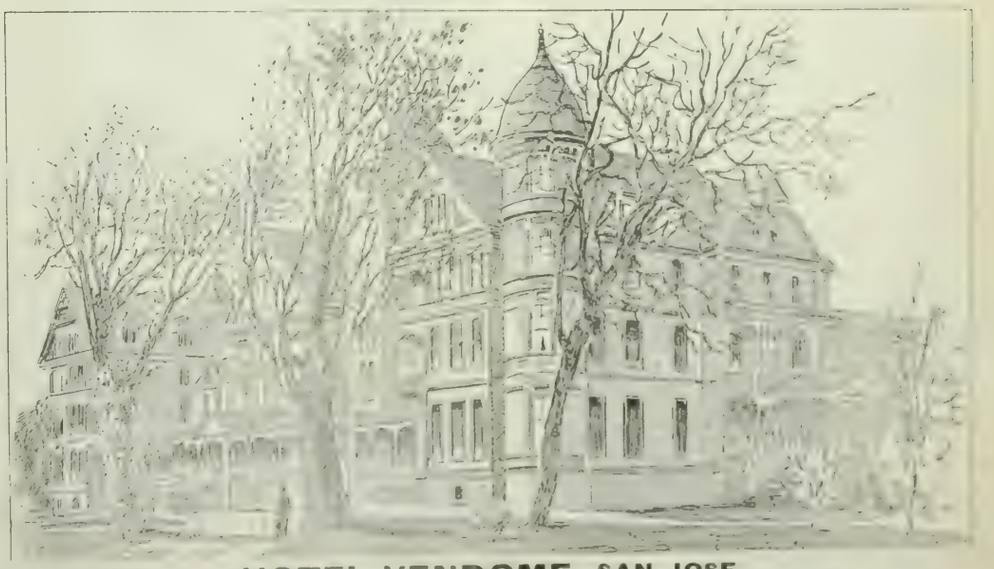

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OAKLAND GOSSIP.

OAKLAND, August 5th. DEAR WAVE.—My statement that a girl has only to leave home to be appreciated, has again been verified, as popular and pretty Mary Fox, our contralto, while studying in New York last winter, won the heart of a wealthy Eastern gentleman and will be married next month in the Congregational Church. After the ceremony the happy pair intend taking their departure for parts unknown. To-day will witness the nuptials of Bel'e Garber and Whitney Palache. Like sensible people they are to be married at home. Am sorry that I'm compelled to write this letter before going to the scene of youth, beauty, etc., however, a description will doubtless be just as welcome in my next. We are congratulating ourselves that the matrimonial wave has at last struck Oakland, but we forget that it is only the younger girls who have fallen victims to Cupid's darts, or the girls whom we thought too superior to waste their charms on a plain, every-day sort of man. Now there is Lou Breck, Grace Henderson, and Mary Fox, whose singing would win them fame and fortune any day, all to be wedded within a month, and again, our Society girls, with all their scheming, dressing, and going from one fashionable resort to another are still without life partners, and wonder why? Well, one reason is that men are looking for domestic wives, economical wives and occasionally a man does appreciate an accomplished wife, all of which our Society girls are not. I believe, at present, they have a French mania, so there may be some hope for them after all.

We were positively in a state of dead stupor last week as not one event happened to enliven the scene nor is there a prospect of any happenings in the near future. The girls fear that the Cotillion Club will be only a memory of the past. You remember, dear, that several little difficulties arose last winter, and now the horrid little broilers (who are a necessary evil) say that they will take no part in a club unless the married element and our seven bachelors are excluded, which means, if the latter happens, that Frou-Frou, Floy, Annie, Nannie, Alice, Emma, Kate K——, Louise, Mamie, Minnie, and scores of others who are not in their first season, will not join, as we can't afford to waste our smiles, and expensive gowns on the kids. Fooling? No, indeed, we are in earnest for it is a serious fact that in our 150 there are only seven men who are old enough and rich enough to wed, without their paternal ancestors coming to the rescue. Their names? Oh, no, I'm keeping a corner on them myself, but when I succeed in capturing one of them, you shall have next show.

This morning I feel most demoralized, as Duke Bertie Brayton and Arthur Thompson (isn't he a snob?) induced me to go to the circus last evening. All of the 400 turned out in full regalia. Tom Dargie and Bessie were there, and without "Baby Bessie," too. Then Will and Nettie left their little ones at home. Willie Powning's trousers were in keeping with the rest of the circus. The two newly engaged couples, Lou and Fred, Mattie and Harry, were also there, and supremely happy. Then Frank Owen was over from your side, and joined the Haight party, whose star of attraction was popular Ella Goodall, who is still with us. *On dit* that Frank will be disconsolate when she finally leaves, and it is a well-known fact that Harry Haight has not smiled since the departure of two pretty San Francisco sisters for Europe.

Is it not unfortunate that Ella will not be here to take part in the Dram-Attic theatricals? She acts well, and the play is to be given in her house, and for charity. You know, dear, the Durham-Babcock-Bayley-Goodall-Wilson combination, of last year, have re-organized, and intend giving several little plays during the coming season; and Tom says that the amateurs have also gone to work on "Shenandoah," and expect to open the new theatre for the benefit of the Reliance Athletic Club. I do hope that they will make lots of money, as they intend constructing a new clubhouse, and they have promised to make it most agreeable for the ladies, if they will only give their attention to the play, etc. I really think they would be wiser to allow some professional company to open the theatre, for, as much as we all love Jack Wilson, Harry Melvin, Alec Rosborough, Phil Remillard, Jim Arthur, and Ned, we really don't care to pay three or four dollars to see them perform in "Shenandoah." They doubtless would achieve better financial results if they would play two or three evenings at popular prices. Their leading lady, Marion Albright, is a charmer who has won her laurels; then ever-popular little Maud Morrell is to take part also, so the piece will be well played.

Wonder if Chauncy St. John will ever be a happy man? All these years he has been accused of having neglected the wife of his younger days, while, in reality, she was the deserter, and a few weeks ago fled from her second lord and master, and now Chauncy insists that he must have his boy, who is a fine, handsome little chap.

FROU-FROU.

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PROMINENT SAN JOSEANS.

SKETCHES OF SOME OF THE LEADERS OF THE SAN JOSE BAR.

THOMAS KELLEY.

Perhaps no Federal appointee has given more satisfaction in the immediate field of his official labors than Thomas Kelley, the efficient Postmaster of San Jose. This is a Post-office of the first class, and requires a man of brains and excellent executive ability to properly discharge its duties. It was elevated to the first class during Mr. Kelley's incumbency, and the carriers have been increased and their routes greatly extended during his term. Cottage Grove and the southwestern portion of San Jose are now included in the free delivery system, and each month shows a marked increase in the business transacted at this office. Mr. Kelley is the custodian of the $200,000 appropriated by the general Government for the purpose of erecting a new post-office building in San Jose. Postmaster Kelley thinks that the returns of his office form a fair criterion by which to judge the prosperity of the county, and makes the following exhibit: Money orders for May issued payable outside of the office, $11,995.77. Cash paid on orders in May, $13,800.26. In April, orders issued to the amount of $13,804.19. Orders cashed in April $17,250.48. These monthly reports show more money paid to the people of San Jose than has been sent away by them. Postmaster Kelley is ably assisted in his administration of the office by his son, A. M. Kelley, one of San Jose's most popular citizens of the younger generation.

DANIEL W. BURCHARD.

Although but thirty-four years of age, the well-known San Jose attorney whose portrait accompanies this sketch has attained a position in the legal circles of the State which might well prove a source of pride to a lawyer of twice his years. Daniel W. Burchard was born in Benton County, Missouri, March 5, 1858, and was brought by his parents to California when an infant. At the age of sixteen he was compelled by ill health to leave the Oakland High School, where he was laying the foundation of his education, and, removing to Mendocino County, he entered the employment of the Government as a teacher among the Indians at the Round Valley Reservation. In 1879 he began the study of law in the office of Barclay Henley and George A. Johnson, afterwards Attorney-General of California, and nine days after he attained his majority he was admitted to practice as an attorney. In connection with M. M. Godman he immediately opened a law office in Dayton, Washington Territory, and within a few days thereafter was appointed referee, by Judge Wingard, in a number of intricate cases. About the same time he was retained for the defense in one of the most noted criminal cases that had been tried in the Territory, and secured a verdict of acquittal in the face of intense public sentiment favoring conviction. In 1881 he returned to California, and located at Hollister. His reputation as a rising criminal lawyer had preceded him, and within a month he had been retained by the Board of Supervisors to assist D. M. Delmas, Esq., in the prosecution of George W. Carlton for murder, and also to assist T. H. Laine, Esq., in the Futardo murder trial. He was shortly afterward elected City Attorney by a Board differing from him politically. In February, 1884, he removed to San Jose and formed a co-partnership with J. H. and H. C. Moore. Within a year thereafter he became Assistant District Attorney under Howell Moore, which position he retained for two terms, when he was unanimously nominated for District Attorney and elected by a handsome majority. At the end of his term he declined a re-nomination and resumed private practice. In January, 1891, the firm of Spencer & Burchard was formed, Judge Spencer having just retired from the Superior Bench.

Mr. Burchard has participated in over 2000 cases since his admission to practice. He is happily married, and is the father of four interesting children. His office is at the corner of First and St. John Streets.

JOHN C. BLACK.

Since 1865, John C. Black has been a conspicuous figure at the Bar of Santa Clara County, and no member of the legal profession in San Jose possesses in a greater degree the confidence and esteem of his fellow citizens. He was born in Butler County, Pa., on July 5, 1834, and was educated in the common schools Alleghany College, and Wilmington College. After teaching school for a brief period in his native State he came to California *via* the Isthmus route on the steamers "George Law" and "Sonora," arriving in San Francisco March 2, 1855. Mr. Black was admitted to the bar in this State, January 23, 1863, and has been constantly engaged in the active practice of his profession since that time. During the year 1864 he was Deputy District Attorney of Yuba County, but in 1865 he removed to Santa Clara County, where he has ever since resided. He was once elected District Attorney of the county by an unusually large majority and made a most enviable record in that position. During the memorable contest prosecuted by Ryland for Senator Conklin's seat in the State Senate in the session of 1887–88, Mr. Black acted as attorney for Senator Conklin and vindicated the latter's right to the Senatorship. From 1874 to 1877, Mr. Black had a partner, but since the latter year he has been alone in the practice of his profession at 18 and 19 Knox Block, San Jose. Mr. Black is an Odd Fellow and a member of the A. O. U. W. He is a married man and the father of six children, four boys and two girls, one of the latter being a Normal School graduate.

D. V. MAHONEY.

This popular young lawyer was born in the City of Dublin thirty years ago, but came to America with his parents at the early age of seven. The family settled in Hyde Park, the well known suburb of Boston, and the son was in due course of time graduated from the Boston Grammar School. Fifteen years ago he came to California, and since that time has resided almost continuously in San Jose. On January 14, 1889, he was admitted to the Bar of the Supreme Court of the State and has acquired a large and lucrative practice in Santa Clara County. Mr. Mahoney is an expert stenographer and is one of the official reporters of the courts of the county. His reputation as an accomplished court reporter causes him to be summoned to all sections of the State, and few men of his age are so widely known among the members of the legal fraternity throughout California. D. V. Mahoney is a young man of marked ability with a peculiar aptitude for his chosen profession, and his legal brethren are unanimous in predicting for him a brilliant future. He takes a lively interest in fraternal organizations, and is an enthusiastic member of the Free and Accepted Masons.

JOHN E. RICHARDS.

Among the many bright men who follow the profession of the law in California, John E. Richards, of San Jose, is entitled to a prominent place. He is of Scotch-Irish descent on his mother's side, and Welch on his father's, and the determination, energy, and genius of these races are marked features of his character. John E. Richards was born on his father's farm at Berryessa, July 7, 1856. Mr. Richards is a graduate of the University of the Pacific, and the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. Upon his return from college, eleven years ago, he entered the office of S. F. Leib and shortly thereafter opened an office on his own account. Being well known and most favorably regarded, he soon had established a remunerative practice, in the first six months of which he was retained in a case which took him to Washington, D. C., to present and press a $30,000 claim. While at the National Capital he was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of

the United States. Mr. Richards has had many large cases in Court and has been remarkably successful upon the whole. He is equally effective before judge or jury having a thorough knowledge of the law of the subject in hand and the faculty of making his points so clear that all can understand. He was attorney for the plaintiff in the case of Peck *vs.* Donner, in which a deed to property worth $50,000 was declared void through his efforts after going through all the Courts. He was the defendant's attorney in the bitterly fought suit of the Light and Power Company *vs.* The Electric Improvement Company, of San Jose, which was tried at Redwood City and decided in his favor. He is the attorney for James W. Rea in the celebrated $100,000 slander suit against Uriah Wood now in the Supreme Court on appeal, and he is the attorney for R. O. Shirely in the famous action before the Railroad Commission against the Southern Pacific Railroad Company in which it is sought to secure sweeping reductions in freight and passenger rates in California. Mr. Richards has a charming and talented wife and two bright little boys to cheer his home.

O. M. WELBURN.

Among the Democrats who have recently graduated from local into State politics, the name of O. M. Welburn, of Gilroy, first suggests itself. Mr. Welburn is First Vice-President of the State Central Committee, and is notable in the party as an organizer of rare ability. He possessses special talent in that direction, a talent that enabled him to control and direct the Democracy of his district—a task of considerable magnitude. In the Committee, however, there will be ample scope for his ability. There are plenty of opportunities in that body of making a record; and, so far, the calm, cool advice he has offered has been listened to with a degree of respect rarely accorded the utterances of a comparatively new man.

However, Mr. Welburn belongs to the type of man who succeeds in politics. He is thoroughly posted on political economy, is far-sighted, and a shrewd manipulator. He makes few enemies and many friends; when he opposes he has good reasons to offer for his opposition. Above all, he is not only honest, but his honesty is recognized by all who come in contact with him. Altogether Mr. Welburn has a promising future and his upward career will be watched with considerable interest. By occupation, Mr. Welburn is a merchant. He has a large general establishment at Gilroy, and does a large business.

WESTERN GRANITE AND MARBLE COMPANY.

The above-named enterprising concern was incorporated in 1888, with a capital of $100,000, and immediately forged to the front as one of the most stable and vigorously conducted business institutions in Santa Clara County. All the granite handled by the Company comes from its own quarry in Placer County, from which more than 150 carloads of granite have been shipped to the Company's yards in San Jose. This concern also owns a fine sandstone quarry in San Jose.

The granite used in the beautiful new Hall of Records was supplied by the Western Marble and Granite Company from their Placer County quarry, and it also supplied the material for the construction of the C. M. Chase vault. The splendid family vault built by Wieland Brothers in the Masonic Cemetary, San Francisco, at a cost of $40,000, is also constructed from material furnished by this Company. It is such pushing, hustling, and reliable industries as the one controlled by the Western Granite and Marble Company that make the prosperity of a town or city, and they should receive the unstinted support of the business community.

W. C. RALSTON.

The name of W. C. Ralston has been prominently before the people of this State recently, and the fame acquired by him has all been owing to his own exertion and ability. Among mining men particularly he is held in esteem, for it has been greatly through his efforts that the agitation in reference to hydraulic mining has gained its present interest to the public and the attention of the Government. When the restrictions were placed on hydraulic mining Mr. Ralston was a partner in the Ralston Mining and Ditch Company, and as these restrictions completely killed the industry he came to this city and earnestly fought the measure through the medium of *The Mining and Industrial Advocate*, a paper which owed its inception to W. C. Ralston and J. B. Hobson. When the recent demand for a Miners' State Convention was called, Mr. Ralston responded at once and took an important and leading interest in the cause. His selection as Secretary of the body was unanimous—a compliment to be appreciated by any man. His selection as United States Appraiser is another deserved recognition of his worth and ability. He has the confidence of the public that his work will be well and faithfully done. He is a member of the Technical Society and the American Institute of Mining Engineers, New York, and has a leading voice in the affairs of the Native Sons of the Golden West.

KEEP THIS IN MIND.

The beautiful stone and iron building now in course of construction on Geary Street, west of Grant Avenue, will be finished and ready for occupancy by the end of the present month. This elegant structure is being built for the well and favorably known art dealers, S. & G. Gump, now of 581 Market Street. It is proposed to hold a grand auction sale in the near future of fine oil paintings, engravings, etchings, mirrors, statues, ornaments, and fancy goods, an announcement of which will appear in the columns shortly. While Mr. Sol Gump was abroad he purchased an extremely interesting collection of choice *bric-a-brac*, consignments of which are constantly arriving. To make place for the same he has found it necessary to dispose of as much stock as possible previous to removal.

The art gallery is well worth a visit as Mr. Gump has added to his already admirable collections a fine assortment of paintings by the best known European artists. Among them are rarely beautiful canvases which were wrested with difficulty from old world connoisseurs.

FRENCH OPINION OF CALIFORNIA.

The Paris *Figaro*, of December 5th, compliments California on its large contingent of refined inhabitants. The writer derives his favorable opinion from the fact of 15,000 cases Pommery Sec champagne having been imported in one year, and adds that a country in the far West, with only 1,000,000 population, consuming such quantities of fine wines, must be surely progressive in culture.

Young Husband—I want you to love and trust me Mabel. Young Wife—I can love you, Charlie, but I can't trust you. (He had married his tailor's daughter.)

NORWAY.

High o'er the fjords and desolate pines the glow
  Of red auroras, like a golden fan,
Falls on the herbless wastes of Norway's snow,
  O'er lands that ne'er knew the foot of man!

The maelstrom thunders on the craggy coasts,
  Blue icebergs wander in the solemn night;
While the grim glaciers, like gigantic ghosts,
  Loom with their white peaks in the spectral light.

Bleak moors spread out deserted, chill and lone;
  The wailing rooks whir cold wings on the shore;
While o'er the boundless wilds of fir and stone,
  The frost-elves revel and the cataracts roar!

The land knows not the charm of birds that sing,
  No b ossom of buds, no lithe and agile deer;
Unsought, uncared for, in mute suffering
  It bides its time, impassable and drear!

While the aurora, like a fiery flower,
  Blooms o'er the sterile leagues where none have trod,
And, in the awful silence of the hour,
  Dreams of its grandeur and communes with God!

—*Edgar Saltus.*

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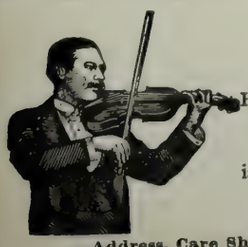

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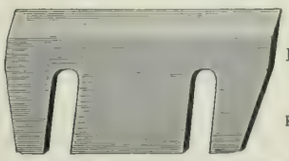

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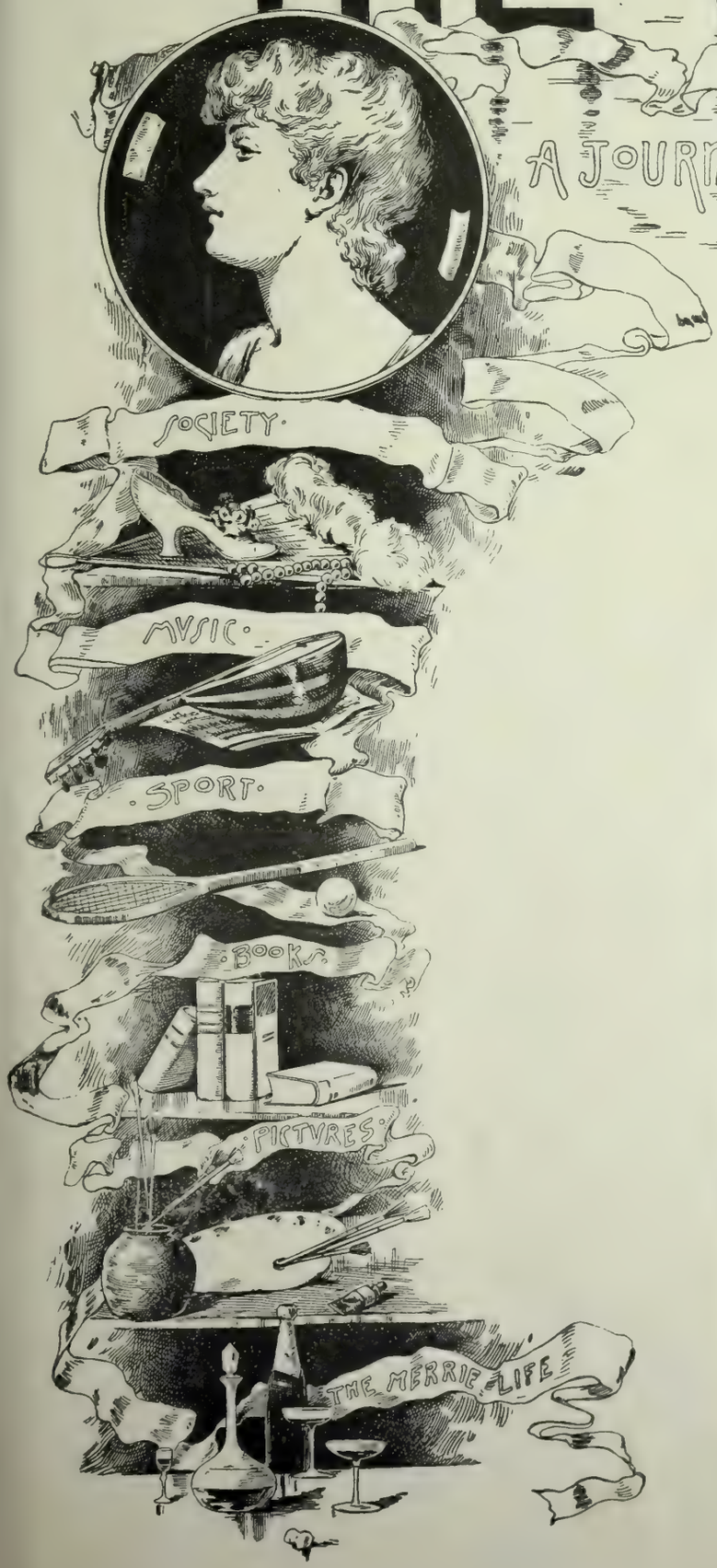

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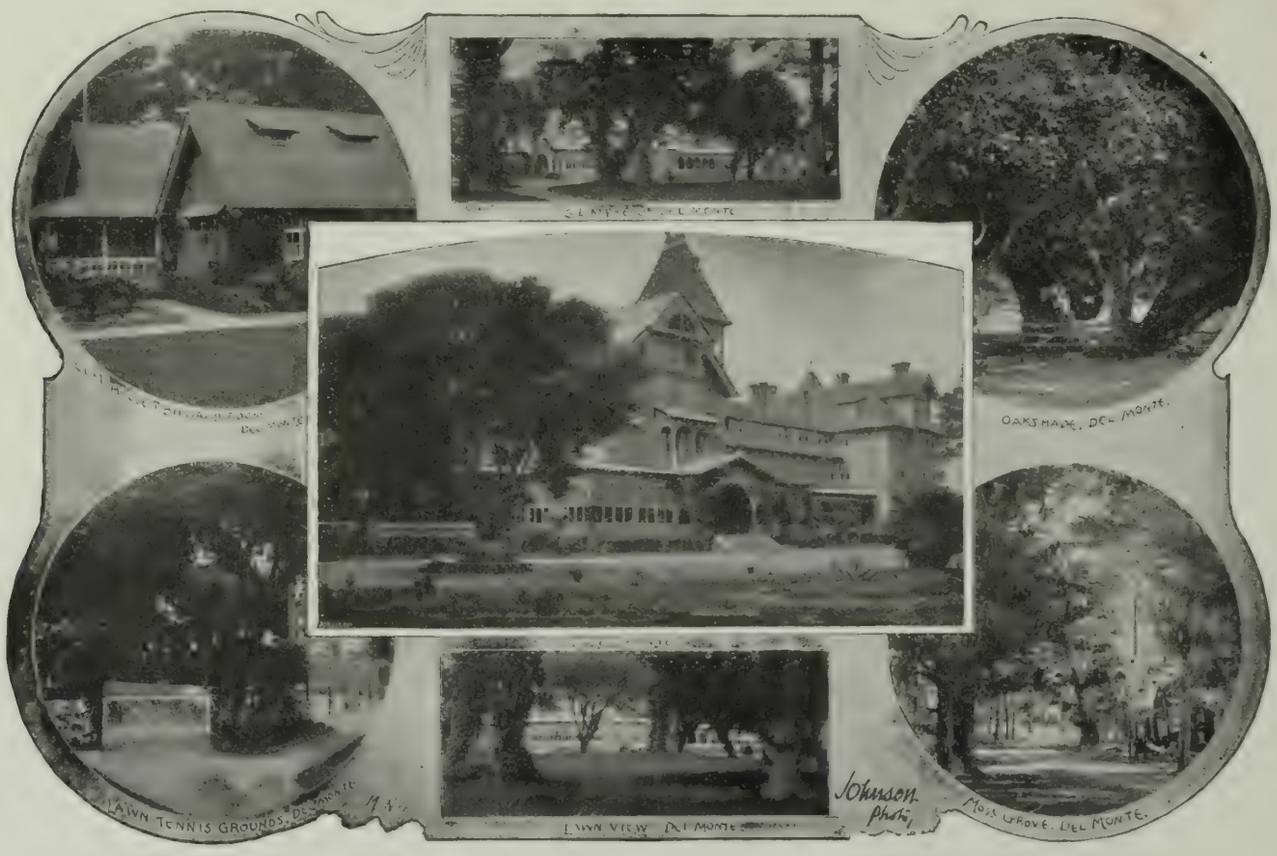

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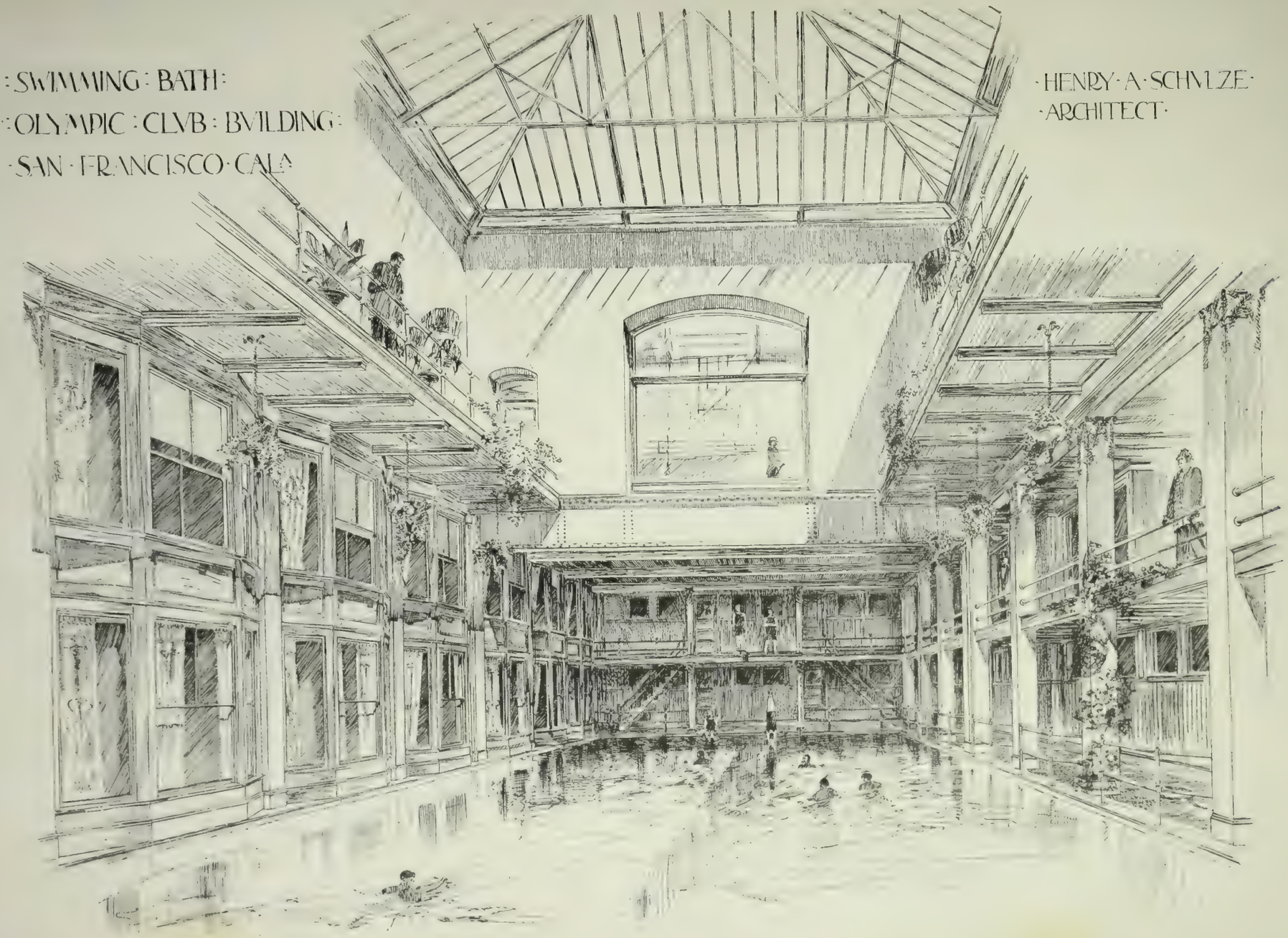
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THE WAVE

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The Wave

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

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SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 10, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

On the characteristics of Carroll Cook I have animadverted in another column. He is an able lawyer of remarkable fertility and capacity, and he succeeds in presenting the Courts more knotty points to unravel than any attorney in town. His success has been unique, he having forged to the front within a period of time that most men at the bar take to lay the foundation of their future reputations.

SPLASHES.

THE SUMMER SEASON is at an end. Back from the country have come most of the 400, invigorated and rejuvenated by months of repose in the bosom of Mother Nature. To assert they are full of energy and alive with enterprise would savor of exaggeration, but all are ready for whatever offers in the amusement way—ready and willing to participate if not to conceive or inaugurate fun on their own account. To prophesy for the months that are to come is a line of endeavor that events have taught me the futility of. That the winter of '92 will be gayer than its predecessors, I have no reason to believe. It is true certain houses that death closed last year will open hospitable doors. I am told, also, that some of the debutantes will entertain in an elaborate way.

* * *

There is a tendency in the direction of smaller festivities, of dances minus terrapin and champagne, of informal teas and welsh rarebit parties. The fashion of being lavish at long intervals will, I hope, give place to a phase of frequent, if economical, hospitality. The average of masculine expectation in the matter of vintages and viands will descend a degree or so, and the mere pleasure of meeting and commingling will be regarded as superior to that of guzzling and gormandizing. That marriages are the result rather of proximity than of inspiration is gradually becoming recognized. The summer months have been strongly barren of betrothals and it behooves matrons with marriageable daughters to offer available bachelors as many opportunities as possible of realizing the charms of their offspring. That this charm exists, who that has ever been at the cotillions dare deny?

* * *

I AM GLAD to note a movement on hand to have social functions commence early during the coming season. The idea is one that ought to meet the approval of everyone. Unfortunately we are not gifted in San Francisco with that ultra-leisure class which is a feature of Society in New York, London, and Paris, gentlemen who neither sow, reap, nor spin, and have no earthly occupation save coupon cutting or rent spending. There are a few, of course, for whom existence has no financial cares, but they *are* few, far between and objects of commiseration. Alas, the lines of our young Society personages lives are cast in counting houses, banks, insurance concerns, and other branches of commercial effort, and it is a matter of life and death for them to answer their names at nine o'clock every morning. When they don't appear there is some brutal old man or other to settle with. Popularity is a matter of three or four invitations per week during the winter season, all of them necessitating late hours. Our young man arises at eight o'clock in the morning, is slaving at nine, but after a night with Terpsichore, who is in a fit condition to dally with commerce.

* * *

This, to a large degree, explains the decadence of the dancing man, now almost a relic of the past. Of course, the very young element still finds pleasure in gyrating round ballrooms, but a belle of two or three seasons cares little to waste her time and energy on beardless youth. In view of the foregoing the early function is bearing down upon us. At weddings it is now *en regle* to have supper served as soon as the congratulations are over. This gives the older people an opportunity to leave early and affords those who do dance more space. By this method an entertainment can end at one o'clock, and more waltzing, etc., will be done than heretofore. At receptions dancing is to commence at nine o'clock with refreshments at eleven. The early supper is the keynote to success, for the fact cannot be gainsaid that the real enjoyment of a party does not commence until the viands and wines appear. At the Barnard-Currier wedding and at the Wooster-McMillan nuptials the suppers were served early. I know of no better illustration of the good old saying concerning the danger of delay.

* * *

FROM THE *jeunesse doré* of San Francisco experience has taught me to expect nothing. A very stupid, unenterprising set, they lack all the characteristics that make youth interesting. Originality they have none of; ambition they utterly lack. Into their dissipation even they do not infuse a particle of energy. At Del Monte during the "Shoot" one had an opportunity of studying the genus in its most pronounced manifestation. Distinguished from other cliques by the significant term "younger set," it glories in an inability to dance, an appetite for champagne, and a huge admiration for lawn tennis. These are harmless enough tendencies, particularly the last, and if the young fellows confined themselves within the bounds of respectability no one would object to their existence.

* * *

But they select occasions for becoming objectionable, and the early morning following the "Shoot" was one. Instead of celebrating the festival by getting quietly "full" as the clubmen did, these callow youths guzzled champagne until the "wee sma' 'ours" and then became natural. That is, they asserted their virility by breaking chairs and smashing tables, singing lewd songs and roaring obscenities at the full extent of their vocal organs. Disagreeable as this conduct was in the proximity of the clubhouse, it commenced to be open to censure when exhibited in the hotel. It must have been four o'clock when this band of cads broke through the corridors of the main building yelling vulgar ditties and indulging in *repartee* of the kind that is known as wit on the City Front. Indeed, a crowd of drunken sailors would have been less objectionable.

* * *

In men of ability and attainments one is prone to forgive excess, but in vapid youthlings whose sole claim to distinction is the wealth of their parents, it is unpardonable. However, falling from the paths of sobriety, they should not revert to first principles and become cads. Anything but that. Imagine one's feelings when awakened, as any number of respectable people were on that Sunday morning at Del Monte, by these temporary hoodlums rampaging through the halls. Imagine one's wife or sisters hearing the atrocious expletives that are the current conversational

coin of dives and disreputable houses. Certain members of this select band made themselves vulgarly conspicuous at San Rafael celebrating the close of the Tennis Tournament. This time they had no such occasion for their jubilance, which, in consequence, was all the more inexcusable.

* * *

THE NUMBER OF ENGAGEMENTS just announced suggests that Cupid has been by no means idle during the summer months. First on the list comes the betrothal of Miss Rosalie Meyer, daughter of Eugene Meyer, of the London, Paris and American Bank, and Sig. Stern. Mr. Stern is a nephew of Levi Strauss, and one of the most popular members of his family. He is a graduate of the State University, and is very wealthy, both in his own right and prospectively. Miss Meyer is really a beauty. She has features that are as perfect as those of a cameo, an exquisite complexion, and charming manners.

* * *

The next is that of Miss Laura Klauber and Julius Wangenheim—quite an interesting announcement, as both prospective bride and groom are decidedly out of the common. Miss Klauber is a clever and very intelligent girl of rather striking appearance. She is the daughter of T. Klauber, who is the most prominent merchant in San Diego County. Mr. Wangenheim is a graduate of the class of '87, University of California, and took a very high rank at college. He is quite a bright young man, and should make a record. His father is Sol. Wangenheim of the Produce Exchange.

* * *

The third engagement is that of Miss Amy Furth and Al Lavenson. Miss Furth is the daughter of S. Furth. She is very bright, quick, and exceedingly popular. Mr. Lavenson's family are well known in Sacramento. Another is the betrothal of Miss Emma Samuels and Jos. M. Willard. Miss Samuels is a daughter of D. Samuels, the well-known dry goods merchant, and is a very pretty and amiable girl. Mr. Willard is not only very popular in Society but is one of the very best amateur violinists in town. The happy pair are receiving compliments by the score.

* * *

THE HOP at the Pacific Yacht Club in Sausalito, last Saturday night, was rather a pleasant affair and was quite well patronized. The homeward journey on the tugboat under the silvery rays of the moon proved a delightful finale to the dance. To-night General and Mrs. John H. Dickinson entertain the staff officers of the First Brigade, N. G. C., and their lady friends. The affair is to be given at the Pacific Yacht Club and there will be dancing and a supper. A tugboat will convey the guests home at midnight.

* * *

Posing as a moralist is rather out of my line, and I am a little disinclined to set up as a discriminator between sheep and goats, but still I would mildly suggest to the Directors of the Club the desirability of being just a trifle more censorious in the issuance of invitations. The wrong people will get in, and some ladies I know quite well assured me there were at least two females among the guests open to criticism. It must be admitted that a yacht club crowd is not ordinarily of the *vere de vere* stamp, and the summer standard is rather below the average. Still, however, the line might be drawn at the actively objectionable. It is purely a matter of taking precautions.

* * *

HYMEN HAD no sinecure this week and lost little time uniting candidates for connubial bliss. He commenced proceedings on Monday evening with Miss Florence Currier and Arthur Barnard, who at the residence of the bride's father, J. Parker Currier, were made one. Rev. Robert Mackenzie performed the ceremonial in his usual hearty and sincere manner, and there were friends and relatives to the number of, at least, one hundred in attendance to shower congratulations on the happy pair. Of course the parlors and the entire Currier residence were handsomely decorated, and it would be a perversion of the general rule if the bride did not look beautiful.

* * *

Miss Currier is a blonde, a slight, graceful, agreeable maiden, who is quite clever in several ways, and possesses considerable musical ability. She wore a very handsome gown. Her sister, Miss Marie Currier, was maid of honor, and Miss Bertha Rice and Miss Agnes Wright were bridesmaids. James Suydam was best man, and the ribbons were carried by Arthur Shattuck and A. T. Vogelsang. An excellent supper, with unlimited Extra Dry, followed the ceremony; then the happy pair left for parts unknown, to return a fortnight hence. They are to reside at the Bella Vista. Mr. Currier is President of the Carlson Currier Silk Manufacturing Company, and Mr. Barnard, Sr., is a well-known wholesale coal dealer.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Ida Carleton and Chaplain Frank Thompson is to take place earlier than either prospective bride or groom anticipated. Invitations are out announcing the ceremony for the evening of Tuesday, the twentieth. The ceremony is to be performed at St. Luke's, to be followed by a reception at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Norris, on Sacramemto Street. Miss Carleton is an exceedingly pretty girl, and should make a charming bride. I believe that Bishop Thompson, the Chaplain's father, expects to be out here from the East to officiate at the ceremony.

* * *

IF THE ENJOYMENT the guests experience at a wedding be any criterion of the happiness that will fall to the lot of a married couple, then Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Wooster have before them a long life of contentment. I have seldom been at a wedding the arrangements for which were so excellent. Miss Emma McMillan, the bride of last Wednesday night, is a daughter of the late Daniel McMillan, a wealthy real estate dealer and merchant. She has youth, beauty, and accomplishments, coupled with charming manners and a winning way that attracts every one to her. The fortunate groom, Mr. Ellis Wooster, is the son of the late J. B. Wooster, who was one of our prominent pioneer merchants. Mr. Wooster is now the manager of the Wooster Paper Box Factory, and is a young man who is held in the highest esteem by a host of friends.

* * *

The McMillan residence, at 202 Ridley Street, was handsomely decorated for the occasion. A number of relatives and intimate friends witnessed the ceremony which was performed at 8:30 o'clock by Rev. Robert Mackenzie. The maid of honor was the bride's sister, Miss Jennie McMillan, who was prettily dressed in Nile green crepe and carried La France roses. Miss Sara Dean and Miss Lotta Farnsworth, two of the bridesmaids, wore Empire gowns of lavender crepe, and the other two bridesmaids, Miss Gertrude Goewey and Miss Susie Wells, had on becoming gowns of white *organdie* trimmed with point lace. The bride looked charming in pure white brocade, trimmed with point lace and lilies of the valley.

* * *

The best man was Mr. Walter B. Cooke and the four ushers were Mr. George G. Mearns, Mr. James Bonnell, Mr. Robert A. Irving, and Mr. Con. Roman. After the ceremony there were congratulations and an early supper and then dancing was enjoyed until early morning. The happy young couple slipped out of the house through a side door unnoticed by their friends and thus escaped the usual shower of rice. They have gone to the Hotel del Coronado to pass their honeymoon and will be away a month. Rarely, indeed, is it that a young couple receives such beautiful presents as were showered upon Mr. and Mrs. Wooster. I wish them all the happiness the world can give them.

* * *

THE MARRIAGE of Miss Lucy Simon and Lionel Heyneman was duly celebrated at the home of the bride's parents on Wednesday evening last. It was decidedly an elaborate affair—music, decorations, supper, and other details being all the most exacting could demand. The Simon residence, located on the corner of Pine and Franklin Streets, really a very spacious and admirably furnished mansion, was most ornately adorned for the occasion. One room was decorated with bamboo, another with cornstalks and cobs; a third was a sweet pea symphony, other apartments were decked with pinks and garden plants, palms and cattails. The *ensemble* had the aspect of a very beautiful and fragrant floral bower.

* * *

The bridal party entered the room preceded by a cortege of children strewing flowers,

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Then followed the bride who looked charming in white. The Simon and Heyneman families brought up the rear. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Voorsanger, and was followed by dancing. At midnight a delicious supper in Ludwig's best style was served. A notable feature of the affair was the number of engaged couples present. All those I have mentioned were there looking extremely happy. I noticed, too, several debutantes, Miss Anna Simon, a sister of the bride, Miss Arnstein, of New York, Miss Florence Meyer, the third daughter of Eugene Meyer, and several others. The happy pair departed, after the ceremony, to spend their honeymoon where no one will be able to find them.

* * *

NEVER HAS CALIFORNIA had so many of her most favored daughters in Europe as at present. From Paris Misses Marie and Kate Voorhies write to their friends, telling what a delightful time they have had since shaking the dust of San Francisco from their shoes. In Washington they were extensively entertained. In London they were given a most enjoyable time, and in the French Capital they have been kept busy seeing all the sights. Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Lockwood, and Miss Jennie Catherwood are in Paris, and may be expected home here in November. Miss Aileen Ivers is in Aix-les-Bains, while Mrs. Mervyn Donahue and Miss Marguerite Wallace are now in Homburg. There Baron Von Schroder has collected a family party, and the time is passed in the enjoyment of delightful festivities.

* * *

Since their departure from San Francisco, Mrs. Donahue and Miss Wallace have visited Vienna, Buda-Pesth, Dresden, and Berlin. Just now Homburg is the gayest place in Europe, and celebrities of all types and kinds, literary, aristocratic, and artistic are engaged drinking the waters and studying each other's characteristics. Balls and cotillions are of nightly occurrence, and general festivity is the rule. Neally O'Sullivan is about this time listening to the peerless strains of Wagner at Bayreuth. He visited Shakespeare, the well-known singing instructor in London, and that vocal magnate was pleased to think exceedingly well of his organ. He advised the young Californian to give his voice a good rest, however, before commencing the course of training that will be necessary to bring it into perfect condition.

* * *

THE CALLIOPEAN CLUB proposes, this season, to assert its individuality. A new Board of Directors, with Edgar Peixotto as President, has just been elected, and a variety of interesting festivities is promised during the coming months. As I have mentioned in the past, this organization has advantages over all its rivals in hop-giving. It gathers the younger crowd at its affairs—the brightest and prettiest girls of the season, and the gay, active men who are not yet ashamed to state their age. The result is, all have a charming time, only that there is a strong temptation not to dance, but to sit and gaze at the many examples of beauty in gauze, silk, and lace that pass before one's enraptured eyes.

* * *

At the solitary dance the Calliopeans gave, last winter, they had the belles of all the other Clubs gathered, and the result was really delightful. It was, from the scenic point of view, the most successful ball of the year. I hope the Club's forthcoming hops will be similarly characterized. The other officers elected on Saturday evening were: Alfred Esberg, Vice-President; William Waterman, Secretary; D. G. Guggenhime, Treasurer; and Arthur Bachman, J. J. Brown, and A. Silverberg, Directors.

* * *

A DEBUT I am looking forward to with great interest is that of Miss Lily Graham. She is a young San Francisco girl, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Tempest Graham, and about twelve months ago she and her mother set out for Paris. There she was placed under Signor Sbriglia, the teacher of Edouard de Reszke, and by this time next year she will doubtless have made her initial appearance. Her voice is a contralto of considerable power and of the rarest quaility. Indeed, I have never heard an organ so soft, velvety, and sympathetic as hers in its original condition, and I am certain that intelligent cultivation must enlarge its volume. Besides, Miss Graham is endowed with unusual musical ability and has an excellent ear.

* * *

Parisian musical critics who have heard Miss Graham sing, have commended her voice in unmistakable terms. M. Dubois, director at the "*Conservatoire*" and organist of the Madeline, pronounced it "*une voix superbe*," and others have been equally emphatic. In appearance the young Californienne is a tall, well-developed blonde of fine physique. She is decidedly handsome, has real golden hair and any amount of both vivacity and vitality.

* * *

THE PENSIVE BEAMS of a friendly moon, aided and assisted by the less steadily pensive beams of an indefinite number of tallow candles, cast a dazzling glamor over the Midsummer Jinks of the Bohemian Club on Saturday night last. Indeed, the moon and the tallow candles, and the sentinel monarchs of the forest, and all the other scenic appurtenances that obtain in Sequoia Grove, were more than suitable to the occasion, and it may have been the excessive excellence of the environments that beguiled the Bohemians into taking so little enthusiastic interest in the jinks themselves. It seems a pity that the persistent prettiness of nature, combined with that of tallow candles, should have cast a shadowy pall over the usually more captivating beauties of intellect; but whether it was owing to the moon or the tallow candles or both, the even flow of alleged wit and poetry was not quite up to the standard.

* * *

There was an immense number of good Bohemians present, a larger crowd, in fact, than ever attended a Midsummer Jinks before. But, as a gathering, it was every whit as prosaic as it was extensive; and, according to the accepted ethics of jinks, prosiness ranks as a felony. General Barnes delivered a sermon, which was obviously good and obviously committed to memory. It reeked with excellent thoughts and sayings, as all good sermons should. Joe Redding delivered Peter Robinson's sonnet in a style that was above criticism—something, by the way, that none of the sonnets submitted to the jinks could be considered. General Foote's effusion certainly soared above the realms of doggerel, and in places essayed the thankless task of climbing the Parnassian hill; but scenic effects were really the main attractions of the show. The white robes and caps of the neophytes stood out in startling picturesqueness against the soft, dark background of the redwoods, and the priests, in their costumes of purple and black, were also effective in the extreme.

* * *

Like the scenic and most of the other mechanical adjuncts to the jinks, the choir was admirable, but the selection of the band music had evidently been left to the band master, and, as selections go, could scarcely have been worse. Ed Pomeroy sired the low jinks which were fairly good; but as everybody was shivering in his overcoat all the evening, the general sense of jovialty was not at all up to the mark. There was great talk of buying the grove, of course, but the crying necessity for overcoats seemed to dampen enthusiasm in that respect as well as in others. Care was cremated as usual at the finale, and thereafter bottles and demijohns past all number were consumed. It was a sleepless night and everybody's eyelids felt like zinc when the sun rose fair on the Sabbath morning.

* * *

Considerable interest is being taken in the yacht race on Admission Day. The interest centers on the "Aggie," "Jessie," and "Lurline" and much money has been wagered on the result. I predict that they will come to the stake boat in the order above named, but then I am not a nautical oracle.

* * *

San Francisco has so seldom the privilege of passing first judgment on a new piece that play-goers may justly look forward to the appearance of Green and Grismer's "The New South," at Stockwell's, on Monday next, as the event of the season. Rumor has it that the play is a good one, and who knows but that it may be a big hit?

* * *

THE NEW POLITICAL FIRM of Sullivan & Dwyer, I am glad to note, is the most respectable firm of bosses of which we have any recent knowledge. It is true that it has

Richardson & Robbins' Plum Pudding—A Delicious Dessert.

been formed on the same lines as the firms of Mannix & Brady, Higgins & Gannon, Chute, Conroy & McCord, Buckley & Rainey, and Kelly & Crimmins, but in personal character it must be admitted that it is far superior to any of them. Neither Judge Sullivan nor Mr. Dwyer, so far as I know, have ever kept a saloon; and, while both are far from being temperance men, I do not think either is over fond of frequenting gin mills. They are lawyers and gentlemen, but they are bosses just the same, and upon that point, and not their personal character, I wish to say a few words. In dealing with them the question is, then, do we wish to transfer our liberties from the keeping of the two saloon-keepers who hold forth at No. 16 Third Street, and place them in the hands of Messrs. Sullivan and Dwyer?

* * *

If there was no alternative, of course the voters would not long hesitate, but as there will be other tickets to vote on election day, the danger is that the people will not accept either horn of the dilemma. Judge Sullivan is, I believe, an honest man, and I have no doubt he intends to use the power now in his hands generously, and in the interest of good government; but he will hardly be able to do so. It has been said that it is dangerous to trust even conscientious men with power, because they are liable to abuse it even in doing good. As an abstract proposition, perhaps, nobody ought to object to having good done to him; but the trouble arises in the fact that men differ as to what is good for them. What Judge Sullivan might think was good for the town I might think was very bad, and hence it follows that that government is best in which power is most evenly distributed. Indeed, it is this very disposition to resist one-man power which has given rise all over the world to the three independent functions of government, legislative, executive, and judicial, each acting as a restraint upon the other. Judge Sullivan is an educated man, and ought to know this better than anybody.

* * *

Probably he will deny that he is a boss. But how can he do so with the proceedings of the Democratic Executive Committee on Thursday evening before him? I am told that during the whole history of that Committee no motion has ever prevailed unless it was moved, seconded, or supported by either Sullivan or Dwyer. The Democracy of this city consists of nearly 30,000 persons. As it is now organized these 30,000 persons are represented in an Executive Committee of 94. Inside of this Executive Committee there is a Campaign Committee of 28, which practically runs it. As the recommendations of the Campaign Committee are always carried, of course it now comprises the Democratic party of San Francisco. Hence it follows that if Bosses Sullivan and Dwyer "run" the Campaign Committee they must be the Democratic party of San Francisco. This sounds absurd, but is it not the fact? It is useless for Judge Sullivan and Mr. Dwyer to protest that they mean to do what is right. The sort of politics they are practicing is undemocratic; moreover it cannot win.

* * *

The trick by which Sullivan and Dwyer have captured the Democratic party is not a new one. It has been played over and over again. In 1880 the Democracy was organized into forty-seven clubs into the hands of the secretaries of which the rolls were placed. Then for the first time the Secretary of a District Club became the owner of a District. With the roll in his power he could confer or deny the suffrage to any man. The fact that Boss Buckley built himself up and made a million dollars by controlling the rolls of District Clubs, and the further fact that Boss Higgins never permitted the Republicans of this town to participate in a club primary unless he had a string tied to the club rolls, ought to be enough to warn Sullivan and Dwyer that the system is well understood. The demand of the people to have a peep at the club rolls is based on nothing but a desire to expose this old game. If the rolls are published it will then be seen that Sullivan and Dwyer have canceled the names of a sufficient number of their opponents to enable them to carry the day.

* * *

But with all their arrogance and determination, even if they succeed in shutting their opponents out of the clubs, I do not anticipate that the reign of these new bosses will be very long. When the General Committee of 450 gets fairly going they will find that they have bit off more then they can chew. The delegates will break away from them and repudiate their leadership. Then they will reap the reward of their efforts to "purify" the Democracy. The worst ticket the party ever nominated will be traded through, and instead of being able to point to the work as an evidence of their high-minded desire to "benefit" the people, Judge Sullivan and Mr. Dwyer will be compelled to wash their hands of the whole affair and witness the defeat of their local ticket. This will be the legitimate result of the attempt to "corner" the party and *make* it do right. There is but one way to make a party convention put up a decent ticket, and that is to threaten it with defeat if it does not do so. It is no remedy for Buckleyism and its attendant evils to establish a club despotism and place Judge Sullivan in charge. If the Democratic party, free and untrammeled, cannot be trusted to govern then it should be defeated. Nothing will ever be gained by smothering its voice and spanking it, like an unruly child, into obedience. Judge Sullivan will discover his mistake shortly.

* * *

A STORY SAD ENOUGH to have been imagined by Marcus Clarke, is told of a young man now incarcerated in Folsom State Prison. He was sent there for two years by a Sacramento judge after being found guilty of grand larceny. He had committed the stupidest kind of a crime—passing down J Street, he rushed into the jewelry store of Samuel Jelly, snatched a diamond ring from the counter and bolted. They had him captured in two minutes and a half. An hour later he was in jail, and a week had not passed before he was a passenger to the prison on American River. Justice is not ordinarily as swift as all this in California, but the young man had no friends and was too dazed to make a defense.

* * *

He happens to belong to a very swell Boston family, and six years ago graduated from Harvard with high honors. There are half a dozen men in San Francisco who got their sheepskins at the same time. They know him well. An exceedingly capable young man—absolutely clever in fact. He studied law I believe, after leaving college, then, his health giving out, started for Western Oregon with a capital of $75,000, where a brother of his owned a ranch. There he lived for a time, but crops failed, and this young man, who is a very proud kind of a fellow and unwilling to confess failure, concluded he would try San Francisco. He reached Winnemucca in one way or other and there his money gave out—precious little of it there was to commence with. Between freight trains and brake-beams he reached the State capital.

* * *

He was starving. This is a very disagreeable feeling after one has ridden down the Sierras, and endured endless hardships. He started from the depot to walk up town. He passed fruit stalls with their temptingly luscious contents, bakeries with stores of wheaten wares displayed opulently behind plate-glass, and restaurants whose windows were full of tempting edibles. He was starving, but passed them. Then he stopped before the jewelry store, saw the tray of rings on the counter. Half crazed by hunger, weak, emaciated, he coolly walked in, took one, and rushed out. It is no trick to catch a man who has come miles on a brake-beam, and has had nothing to eat for forty-eight hours. I believe he was consigned by the Court to the tender mercies of a fledgeling attorney, but what could he do against the evidence? He said nothing of his friends or of his fast.

He is still in Folsom, but one of his fellow graduates has heard the story but a few days ago. I hope he will represent the matter to the proper quarter, and have, if possible, this unfortunate pardoned.

* * *

VOTE BUYING under the new ballot law has so far proved a risky and unsatisfactory proceeding. In some cases it has been a flat failure, and in others only a partial success. I doubt if the system will ever be found to be so flexible as to admit of a satisfactory arrangement between the vendees and venders of votes. The element of distrust which must necessarily prevail in all cases can, it seems to me, only be removed by the repeal of the law. The latest instance of failure that has been called to my attention happened the other day in a small town near Los Angeles, where

Richardson & Robbins' Potted Ham for Picnics and Teas.

there are not over 300 voters. A friend who was present tells me the result was a laughable illustration of the folly of placing confidence in citizens who sell their franchise.

* * *

It seems that the occasion was a town election. A big water corporation was interested in the outcome, and it made an appropriation to corrupt the "people." A large number of the "people," it may be stated in passing, were in the employ of the corporation itself, and it was calculated that if their votes could be secured for the corporation ticket it would win. The men were interviewed and a bargain struck. They were to receive $2.50 apiece for stamping a X opposite the words "Republican ticket—straight." How to ascertain before the count whether each man did the stamping as agreed upon was the problem. No person was permitted to be near the voter in the polling booth, and few of the men were willing to swear that they could not read, so as to come under the designation of "illiterate," and entitle them to the assistance of a clerk. A meeting of the politicians who had the corporation's interests in charge was held, and this clever expedient agreed upon:

"All the fellers that vote quick we will pay. One stamp ought to take a minute. If a feller lingers in the booth that will be a sign that he is jobbing us."

* * *

This was a brilliant idea and on election day the purchased voters were notified that if they lingered in the booth they would not get the promised $2.50. Hence few of them lingered. In fact the 50 or 60 purchased votes relied on to carry the town were cast in the average time of one minute each. At nightfall the corporation corruptionists were gleeful; but their joy was short-lived. When the votes were counted they had lost the day. Out of a total vote of less than 300 their ticket had been defeated by from 25 to 40 majority.

Not much time was lost in ascertaining particulars. It seems that a popular Irishman named John Daley was running for Town Marshal on the Democratic ticket. All the bribed citizens desired to vote for him. Knowing that if they lingered in the booth long enough to stamp the whole ticket, which the law requires to be done if the voter stamps a single name outside the "straight" column, they just whacked a cross opposite Daley's name and rushed out to secure the $2.50. The result was that nearly every one of the bribed voters cast a blank ballot except as to Daley. That gentleman ran some thirty votes ahead of his ticket, which, in consequence of the blanks, was entirely elected. If Daley had not been on the opposition ticket the bribery might have succeeded. As it was, it proved a dead failure. The moral of this incident need not be elaborated.

* * *

HERE IS A GOOD STORY on Con O'Connor that I heard from an old-time Comstocker the other day, and I think it is more than half worth re-telling. One night in the dead Bonanza epoch, Con and the late W. S. O'Brien were coming home late when they lost each other among the winding trails that furrowed Gold Hill and Virginia City. As neither felt competent to take care of more people than himself, each wisely determined to push on alone and trust to chance to meet somewhere on C Street. So they pushed along singly, each man for himself. O'Brien happened to be struggling along a couple of hundred yards ahead of O'Connor, when, somehow or another, he walked into a twelve-foot prospect hole that had inadvertently come in the way of his footsteps. At first he thought that he had dropped off the earth and was, therefore, beyond all human aid, but presently he reflected that he might have a chance left and therefore began most lustily to howl for assistance.

* * *

Between his howls he prayed fervently to God, and O'Connor who had fled because he thought they were from hell, became reassured when he heard the more pious appeals of his partner. Cautiously following the direction of the tearful voice, he presently reached the mouth of the prospect hole and shouted down to the prisoner.

"Is that you?"

"'Tis me, meself Con!" groaned the Bonanza magnate.

"Well, what's the matter with you anyhow me friend?" again queried Con.

"Lord help us, I want to get out," moaned O'Brien. "Get a rope, Con, and help us!"

"That I will," was Con's prompt response, "that I will, surely. But, O'Brien, old man, first answer me this one thing. Where in the name of heaven did you fall from to make a hole like this without killing yourself entirely?"

* * *

CREED HAYMOND is no longer, even in an honorary way, General Counsel for the Southern Pacific Company. He has been retired on the liberal pension of $1000 per month, and proposes, I believe, to spend the remainder of a very green and vigorous old age in Europe. With the great Kentucky corporation he has been connected these many years. He entered the law department while Sanderson had charge of affairs, and proved more useful as an ally than he had been bitter as an enemy. Like A. A. Cohen and others, Haymond had actually fought himself into the service of the Big Four. When he was in full control of legal affairs in the brick building, rumor assigned him a salary of $25,000 per annum. And even at that figure he was profitable investment.

* * *

Creed Haymond is a very odd character. Normally the very climax of diplomacy, excite him and he failed to exhibit common sense. His lack of tact on certain occasions was absolute. His open interference in the late Grand Jury *esclandre*, for instance, was a triumph of idiocy. Yet he is the man who thought out the ingenious scheme of defense which has enabled the Southern Pacific Company to win its tax cases. His pleas have been sustained by the highest tribunals. He, too, before any one else in the country, outlined the consequences of the Interstate Commerce Law. The opinion he wrote, events have verified in all its particulars. And yet there are lawyers of first-class reputation who regard Haymond as a man of mediocre ability.

* * *

He was great in flashes, but these inspirations of his, as in the tax cases, were eminently profitable to the Company. In a fight he had a persistence that was better than genius. His voice, save when he was excited, had caressing smoothness. When he came in control of the department, Haymond found the calendar choked with cases. He proceeded to square or settle them as best he knew how. No one could do both better. By the time he left for Europe, the Company had but a handful of legal contests on its calendar. I believe Haymond to be worth more money than even his nearest friends suspect. He was very prodigal on the surface and very adroit beneath it. Someone who should know assured me he had at least $200,000. He gave his intimates to understand that most of his salary went to the support of his old time friends.

* * *

That he did give a great deal to the old-timers who would insist on talking about the days of yore with him, admits of no doubt, but not too much. Now, he is enjoying life and his successor, who is also his antithesis, Judge E. D. Craig, is called General Counsel of the Southern Pacific Company. But if the directors require another inspiration, Creed Haymond will return, produce it, and hie back to Florence or Paris wheresoever his headquarters for the moment may happen at.

* * *

EDMUND RUSSELL, the Delsartean high priest, is an overdue arrival in San Francisco; indeed, he may have gotten here before these lines of mine see the blessed light of publication. Anyhow, I remember the man not so many years ago, and before his name amounted to a hill of beans as an art critic or anything else. Now, however, he is in a position to, and does lay down the law in almost every matter pertaining to form, taste, physical culture, and social etiquette, all the way from Maine to Florida. He is a good-looking young man with great *savoir-faire*, particularly excellent good taste, self-assurance to match, and the most interesting photograph album I have ever seen in America. I think he has a portrait of every social lion of the century, and, as he has a good story or so to go with each, the study of his gallery of faces is quite an amusing pastime.

* * *

He has the album with him, he has also got his good taste, his *savoir-faire*, and his

Richardson & Robbins' Potted Ham for Picnics and Teas.

charming self assurance; but one piece of property which I have forgotten to mention is away back East having pretty times at Bar Harbor. That is his charming young wife. She is almost as great a Delsartean as her husband, and while residing in London during the '80's was quite a lion of the season. That was before the Delsartean craze had reached America and the golden shekels in the high priest's house were few and far between. Russell himself was away in India, and his wife, while accepting divers kinds of hospitality from all manner of people "in the swim," had a hard row to hoe when she came to devising some scheme for returning the same.

* * *

One day, however, while strolling through some side street in Kensington, she passed a little store where toys and candies and kindred notions were sold, and where, incidentally, they vended gingerbread at a farthing, or half a cent, per square. Now, farthing squares of gingerbread are as rare as earthquakes in the homes of London's upper ten thousand, and experience had taught as much to Mrs. Russell. Therefore she invested largely; one shilling and sixpence being, I believe, the amount she sank in the dingy brown comestible. Then she sent out cards for a quiet afternoon tea "in the American style.'

There was not a soul in the big city who could recall the fact that afternoon teas were not a purely Yankee institution; and, therefore, everybody thronged the charming young woman's salon, and duchesses and dowagers and poets and men of fame wired into gingerbread like school-boys.

* * *

"What is it you said you called that lovely brown cake,dear?" inquired one inquisitive female, who had tasted nothing like it before.

"That's our American molasses ginger cake. They sent me a tin of it from home the other day and we love it so in the States that I thought you English people might like to taste it. What do you think of it, anyhow?"

"I simply adore it, dear," replied the dame, and everybody else said the same. It was so new, so distinctively American, so thoughtful of Mrs. Russell and all that sort of thing, that what could people do but be delighted. Those American teas became famous after awhile, and during the year of '88 the man or the woman who could speak coherently about the flavor of Mrs. Russell's alleged Yankee molasses cake, was known thereby to be moving in the cream of London Society. I don't believe that the deception ever leaked out on the other side of the water. Anyhow, even if it did, the little woman's cleverness in carrying the bluff through for so long would have won more than forgiveness.

* * *

NOWADAYS SAN FRANCISCANS are but indifferent patrons of art. In circulation there is a dearth of the currency necessary in purchasing pictures, and the consequence is they hang on foreign walls. However, all of us are not unfortunate. Colonel Trumbo, a special favorite of the fickle jade, is one of the few who can still afford to indulge an expensive taste for the gems of French art. To his collection he has just added a Meissonier, a Rosa Bonheur, a Fortuny, a Henner, and a Corot, which he ordered from a prominent Parisian dealer while on the Continent some months ago. They come duly accredited and are well worth looking at.

* * *

The Meissonier is a very small *genre* study of a sixteenth century festivity. Round the board are grouped a number of courtiers drinking and smoking. The host is rising to bid some new-comers welcome. The canvas is characterized by that wonderful fineness of execution that distinguished this artist. The Fortuny is also small. A Zouave in the uniform of his corps, rifle in hand, leans carelessly against a wall. The scene is Morocco and the subject is treated in the manner this painter made his own. A group of sheep and cattle in a mea low, a few trees, and an overhanging sky make a very characteristic Rosa Bonheur *ensemble*. This is quite a strong example of the great animal painter's work and is full of the qualities that have made her famous.

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The Corot is a fine canvas. It depicts a country landscape with trees, two peasants standing in the foreground. The effect is cool, soft, subdued. The Henner is a pretty canvas Reclining on the grass gazing at a pond in the near distant is a slight, gracefully formed maiden whose head is a mass of the loveliest auburn hair. She is nude and her face is of the true Henner type that expresses all manner of interesting things. Altogether, the Colonel's pictures are worth seeing and he is to be congratulated on having found such good examples.

* * *

THE MORAL OBLIQUITY which is a painful consequence of practical journalism doubtless explains my inability to appreciate legal ethics. For instance, while I cannot but admire the ingenuity and persistence that Carroll Cook has exhibited in preserving the McNulty neck from a richly merited halter, it seems to me he is exerting himself in a wrong cause. Instead of checking the murder tendency he is aiding and abetting it, and I still regard murder as a crime. However, Mr. Cook is clever, and that fact excuses a great deal. He succeeds in giving the Judge more to think of than any attorney at the bar, and thinking is not a mode of endeavor that the California judiciary takes kindly to.

* * *

He seems to have an unpleasant knack of suggesting precedents and presenting issues that have escaped the attention of contemporaries or predecessors. It is a boldj udge, indeed, who overrules his objections or pronounces his points not well taken. The Supreme Court generally finds his contention to have foundation. Indeed, he has established more propositions by means of writs of *habeas o pus*, of *mandamus* and of error than any other lawyer in town. In fact his efforts have incorporated in local jurisprudence quite a number of interesting and decisive rulings on disputed points. In other words Mr. Cook has an original point of view and is not given to accepting the law just as it is interpreted at $4000 per annum in the New City Hall.

* * *

I will not accuse Mr. Cook of being a great advocate, but he certainly wins his cases. His logic is excellent if his rhetoric lacks glamor. I suppose a man who knows law has but slight need of adjective. He amuses himself by keeping the Courts in hot water as he did Judge Murphy over McNulty—in fact, I have no hesitation in saying he has more th roughly mastered the criminal code than any other lawyer in the State. To bring about a complication so anomalous as that existing in the McNulty case requires brains. His latest contention is that the Judge has lost jurisdiction, and is ready to prove his point by all manner of imaginable precedents. That he will yet succeed in saving his client seems probable. His efforts, however, will be their own reward, for the murderer has not a cent.

* * *

Carroll Cook seems to inherit the same kind of ability possessed by his father, Elisha Cook. He, in his day, was esteemed the adroitest criminal lawyer at the bar, and in that estimation his son is now held by his colleagues. Carroll is not popular—quite the reverse, but those who dislike him most are compelled to do justice to his capacity. It does not seem four years ago since he was as complete a wreck as man could be. Physically and mentally he had fallen, and that he could regain his lost hold seemed impossible. However, he made the effort, and his success has been marvelous. Cook's practice is now an extensive one, and grows more so. He is a hard student and deserves the reputation he has won for himself.

* * *

EX-SENATOR FAIR is known as the most difficult man in San Francisco to interview. Most of the accredited and published conversations with him have been accomplished by the reporter obtaining a photograph of "Uncle Jimmy," setting it on his desk, and then imagining what he might not say on a given subject. This interesting personage has a good deal of business acumen in addition to large real estate holdings, and his method of utilizing Mother Nature, or that part of her which operates in the neighborhood of North Beach, commands my respect, if not admiration.

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He owns water lots at the foot of Fillmore Street, upon which he hopes to build some day. Just now, however, he is converting them into *terra firma*. Another man would fill in with all sorts and conditions of sand, clay, rubbish, and other solids. Not so James G. He has had a row of piles sunk some

distance from the shore and is calmly allowing the waves to bring in load after load of earthly deposits which said piles keep inside of the inclosure—when the waters recede. The economy of the process must appeal to the meanest intellect, and this is not its worst characteristic in the mind of our Fifteen Millionaire whose point of view takes cognizance of the shadow of a cent.

* * *

NOT TO METHODISM or Congregationalism alone did the great B. Fake Mills confine his converting. Actually he had the audacity of convicting certain youthful Roman Catholics of indifference, and his backers and supporters lost no time in acquainting Archbishop Riordan with his success. At a certain meeting in the Pavilion the great Revivalist gathered around him a host of small boys. They were gathered by his zealous whippers-in from all courts and quarters of the city, and were as motley a throng as ever preacher talked to. The great man spread his arms and pumped platitudes into them by the gallon. With the old, old story he loaded them to the lungs and then quoted older ones to show that Max O'Rell has no monopoly of antique fiction. Then he passed the cards round.

* * *

In the congregation were a number of urchins belonging to the Cathedral Sunday-school—dear little, dirty-faced Hibernians with segments of pants and sections of shirts. They belonged to the Boys' Brigade and went to hear Mills as they would go to the circus. When the little pasteboards with "I wish to lead a Christian life," name, date, residence, church, etc., came round, those who could write, signed and delivered to the good ushers these proofs of conversion. There were a score of them, James Doyle, aged nine; P. Murphy, ten; Joseph Flynn, eight and one-half; Michael Dooley, seven, and so on, all of St. Mary's Cathedral. Of course said cards were dispatched at once to the Archbishop with a polite note recommending the urchins to his care. One can imagine the intimation was not over and above welcome, but investigation revealed the tender age of the converted and the character of their conversion. I fear a great many of B. Fake's achievements are in the same class.

* * *

TO THE RARE FEW who appreciate that the camera in the hands of those competent to use it properly produces pictures, the exhibition that the members of the California Club are making at the rooms of the Art Association is interesting and pleasing. I am forced to confess that the majority of the work is more interesting than pleasing. There are many attempts at figure posing, and, as is invariably the case, the results are far from satisfactory, judged from the standpoint of unsympathetic but consistent criticism. Those who have confined themselves to simple landscapes and marines have produced the most artistic work. Sanford Robinson has an impressionistic tree study, which, while it may not please technical hypos, is worthy a frame. Reed and Hosmer carry off the palm for general excellence. The placing of the work of each exhibitor by itself enables the spectator to readily compare the work of the members.

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On the walls are a number of large portraits. It hardly seems consistent, whatever the scope of the club from a social standpoint, to place in an exhibition devoted mainly to the work of amateurs the productions of professionals. They lend a commercial and unwelcome air inconsistent with æsthetic feelings. One of the main and most charming features of the shows of the old amateur association was the feeling of artistic pleasure aroused by their work. There was nothing about their displays to suggest that the exhibitors had received anything for their efforts other than the feeling of satisfaction which accompanies an act well done. Not that professionals cannot do artistic work, but that they cannot do so in the regular line of their business. While there are many artistic bits in the collection I do not think that the exhibition, as a whole, compares with those given by the departed and lamented amateur association. I did not see any work equalling the pastorals of Woods, the marines of Lowden and Gibbs, the landscapes of Palache and Treat, or the all-round work of Tasheira, Miss Hyde and Brooks.

* * *

True merit always brings its own reward, and the elegant cane that was presented to that soulful young architect, Willis Polk, the other day, is a fit and proper tribute to his cleverness in telegraphing the *Examiner* that corking good scoop on the railroad disaster at Collis. The cane is a charming one, thick as a club and chaste in design as the filtered spirit of an archangel. With characteristic modesty Willis does not talk much about the circumstances of the presentation—far less indeed than he did about the scoop when he made it—and he never obtrudes the complimentary inscription on the silver band into the notice of a disinterested friend.

That inscription, by the way, which was written, I believe, by Sam Chamberlain reads: *Presented to Willis Polk by the Examiner, at his own request, August 30, 1892.*

* * *

THE GREAT FIGHT is over, and young Mr. Corbett is champion of the world. To have succeeded Boston as the birth-place of the greatest exponent of pugilism, is the honor that San Francisco now enjoys. It confers on the State an individuality that is, in itself, a geographical distinction. One can now hail from the place where Jim Corbett was born and be certain not only of recognition but respect. Regarding the victory from this point of view, I may be permitted to congratulate the climate on its achievement, and Hayes Valley on its celebrity. That the colors of the brutal ruffian who so long posed as the king of pugs have been lowered is in itself a subject for felicitation. That the victor exhibited such elegant dexterity and so much ability lends a touch of intellectual interest to his conquest.

* * *

Let me congratulate the *Examiner* in this connection on the literary excellence and intrinsic interest of its dispatches from New Orleans. Whenever there has happened or is to occur aught that the community demands news about, Mr. Hearst's journal is to the fore. Its enterprise is not only magnificent but admirable. To New Orleans it sent two members of its staff, T. T. Williams and W. W. Naughton. The former has furnished the cleverest and most entertaining kind of general reading, the latter has given the technical particulars with a skill and ease that show him to be, easily, the ablest sporting writer in the country. No other journal in America has been more ably represented and I felicitate the writers and the *Examiner* on their work.

* * *

More interesting than the cure itself is the guileless pride of Dr. Keeley's graduates in their emancipation from the thraldom of strong drink. The two or three weeks they spend at Los Gatos awakens in them, apparently, a love for the region and they return at frequent intervals, salute the doctor, report progress, and compare notes with their brethren in bibulous pasts. It is no uncommon occurrence for a dozen "good fellies" whose sole indulgence now is tea, coffee, or water, to pass Saturday to Monday in the Bichloride headquarters, ready and willing to relate their experiences to whomsoever will listen. Indeed, traffic is influenced to such an extent that I should not be a bit surprised to hear the profits of the Narrow Gauge were materially increased.

The Witness.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ABOUT BLOODS, ETC.

E. A. MORPHY ON SELF-MADE MARTYRS WHO SUFFER AND ARE STRONG.

Providence in its wisdom has created many things for whose existence the most sapient of human minds can contrive no available excuses. It was only within the last year or so that a local savant discovered a useful purpose in the precocious pertinacity of the common flea. He said that fleas were useful as a medium for keeping up the circulation of the blood in dogs, cats, monkeys, and other lower animals. It seems that the tantalizing bite of the elusive insect superinduces the healthful but untidy habit of scratching, and scratching brings on circulation, and so forth, to the end of the argument.

The logic was ingenious and no doubt wise in the extreme, and it gave rise to the idea that perhaps, in the due course of progress, someone in our own time might find a *raison d'etre* for the great family of "bloods," so called, which at present seems to exist as an ornament—an ornament pure and simple—on the spotless face of American Society.

Where bloods came from originally, I don't know, nor why they came, for it must be onerous to be a blood and the emoluments of the position seem ridiculously small. Yet that bloodishness, so to speak, has its attractions is a matter beyond all possible controversy or doubt; for of the many of the kind who have blossomed and still blossom within the confines of this metropolis the number who have voluntarily quitted the charmed circle of their kindred has been ridiculously and insignificantly small.

Still bloods cannot be said to be bloods for nothing. Anyone who has studied the lives and deaths of the saints will remember that the pangs of martyrdom were fraught with joy to the sufferers. Holy Saint Lawrence while broiling on the grid presented pleasant tid-bits of advice to his torturers, and, when his left side was sufficiently cooked, recommended the bystanders to turn him. He saw better things ahead and so was happy; and though it is difficult for you or I—that is, presuming that you are not a blood—to see what joys the hereafter may bring to the blood proper, there are doubtless private pleasures and carefully concealed mental delights attached to the vocation in question.

Indeed, in San Francisco especially, the bloods are, I believe, the happiest beings in the community and in this respect they differ from their brothers of Chicago, New York, Boston, and other Eastern cities, even as the night differs from the day. Why such should be the case it is impossible to determine. Possibly the superabundance of bloods in these parts inspires a feeling of confidence all round that cannot exist among the isolated cases of blood in other cities. As a matter of fact, the Chicago blood is seldom little better than a mere bleed; and we all know what that means.

There can be no more pathetic spectacle than an ex-blood of San Francisco playing the role of a bleed or semi-blood with fringe on the ends of his trousers and no reputation to work upon. He remembers how, in the by-gone past, the girls and the boys alike regarded him as a howler, the waiters in the *Riche* hailed his entrance with acclaim, and he was able to wink at all manner of charmers and have his wink reciprocated.

That, of course, is what always happens with a blood, and it is one of the things that makes the life so attractive. This certain reciprocation of the wink, this assured deference from the waiters, this genial confidence from the bartender who insists upon the blood having one on the house at least twice a day.

The poor bleed, God help him, has no such easy lines as these; and with all the instincts and ambitions of a genuine blood in his breast, the lack of such little marks of deference is galling. But such enforced abstinence from bliss is the penitential portion of almost every true blood when the full length of his financial tether is run, and it is, doubtless, this assured period of unmitigated and whole-souled repentance and insolvency at the end of his meteoric career that makes the blood so confident of that true state of future happiness which repentance alone can bring.

In New York and Boston they have just a few real bloods like those out here, but the general run of the gilded belong to the class that would be called "Toy bloods" in San Francisco.

Genuine bloods never suck canes like dudes; but Toy bloods do. There is frequently some originality about the methods of the genuine blood, but the toy or doll blood has none. Being fearful of raising "merry ned" like his brother, said Toy languishes on the boundary lines of blood-land, and is an object that one pities because his unhappiness is so manifestly extreme. Probably he has only a fifty-cent dinner sort of an income; and on such it is impossible to be a blood; possibly again he has a plentitude of the wherewithal, but is afraid to stop out late, and has not in his composition that cavalierly element which enables the true blood to wink promiscuously at the ladies. He would give a month's allowance for this single gift of being able to wink gracefully, or the even nobler one of being able to stay out for a week; but parental discipline or a slender purse prohibits his ever seeking an alien couch, and lack of moral stamina blights his hopes of winking.

Therefore it is that the existence of the Toy blood becomes a bane and nuisance and an intolerable burden to the owner. It is not to be wondered at that he has to turn his attention to lawn tennis or perish in sheer disappointment at the emptiness of life. Indeed, nearly all the Toy bloods of San Francisco have lately taken to lawn tennis as a relaxation, and this circumstance has proven no end of a boon to the genuine bloods who no longer are compelled to suffer the indignity of being confounded with and mistaken for members of the same class as their lesser emulators.

Here it may as well be stated that a real blood is never fearful about staying out late or not keeping tally on his drinks, or following up a wink that has been reciprocated. If, in a moment of too exuberant enthusiasm, he oversteps himself or his physical limits in any of these matters, he heroically conceals the fact from even his most intimate companions. He may, perchance, in an entirely jocular style, confide in some friendly bartender in a patronizing sort of way, and admit having a head like a foot on some especially uncomfortable morning. This, however, is purely a matter of convivial confidentiality, and must in no wise be regarded as an evidence of his being sorry for what he has done.

As a matter of fact the blood has always a head like a foot in the morning while he is abroad and keeping his end up. It is his commendable pride in this respect that sets him floating upon the upper hemisphere of the bubble reputation, that makes would-be rivals green with envy, while the girls say, "Isn't he a blood?" The absence of such a head signifies he has been derelict in his duties as a blood the evening before, and being derelict in such duties is generally tantamount to being financially broke, and the condition of possible financial smashiness is the besetting bugbear of the blood. Whatever else befalls, you see, it's absolutely essential for him to keep his end up, and once his end ceases to be kept up his days as a blood are done.

I was talking to a bleed the other day—an ex-blood whom you would doubtless remember were I to quote his name and publish his shame thereby—and at the time we were standing on the corner of Sutter and Kearny Streets in the region where true bloods abound. He was utterly broke, not two bits were left out of two fortunes, and I asked him did he feel repentant and sad.

"No," said he, "I always kept my end up when I had the stuff; and I can't remember anything that happened during two years of that time."

"But where did the fun come in, if you didn't know what was happening?"

"Why," said he, and the argument was conclusive, "the fact that I can't remember anything about it is proof positive that I must have been having what you may call the h—— of a good time."

He sighed as he spoke, sighed at the happy memory. He is only a bleed now, you may tell me, but I say that that man is still, at the bottom, a blood of the very first water. His lack of repentance makes him one; and, after all, it is in the absence thereof that repentance is truly a boon and a blessing to bloods as well as all other breeds of men.

SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN,

Especially infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

Said the lecturer: "The roads up these mountains are too steep and rocky for even a donkey to climb; therefore I did not attempt the ascent."

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THE OLYMPIC CLUB.

AN IMMENSE SWIMMING TANK.

With this issue I present a picture of the great swimming tank of the new Olympic Club. In length eighty feet, by thirty-five in breadth, it presents delicious possibilities to those who enjoy bathing. Indeed, it is the largest in any club in America. With its admirably furnished parlors, and gymnasium completely equipped, the attractions of the leading athletic institution of the Coast cannot be gainsaid. Already large accessions are being made to the membership, and I cannot but think the Club will find its growth greatly accelerated by the Election Committee system just adopted.

Now is the time that members of other clubs who desire to enjoy the conveniences of the swimming, bath, and gymnasium, should apply for membership. After the New Year it is proposed to increase the initiation fee, and then the luxury will be quite an expensive one. Rumor ascribes to certain members of the Cosmos, the Pacific-Union, and the Bohemian Clubs a desire to join. I should strongly advise them to lose no time, as time presses onward towards the close of '92.

A few words more about the bath, however. The water is to be maintained at a temperature of between sixty-five and seventy degrees. In depth it will be three feet at the west end and ten at the east, the bottom having a very gradual inclination in the first twenty-five feet, for the benefit of the juvenile members. There will be plenty of illumination. The upper stories of the structure form a recess or light well over its area, admitting a flood of light and sunshine to the bathers. At night six incandescent lamps will lighten up the water.

Directly to the left of the entrance are located twenty-seven dressing-rooms for the benefit of those who do not use the gymnasium. The bath is protected on three sides by a nickel rail, and on the fourth side is separated by a glass screen formed into flat bay windows from the locker-room. From these an unobstructed view of the bathers is obtainable. In addition to the big tank, ten special hot salt water baths have been constructed, so that there will be every imaginable convenience for lavatory purposes.

HAPPY IDEAS.

"It's your move now," said the policeman to the masher who stood on the corner dressed in a loud checker-board suit.

She—I should think that man would have a fearful load on his conscience.
He—He would if it weren't for one thing.
She—What's that?
He—He hasn't the conscience.

Miss Gasket—Mr. Fosdick calls on me religiously once a week.
Mrs. Flypp—Why do you say "religiously?" Does he go on his knees and pray you to marry him?
Miss Gasket—No; we are already engaged. I go on his knees.—*Truth.*

He (after a lengthy call)—Well, good evening.
She—Good evening. By the way, didn't you propose to me?
He (startled)—Why—yes; of course.
She (pleadingly)—Well, do tell me, like a good fellow whether I accepted you or rejected you?—*Truth.*

"Well," said Mrs. Bruggins after a solo by a fashionable church choir tenor, "if that ain't the cutest thing I ever saw!" "What?" inquired her niece. "Why, didn't you notice it? Just as soon as that man began to sing every other member of the choir stopped. But he went right through with it and I admire his spunk."

THE CIRCUS.

The circus is coming—this time John Robinson's combination, including all sorts and conditions of lions and tigers, equestrians, equestriennes, huge tents, pageants, and all the glories that go to make up a really great show. It comes in a special train of six cars, and, besides the ordinary attractions that one anticipates in a circus, this brings two carloads of ballet girls. Just imagine, ye gilded youths, *two carloads.* They are to take part in the reception to her Majesty of Sheba, which is one of the features of the performance. This function in itself ought reconcile the religious to the circus and John Robinson, who is nothing if not daring in his innovations. He has a very pretty young woman to enact the part of the lovely queen, and her costume, like that of her followers, is an oriental dream. The $10,000 beauty is plain beside her. As for Solomon, the original in all his glory was not a circumstance to John Robinson's potentate.

After the retinues have deployed round the rings there is a gorgeous dance by the two carloads of ballet maidens, which I am positively assured will be very interesting. What the premium on front row seats is, I have not been informed.

Of course the ring performance is excellent. There are admirable gymnastics by muscular ladies, and Samsons among men, fine riding by admirably moulded maidens and gentlemen of first-rate equestrian ability. Master Willie Robinson drives thirty ponies all at once. But these are only a few of the features.

THE EXHIBITION OF CERAMICS.

In last week's issue the announcement was made that Sanborn, Vail & Co. would introduce a novelty in the way of exhibiting ceramic paintings, the work of local, professional, and amateur artists. The number of pieces sent in exceeded the expectations of the art department of the firm, and they announce that the display will be a very fine one and consequently one that will be highly appreciated by lovers of fine art generally. As the competition for supremacy will be close, it is expected that the friends of the exhibitors, as well as others, will gather in force to view the various productions.

This is the first opportunity given painters in this city to exhibit on a large scale, and the firm is entitled to no little credit for the interest they have taken in carrying this affair to a successful issue.

The exhibition will open on the thirteenth and close on the seventeenth of this month, and it is the desire of Sanborn, Vail & Co. to have the general public call and view the collection. In addition to the ceramics a superb collection of fine modern paintings will be shown.

Jinks—Do you suppose it's true that a number of Italian princes are running bootblack stands in this city?
Filkins—Very likely. Being unable to reign in Italy, they doubtless preferred to come to America and shine.

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TELEPHONE 1396

Annual Meeting, Grand Prize Mining Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Grand Prize Mining Company will be held at the office of the Company, room 20, 331 Pine St., San Francisco, Cal., on **Tuesday, the 20th day of September, 1892, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M.**, for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer Books will close on Saturday, September 17th, 1892, at 12 o'clock M.
R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.
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The Wave

A Society, Literary and Political Journal.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, September 10, 1892.

THE FRIGHTENED BOSSES.

One would gather from the speeches of those Reorganizers who are now attempting to boss the Democratic party that, were it not for the Buckley lambs who are seeking to force a way into their fold, they would let the people see their club rolls. But Big "Dick" Creighton and the pugilists and toughs who follow him have frightened them into becoming bosses. Mr. Dwyer says that if the club rolls are made public these ruffians will attend the primaries and vote the name of every decent man before he arrives, and thus easily again ride into power.

This is an extraordinary excuse for setting up the machine now operated by Sullivan and Dwyer in the Executive Committee (because these gentlemen will have the appointment of the election officers who hold the primary), but even if it were their true reason, it demonstrates a lamentable lack of courage. Is it possible that the Reorganizers are afraid of the Buckley lambs who are now so loudly bleating to get into the Democratic party? If so, why are they not afraid of Sam Braunhart, Isador Gutte, Michael Hassett, Walker Graves, Frank Murasky, William Broderick, and the other lambs who now belong to their faction of the party?

It seems to make a great deal of difference to whose faction the lambs belong. If a lamb enters the entire fold and obeys orders he is all right, and the Reorganizers do not fear him. But if he stays outside and bleats for recognition, he is a ruffian, stuffer, and general bad man.

To me the remarks of these new would-be bosses on this subject sound very much like amateur fairy stories.

OVERWHELMED WITH DRINK.

Those who think it is unnecessary to suppress the dives and close up a few of the whisky saloons of this city, should contemplate the statistics presented by Archbishop Riordan at the recent meeting of the League of the Cross. The reverend father said he had figured out that in this highly civilized and enlightened community we have one saloon to every ninety-six persons, and one to every seventeen voters. According to these figures, it appears that if all the voters of the town desired simultaneously to take a drink there is sufficient bar space and a sufficient number of bartenders to accommodate them. Of course, every great city has plenty of barroom area. It seems that wherever men congregate in large groups they must have gin mills to drink and play cards in. But we are certainly more than generously supplied with them. In Chicago they have one saloon to every 195 persons, in Cincinnati one to every 135, in New Orleans, the Mecca of bruiserdom, one to every 388, and in wicked New York, where whisky flows like water, one to every 188. All this against our one to every 96 persons, including Chinese.

These statistics would seem to indicate that there is something in our climate which causes whisky saloons, like vegetation, to flourish luxuriantly. I remember a certain corner upon which, some years ago, the owner erected a fine three-story structure. The ground floor was first opened as a grocery store and failed; next it became a drug store and again it failed; then it became a meat market, and once more its occupant went into bankruptcy. Finally a corpulent German rented it and opened a beer saloon, and the corner has ever since been a howling success. This is certainly climate, it cannot be anything else.

However, the whole community should support Archbishop Riordan in his desperate fight to prevent the establishment of a rum hole at the entrance to Holy Cross Cemetery. If there is no other way to stop this desecration of the Silent City, the dead should be called on to arise and drive the saloon keeper away. A number of ghosts, I imagine, stalking into his place every night and demanding a little brandy-and-water would make short shrift of him.

LEISURE, NOT "WORK" WANTED.

According to its advocates, the corner-stone of the system called Protection is that it makes "work" for the people. Every day some of my esteemed Republican contemporaries remark that but for Protection there would not be so much "work" to do, and if there was not so much "work" to do a great many people would suffer from starvation. I hear them say that this or that new business enterprise will be a blessing because it will provide "work" for a large number of men, and, while they admit that in some of the protected industries Protection has assisted employers to amass great wealth, they still maintain that this process has provided "work" for a large number of men. On the same theory, I suppose, a big fire which might burn down the town, or the cholera, which might exterminate the people, would be a blessing. Those calamities certainly would make "work."

All this is based on the theory that "work" is greatly to be desired, and that every man who is provided with it should look upon his employer as a benefactor. It is nothing to the case that for every man he employs at two dollars a day the employer makes six for himself. Any man or system that provides "work" is, to the average Protectionist, a good man or a good system.

But I disagree with the political economists who believe that providing "work" for the people is a beneficent thing. To the average man I think "work" is exceedingly disagreeable. I confess that to me even the "work" of refuting the absurd arguments of Protection is onerous and exacting. Instead of being grateful to the political party which promises them "work," I should think the voters would regard it with aversion. Moreover, how a party can succeed by promising to give people "work," when it is so easy to promise them leisure, is past my understanding. The Republican party must think we are all dying to "work"—that we are, in fact, like the actor who threw up his job at the theatre because in the part for which he was cast he did not have enough to do. What I am looking for is a party that favors high wages and no "work." I shall vote steadily against the party that promises *me* "work." I don't want "work." I am seeking to avoid it.

There is reason to believe that the blind goddess, Justice, has departed this region, when John McNulty is compelled to fight for his life, with Harper and Curtis out on bail.

* * *

Within two weeks three young ladies under nineteen, two in Oakland and one in this city, have been divorced from their newly-made husbands. As things are going it will not be long before the most pertinent form of greeting to young married ladies will be: "Ah, good morning; are you still living with your husband?"

* * *

It is a curious and interesting fact that the first man to be killed on the new overland railway, the San Francisco and Great Salt Lake line, should be Mortimer C. Shaw, its engineer. It is more remarkable still that the agency should be a Geary Street dummy. I hope my esteemed anti-railroad contemporaries will see nothing malign in the further fact that this dummy is owned by the Southern Pacific Company. Really, the Company had nothing to do with Mr. Shaw falling under it.

* * *

It is quite plain that public sentiment in Visalia is rapidly crystallizing in favor of Evans and Sontag, the Collis train robbers. A dispatch printed in one of the daily papers says the people down there are very hostile towards Wells, Fargo & Co. They do not sympathize to any great extent with any efforts to apprehend persons who steal its treasure. They are, moreover, great admirers of "nerve," and hence they are naturally inclined to applaud deeds of daring. If the people of Visalia feel this way, it is only a question of time when they will invite Evans and Sontag to return home, and present them with the freedom of the town in a tin box.

MUSIC.

"LA CIGALE" AT THE BALDWIN.

Adaptations of French comic operas are like the coat of many colors, and are to be known at once by the speaking discordance of the stripes and bars. With the change of idiom the situations themselves assume miracles in the way of transformation, at what cost to the integrity (?) of taste and the general lucidity of the order of events, only the initiated thoroughly appreciate. The gaps in the course of the action, as well as the gasps in the lurches from humor to sentiment, indent adaptations with a regularity which may be counted on throughout. "La Cigale," as played by the Lillian Russell Company, fails nowhere in reaching the ideal of the adapter's art as we see it; the plot is as grasshopping and the situations as seasoned by use as the most hardened prophets foretell. What comic opera librettests would do without peasant wenches with the fatal gifts of beauty, siren-like voices, and the prima-donation craze, would be uneasy guesswork; these gentlemen might eventually come to a hazardous explanation of the humor of wood-chopping and stone-breaking.

French irony, as applied to the ineradicable vulgarity of man and the delightful and expensive frivolty of woman, does not gush in well-timed rillets in "La Cigale;" the wit has ambled through the cycles without the necessity of the formal introduction deemed the correct thing in the case of any new phase of human conceit. Marton, the village beauty in this opera, has not been rained upon with prodigality in the shape of humor from the comic opera makers horn of plenty. Indeed, she misses numberless chances of committing truth in its corrective and flavorful form. The character suggests with the mellowing of time a full complement of feminine asperities and gifts that bore, the picture of the elements of a thoroughly tiresome woman, is one of those blessings very much disguised, which makes even the comic opera audience reflective.

Lillian Russell is producing an opera new in name only as to character. Her beauty, divine plumpness, bonny personality, and thorough confidence as the most praised and celebrated of *les jolies chanteuses d'operette* give a lustre to the piece itself, which with the performance of any other *artiste*, it would lack. Such music as the composer, Audran, has written to the libretto would not lift the work from the well-planed flats of the opera of a flighty kind. The interpolations are generally chosen for their unfitness, and there are many of them. Marton's duets with the Chevalier Franz are the most interesting of the numbers; the ensemble pieces, especially the appeals for Marton's return to her old home, are generally effective, and one or two of the songs have the popular rhythm and tune well marked. The want of distinction in the musical score is its principal characteristic. Originating from a French source the expectation of something approaching an electric quality is expected, but the expectation is not consummated.

The precise quality which has caused Lillian Russell to mount upon the pedestal of fame as the comic opera songstress without a peer is not easy to find. Her claims to popular regard are at once recognized in the charm of face and figure, though the latter is, perhaps, a trifle mature for the sculpturesque. Talent of the sensible kind, without sign of eccentricity or emotion, and a certain magnetism of beauty and physique, are evenly balanced in the happy combination of gifts possessed by the singer. With a speaking voice altogether charming, cultivated, and refined, a singing voice not as purely trained or produced as might be, and inclining slightly to the shrill in the upper registers, though used with intelligence and care in rounding the phrases, and an acting capacity of a rational and tasteful kind, Lillian Russell is easily beyond comparison with any comic opera soprano who has visited us. Mr. Haydon Coffin has many admirable qualities unexpected in light opera singing. His artistic intensity and earnest effort give strength to the whole performance. Like most voices of extreme compass his high baritone organ is somewhat tense in fibre throughout, and hardly satisfying in overtones. The remarkable quality of his singing for a light opera artist is its ability to stand criticism. The tone is produced with certainty of placing and only slight faults in the use of the narrow vowels. Admirable enunciation and correct speech are rare virtues well sustained and supplemented by acting of some *finesse*. Mr. Coffin's gifts and personality seem better suited to opera seria. W. T. Carlton, as usual, puzzles the singing people with his acrobatic delivery, and appears to be in neither more nor better voice than is his wont. Miss Ada Dare, handsome enough to be leading lady in the most exacting of companies, Miss Laura Clement, and Mr. Charles Dungan do their work evenly, and help the effect of the performance.

The glories of Lillian Russell's costumes deserves the victress's wreath; they are coruscations of brilliant taste. The dressing, dancing, and staging of "La Cigale" is varied, interesting, and bright, as may be, and one of the strong points of the production. Mr. Louis Harrison exhibits all the quirks of the privileged relation in a style of humor, rather telegraphic in the rapidity of utterance. The business compound therewith is suggestive of the modes, neither ancient nor modern, and distinctive enough to be within reach of originality. The chorus is not deeply involved in the score and does its share sufficiently promptly.

The "Mountebank," to be given on the nineteenth by the Lillian Russell Company, will be a remarkable event and something uncommon may be expected.

LESLEY MARTIN.

LAWN TENNIS.

Everybody goes to Oakland to-morrow to witness the contests at the Oakland Club's courts for the championship of the Pacific States in ladies' singles and gentlemen's doubles, and as the entries contain some of the best players on the Coast it is safe to predict an interesting programme. The ladies' singles will be unusually interesting this year. The winner of the tournament will be hailed as lady champion of the Coast, as Miss Crouch, who now holds the title, will not defend her championship on this occasion. With Stetson and Gus DeLang for the gentlemen's event, and Miss Susie Morgan in the ladies' event, the California Club can safely count on a very strong representation, as the former team during the past week succeeded in defeating Taylor and Tobin by three sets to love 6-0; 6-4; 10-8. The defeated team, it must be remembered, won the recent league championship from Bates and Neel.

This will be Miss Morgan's first appearance in the championship singles, but not her first in a tournament, as she won the mixed double event with Mr. Ogden Hoffman at San Rafael, some years ago. Her driving from the back line is unusually severe for a lady player. Should Miss Morgan and Miss Roberts, of San Lorenzo, come together, a very close and exciting contest will be witnessed, as they are very evenly matched, and unless some of the other ladies are very expert with the racket, it is, in my opinion, quite probable that San Lorenzo and San Francisco will battle for first honors.

It is to be regretted that that clever young team, English and Allen, will not take part in the coming tournament, owing to the indisposition of the former. Wilberforce will, however, make up the English end of the team, and with such a clever tactician as Allen should make matters a little warm for some of the more prominent contestants.

Sanborn and T. C. F. Driscoll, the two left winged cyclones, will make a very strong team and will hail from the Oakland side, as will also Bates and Haight. As in the ladies' event the team winning the doubles will be hailed as the champions, owing to the inability of Hubbard to be here in time to defend the championship with Haight.

The old time players are gradually coming back to the tennis courts at the California Club. During the week the familiar figures of C. R. Winslow, Cutler Paige, F. Beaver, and H. H. Sherwood were seen before the nets. Wilber and Levy, who are to represent the Olympic Club, have been the guests of the California Club for the past two weeks.

W. B. Collier, Jr., the player who never cracks a smile, has given up the Taylor game and adopted the latest Eastern drive. It is useless to state that his playing has improved thereby fully (owe-thirty). Wilberforce and Allen defeated Driscoll and Sanborn at Oakland lately by a score of 7-5; the former also defeated English, 6-4, 6-4.

In the last issue of the *Pacific Field Sports* was an article (in poetry?) evidently written as a reply to a well-known player's article in the San Francisco *News Letter* relative to the innaccuracy of the tennis news printed in *Field Sports*. I am sorry to see that a paper of its so-called repute should have to stoop so low in trying to right itself in the eyes of its subscribers, as to comment on a man's business connections. There is no doubt but that its article was uncalled for, and worthy of the old adage of a drowning man clutching at a straw.

I will say, further, that the gentleman referred to did not suggest the "Bottle Tournament," it was originated by Mr. Robt. Harrison. THE SCORER.

The elegant fall importation of suitings, overcoatings, and pantaloonings by J. M. Litchfield & Co., 12 Post, are now being displayed. The patterns exhibited are the neatest seen here in years—the very latest styles and modes. Their cutter, as an artist, is second to none on the Coast. His frock coats are absolutely perfect.

"Don't you know better than to put your arm around a lady's waist!" she cried indignantly. "I know few things better," he answered.

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AL. HAYMAN & Co., - - - - - Proprietors
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Matinee To-Day at 2, To-Night at 8

Lillian Russell Opera Comique Co.

—IN—

LA CIGALE

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 12th, Second Week of
Lillian Russell Opera Comique Co., in La Cigale

Third Week—Lillian Russell Opera Comique Co.
and First Production in America of
THE MOUNTEBANKS

NEW CALIFORNIA THEATRE.
Handsomest Theatre in the World.
AL HAYMAN & Co... ....Proprietors
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MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 12th

THE LAUGH OF A LIFETIME

The Comedy Success Par Excellence

THE : JUNIOR : PARTNER

Preceded by the Exquisite One Act Play
FREDERIC LEMAITRE
Illustrated by a Company of Unequivocal Excellence
Under the direction of Mr. Chas. Frohman.

IRVING HALL
Tuesday Evening, - - - September 13th

WM. H. SHERWOOD
AMERICA'S · REPRESENTATIVE · PIANIST
WILL GIVE
ONE RECITAL ONLY

ADMISSION (Including Reserved Seat) $1.00
Seats Now on Sale at Kohler & Chase's Music House,
26-28-30 O'Farrell Street.

THE MUMMERS.

"LA BELLE RUSSE" AT STOCKWELL'S.

Tito Melema's belief that everything unpleasant may be manipulated agreeably, providing there is cleverness enough brought to bear on the situation, is shared in common by all the heroines of fortune upon the stage. These ladies, whose virtues apparently ripen too early to admit of their lasting to the detriment of their possessors large sense of enjoyment, have a tiresome family likeness, as they are at present constructed by the enterprising dramatists.

Inexcusably beautiful, brilliant, witty, and fascinating, they trample over the hearts of hordes of magnificent grandly gifted heroes with freedom, abandon, and dispatch. Marching in and out of matrimony with well-regulated agility, the heroines of fortune find the willing victim ready to hand without the lifting of an eyelid. The marriage bell is funereal when compared with the jocund tinkling of joy bells ringing round their lightsome steps. The fleeing of their dupes is the occasion of unlaced merrymaking, where all ordinary things are *negligé*.

In the art of living, the adventuress is a person who seems to have acquired by natural inheritance a full measure of skill, at least according to the situation the dramas discover her in. When the sayings of this sprightly person are remembered it is a remarkable fact that the faculty of being less clever than the average bright woman of real life insists upon obtruding itself through the utterances. The bad woman of the drama, especially the adventuress, deserves the excuse of very much more than average brilliance and mental ornament. From the nature of things she cannot afford herself the luxury of stupidity, that is reserved for the good woman. By comparison with the saintly characters in the heroine of fortune play, the scheming female has decidedly the best of it in point of intelligence, though that gift is never of the most sensitive kind.

In "La Belle Russe" the order of creation appears to be especially designed for the benefit of the woman of bounce and impudence. The beautiful enchantress has no difficulty in convincing all and sundry of her likeness to a woman they had probably never seen, and her appearance upon the scene as the wife of a wealthy and noble young man, after no one knows how many years seclusion, does not give rise even to the airiest of suspicions.

Every actress not disqualified by age or physical imperfections desires to play the wicked siren in her seductive moods. Be there ever so much moral abomination there is no apparent hesitation in the taking on of the worst characters, providing the actress can wear better clothes and assume more seductions than are allowed to women who are tame and virtuous. Providing there is beauty and talent enough in the player the sensibilities of audiences are not easily shocked, but let the blight of time show itself and the public discovers a moral quagmire in every situation touched by the presence of the siren.

Miss Jeffreys Lewis shows ability of the kind which arouses the wonder that her portrait of Geraldine was not at once recognized and shown the door. In real life the impersonation would have gone no further than the office door of any rational legal practitioner. The standard of acting achieved by the company supporting Miss Lewis may be quite high of its kind. The public, however, seems to remain unmoved by it, and as a general rule the public considers itself more than a judge.——

Commencing next Monday night, and continuing for two weeks at the New California, the attraction will be the latest laugh from the French, "The Junior Partner." The company presenting it is of more than ordinary excellence, enlisting the artistic efforts of such prominent and well-known people as Henry Miller, May Irwin, Emily Bancker, Mrs. McKee Rankin, Hugo Toland, Phyllis Rankin, Thomas Ryley, and others. "The Junior Partner" is a comedy in three acts, said to be original in conception, bright and crisp in dialogue, rapid of action, and brimming over with life and hearty laughter. "Frederic Lemaitre," an exquisite bit of dramatic work by Clyde Fitch, with Henry Miller in the title character, will precede the comedy.——

For the second week of Miss Russell's engagement "La Cigale" will be continued. On Monday, September 19th, Gilbert and Cellier's opera, "The Mountebanks," will be produced for the first time in America. Much interest is attached to this work, and it will command attention over the entire musical world. The production will be given here in a most sumptuous manner by Manager French, the costumes having been made by the best *modistes* in New York from designs made by Percy Anderson.——

The programme for W. H. Sherwood's concert on Tuesday evening is a most interesting one. The great pianist commences with the Appassionata Sonata of Beethoven—a magnificent but decidedly exacting composition, and then plays important selections from the writings of Schubert, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Liszt, Rubenstein, Grieg, and Tausig. The well-known ability of Mr. Sherwood as an executant of the first-class affords promise of an interesting recital.——

The next attraction after Lillian Russell at the Baldwin will be the successful comedy, "Niobe." It is the joint work of Edward and Harry Paulton, authors of the libretto of "Erminie."

STOCKWELL'S THEATRE
L. R. STOCKWELL.....Lessee and Proprietor
ALF ELLINGHOUSE.....Business Manager

COMMENCING MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 12th
EVERY EVENING MATINEE SATURDAY
First Time on Any Stage
JOS. R. GRISMER & PHOEBE DAVIES
In an Original American Drama
THE : NEW : SOUTH
By Clay M. Greene and Jos. R. Grismer.

SEATS NOW ON SALE

Subscription Tickets for the Fourth Series
—OF—
CARR-BEEL
Saturday Popular Concerts
Can now be had at SHERMAN, CLAY & Co.

Single Subscription for Four Concerts, including Reserved Seats, $3.00

The First Concert Takes Place at
Irving Hall, September 24th, at 3 p. m.

THE SAINT.

Tall and delicate with a golden halo above her young brow, Celia had very much the air of a saint on a painted window.

They were on their wedding tour and visited an old Spanish city, very ancient, with ruins all emblazoned with armorial bearings, the walls here and there hollowed into niches where masculine and feminine saints were erected. They had been sight-seeing and had returned to the inn. He was very thoughtful and silent. He did not kiss her hands nor her lips. After a long time she asked, jealously: "What are you thinking about, my dear?"

"Celia, alas! Celia, a new man is born in me! At the other end of the street, didn't you see that virgin in marble, so white, so beautiful, so chaste, that looks so much like you? In her long, clinging robe she had the charm of intact modesty, and her lovely arms were lifted in prayer. Merely to look at her was for me to feel vanish all perverse fancies, wild chimeras, culpable desires. One glance from her eyes of stone has sufficed to clear my heart of all bad dreams. What a grand artist to have made such a pure piece of sculpture for the sanctification of souls! Ah! my dear, we have hitherto led a frivolous, unworthy life. We must do better henceforth. On account of that saint I am full of an infinite devotion."

"Yes, yes," said Celia. "I noticed that statue. See here!"

In her long white wrapper which enveloped her in a fashion similar to marble or plaster, she turned, to wind it tapering downward, and stood motionless, her hands clasped and pointing to heaven! And, really she was so like the virgin saint that the religious poet knelt before her in ecstasy.

"Full of modesty! Full of grace! You look, holy child, like the consoling apparition of a star in stormy nights. Intercede for me, young saint! I am a very great sinner, I have desired and obtained the wicked delights of too delicious kisses, and you have before you a strange criminal. But it has been enough for me to see you to have the desire to kiss you pervade my being! Tell me, lily of heaven, elect virgin, what it is necessary to accomplish to merit the smile of your compassion? What must be done?"

She drew herself up, always white, like a prayer, so pure and so sacred.

"Yes, saint, what can I do? What can I be? Speak!"

"Eh! be sacrilegious!" said she.—*French of C. Mendes, for* THE WAVE *by* E. F. DAWSON.

FASHIONS AND FANCIES.

FOR THE LADIES.

Novelties we must and will have, and the last craze has broken out in the form of the feminine pyjamas, to take the place of the time-honored *robe de nuit*. It seems improbable that we can ever attain the state of mind that will enable us to stow away without one sigh the delicious garments of lawn, lace, and ribbon that have, year by year, grown more fascinating, until now they seem little less than perfection. But go they must, at least for a time, or until this new fad has worn itself out.

However, do not imagine that the new pyjama is an ugly, unattractive affair—far from it. The Frenchwoman was the originator of the idea, and as a result the feminine daintiness has been retained in spite of the apparent difficulties, and there is certainly one good word to be said in favor of the feminine pyjama in case of panic by fire or flood (admitting that these are few, what womanly heart ever retires to rest without a thought of such emergency?) these garments would certainly be an improvement on the trailing robes of the past.

Your pyjamas—and you will have to wear them—should be made of thinnest and finest wool, for there is no doubt that in our peculiar climate there is no material so conducive to health. However, for warm weather and for those who dislike the close contact of wool, lovely arrangements of soft silks, pongee, and even figured lawns are made.

One æsthetic model in thin white flannel has a small violet polka dot; both garments are faced in white wash silk; the short loose sacque is fastened by four elaborate violet silk frogs, and a full face of dainty white lace decorates the deep collar and cuffs. A pair of violet suede heelless Turkish slippers accompanies this set.

Altogether it seems to me this fancy should be a success in this country, since it combines the practical and dainty.

Some dressy hats for early fall wear have been shown me. They are made of heavy silk corded lace stretched over a wire frame. A particularly stylish one has a straight flat brim, deep in front and very narrow in the back; over this is stretched a heavy lace which extends one inch over the frame, the elaborite edge drooping slightly; underneath the brim in front is placed one yellow velvet rose, a full soft crown of deep yellow velvet is caught up on one side by a large jet arrow.

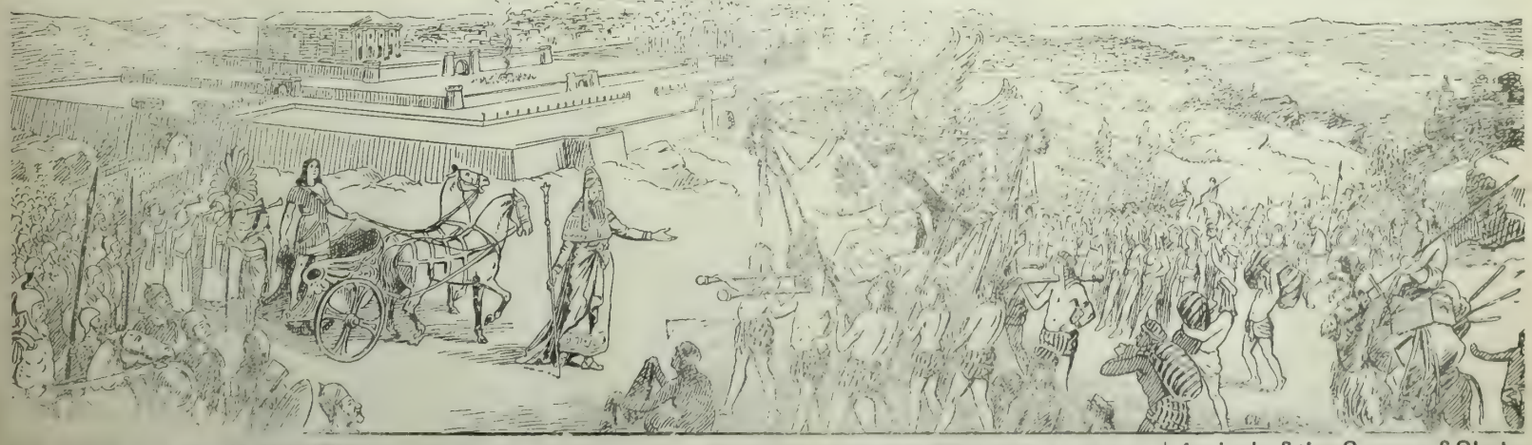
MME. X.

CITY OF DAVID
Convocation of the Populace
MINUTELY ACCURATE
In Biblical reproduction, faithful in scenic delineation, correct in costumes, surroundings, and enchanting in all its presentations, and in
GRAND SPECTACULAR EFFECT!
The limitless wonders and sensations which this impressive Spectacle offers requires the largest canvas ever constructed under which to properly produce it.

JOHN ROBINSON'S WORLD'S EXPOSITION
CENTRAL PARK 8th and Market Sts. | WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY NIGHT, Sept. 12 | 6 NIGHTS 5 MATINEES No Performance Sunday
3 Circuses 3 Menageries } 10 BIG SHOWS COMBINED 10 { 30 Races in the Hippodrome

The Walls and Towers of Jerusalem
EPISODES OF SACRED HISTORY
Presented in the most vivid and striking form, and offering the most enjoyable afternoon and evening's entertainment ever projected or conceived.
THE PALACE AND THE TEMPLE COURT OF
KING SOLOMON'S TEMPLE
The Great Golden Lavers, Solomon's Throne of Ivory, the Sacrifice of the Temple. Procession of Kings, the High Priest and the Levites.

IN CONNECTION WITH THE GLORIOUS PRODUCTION OF
SOLOMON, HIS TEMPLE AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA



THE SACRED ARK OF THE COVENANT
Slaves and Incense Burners
SOLOMON'S 700 WIVES
Entrance of Solomon and Retinue
THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON
Grand Fanfare of Trumpets

1100 People Representing Characters of the Wise King's Reign
OVER 100 BEAUTIFUL LADIES IN THE GRAND BALLET
WONDERFUL RACES IN THE HIPPODROME
110 Artists in the Arena — A Score of Aerial Specialists
A WONDERFUL MENAGERIE — A MUSEUM OF ANIMATED NATURE

Arrival of the Queen of Sheba
SOLOMON'S WARRIORS, WIVES AND PAGES
Numberless Flower Girls
NUBIANS LEADING WILD ANIMALS
The Grand Assemblage at the Palace
SOLOMON ENTHRONES THE QUEEN

First Performance will Take Place Monday Night, September 12th. Two Performances Daily Thereafter at 2 and 8 P. M. Doors Open One Hour Earlier.

JACK PRICE was my chum and a very lucky fellow. His luck did not stop at our friendship, it literally chased him through life. Jack was perpetually falling in love or in debt, but Dame Fortune invariably pulled him out. He never lost a toss, he never got jilted, and I verily believe that he never lost his temper or had a genuine bilious attack.

Jack was perfectly oblivious of his good luck. When at school I can well remember the head master calling him "an atrocious bad lot," and he has studiously lived up to that character as long as I have known him. Nevertheless, as I write, my friend is jubilant in the possession of a charming wife and a comfortable income, while I, who have always behaved myself tolerably well, have sunk, as you see, into an abject state of journalism.

On leaving school I went into an office in the city, Jack went to stay with a doting aunt. We correspondeed regularly, and his letters were full of glowing descriptions of hunting, cricket, and dancing, varied with touching episodes of calf—love. Then Jack left the doting aunt, and came to town to walk the hospitals.

He took rooms adjoining my own, and suggested that I should show him round the town. I very soon found, however, that his pace was too rapid, and that the process of "showing round" was not consistent with early rising to catch the city train, or with a clear head for business. So Jack left me.

About four years after I got some work on an evening paper, and moved into a cosy set of rooms in Staples Inn. My friend reappeared on the scene and started a series of intermittent visits, generally for the purpose of getting my wholesome advice. As soon as the whisky and pipes were fairly going, he would begin, "My dear fellow, you may not believe me, but I am fearfully hard up," or "I say, old chap, I believe I am in love." Sometimes I offered him money, which he took, and sometimes advice, which he ignored.

Then came an evening when he appeared with a very doleful face and a new suit of black clothes.

"You'll be grieved to hear, old chap, that the aunt is dead. Poor old girl, she died quite suddenly, and left me all her money. I had better repay the shekels while the sun shines."

He seemed really unhappy, and when we parted said, "I hope I shall see more of you now, Chowles; I am going to settle down in earnest."

For months I lost sight of my friend, and began to think that he had really "settled down in earnest," when I received the following note, which made me think Jack's luck had turned at last. I give his letter in full:

DEAR CHOWLES:—I am in a terrible fix, and, as is only natural under the circs., I come to you, my oldest friend, for that wholesome advice you are always so ready to give. To cut a long story short, I have lost all the aunt's legacy in that beastly "New Treasury Gold Mine."

A friend of mine on 'Change said the "Treasury" was a safe thing, so I bought all the shares I could get hold of, and now, as you know, the thing has gone to pot. Apart from the actual loss of money, I am daily expecting a call on my shares In an ordinary way I might have gone bankrupt and pulled round in time; but, *I am engaged.* I am serious. She is an actress. I dare say you have often heard of Miss Belward of the "Folly." She is the sweetest girl I have ever met, and awfully clever (I am sure you will like her), but she has been used to comfort, and I can never expect her to marry a penniless medical student.

Meet me at the Monico to-morrow at six sharp. Miss B. is going to dine with me, perhaps for the last time. I have written to tell her all about it, and if she throws me off I shall want some solid consolation.

Yours, JACK.

P. S. Miss B. appears the same evening in the new play "Love or Gold."

As luck would have it, I had been told off to criticise "Love or Gold." So, wiring Jack my acceptance I began to turn the matter over in my mind. A terrible fix, truly. Here was the casual, easy-going Jack, his money lost, and on the brink of bankruptcy pinning his faith to a pretty pampered actress. Luckily he expects to be jilted, I thought. That may take the edge off, and perhaps, after all, the bankruptcy will serve to wake him up—to make him put his shoulder to the wheel. I arrived at the Monico punctually at six, and made my way to the Grand Salon. In the corner of the room, on the very seat that had of'times heard our dramatic opinions in the days agone, sat Jack. He was leaning back on the couch, his hands behind his head, and gazing intently, very intently, at the lady opposite. I came up just as the waiter arrived with the soup.

"Punctual as usual," said Jack. "Let me introduce you to Miss Belward." Miss Belward smiled as she shook hands.

"I have heard so much about you. Jack tells me that you are a critic—you don't look a very severe one I usually have a horrid dread of the gentlemen of the press."

She was certainly very pretty. Regular features, full red lips, and deep blue eyes, set wide apart in a pale face. She was quietly but fashionably dressed in black, a bunch of Neapolitan violets at her neck, and a heavy sable boa thrown over her shoulders.

Jack ran on in his old irresponsible style, more like a school-boy than a love-lorn swain on the verge of bankruptcy. Miss Belward laughed and chattered away, and I was only too glad to get away with an occasional monosyllable.

Truly the "sweetest girl" did not look much like an empty-headed flirt, but then, of course, she was an actress, and a clever one, too. Presently the conversation touched the play, and Miss Belward, becoming suddenly very serious, turned to me.

"It is a very strong plot, and I like my part immensely. I have one splendid love scene, which, by the bye, Jack hates. The whole thing is staged in superb style; Isaac Vanderkist is financing us. You know Mr. Vanderkist?"

"Yes," I said, "everyone knows Isaac. I suppose he is one of the biggest financiers on 'Change. People say that merely to be seen with him means unlimited credit."

"Well," resumed Miss Belward, "Mr. Vanderkist is financing us, and his idea is that the play shall be superbly staged. He is very flattering about my acting."

"That Vanderkist is a regular Shylock," put in Jack. "He may be omniscient about stocks, but he doesn't know much about acting. Of course, though, he couldn't help admiring you."

Miss Belward smiled. "More comic jealousy," she whispered.

Jack called for the bill, and taking out a piece of gold threw it down with the large style of a millionaire. As we were putting on our coats I heard Miss Belward ask the waiter for the bill. She looked at it for a moment, and then turning to the man, said, with the air of a Lady Macbeth, "What is this? You know very well that we have had neither olives nor Camembert. No, it's not a mistake, and if it happens again I shall report you." The man put down the overcharge, and as Jack pocketed it with a surprised grin, the actress said softly, "You are really very prodigal, Jack. I suppose that is why you buy shares in the 'New Treasury!'"

We drove to the theatre, and were leaving Miss Belward at the stage door, when she called me back and whispered, "I am going to try and put poor Jack right with those horrid shares. Oh, here is Mr. Vanderkist. Let me introduce you." Then, to my surprise, she took the prospectus of the "New Treasury Gold Mine" from her pocket, and put it carefully in her muff. "She is a plucky woman," I thought, and the next minute I was talking to the great Lion of the 'Change.

We talked, of course, about the play. Mr. Vanderkist's remarks showed him to be a German Jew of a particularly well-informed variety.

"Ach, my friend, you will see zat zis plai has what you call grip. It catch you first by the trote, and make your blood stop quite still. This is the tragedy. Then it leave your trote and tickle you soft, soft in the stomach. That is the comedy. Then when you are dizzy with laughter, zis plai come soft, soft and lay its finger on your heart. That is when Miss Belward is on the scene. What, eh? Ach, it is true. You shall see."

Miss Belward was laughing—a soft, stagey, farcical laugh. She chattered on waving and gesticulating with the "New Treasury" prospectus.

Suddenly there was a scrimmage in the passage where we stood, and the call boy appeared.

He was very red in the face, and burst out, "Miss Belward! Oh, please Miss, the overture's on."

'Oh dear," said that lady excitedly. "Whatever shall I do? I've only seven minutes to dress and make up in. Hold this for me Mr. Vanderkist."

She thrust the "New Treasury" prospectus into the Jew's hand and ran off.

Mr. Vanderkist looked at the paper in his hand, put it into his coat tail pocket, and together we went round to the stalls.

In the theatre, the orchestra was playing Suppe's "Pique Dame." With a lugubrious expression altogether out of keeping with the music, Jack was talking to a young man

wearing a glorious shirt front and seals. As I came up Jack was saying:

"Then there is no chance?" "I'm afraid not, old man," answered the other. "The

'New Treasury' is to all intents and purposes busted."

Jack turned to me. "This is my stockbroker, Mr. Jameson."

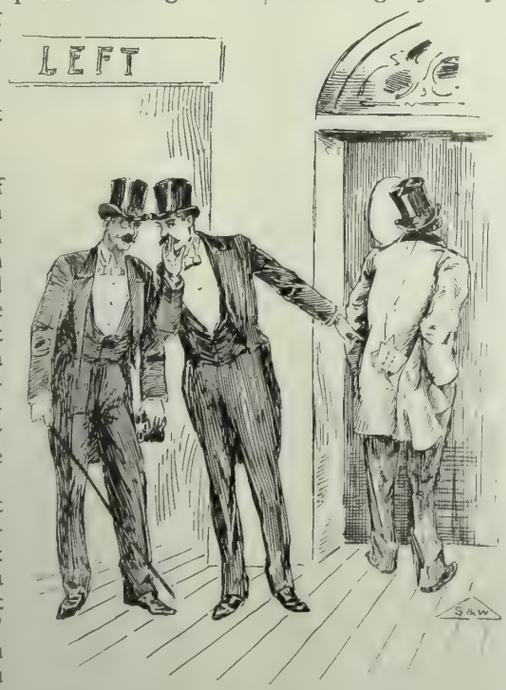
"Are you a regular first-nighter, Mr. Jameson?" I said.

"Yes, you will always find a large contingent of stockbrokers on these occasions," he replied. "I've already counted thirty of our fellows here to-night. Why, there's Vanderkist," and he strolled off.

Jack asked me what I thought of his *fiancée*. Of course I told him she was charming. "And she certainly likes you," I said, "I can see that."

Jack looked at me with an expression that was funny in its misery, and answered, "Wait until you see her act."

Vanderkist, the prospectus sticking out of his pocket, was talking to a circle of stockbrokers, each of whom, before leaving him, cast a furtive glance at the pamphlet.



Then the play began. I have no intention of giving you a criticism here, that can be found in its proper column of my paper. I will only say that "Love or Gold" was a coat and waistcoat drama of the modern approved type. A well-wrought plot, many situations and more social impossibilities.

At the end of the act we adjourned for refreshment. Jack drank his whisky with a bored air. "I shan't go in for the next act," he said, "it's such atrocious rot; but you had better go and see her make love. That is exactly what she does, she makes it. So I shall stop here.

In the stalls I found the Stock Exchange contingent gazing casually at Vanderkist through their glasses. The Jew was lolling back in his seat, carefully reading Miss Belward's prospectus. Jameson touched me on the shoulder and whispered, "Jove, there is a chance for Jack's shares yet. All the fellows are talking about that mine. They think that Vanderkist is *on*. Mark my words, there will be a big demand for 'Treasuries' on Monday, or my name is not Norval." Then he went off to find Jack.

So this was Miss Belward's plan. Far from Jack's luck turning, Dame Fortune was chivvying him again in hot haste, or was she merely coquetting with an old flame?

I think I lost the best part of Miss Belward's love scene, but I saw her glance inquiringly at Jack's empty stall. I heard the deafening applause; I saw Vanderkist hand up a large bouquet of orchids; and last, but not least, I saw upright in the midst of the bouquet that "Treasury" prospectus. The Stock Exchange contingent saw it too. One of them leant over and said, with a knowing wink to his friend, "That 'Treasury Mine' is a certain tip, old man. Vanderkist has put Miss B. up to it. If any one knows, he does."

Jack's *fiancée* determined to secure the success of her plot, carefully dropped the prospectus and came forward, amid renewed applause, to carry it off in triumph. After the play Jack and I went round to the stage door. Miss Belward soon made her appearance. The rouge was still on her cheeks, and gave her a delicious flush.

"Well, how did it go?" she exclaimed.

"Ai," said Jack, "and your acting was very near perfection."

"You silly goose! I don't mean the play; I mean my plan."

Would you believe it? Jack knew nothing of the scheme that was to restore him to wealth, ease, and matrimony. I hastened to explain that the "New Treasury" shares had in all probability ascended from worthlessness to value.

Then this actress gave my friend a very untheatrical kiss, and as she followed him into a cab she said to me, "Now, mind you, don't forget *your* part. Mind you mention that Mr. Vanderkist was observed to give a company prospectus to the clever exponent of etc., etc. And oh! please Mr. Critic, *do* give me a good notice."

Here is the next epistle from Jack:

DEAR CHOWLES:—Congratulate me. I have sold all my shares at a premium. There was a big demand on Monday. Our wedding is fixed for Thursday. Clarice wants you to come; she hopes you will describe her dresses. Yours,

JACK.

I met Mr. Vanderkist at the wedding. He wore a gorgeous button hole and a still more gorgeous smile, and began at once in his broken English, "That was a vair great sell that affair of the 'New Treasury Mine;' but now I can understand it. Miss Belward she sell the public, and this bridegroom, Mr. Jack Price, he is the Selling Price. Ha, ha! Vairgoot, vair goot, eh?"

F. WILSON BARREN.

NEW FALL

Styles and Novelties

—IN—

Dry Goods and Cloaks

NOW ON EXHIBITION

Our unequalled importations of the new season's goods, place us in better position than ever before to meet the wants of our patrons, with

The Largest & Most Complete Assortments

The Latest & Most Elegant Styles

The Very Best Values in the Market

J. J. O'Brien & Co.

MURPHY BUILDING

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AUCTION SALE

Commencing on Monday, Sept. 12th, and continuing every day during the week at 10:30 A. M. and 2:30 P. M.

MESS. S. & G. GUMP

WILL HOLD THEIR

GRAND AUCTION SALE

Before removing to their new building on Geary Street

IN THEIR

ART ROOMS

Nos. 581 and 583 Market Street

WHERE THEY WILL OFFER TO THE PUBLIC AN ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF

Fancy Goods, Vases, Fine Marble and Bronze Statues, Mirrors, Clocks, Engravings and Etchings (Framed), Oil Paintings, Bric-a-Brac, and Art Novelties in great variety,

UNDER THE PERSONAL SUPERVISION OF

B. SCOTT, Jr., Auctioneer

LOS ANGELES LIFE.

DEAR WAVE:—Coming social events are casting their shadows before; but, just now, it is very dull. Politics seem to be the most interesting topic. Considerable enthusiasm is rising for the polo games at Santa Monica next week. Aside from these minor objects of interest, we are at a dead monotony—as far as social life goes.

The girls are trying to agitate the subject of a Ward McAllister for our Southern swim; but it is giving the appearance of a lamentable failure. Truth to tell, none of the "boys" are quite eligible for that important position. Willie hasn't the requisite amount of intellectuality, they say; Dr. W—— is too dignified and handsome; the Colonel's taste in dress bars him out; and Walter's political aspirations interfere with his social ambitions. If the "Duke" was only here, he might do. Harry could carry the day if he wasn't so popular, but all the girls would be jealous, and social riot would run high. Frank comes the nearest to filling the bill, but they say Mrs. Frank will object. And so the subject is to be laid on the shelf, and perhaps time will develop it.

Mr. B—— has just got back from San Francisco, where he went for his usual summer outing. He met Mr. and Mrs. Walter Campbell up on the McCloud River, and they had a jolly time talking over early days.

Several of the Catalina people are home again. As the summer weather is no doubt over, the wanderers will be flitting back.

Herr Rubo and O. Stewart Taylor are making the Potomac Block ring with their musical sounds. They are practicing for the operas that will delight(?) our ears in October.

The old Mission, San Luis Rey, is to be inhabited by the padres once more. Did I tell you that Mrs. Kelso, our popular Librarian, is much interested in the preservation of these time-honored places? She went down there with a party, not long ago, and they have been trying to get an appropriation from the Government to further the good work.

Our Los Angeles theatre is to have a new dress. It will be white and gold. Then she expects to outshine her Northern sisters. Speaking of the theatre reminds me that Mrs. Lynch has gone on the stage. She is the wife of the editor of the *Herald*, and is quite young and pretty. Miss Banning is in Europe now, studying for the profession.

Boyle Workman is back from San Francisco. Minnie went up to Sacramento last week with the Colonel and Marion. They are going to attend the State Fair and do some visiting in the city. How I envy them! I am just dying to go up North. All we have to console us here now is the weather; the days are simply glorious.

I met Will S—— at Mrs. C——'s dinner party. We dined at the Swell Club. Eva told me that Minnie Goodwin is at Narragansett having a good time. Jessie is to be married this week.

The "Eagle" has made himself disliked by his venomous attack on Mr. Foye's family. The girls are really nice; and that highly-perched bird said some very disagreeable things about them, and even thrust his sharp beak into their little home nest. Harry says it is a perfect shame; Mr. B—— is indignant; and it looks as though some of the Eagle's feathers are likely to be plucked out. *Comme toujours.* K.

SACRAMENTO AFFAIRS

DEAR WAVE:—The cool weather of the past week has succeeded in bringing a number of people back to town Summer is over and we have entered upon one of the pleasantest months of the year. How time does fly! It seems only yesterday that we were all discussing the merits of the different summer resorts, and now, all that is a thing of the past and we are on the verge of another State Fair. All the boys are in sorrow and all the girls in a worse state, for there are "really and truly" no season tickets therefore the girls will, I very much fear, be compelled to remain at home. One thing it will succeed in doing and that will be to show who are the most popular maidens. I shall be on hand to see and keep you informed. The younger set are busy getting up ravishing costumes.

The Lewis family have returned from Santa Cruz, and the Motts from Big Meadows; the last named place was not as pleasant as in other years. The Ed C——s are settled in their new house on Eighteenth Street and it is really a perfect bijou; she has so much taste. By-the-way, I saw Mr. O—— and Harry out driving the other evening; the former is always on hand for the Fair. Young Dr. Will has been quite sick and looks badly. I hear he is going away for his health; rather hard on the girls when the men are so very scarce. Mrs. C——and Minnie are still at Redwood visiting; wish they would come and entertain during the latter part or the Fair. Ned, the Adams boys, and *blasé* Chapin will have to rustle themselves to provide amusements for the maidens; it will not be a very difficult task, I fancy. The Upson girls are entertaining Maye at their cottage at Pacific Grove. What is Frank S—— doing with himself these days? I understand the Kaseburg girls intend to reside out of town in future; but I cannot say how much it will affect the happiness of the aforesaid youth; rather fancy he has changed his devotions. The races commence on Thursday, and from that day until the close of the Fair we will be in a perfect whirl.

I never shall understand why the Fair is advertised to begin on Monday, when there is absolutely nothing to be seen until Thursday. The Vans have returned, and their swell turn-out is seen daily driving out H Street. The Jack Wrights are still at Del Monte and will probably remain during this month. Why doesn't John C—— brace up and take the girls out? He is rather a good-looking fellow, with a beautiful head of hair; and, I am sure, would be no end of a favorite. Then what opportunities he has living across from the fashionable boarding-house, and in a neighborhood replete with girls. I saw the T—— girls on the street the other day; both at home, what a coincidence! They had on pretty light dresses and hats and looked very sweet in them. I hope the weather will continue pleasant, so the strangers may have no cause for complaint until next week. *Au revoir.* NINA.

SAN JOSE NEWS.

DEAR WAVE:—The Garden party was a flat failure. We had plenty to eat, but very few cared to pay four bits for a cold lunch in the Vendome grounds, when for a trifle more we could get a delicious meal in the hotel where we could enjoy our meal in comfort and where we could feel sure that our manners and our clothes were not unmercifully criticised. The bickering, and quarreling, and backbiting among the charitable principals and their assistants was quite the most interesting part of the programme. They all feel so very insecure in their social positions that they scarcely dared to be civil, much less courteous, to the crowd they were trying to fleece. Mrs. Murphy is the only one in the Aid society who has an assured position, and Mrs. Woodrow is really the only lady in the other society who can claim a social standing among the 400—and as neither of these were interested there was no one to extend a cordial welcome or to make strangers welcome. Our Society ladies, nor the professional or business men did not turn out *en masse* as they are wont to do when called upon to assist any worthy enterprise. The ladies, however, tried their best to make up for their absence and gathered about them a fine flock of Mr. Bailey's Persian sheep, but, alas, even these were not a drawing card.

My, but wasn't Sam Rucker mad at Mayor Shilling. I can't say that the latter is a very brilliant Executive, but most people here think he is quite an improvement on Sam, who, by the way, I hear is to marry a charming and wealthy belle of your city.

I wish you could see Dan's wife trying to pose as an equestrienne. Her shabby green habit, awkward mount, and inferior horse does not harmonize well with her companion, who is a magnificent rider, wears an elegant and becoming habit, and rides a high-stepping thoroughbred imported from the Santa Marguerita Ranch.

The political campaign has opened, and we are in hopes of soon having the pleasure of hearing Mr. Ryland and Mr. Loud in joint discussion, and as both are—well, say, good speakers, and learned, great and brilliant statesmen, I am sure it will be a rare treat to listen to them. I do hope that John will open his purse just wide enough to rent a hall from now until November. As he is generosity itself, I feel sure that if his attention was called to this little matter he would immediately do so.

Judge and Mrs. Spencer are back from the Southern part of the State, and Mr. Alvord has returned from Del Monte.

No parties, balls, or dinners in prospect, but, perhaps, as the season advances some one may give a luncheon or a card party—if so, I will let you know. BABBLER.

STOCKTON LIFE.

DEAR WAVE:—Just as we were beginning to congratulate ourselves on having a man or two at our beck and call, lo! the State Fair and Admission Day must intervene and once more we are left to waste our sweetness on the desert air, in other words a manless city. Of course, we might follow the Native Sons to Santa Cruz or Santa Rosa, but since handsome Bob Reid is no longer presiding officer our Parlor has become too plebeian. San Jose and the wheelman's meet are still left and we are all so enthusiastic over bycycling we may go there. I know *I* shall if Duke Manchester will promise to wear his silk, but George tells me "chances are" he will wear a cap. "Old Hutch" is sure to be in attendance, he never misses anything of the kind.

The Pastime Tennis Club seems to have fallen into a state of innocuous desuetude. Yes, I am a member, but I was out of town when the last meeting was held and though on my return I heard of "Board of Directors," "asphalt courts," "four new members," etc., nothing seems to have been done. The weeds on the court are a foot high, and no one has the energy to inquire the reason why. The Thompson as well as the Dohrman courts are still in an embryo state, and I doubt if they will be in condition to play on this fall. The Sperry and the West courts are the only ones that give evidences of life—the last named one being especially popular. Nan Creanor is conceded the best lady player in town; her game is even said to equal George Sperry's. Frank Adams would do well with a little more practice, but Ogden Hoffman has disappointed us all. Driving and lounging in hammocks and steamer chairs seems to be more *his* forte than anything resembling tennis. Mr. and Mrs. J. Jerome Smith, the most active members of the Club, have gone for a two months' trip through the Sierras on their buckboard. I do hope nothing will occur to prevent their throwing their beautiful home open on their return this fall. Since the housewarming—I was present so I am not going to tell you how many years ago *that* was—Fate has been against the giving of entertainments of any kind there.

The Beldings and Bert Moore and wife have returned from Deer Park, the Burton and E. W. S. Woods' families from Capitola, and the Kiles from Santa Cruz.

Calla Hill has been in San Francisco for two weeks, and during her absence Arthur bestowed his attentions on his last "new girl." Just think he had worshiped at one shrine for five, no six, consecutive months, and he felt that something must be done to sustain his reputation for fickleness. Well, Arthur succeeded, for all were surprised at his steady devotion, as he had just previously heartlessly jilted a real nice girl and THE SPINSTER.

CHICAGO AND NEW YORK FLYER.

To the readers of THE WAVE: If you are "in the swim" and are contemplating a trip East you will see that your tickets read *via* the UNION PACIFIC, THE ONLY LINE RUNNING PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM SLEEPING CARS AND DINING CARS, SAN FRANCISCO TO CHICAGO WITHOUT CHANGE and making direct connection in Chicago with the fast limited trains for all Eastern cities; ONLY THREE AND ONE HALF DAYS TO CHICAGO; ONLY FOUR AND ONE HALF DAYS TO NEW YORK. This line also runs select Tourist excursions through to Boston every Thursday in charge of experienced Managers. For tickets, sleeping car reservations, and full particulars, apply to D. W. Hitchcock, General Agent, Union Pacific Sys., No. 1 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, or G. F. Herr, Passenger Agent, 229 South Spring Street, Los Angeles.

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SEPT. 5TH TO 17TH 1892

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MANY NEW AND ATTRACTIVE FEATURES THIS YEAR.

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TERMS: $2.50 Per Day, $12 to $14 Per Week.

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Through tickets from either end, $2.25.

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HOT AND COLD RUNNING WATER IN EVERY ROOM

ELEVATOR. ELECTRIC BELLS. TABLE AND SERVICE UNSURPASSED.

MINING AND FINANCIAL.

During the past week the mining share market was quiet at the different Stock Exchanges, due partially to the holidays. Saturday was the Miners' Union picnic day, and the various mines on the Comstock closed down. Sunday, Monday, and Friday being legal holidays left very few days for business. Another cause, the absence of J. L. Flood and his principal broker, Paxton, who are taking a vacation, has helped to make things still more stagnant. The market closed very dull and heavy last Saturday, Sierra Nevada selling down to $1.35, but on the reopening, Tuesday, this stock sold up to $1.65, but there being very little doing it receded to $1.45. This is the most active stock at present, and much interest centres in it, as the hopes for better prices are mainly dependent on the operations of its end of the Comstock. Superintendent McDonald's last report says: "The joint Sierra Nevada and Union west drift, 900 foot level, has been advanced during the week 25 feet, total distance 2374 feet, face in clay, from which there is a strong flow of water. On Cedar Hill, on what is known as the steel drift, have been following a streak of quartz 4 to 6 feet wide, which yields assays of $5 to $40 in gold." The Virginia papers say that the ledge, which lies to the west of the Union shaft on the upper levels has never been prospected above the 1400 foot level and not at all above the 1000. It is a wide ledge at this point and the quartz is strongly mineralized. It is proposed by this work to project the ledge on the upper levels between the Sierra Nevada and Ophir. Both south and north very rich ore was extracted in early days. It is not only fair, but highly probable that Roger Prendergast will show up milling ore in the Union ground before he quits.

From the above the readers of THE WAVE can thoroughly understand the situation and the importance of watching closely every movement, as, should but a small body of ore be encountered, these stocks which lie so closely to the old bonanzas, Con. Virginia and California, will increase 1000 per cent. The Sierra Nevada is the largest mine on the main lode containing 2600 feet, while the rest average from 600 to 1000 feet. Ophir, Mexican, Best & Belcher, and all the balance of the line were dull and in small demand, although on the return of Mr. Morrow from a visit to Virginia, giving a favorable report of Overman, it was in demand at 35 to 40 cents. Belcher, which showed some signs of strength last week, weakened off under the sales of Walls to $1, but as there are several assessments about to be levied on the Gold Hill mines, it is well to let them alone for awhile.

Superintendent Lyman, of the Con. Virginia and California, reports that during the past week there were extracted and sent to the Morgan Mill 996 tons of ore, average battery sample $25.60 per ton. Bullion on hand in assay office $24,800. Nothing new to report from any part of the mine; work is going on in the different levels below the 1500; from all of them some fair milling ore is being taken. During the month of August the mine yielded bullion of the gross assay value of $72,849, of which $40,679 gold and $32,170 was silver. This being the first week of the month the mining secretaries filed their financial reports according to law. Among those which show a balance on hand are Union Con., $19,488; Mexican, $10,518; Sierra Nevada, $18,102; Standard Con., $40,146. Among those having an indebtedness are the Overman, $9100; Savage, $13,800; Bullion, $13,503; Confidence, $10,227; Potosi, $15,696. In the outside districts there is very little doing. All the Tuscaroras are heavily in debt, so speculators give them a wide berth, the Quojotos are selling for nothing, only assessments trying to be collected. In the Bodies there was some life this week, Bodie which has been selling for 30 cents was in demand at 45 and 50 cents. Gauthier of the Pacific Board being the principal buyer, paying 46 cents for 1000 shares and bidding for more.

The monthly pay roll of the different mines at Virginia City for the month of August was $150,000, the principal ones being Con. Virginia, $30,200; Hale and Norcross, $6300; Savage, $9200; Potosi, $8800. The Bulwer, of the Bodie district, shipped to the Carson mint bullion valued at $11,836, and as they have a goodly balance on hand the managers say they will declare a dividend of 10 cents during the month.

A carload of ore shipped from the Guiding Star to Colonel Herring returned $5000.

The Palo Alto Mine, near Marysville, promises to become one of the greatest properties in the State. The proprietors are running twenty stamps and will soon have twenty more. The ore runs from $5 to $20.

Silver during the week ranged at 83⅛, the Government bought 553,000 ounces at 83.58. On account of the lowness of silver the Granite Mine of Idaho after paying its owners $12,040,000 in dividends has closed down.

The DeLamar Mine, of Idaho, produced for the month of July $81,000, of which $43,300 was profit.

Superintendent Kerwin, of the Best & Belcher, and Superintendent Boyle, of the Alto, are in the city.

The following assessments have been levied: Silver King, 25 cents; North Belle Isle, 10 cents; Alpha, 10 cents; Yellow Jacket, 25 cents.

Dividends have been declared by the following incorporations: Spring Valley Water, 50 cents; Pacific Gas Imp., 50 cents; Pacific Borax, $1; Mollie Gibson Mine, 15 cents; Oregon Imp., 3½ per cent on preferred stock; Anglo-California semi-annual, 2.20 per cent per share; London and Paris, etc., 3.13 per cent per share.

At the Stock and Bond Board the demand for local securities was light, the principal weakness being in Hawaiian Com., $1 being the best bid. A meeting of this Company has been called for September 15th to hear the Treasurer's reports, also the reports of Claus Spreckels on the condition of the property in the Hawaiian Islands. SURETY.

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Surplus and Reserve	48,000.00
Deposits July 1, 1892	1,889,000.00

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(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE	FROM SEPT. 3, 1892.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7 30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*12.15 p m
.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton	*8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Martinez	12.45 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4 00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced and Fresno	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4 30 p m	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4 30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	8 45 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	8.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
*6.00 p m	Sunol and Livermore	.....
6.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	9.15 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo	‡8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡7.45 a. m.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p. m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.38 p m
‡7.30 a m	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excur'n	‡8 28 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
‡9.30 a m	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations	‡2.45 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.03 p m
12 15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.30 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.37 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, Gilroy and Principal Way Stations	*9 47 a m
*4.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
‡11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	‡7.30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

San Francisco and North Pacific Railway

San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, :30, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days	Leave San Francisco. Sundays	In effect Apr. 24, 1892. DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco. Sundays.	Arrive San Francisco. Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5.00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

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Extra Trips on Sunday for Sausalito at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO to MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 3:25, 5:00 5:40, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 2:30, 4:00, 5:25 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 6:45, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:45, 11:00, 11:50 A. M.; 1:10, 2:25, 3:40, 5:15, 6:05, 7:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 6:25 P. M. Fare, 50 cents round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days) 6:25, 6:55, 7:58, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:05, 11:20 A. M.; 1:20, 2:45, 4:00, 5:30, 6:30 P. M. Fare, 40 cents round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days) 6:45, 7:15, 8:15, 9:50, 11.45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5.45 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:20, 11:40 A. M.; 12:35, 1:45, 3:10, 4:25, 6:00, 6:50, 7:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7:00 P. M. Fare, 25 cents round trip.

Leave San Francisco.	Through Trains. Destination.	Arrive San Francisco.
7:30 A. M. } Week 5:00 P. M. } days. 8:00 A. M. Sundays	Camp Taylor, Tocaloma, Point Reyes and Way Stations.	8:45 A. M. } Week 6:15 P. M. } days. 8:15 P. M. Sundays
7:30 A. M. Week days 8:00 A. M. Sundays 5:00 P. M. Saturdays	Tomales, Howards, Duncan Mills, Cazadero and Way Stations.	8:45 A. M. Mondays 6:15 P. M. Week days 8:15 P. M. Sundays

Thirty-day Excursion—Round trip, 25 per cent reduction.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round trip tickets: Tocaloma and Point Reyes, $1.50; Tomales, $2; Howards, $2.50; Cazadero, $3.
Sunday Excursion—Round trip tickets: Point Reyes, $1; Tomales, $1.50; Howards, $2; Duncan's Mills and Cazadero, $2.50.

THROUGH STAGE CONNECTIONS DAILY (Sundays excepted) at Cazadero with morning train from San Francisco to and from Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

WILLIAM GRAVES, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent.
GENERAL OFFICES, 14 SANSOME STREET.

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F. Bismarck.....Sept. 22
Augusta Victoria.....Sept. 29
Normannia.....Oct. 6
Columbia.....Oct. 13

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From New York to Genoa and Naples, via. Gibraltar, by the magnificent twin-screw express steamers.

F. Bismarck.....Nov. 17 | Aug. Victoria.....Jan. 5
Normannia.....Dec. 1 | Columbia.....Jan. 19

Grand excursion to the Mediterranean and the Orient by S. S. Fuerst Bismarck from New York February 4th to Gibraltar, Genoa, Ajaccio (Corsica), Alexandria (for Cairo and the Pyramids), Jaffa (for Jerusalem), Smyrna, Constantinople, Corfu, Malta, Syracuse, Palermo, Naples, Algiers, Lisbon, Southampton and New York.
Duration 10 weeks. First-class only.

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PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York via Panama.

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Through line sailings—September 15th, S. S. "San Juan," September 26th, S. S. "City of New York," October 5th, S. S. "San Blas."

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at NOON 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San Jose de Guatemala, Acajutla La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—September 19th, 1892, S. S. "City of Panama."

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.: S. S. "City of Peking," Saturday, September 17th, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "China," via Honolulu, Tuesday, September 27, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "Peru," Saturday, October 15, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "City of Rio de Janeiro," Saturday, Nov. 5, at 3 P. M.

Round trip tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

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ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

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Incorporated by Royal Charter A. D. 1720

CAPITAL PAID UP, - - -	$ 3,446,100.00
ASSETS, - - - - - -	21,584,413.00
SURPLUS TO POLICY HOLDERS, -	8,980,251.00

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager, SAN FRANCISCO

City Office, 501 Montgomery St. General Office, 401 Montgomery St.

ASSESSMENT NOTICES.

BEST & BELCHER MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the seventeenth (17th) day of August, 1892, an assessment (No. 52) of twenty-five (25) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Thursday, the twenty-second day of September, 1892, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the thirteenth (13th) day of October, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

L. OSBORN, Secretary.

Office—Room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

BULLION MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California, location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the eleventh day of August, 1892, an assessment, No. 39, of twenty-five (25) cents per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 20, 331 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the sixteenth day of September, 1892, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the fourth day of October, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office—Room 20, 331 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the eleventh (11th) day of August, 1892, an assessment (No. 102) of Fifty Cents (50c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 26, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Thursday, the fifteenth (15th) day of September, 1892, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the seventh (7th) day of October, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

A. B. THOMPSON, Secretary.

Office—Room 26, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

FIRE

LION FIRE INS. CO., of London
Assets, $4,712,747. Commenced in Cal. 1879

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Assets, $10,190,349. Commenced in Cal. 1859

WM. SEXTON, Manager. R. C. MEDCRAFT, Sub-Manager

Pacific Department, 214 SANSOME ST., S. F.

ALLIANCE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF LONDON, ENGLAND

Capital, - - $25,000,000

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Of London. Established by Royal Charter 1720

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Guardian Assurance Co. Sun • Fire • Office

Of London Established A. D. 1821		Of London Established A. D. 1710	
Paid-up Capital -	$ 5,000,000	Cash Assets - -	$9,031,000
Cash Assets - -	$21,911,915	Assets in America	$1,956,380

WM. J. LANDERS, Gen'l Agent, 205 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

SANTA CRUZ NEWS.

Society.

Society is apparently gone to sleep. Its local devotees are out camping or seeking a change farther afield. while the madding crowd of metropolitan visitors has dwindled to a few representatives at each of the hotels. Those who are here are enjoying the most perfect bathing that has been vouchsafed us this year. The water is inexpressibly delightful, and the sunshine and moonlight of the past week have been uninterrupted. Mrs. Hervey Lindley, wife of the Republican nominee for Congress in the Sixth District, has been the guest of Mrs. H. F. Kron. Mrs. Lindley accompanied her husband from Los Angeles on his opening campaign tour, and wisely remained in Santa Cruz while he and Colonel Gard sought the impossible wilderness of Soledad and thereabouts. Mrs. Lindley is a beautiful woman, her youthful face and sparkling eyes crowned with prematurely silvery hair.

The wedding of Miss Rosa Weil and Mr. Adolph Rummelsburg which occurred on Sunday at high noon, was one of the most notable events which has occurred in Hebrew circles here for several years Miss Weil is the niece of a wealthy family of brothers, the Bernheims, and Mr. Rummelsburg also comes of a large and well-to-do family in the interior of the State, so that, although only relatives and friends were present at the wedding, which took place at the Riverside, there was a large assemblage. Rabbi Levy came down from San Francisco to perform the ceremony. The bridesmaids were Misses Fannie Bernheim, of Oakland, Ella Bernheim, of Santa Cruz, Carrie Meininger, of San Francisco, and Minnie Schwartz, of Napa. The flower girls were Rosalie Bernheim Flossie Bernheim, and Florella Schwartz. The groomsmen were Messrs. Charles and Simon Rummelsburg, of Colusa, Harry Bernheim, of Napa. and Albert Bernheim, of Santa Cruz. The bride, in her trained gown of brocaded surah, her long veil of embroidered tulle, with half wreath of crepe myrtle, was very lovely. The wedding breakfast was sumptuous, speeches many—some quite models of that sort of thing—and the wedding gifts included pretty much everything the young couple will need on their life journey, not forgetting several generous checks.

The closing hop at the Sea Beach Hotel was made the occasion for the presentation to Professor Green, of the orchestra, of a handsome black ivory director's baton, with appropriate inscription from the hotel.

John T. Sullivan, of the Sea Beach, is looking forward to a more than ordinarily prosperous winter. He is a generous advertiser and is making Santa Cruz and the "Sea Beach" pleasantly known to the outside world as a charming winter resort.

The Jarboes still linger at Concha del Mar.

Miss Peyton is spending the early fall at the Powder Mills.

The J. P. Smiths are arranging to spend the fall and winter very pleasantly between the Palace Hotel and Sunshine Villa.

It was only on Monday last that Colonel Shafter was able to leave Santa Cruz. He was never out of his cottage once while here. He was accompanied to Angel Island by Mrs. Shafter and Lieutenant and Mrs. McKittrick.

Mrs. Iliff-Warren and family have left Epworth-by-the-Sea and are *en route* for Denver.

The McLaughlins are still here. Their guest, Miss Waldeyer, has returned to Oroville.

Hilliard, the artist, has established a big canvas studio out of doors, has selected his Santa Cruz subject—a magnificent bit which includes redwoods, bay, mountains, and a glimpse of the city—and is hard at work.

The Phelans and the Frank J. Sullivans are still here enjoying the lovely weather.

KATE KEARNEY.

Business.

While there is not much to say about business this week, there is one important move in electric circles to record. This is the incorporation of the Santa Cruz Electric Railway Company, with a capital stock of half a million dollars. The stockholders are J. P. Smith, J. H. Logan, F. W. Ely, W. H. Talbot, and Morris Newton, of San Francisco; H. H. Clark, J. G. Tanner, F. W. Swanton, A. P. Swanton, and C. F. A. Talbot, of San Francisco, the first seven being Directors.

Into this company as soon as details can be finished will be merged the Santa Cruz, Garfield Park, and Capitola Electric Railway and the old Pacific Avenue Railway recently purchased by J. P. Smith. In connection with this new company, improvements are already outlined which will call for the expenditure within a short time of $300 000, and its directors are satisfied that their future return will be all they could desire. The Electric Railway now in operation has paid handsomely this summer.

The F. A. Hihn Company have established a lumber yard in this city for the sale of the product of their mills in the county. The Loma Prieta Company will do the same. With two others already here poor folks may take leave to hope for a lumber war which shall promote building operations greatly.

J. G. Tanner, of the Electric Railway Company has just moved into one of the daintiest, completest, and most convenient drug stores in the State. It is quite a dream in white and gold, with tiled floors, tiled sales counters and quantities of plate glass. BIZ.

FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

DEAR WAVE:—We girls are very busy, just at present, with innumerable gowns to be made for the social season before us. Fanny and Mary returned this week from your city, and their trousseaux just made my mouth water; such stacks of dainty evening confections! such swell theatre hats, gloves, etc.! Quite made poor me feel shoddy with my Fresno outfit. You know we girls will feel compelled to look our very swellest this season, we have so many brides and bridal trousseaux to compete with; though I really don't think the brides now with us have displayed anything so terribly startling in style; but if all I hear of Lizzie's and Esther's trousseaux is true, then we will indeed be compelled to look to our laurels. Silken finery, cobweb laces, gowns from the swellest *modistes* in your city, and imported hats galore—that's what Mrs. R—— told Jack. Dear me, it's quite worth while marrying and giving up one's freedom when it's accompanied by such elegant traps, isn't it? The boys can't appreciate expensive San Francisco gowns on us girls, though; take Am H——, for instance, he never found anything particularly attractive in Maud and her imported dresses, but turned to pretty little Mattie and her own home productions with adoring eyes and the sweetest compliments imaginable. Mattie dressed, for a time, to please Tom's fastidious taste, but it wasn't a paying investment. Then that handsome, brown-eyed Johnny was oblivious to all save Daisy's original robes. It takes a banker to enthuse over Fanny's gowns, and a doctor with an enormous practice to find the artistic hand in Mary's French hats; and as doctors and bankers are as scarce as eligibles generally here, I guess I'll continue to cater to the unappreciative boys.

Daisy S—— returned to the ranch last week, her lovely baby complexion is as fascinating to the Judge's son as ever. How long, oh Lord, how long must we wait for the consummation of this affair? Oothouts returned from their summer outing Sunday and are busily engaged in furnishing their mansion. It is the handsomest house in the county and with its artistic interior embellishments will rival many of your swell city homes. I hear the Phillipses are to be domiciled in the Dixon house again this winter; strange he doesn't build an elegant home here for his entertaining wife and lovely children. Possibly Fresno doesn't present sufficient scope for the banker's ability in matters financial and *social*.

Do you know I heard a most startling tale yesterday. Whether 'tis a story concocted in spite by the two rivals, I know not, but they told Mrs. W—— "that the recently announced engagement was delayed so long merely to permit an Eastern court to render its decision in a divorce case." Horrible, isn't it? Well, one never knows who's married and who isn't nowdays. Lee's devotion to the pretty little matron is growing pronounced, indeed. Flowers, candy, music, and constant attendance in theatre and dinner parties is drawing it mild in this day and generation. "Alabama" was with us last week and received a merited full house. Sol Smith Russell, in "A Poor Relation," will be here to-night, and I am going with Jack. So many of our 400 returned this week that I anticipate a swell house, both in number and dress. Our genial Chas. Pyke has secured the management of the Barton, Stockton Theatre, and Sacramento, and he deserves even more. Another man as popular with Society and the theatre-going public would be very hard to find.

I intended devoting some space to the penurious member of the Home Sweet Home Club (a raise of twenty-five dollars paralyzed them), so they are seeking cheaper quarters. Stingy old things; *never* entertain, or even treat each other. Had I the time I would tell you of the characteristic meanness of two of its members, but of that later. IMP.

The Starr Mills which are left out in the cold by the recent "combination" of other mills here, made during the month of August, 1892, 66,436 barrels of flour. The sales of Starr flour during the same month aggregated 82,250 barrels.

Laundry Farm still continues to draw crowds every Sunday. As a picnic resort for parties desiring to spend a day or a few hours in the hills it easily takes first rank. Here one can forget for a time the struggle for existence and enjoy to the full the attractions of nature in her most bounteous mood.

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—N. P. C. R. R.—

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Three Trains Daily Each Way. Two Round Trips Sunday, leaving San Francisco at 8 A. M. and 9 A. M.; returning, leave Camp Taylor at 5:30 and 6:25 P. M.; giving all a chance to see the Beautiful Redwoods and have a full day's outing. No Public Picnics are Allowed. No Bar room in the Hotel. A neat Club room with everything first class is maintained across the river.

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128 Post Street, San Francisco

OAKLAND GOSSIP.

DEAR WAVE:—The course of true love never did run smooth, which the following will prove. Of course you remember an *affaire du cœur* that existed two years ago between one of our most charming girls and a prominent lawyer? Well, it is rumored that they are on the fair road to a renewal of the severed engagement, and a Christmas wedding will doubtless be the result. For two years they have been playing the role of indifference, but an accidental meeting on our fashionable Rialto, Broadway, set his heart to palpitating again, and hers responded. Will keep a careful lookout, and the moment the affair is consummated you shall be the first to hear about it.

Mrs. Henry Wadsworth has been making another match—married her cook to a Chinese Mission girl, and we all went to San Francisco to witness the nuptials, which were exceedingly amusing. The celestial and his christianized bride have taken up their permanent abode at the Wadsworth domicile. He, in his way, is a master *chef*, and Mrs. W—— would not hear of his going to China to seek a mate, which is most fortunate, as we all do so much enjoy dining at the Wadsworths.

Came near forgetting to tell you of a little episode that happened in high life, not many days ago. A party of us were invited to sail, among the number was Mr. Allan Babcock, the *grandiloquent*, and his fascinating wife, who is an Eastern production. Allan, as usual, was pompous; his wife was a trifle daring, and apparently had quite a flirtation with one of our young gallants. On the return of the trio to the rest of the party, Allan managed to christen his wife according to the mode practiced by those of the Baptist faith, consequently a severe cold and family disagreement was the result. The charming host and his guests have not yet decided whether the ducking was accidental, or the result of jealousy, as, you know, dear, that Allan is renowned for his *magnanimity*.

The men are all so occupied with horrid old politics that we girls are simply not in existence, although pretty Willie Powning did take a party of us to view the Republican parade of Saturday night, and did not the Alliance boys just think themselves too fine for this earthly sphere. Well, their uniforms are natty and in most cases becoming, but the absence of handsome Joe Dyer and his coterie deprived the club of much of its past glory, and I didn't see Lois Bromwell, either. Billy Hamilton, although a trifle stout, marched like a hero, and Varney Gaskill, of opium fame, did look too funny for words.

You remember, dear, the Oakland youth does not care to waste his time on a *bas bleu*, so I must continue in my role of frivolity; I find it much more taking. My last two letters created veritable sensations, and I defy any one of our butterflies to write an article more frivolous than they were.

The other evening, at one of our most popular clubs, a vote was taken as to what Oakland man could pose the most gracefully in the hub of a carriage-wheel, and Cleve Dam, our merchant prince, received the greatest number of votes. Harry Coleman, Rob Jackson, and handsome, black-eyed Gus McDonald came in for their share, but it was conceded by all that Cleve was the best attitudinizer, as he had daily practice. You know, dear, one of our most noted (came near saying notorious) school-marms is quite *épris* with Cleve's peculiar charms. I always gave him credit for having better taste, but possibly it is a case of "when a woman will she will."

The marriage of this week was that of Edgar Wakeman and Bertha Leist, although neither are of the 150. The handsome sister of the groom, who is studying for the stage, was at one time the *fiancée* of Dr. Woolsey; she is without exception the most strikingly beautiful woman that ever set foot in Oakland, and I cannot understand why she and the dashing doctor were not married, as she secured a divorce from George M Pinney, Jr., in order to marry the M. D. A mistake, wasn't it, as George is now a member of one of the largest law firms in New York City, but, at the time of his marriage to Frankie, had his way to make in the world.

Joseph Moore, wife and daughters are sojourning at the Vendome, while the McNear family and Mrs. Peter Bowles (wonder where Pete is?) are still at Castle Crags, and Mrs. Pedar Sather leaves, within a few days, to try her luck in New York. Much to the happiness of several of our Oakland beaus, Ada Doughterty has returned from her trip abroad. *Adios.*

FROU-FROU.

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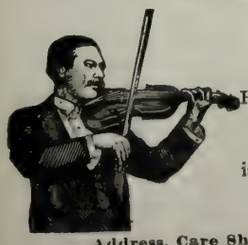

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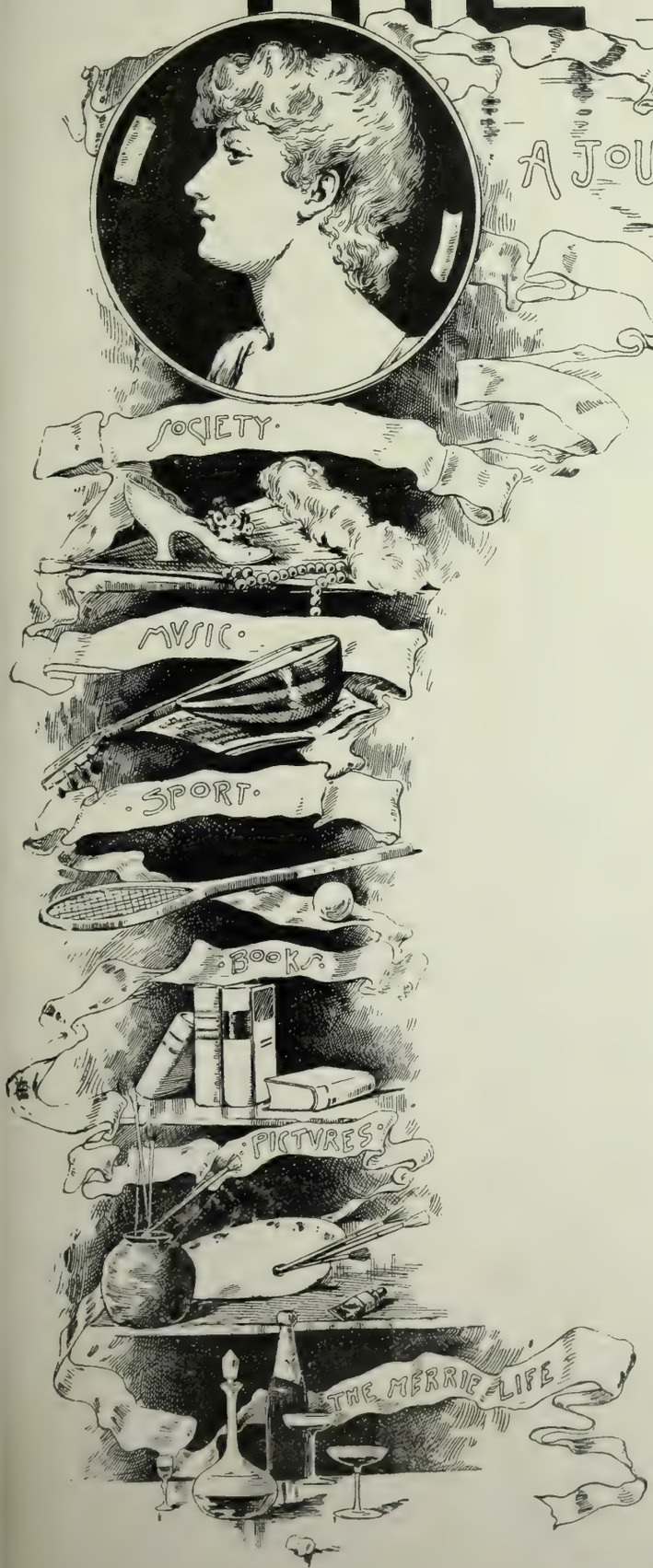

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SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 17, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

Henry Highton is one of the leading lawyers of San Francisco—a strong man intellectually and physically. He possesses a fine memory, a logical faculty of the first order, and a wonderful grasp of details. As an orator his verbal faculty is remarkable—he has an instinctive feeling for the right word in the right place. As a lawyer, he is noted for the searching quality of his cross-examinations, and for the subtle elucidation of disputed law points, and for the voluminous array of facts and circumstances he marshals on his side of a case.

SPLASHES.

OF CHARACTERISTIC San Francisco scenes, the most interesting is the Saturday afternoon parade. Between the hours of 2:30 and 5 the streets are full of bewitching women in gay gowns and lovely hats. Up and down they go, proud of their bright eyes and plumage as peacocks, unconsciously conscious of the admiring glances the grace of their contours win from passing males. They belong to all types. It seems the brunettes are in the ascendant until one encounters a galaxy of blondes, whose blue eyes, and hair the color of ripe corn, efface for the moment the impression their sisters have created. Of this delightful throng one sees first the opulence of physique—the fine full lines of seductive figures, then the eyes.

* * *

It is, indeed, a beauty show. In other cities there are maidens whose individual loveliness excels that of the Market Street belle. The figures of English women are finer and stronger, and more shapely; in New Orleans, in Spain, in Rome, one sees eyes far larger, darker, brighter than those that fascinate on Kearny Street. For style few San Francisco girls compare with the superbly tailored maiden one meets on Fifth Avenue. They lack the *chic* and *esprit*, the subtle taste in dress for which Parisiennes are famous. Yet, the average of good looks is fifty per cent above that of any other city in the world—fewer belles, but far more beauty. As an observant British globe-trotter once remarked to me:

"Nevah saw so many charmingly pretty women in me life, me deah fellah, but I know three women in London who 'could give 'em all points and beat 'em.'"

* * *

Unlike wheat, gold, and grapes, the beauty product of California is not shipped from the interior. It is the result of the trade winds and fogs of San Francisco Bay. It abounds in Oakland, is frequent in San Jose, extends to Stockton, and there ends. Good looks in the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys are the exception, save where there has been a Spanish intermixture. But this beauty must be sought on Market Street—not in the Western Addition, nor in the ranks of the 400. The cotillion belles shine by the paleness of their background, by contrast rather than by conquest. To grow enthusiastic over their charms requires energy rather than discrimination. They satisfy, they fascinate, but none of them ever create a sensation. In the East and in Europe they are admired, but no one raves over them.

* * *

The situation is very much as a seasoned clubman once put it: "For positive good looks try Society; comparative loveliness you will find on Saturday afternoon between the Baldwin and Sutter Street. For superlative beauty I am afraid you will have to go to New York, London, or Paris. It is not a California characteristic." The three unique things one can show a stranger in San Francisco are the beauty parade, Chinatown, and William Keith's studio.

* * *

IT'S A FAR CRY to November, but quite a number of interesting social events are to take place during that month, among the most important the initial performance of "Baroness Meta." This is an opera composed by J. H. Rosewald and it is to be given by amateurs of considerable vocal prominence. In the *dramatis personæ* occurs a Meta, a Madge, a Nina, and a Countess, parts to be rendered by Miss Maude Berry, Miss Alvina Heuer, Miss Freda Sylvester, and Mrs. Charles Dickman. Miss Berry is a tall, shapely, and very handsome blonde, equipped by nature, both physically and vocally, to make the most tiresome heroine fascinating. The capabilities of the other ladies, past events have proven.

* * *

Then there are the men: Mr. A. C. Hellman is a Baron, Victor Carroll is a Count, A. M. Thornton is Phineas, and Solly Walter, the versatile, enacts "Squeaky," and designs scenery and costumes. Then, to make the assurance of success doubly sure, Fred Urban is stage manager. I have not been privileged to hear the opera, but I am told it is really pretty, that it contains several charming solos, and that a melodious waltz measure is interwoven with the orchestration like the sweet song which recurs with such fascinating persistence in "Erminie." The libretto is an adaptation of a German comedy by Mr. Rosewald, who has a great deal more literary ability than those who have heard him play the violin would credit him with.

* * *

The scene is set in the early stages of last century and there are a series of amusing and interesting complications which result at the end of the last act in the marriage of Miss Berry and Mr. Carroll, and Miss Heuer and Mr. Thornton. There are a score of funny situations, dozens of laughs; therefore the opera should go. A very good orchestra is being gathered by Noah Brandt, similar in make-up to the old symphony orchestra, and Mr. Rosewald will conduct. The Woman's Exchange is to be benefited by the affair, which will be given on the nineteenth of November, in the Grand Opera House. It takes the place of the usual ball.

* * *

THE CONCORDIA CLUB'S "Night Off" was a glowing success. Of course the participants assert it was the best affair of the kind given here in years, but discriminating sections of the audience actually insist on agreeing with them. The features were numerous enough to defy recapitulation. That they were worthy is amply evidenced by the fact that, though the entertainment lasted four hours, no one left until sentence had been pronounced on the culprit. Charles Ackerman presided over the revels, and delivered himself of a variety of *bon mots*, some of them really clever. There were two quartettes present, one of them for serious vocalism, the other a burlesque on the characteristics of quartettes and singers in general. The latter wore long hair. In the first was a Mr. Flood, who has a fine tenor voice and a position in the law office of Colonel Kowalsky.

* * *

In introducing him to the audience as a scion of the law and an employee of the noted

will-breaker, Mr. Ackerman, with a bow to Colonel Kowalsky, said:

"In justice to Mr. Flood, gentlemen, I will say his notes are good without the Colonel's endorsement."

* * *

A temporary telephone, which Ben Armer manipulated between numbers, proved a great source of amusement. For one member and another messages kept coming, affording chances for all manner of bright personal hits that were thoroughly relished. However, the feature of the "Night Off" was the mock trial. Lippman Sachs was the prisoner; a well-known Superior Judge presided on the bench, and Milton Eisner was District Attorney. Mr. Sachs, while on the Wallace Grand Jury, was detailed to report on the sewers. The charge against him was neglect of duty in that capacity.

* * *

On the jury were Levi Strauss, Horace Platt, Colonel O'Byrne, and several others. The accused, of course, demanded that the Court appoint a good lawyer to defend him, to which the Judge replied, "All good lawyers are on the bench." That being the case, the prisoner asked for Charley Ackerman. After a denial of Mr. Platt's contention, that being a lawyer he was exempt from jury duty, the trial proceeded. The complaint read and replied to, a temporary diversion occurred in finding an assistant district attorney. Henry Ach being selected had to be admitted to the bar, and was examined by the Court.

"What is law anyway?" asked the Judge.

After a pause Mr. Ach shook his head and replied that he'd be hanged if he knew.

"Then, sir, you have no advantage over our Supreme Court," was the reply delivered with deep gravity.

* * *

Then came a Chinese witness in the person of Mr. Swan. Maurice Schmitt testified, so did several others. Evidence being overwhelmingly against the prisoner, he was adjudged guilty and sentenced by the Court in a song to drink lager beer until he choked. Altogether, the performance was a most amusing one; bright things by the dozen were said, and by the time the trial ended the audience was really tired laughing.

* * *

THE SAN FRANCISCO VEREIN has "Christopher Columbus" in active preparation now. The two rehearsals per week are gradually bringing the *dramatis personæ* to a perception of their shortcomings, and the result is all are working conscientiously, and Messrs. Hinz and Waldeck are beaming encouragement on them. If I am to believe all I hear, the production will be the most successful in the Club's history. Hitherto, it has been the custom to issue invitations for the series of entertainments that are given every season, but, in the future, this will not be allowed. Only members are to be present from this time on, and the new rule is expected to materially increase the roll.

* * *

The Club has provided itself now with a new steward, in the person of Ernest Ludwig, the well-known caterer, the most competent man for the place on the Coast. If he can keep down expenses and keep up the *menu*, he will be a valuable addition to the Verein's *menage*.

* * *

THE OLYMPIC CLUB'S annual meeting brought together quite an enthusiastic concourse of members. The new Board was installed, and several resolutions of considerable importance passed. After December the initiation fee is to be $100, and after this no invitations will be given to outsiders. Of course, the Club will not desert its lady friends. They will ever be taken care of, and are as eligible now as at any time. In future, however, it is Olympia for the Olympians. New members are pouring in very fast. President Harrison handed in fifty names of Bohemian and Cosmos clubmen, who want to take advantage of the $40 initiation fee. This is the result of his individual work. The University and Pacific-Union Clubs remain to be heard from.

* * *

The prospects of the Olympic grow more promising. Rapidly approaching completion, the new building is to be all that was promised, exceeding expectation even. Contracts have been let for carpets, which are to be woven in a special design. President Harrison is exerting himself among the art-lovers to obtain presentation pictures for the walls. H. J. Crocker will give the institution the fine Yosemite canvas that now hangs in the reading-room. James D. Phelan, Scott Wilson, and Dr. Chismore will contribute interesting works by local artists. Jimmy Hamilton has promised the Club the famous "Golden Gate" canvas, which, I believe, has been sent on to the World's Fair.

* * *

Douglas Tilden's famous bronze, "The Tired Boxer," presented to the Club by W. E. Brown and some friends of his, has arrived from Paris. Descriptions of this work of art have been published *ad nauseam* and I will not inflict another. It is what the name indicates. The execution is powerful, and it is really a notable work of art and a fit adornment for the hall of the new clubhouse. The statue weighs 800 pounds and is to be seen at the Sterling Furniture Company, where it remains until January 1st.

* * *

The "Sprinter" statue, on the the modeling of which Miss Kuhne Beveridge spent so long, is to be completed by her in New York. She is to have a studio in the Empire City and will work on the model, which this time is to be made life-size. She hopes before long to have the statue cast in bronze and sent to the Club. I hope she will refrain from doing anything so unkind.

* * *

The Kirmess for the benefit of the German Old People's Home, which opens at the Pavilion on the twentieth, should be a success. The charity which it will aid is a good one, but aside from the excellence of the cause, those who patronize the entertainment will find much enjoyment. There will be over 1000 participants in the grand march, all of whom will be in historical costumes. There will be a variety of booths, prettily decorated, many tableaux, gymnastic exhibitions, good music, and hosts of lovely girls. The admission price is very low, and I would urge my readers to assist this good cause.

* * *

OF APPROACHING EVENTS the most interesting is the wedding of Miss Ida Carleton and Chaplain Thompson, of the Navy, on Tuesday evening next. The Pacific Squadron being now in harbor, ensures the presence of a multitude of ensigns, lieutenants, and captains, and as the Chaplain is a *persona grata* at Mare Island, it is more than probable the head quarters of the official population thereof will be at St. Luke's for the occasion. The officers of the "Charleston," "San Francisco," and "Baltimore" are to attend in all the glory of full regimentals. The bridal party will be imposing in gold lace and brass buttons—in fact, the nuptials promise to be the swellest the community has seen in years. The bride is to be given away by her cousin, Frank Norris. Pretty Miss Goewey is to be maid of honor, and Dr. A. M. D. McCormick, U. S. A. will act as best man. The reception to follow at the residence of Mrs. B. F. Norris, on Sacramento Street, will certainly prove a pleasant affair, as that lady is a most competent hostess.

* * *

The marriage of Henry Mannheim and Miss Henrietta Kahn is to take place on Sunday evening next at the California Hotel. Dr. Voorsanger is to perform the ceremony. Both bride and groom have many friends, and the affair should prove a very pleasant one. The marriage of Miss Rosalie Meyer and Sig. Stern takes place on October 3d. It is to be a quiet affair—only the immediate relatives of the bride and groom are to be present.

* * *

Lieutenant James E. Runcie left for the East very suddenly last week, indicating that he might be absent several months. He is now a full-fledged lawyer in active practice, having joined issues with Joseph D. Redding, who, as everyone knows, is attorney for a variety of institutions and corporations. I have no doubt that Mr. Runcie will, before long, attain prominence at the local bar. He has a fine and highly-trained mind, possesses great capacity for work, is studious and thorough, and knows the art of success. He has not permanently severed his connection with the service, but is enjoying a year's leave of absence. It is comment in army circles that Runcie is one of the few men Uncle Sam cannot afford to lose.

* * *

There is quite a flutter in navy circles over the anticipated arrival of Admiral Gherardi, who is to have command of the Pacific Squadron. He is expected to make the "Balti-

Richardson & Robbins' Plum Pudding—A Delicious Dessert.

more" his flagship, and the officers thereof do not seem to regard the situation as one to be viewed entirely with complaisance. It appears that this particular Rear Admiral is rather a stricter disciplinarian than his predecessor, the genial Brown. The fate or destination of the latter, rumor has naught to say regarding.

* * *

The production of Mrs. Pacheco's new play, "Nothing but Money," at Stockwell's on the twenty-sixth, will be an event of considerable importance to lovers of the drama. In the East, the piece has been well received, and its success will be greater than "Incog," which is making considerable money for Mr. Lederer. "Nothing but Money" has less of the farce in it than "Incog;" it was a good story; the dialogue is bright, the situations very strong, and Charles Dickson is not in the cast. These should insure its success here.

* * *

The latest charity fad across the bay is the home for Christian young ladies, now nearly completed at an expense of about $12,000. Numerous Society ladies announce a benefit entertainment of specially attractive features for next Thursday evening at the First Presbyterian Church in Oakland.

* * *

Quite a celebration occurred at the Stag's Leap Vineyard last Sunday. The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase was christened with due ceremony and water in the presence of a very jolly party of friends. Among the guest were Porter Ashe and brother Sidney, Lansing, and other brothers of the illustrious Mizner family, Osgood Hooker, and several more. Everyone had a very good time, and Porter Ashe was vehemently congratulated on his changes of luck. It is authoritatively announced that the fickle jade Fortune now smiles on all his undertakings, that his horses are not only refraining from death, but are actually winning races, and that his backing of a prize-fighter is not now an augury of the success of the gladiator's opponent.

* * *

AMONG EXPERTS interested in the values of estates, the subdivision of the great Murphy property is exciting considerable interest. The late Martin Murphy divided his possessions among the six members of his family share and share alike. To the sons he devised the huge ranches in San Luis Obispo County; the park-like holding at Mountain View he cut up into 500-acre tracts; the city real estate he gave to his daughters. But in it all Mrs. Murphy had a life interest, and the revenues formed a common fund which "Barney" Murphy administered. Each member of the family was paid an allowance, and the surplus was invested according to his judgment. I believe the accumulations in the mother's possession at her death were nearly $200,000. This she divided according to the same *pro rata* as her husband.

* * *

Perhaps the estimate, $5,000,000, placed on the estate is excessive. The Santa Margarita and Polka Ranchos are in themselves a principality. They extend for fifty miles along the base of the Coast Range, and are 110,000 acres in area. Much of the soil is fertile, but there are miles of it only good for grazing. In the course of time, when the overland line is finished from Templeton through to Santa Barbara, this will indeed be valuable land. Now Patricio and his brother use it for stock-raising. The San Jose property is no longer as valuable as in days of yore. More enterprising capitalists have built in a different part of town structures of modern style, whose existence has diverted the centre of trade from the Murphy holding, which is covered with obsolete buildings that rent for a tithe of what they used to bring in.

* * *

From the Mountain View ranch a very large income is not derived, though it is really the most valuable property in the estate. Indeed, considering the vast holdings of the family and the amount of coin they represent, the revenue is by no means as great as is ordinarily supposed. Indeed, rumor has it at $60,000—surely a meager return for $5,000,000 invested. Now, however, that the individual members of the family have their own property, perhaps they will take measure to compel it to yield a larger income. I doubt if they will reverse the family tradition and dispose of a rood of the land, though It was said of Martin Murphy that no one had ever seen his signature to either a deed or a mortgage. He bought, but he never sold.

* * *

The late Mrs. Murphy was, I believe, one of the most benevolent and kindly women in California. She was the incarnation of sympathy, charity, and generosity. Incapable of anger or of harboring a resentment, she might have been regarded as too good natured and indulgent if it were not for her innate shrewdness, her unerring sagacity, and her fine industry and thrift. There never was a mother who forgave more readily or was seldomer deceived. Considering her endless good deeds and her boundless hospitality, it is no wonder her death is so mourned by her family and her countless friends.

* * *

Just why Colonel O'Beirne, who has been conspicuous in San Francisco Democratic politics for at least six months, should find it incumbent on him to endorse Mr. De Young's Senatorial aspirations, I cannot quite understand. He is an elegant gentleman, is the Colonel, but even here a little modesty finds appreciation. The mere possession of the tongue trick does not excuse premature prominence. However, the meeting of the League of Democratic Clubs was a great success, and I am sure the selection of R. P. Hammond for President will not be regretted. Major "Dick" is an enthusiastic worker, and a clever presiding officer. He will make it his business to advance the cause of the League, and will infuse any amount of energy into its operations during the campaign. In doing so, he will have the assistance and co-operation of the Secretary, R. P. Troy, who thoroughly understands how to work for the best interests of the organization.

* * *

I believe young Mr. Duncan Hayne is to obtain the Democratic nomination for Superior Judge. He is bright and clever and competent, and it seems to me that the Convention cannot do better than put him on the ticket. The Hayne family runs to law. Robert Y., now associated with Pillsbury & Blanding, is one of the most promising men at the local bar. Another brother and Mr. Hayne, Sr., are both attorneys. His mother's family furnished two Justices of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and his uncle, Robert Y. Hayne, was the most brilliant lawyer of the South in its palmiest days. Duncan Hayne is not so young as he looks, and, besides, youth is no drawback to legal prominence now-a-days. Judges Sullivan, Maguire, Coffey, and Slack presided over Courts before they had attained as many years as Mr. Hayne. He is now a member of the firm of Pringle, Boyd & Hayne, and, I believe, has worked up quite a good practice.

* * *

IN IMPUGNING the character of Thomas Magee I believe my Democratic contemporary makes an error. There are not in San Francisco, in prominent places, more than twelve men whose careers and integrity are unimpeachable. In that sparse dozen I have always included Mr. Magee. That he is doing anything for nothing is not to be expected—he is a very shrewd and thrifty Scotchman—but that he would take advantage of a client is out of the question. The man is constitutionally honest and has no temptation to be otherwise. If he is not a millionaire, only a very few thousands separate him from that coveted distinction. Besides, he is a man of strong brain, strong feelings, outspoken, independent, and brave. He is a church-member, but no one has ever accused him of hypocrisy. In real estate there are any number of tough scoundrels whose standards are not those of Thomas Magee. That they dislike him is credible, but not creditable.

* * *

The moral tone of the community is not high, and the few men whose names stand for something ought to be treated with consideration. One never knows when the Mr. Hyde side of an individual is going to appear, but until it does he should be credited with the Jekyll virtues. I believe in Mr. Magee's honesty as I do in the conscientiousness of Rev. Chalmers Easton, and just a few more in this interesting city.

* * *

THE DISPOSITION of the Non-Partisan Convention to figure on the possibility of its candidates receiving the indorsement of either of the old parties, is a sign of weakness that will have to be checked or ruin is certain to follow. The temptation of a man who is running for office to solicit all the support he

Richardson & Robbins' Potted Ham for Picnics and Teas.

can, I am quite aware, is sometimes overwhelming, but on this occasion, and at this juncture, trading in patronage and trafficking in indorsements will be fatal. Many of the Non-Partisans are what the experienced politicians call "kindergartens." Others are what everybody calls "cranks." The few sensible men who, so far, have appeared to dominate the Convention are inclined, I should judge from the reports in the newspapers, to be carried away by the old familiar arguments. "What is a man in politics for?" asks the rounder. "For his health? No, certainly not. He's in politics to get an office. Can he get an office by refusing the votes of his fellow citizens? No, certainly not. Then what should he do? Get all the votes he can, of course."

* * *

The logic of this seems irrefutable, and yet how false it is when analyzed. The Non-Partisan Convention is based on the supposed fact that the two old parties are corrupt. If that is not true, then its appearance on earth is purposeless. The Democracy has lately been under the thumb of Boss Buckley, who managed it well, it must be admitted, but solely in his own interest. It shook him off only to fall into the hands of a political quintette, Sullivan, Dwyer, Eichoff, Watkins, and Daniels. These men have neither Buckley's brains nor his discretion, and they promise no better government than he doled out.

* * *

The Republican party consists solely and entirely of two saloon keepers named Martin Kelly and Phil Crimmins. They keep a grog-shop on Third Street, and there they gather round them the gang with which they "do politics." Sullivan has been a Superior Judge, Dwyer and Eichoff are reputable lawyers, and Watkins and Daniels are gentlemen, but these two saloon keepers are entirely without the pale of respectable society. On a pinch, the Democrats might stomach their bosses, but no Republican not actually at work in the City Hall could ever swallow Kelly and Crimmins.

* * *

But, as I have previously remarked, the debilitated condition of the two old parties has brought the Non-Partisans into existence. That being the case, what will be the effect on the public mind if its candidates receive indorsements from the Sullivan-Dwyer or Kelly-Crimmins Conventions? It will be at once degraded to their level—a "side show" which has assembled for the purpose of assessing its candidates. Even if the basis of the Non-Partisan Convention was not the desire of independent citizens to secure a ticket free from boss influence, it would be bad policy for any of its candidates to seek indorsements from the old parties. Under the new system of balloting, such an indorsement cannot help them, except so far as "straight" tickets are voted, and it may (and certainly will in the case of Kelly and Crimmins) carry with it moral degradation. In my judgment every man who accepts a nomination from the Kelly-Crimmins Convention is damned in advance. As things stand now, the municipal fight clearly lies between Sullivan and Dwyer's party and the Non-Partisans.

* * *

But, speaking of "straight" tickets, brings me to another interesting point. The shrewd observers of politics are prophesying that more "straight" tickets will be voted this year than ever before. This prediction is based on the supposition that a majority of the voters will not know how to "scratch." The municipal ticket, as it has been ordered printed by the Election Commissioners, will be 18 inches long and a trifle less than 4 feet wide—to be exact 42½ inches. It will contain about 300 names. If a person desires to vote a scratch ticket he will be compelled to mark upwards of 50 crosses on his ballot.

* * *

At the head of the ballot there will appear in separate columns the word "straight" before the names of all the parties having tickets upon it. If a voter marks a cross opposite any of these "straight" columns, such a mark will carry the ticket designated, but if he does that and then marks a single name on the tickets below, his ballot will be invalidated and thrown out. In other words, if he votes anything but a "straight" ticket he must mark every name that he desires counted.

* * *

The politicians figure out that this will result in two things, namely: "straight" tickets and blanks. It is supposed that many voters will mark a few names on the ballot and leave the others blank, and that a great many more will economize time and risk by marking a "straight" ticket. I differ with this opinion. It is a fact that heretofore seventy-five per cent of the votes cast in this city have been "scratched." The facilities for voting a mixed ticket at the coming election will raise the percentage, I think, to eighty, and perhaps ninety. Those that imagine that the average citizen is too ignorant or too slothful to master the Australian system are, in my opinion, counting without their host. On election day they will be astonished to discover with what facility the voters are using that stamp and ink-pad, and when the votes are counted they will be overcome to witness the havoc that has been wrought among the bad candidates on the ballot.

* * *

I have always contended, and I believe the coming election will demonstrate it, that in order to elect a good man to office you have only to put him fairly before the people. Sometimes it is difficult to do this. On a party ticket good men are often overwhelmed in tidal waves, or they are lost in the confusion and excitement of absorbing issues. With a party ticket, as under the old system, the people have often been compelled (except in an isolated case now and then) to vote for platforms rather than men.

* * *

A "strong" candidate at the head of a ticket has frequently elected it, especially when several other "strong" ones were scattered through it. But there is to be no more of that. Independent action is now secured, and every candidate will have to stand on his merits. If he has no merits he will fare badly. The plain reason why the people are always anxious for good government is because, as a mass, they cannot be personally interested in having a corrupt one. Many years ago a reform organization called the "People's Party" carried San Francisco on three successive occasions. Then the municipal elections were held in May. The bosses finally knocked the "People's Party" out by passing a law to bring the municipal and State elections together. Since then we have had boss government. Now we are about to again enter upon an era of separate municipal elections, though produced in a different way. It is not difficult to foresee the ultimate result.

* * *

THE DOWNFALL of F. A. Hyde's Mayoral aspirations must be a sad blow to his budding political aspirations. Some months ago he avowed himself openly a candidate for the Chief Magistracy, and remarked with more confidence than results have justified, that when he wanted office he went to "headquarters" and paid the assessment. It seems Mr. Hyde did carry his threat into execution —that is, he had an interview with the Third Street controllers of the Republican party, but retired discomfited. They would have none of him or his money. The fact is Mr. Hyde is raw in his manipulation. In politics, diplomacy is the salient factor of success. Without it a man may attain temporary prominence, but his vogue goes out with his term.

* * *

If he had not been so successful in making enemies his budding ambition might have secured, at least, another term in the School Board, but this, I believe, is also denied him. The last stage of F. A. Hyde is, therefore, worse than the first, for when he inaugurated operations he enjoyed the respect invariably accorded an unknown quantity politically, besides the ownership of several goodly acres which rumor credits him with exchanging for the votes that made him President. I would not dream of accusing Mr. Hyde of direct corruption. He is too subtle for that, but his position as ——— gives him ample opportunity of picking up a nice homestead here and there. I understand certain School Directors now figure on assessment rolls whereon their names were never previously seen.

* * *

To the Non-Partisans Mr. Hyde presented the names of five faithful Directors and his own. He was careful to warn the nominators: "If these gentlemen are not accepted please regard my name as not before your Conven-

tion." The success of that ticket means, therefore, the continued sway of the present Board, and that is an evil, the extent of which is difficult for those of us not in the department to realize.

* * *

AMONG THE TREASURES of the Roman Catholic Church is a collection of old books that are now packed in the vaults of St. Mary's Cathedral on California Street. It includes many volumes of great value and rarity—scriptural commentaries in Spanish black letter, testaments of great antiquity and curious binding, besides five volumes of letters from the Missionary fathers to their superiors in Spain. Archbishop Alemany, who was a bibliophile of considerable erudition, gathered the books, and at one time cherished the ambition of making a large library. It was a rule of his to scan the catalogues of all the great European sales of ecclesiastical books and manuscripts, and he had agents in Madrid and other Spanish cities on the lookout for California documents.

* * *

Indeed, I believe this schrewd old ecclesiastic has some treasures of the kind that bibliomaniacs rave over. He presented to the Dominican Fathers, at Benicia, a number of valuable volumes, but there are between 1300 and 1400 books still left which are to form the nucleus of the new theological seminary at San Mateo. The Missionary letters contain much curious information, which, I am glad, to say was not made available to Humbug H. Brancroft, much as he yearned to get his greedy hands on them.

* * *

AS AN ADMIRER of dexterity I am bound to congratulate Frank Willey on the rapidity of his disappearance from the tug boat "Fearless" on Admission Day. He is a clever young fellow, is Mr. Willey, generous, genial, and wholesouled, never quite happy unless engaged in treating a crowd of his friends, or being treated by them. Like other sojourners at Sausalito, he is much given to yachting, and was naturally interested in the great race between the "Aggie" and "Jessie." On the tug were the judges and other functionaries of the Club, besides numbers of enthusiasts ready and willing to back their fancy at all sorts and conditions of odds. One young man who seemed morally certain that the McDonough boat could not fail to win the cup, offered to take any number of five to one dollar bets on his choice.

* * *

His defiance was accepted by Mr. Sperry and young Mr. Willey, and when the Judge announced authoritatively that the "Aggie" had won by eight seconds, he lost no time in presenting the winners with their coin. A minute or two later the verdict was reversed by the discovery of an error. Another functionary asked that settlement of wagers be delayed until the result had again been worked out. By this time the tug was beside the wharf, and several bright young fellows stood ready to jump ashore. Then came the announcement of the "Jessie's" victory by two seconds. Very jubilant was the enterprising backer of the McDonough craft, and he was soon discovered by Mr. Sperry, who returned him his five dollars, besides the one dollar he had won. Then he began to look for Mr. Willey. High and low, upstairs and down, but no Frank.

* * *

Someone told him his clever young friend had waited to hear the final result announced, and had then made tracks up town without delay. It was a very artistic disappearance, but the victim was stupid enough to regard the affair as an outrage. He went so far as to characterize this dextrous departure as a mean trick, but every one who knows Willey will acquit him of the charge. One of the most diverting sights I know of is to see a group of friends indulging in an afternoon cocktail interrupted in his genial way by Frank, who always insists on treating. I am sure he will return the five dollars and pay the bet some time or other.

* * *

AS SAD A STORY as I have heard for some time is that told by a well-known coal importer, who asks the law for a severance of the ties that bind him to his vain and foolish wife. He is an old man; twenty-six years ago he was married, and in all that time his wife was a kind and loving helpmeet. But at the age of forty-five or fifty years her wayward woman's heart was won by the barytone pleading of a youthful songster, whose voice is his fortune. This handsome vocalist was admitted as a guest to the household, and has succeeded in breaking it up. I hardly think his triumph will be great, as he is mentioned as co-respondent in the complaint that the injured husband has filed. Of course, it is not to be believed that the singer was attracted by the old woman's beauty, or that the knowledge that she had lived twenty-six years with her husband brought him to her feet. She has property worth $50,000.

* * *

She got it in this wise: The husband was a very wealthy man some years ago, and settled on his wife some real estate. Reverses came, and he asked his loving helpmeet to assist him in his financial distress. She demurred.

"I'll have to consult Mr. ——," she said, mentioning the name of the family friend, the youthful songster.

"Why, what has he to do with it?" asked the husband.

"To tell you the truth, Frank," said the wife, "I don't like you any more. Oh! pray, don't be distressed. I—I love——" here the old lady cast her eyes modestly to the ground—"I love dear Mr. ——. And he has told me that I better not let you have the property. Dear Mr. —— and myself will need it. Of course—now, Frank, what *is* the use of getting excited? No, I will not tell you where you can find dear Mr. ——, who certainly is not a d—d villain, and I don't think it is a bit nice of you to speak in that manner before a lady."

I am told that the handsome young barytone was in Oakland rehearsing "Pinafore" at the time, but the husband did not know it.

* * *

IT IS NOT MY CUSTOM to visit the churches of a week day, but I could not refrain from turning Cathedralward on Tuesday. A requiem high mass was to be celebrated for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Theresa Fair, and I was anxious to see how long the memory of this good woman lived in the hearts of those who had been recipients of her large bounty. It was the anniversary of her death—the first—and fearing that I might not get a seat if I were not near the altar early, I hurried through the sombre grays of the morning to the stately church. There was no throng there; a few workmen on their way to their day's labor, a number of poorly clad, pale, religious women whispering their prayers, and two ladies whom I knew to be of a faith that does not tolerate beads and rosaries, made up the number present to hear the requiem high mass.

* * *

Of all those who had crowded the rooms of the mansion on Pine Street, when Mrs. Fair offered a hospitality that was as broad as the charity that she practiced, there were only two ladies in the church; and of those who watched for her smiles as the brightest things that life held for them none was present. Probably they were practicing the arts of the sycophants elsewhere. None of the family was present. I regret to hear that Senator Fair was too ill to attend. Charley is out of town, and Mrs. Oelrichs and Miss Fair are in the East. It was first proposed to celebrate the mass in Newport, but this was abandoned on consultation with the family.

* * *

THAT THE REGENTS failed to appoint Professor Moses President of the University is a disappointment. However, it was so obviously the right thing to do, that the Board merely justified its well-earned reputation by not doing it. In the individual members of this organization there is almost as much intelligence as ponderous respectability. In their official capacity the Regents seldom seem to develop either enterprise or ordinary acumen. Their movements are informed by an elephantine deliberation and an ostrich-like sagacity. To the clever machinations of Professor Howison is due the fact that the very harmless Kellogg remains at the head of Berkeley affairs. This gentleman cherishes ambitions and considerable individuality, and I hardly think would bend to Moses's way of looking at things.

* * *

Besides, there is always a great deal of jealousy among fellow-workers if one among them is set above the rest. They would rather have an outsider whose selection is no reflection on their own efforts. However, the

Moses supporters in the Board are strong in number and firm of purpose. I think the clever Yankee with the Israelitish name will yet preside over Berkeley, notwithstanding Mr. Howison and his friends.

* * *

I WAS NEVER so well satisfied that Kelly and Crimmins want the earth, with all its hereditaments and appurtenances, as since I have heard the news from Cow Hollow. Cow Hollow, it may be explained, is a depression in the surface of the city much frequented by kine (as the name would seem to imply), and which, under the present apportionment, is located in the Forty-first Assembly District. For some time past the Republicans of Cow Hollow have cherished an idea that they would like to run a young man named Leon Dennery for the Assembly. Mr. Dennery is not unknown to fame, but his opinions on the Senatorial question appear to have been a profound secret until Phil Crimmins exploited them, and discovered that, if elected to the Assembly, he would probably vote for Charles N. Felton.

* * *

Irvine Graham and George H. Walker are the leading Republicans of Cow Hollow. Whether or not this fact is a reflection on that topographical depression, I need not at this juncture stop to inquire; it is sufficient to know that these two gentlemen usually dominate the political sentiment of the Hollow. At the primary election preceding that of Monday last Walker, Graham and Dennery, to use an expressive term, "waxed" Kelly and Crimmins at the ballot boxes. It seems, however, that on Monday last they were unable to repeat that operation. On the contrary, Kelly and Crimmins "waxed" them. The "waxing" was done in this way: At two o'clock on Monday morning a dozen toughs from south of Market Street, comprising the *creme de la creme* of No. 16 Third Street—assembled at the leading saloon in Cow Hollow. That they meant business was sufficiently apparent by the fact that they were, even at that early hour, pretty full of cocktails.

* * *

From the time of their arrival until six o'clock they cut pigeon wings on the sidewalk to the tunes of a wheezy accordion, every now and then adjourning to the bar to take a drink. At six o'clock Deputy County Clerk Williams appeared with a ballot box under his arm and a bundle of tickets. The latter he turned over to the "boys," and the former he sat up in one corner of the saloon.

* * *

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "we are ready for business." And then he added, with fine sarcasm, "None but residents of the district will be allowed to vote at this precinct. Get your challengers in position."

The "boys" formed a postoffice line, and at 6:15 the box was full of ballots. All the "residents" of the district had voted. Walker, Graham, and Dennery each appeared during the morning, but, on seeing the crowd, hastily jumped a car and made for down town. When Mr. Williams closed the polls at two o'clock a "large" vote had been cast, and Kelly and Crimmins had triumphantly carried the day.

* * *

The reason the news from Cow Hollow convinces me that Kelly and his partner covet the planet is this: Cow Hollow was the only locality on Monday last which dared to even intimate that it intended to raise its head against those bosses. The Republicans of the other seventeen Districts not only failed to oppose them, but they unanimously agreed to the delegates set up by them for the municipal and legislative conventions. The 10,000 ballots cast at Monday's primary spoke as one stentorian voice. This may not be unnatural when it is considered that Kelly and Crimmins cast them themselves. But the fact that even in Cow Hollow no one attempted to vote an opposition ticket, shows that the Republicans of this town are anxious to be governed another two years from No. 16 Third Street. Nevertheless, it would have looked better had Kelly and his partner given the people of Cow Hollow a chance. The unanimity with which that depressed spot "stood in" on this occasion, causes me to suspect that in their desire to gobble everything these bosses may have smothered the public opinion of the Hollow. I do not affirm this. I merely suspect it

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THE ANCIENT ADAGE that great minds are apt to run in the same groove, has received a verification within the past week that places its truth, in my opinion, above question. Of course, the reputation of General Barnes as a wit is beyond doubt, and, in the narration of this story, I do not wish for a moment to be understood as casting the slightest reflection upon him. To my mind if the General had never told but one story—that concerning the Hebrew umbrella vender—he would be entitled to rank among the wits of the Coast, so high, indeed, that it would be presumptuous in any person to question his standing. You have never heard the story of the umbrella vender? Indeed! Then I will condense it. It was raining violently one day. An aged Hebrew with a bundle of umbrellas under his arm stood on a Montgomery Street corner, shouting "Umbrellas, six bits apiece." The man was drenched to the skin. Barnes came along and said: "My friend, why don't you raise one of those umbrellas over your head? You will catch your death." "Oh, I'm not afrait," returned the man; "besides, I don't vant to injure de goots."

* * *

But to return to the story I started out to tell. For several days preceding the contest between Corbett and Sullivan, at New Orleans, for the title of Champion Puncher of the Planet, General Barnes exercised his wit in this way: Meeting a friend at the club or on the street or in a cable car, he would observe, in a contemplative sort of way, "Well, what do you think will be the outcome of the fight?"

Without a single exception, every man to whom this remark was addressed replied, "Oh, I think Sullivan will be arrested for murder before the fight is over." Or, "Oh, I am confident Corbett will punch the devil out of that drunken loafer inside of twenty rounds."

Having elicited this opinion, Barnes would then quietly remark, "Excuse me, but I was referring not to that brutal exhibition at New Orleans, but to the Presidential fight between Mr. Cleveland and General Harrison."

* * *

Barnes says that he occasionally encountered a hardened case who would stand his ground, but usually the victim blushed and bolted.

But to illustrate how the minds of great wits run in the same groove, even though they be three thousand miles apart, it is only necessary to refer to the current number of *Puck*. On one of the inside pages there are two pictures. The first represents two gentlemen riding in a car, one of whom is busily absorbed reading a newspaper. The other says:

"Excuse me, sir, but I presume you are interested in the great coming struggle upon which the attention of all patriotic voters of this broad land is now concentrated—what in your opinion will be the result?"

* * *

The other man drops his newspaper suddenly in the next picture, and with an air of intense earnestness replies:

"The result? Why, Corbett 'll be carried home in a paper bag!"

Some of General Barnes' jealous rivals may assert that he obtained his joke by securing an advanced copy of *Puck*, but such a suspicion, in my opinion, is rank libel. The similarity of the gags, it seems to me, indicates that great minds are not only apt to, but that they actually do run in the same groove.

* * *

SHERIFF LAUMEISTER'S plight seems to have called into question the legal acumen of the Dorn family. M. A. of that ilk figures as the contemptuous functionary's attorney, and advised him to refrain from executing McNulty—this on the strength of ingenious points advanced by Carroll Cook. There are those in the profession who regard that gentleman's efforts in the light of a brilliant bluff, and actually go so far as to assert that the Dorn family was deceived by fine-spun but flimsy technicalities. Others ask they be given a chance to justify the position assumed, and claim their contention and position well taken. That as it may be, however, Sheriff Laumeister will have to serve out his twenty-four hours, and if it had not been for Marcus Aurelius and Didymus Dorn, McNulty would now be enjoying novel experiences in "the better life."

* * *

The Dorn family has been singularly suc-

cessful. M. A. and D. A. are attorneys for the Pacific Bank, for the People's Home Savings Bank, for several other institutions and for sundry capitalists of credit and prominence. They have presided over Republican conventions and figured as political peacemakers in times of turmoil. The emoluments of the Sheriff's law business they have enjoyed for two terms, and I doubt not that they will have a candidate for Public Administrator or something before the Crimmins and Kelly Convention. They are winners in several senses of that word, and yet there are few lawyers who will admit that either of the Dorns knows any law to speak of.

* * *

Granting them entirely ignorant of Blackstone and his successors, and even of recent Supreme Court decisions, it is interesting to listen to the different theories explanatory of their success. Some attribute it to Columbus Waterhouse, whose son-in-law D. A. Dorn has the happiness to be. Mr. Waterhouse is claimed as a salient and potent factor in their prominence. He aids them with his considerable influence and capital. Their appearance, too, is by others advanced as the cause of their practice. More assert it is due to a magnificent assurance and a gorgeous self-confidence united with the breadth of physical beam requisite as a background for these qualities.

* * *

Gentlemen who went to school with the Dorn family have actually characterized its members as stupid. To call either intellectual would produce derisive smiles. Scholastic brilliancy, it seems positive, they did not exhibit, and yet there are only a handful of lawyers in San Francisco who enjoy larger incomes than Didymus and his brother. In the same connection it must not be lost sight of that in the South are two more Dorns, both young, both lawyers, and with the family fair hair, blue eyes, and broad shoulders. One settled, a few years ago, in San Luis Obispo, and, I believe, his practice is quite the largest in the county. The other is in Salinas, and his business there is second only to that of one other firm. And yet they are commonly accused of knowing as little law as their local brethren.

* * *

That success in the legal profession and in the political arena is ordinarily made by individuals entirely destitute of brains, is not a general rule. It is customary to attribute to men of prominence in both lines of endeavor, considerable intellectuality. Thus, the Dorn family presents a singular anomaly. No one admits they are lawyers, they were stupid at school, are stupid in conversation, and yet they are enjoying all the prizes of life. Very peculiar. If it is the greatest art to conceal art, what kind of an achievement is it to hide brains?

* * *

NEW YORK sooner or later gets the bright people of the country. It is the natural metropolis, and thither drift those who would be near the heart of the United States. It is a city of splendid mansions and poverty-cursed tenements; of massive business blocks and peculiar business practices; of great charities and enticing vices; it is a great city, and the good and bad are united as inextricably there as in any other town that asserts its claims to a metropolitan position. The newspapers are great in the sense that they contain many more pages and many more advertisements than those in San Francisco; but the stories they print are no brighter than those one sees in the journals of this city, and their enterprise does not seem to be more marked. Among the men whose work is attracting attention there is Ned Townsend, whom everyone knows here. He is one of the bright young men of the *Sun*, and I am told is doing excellently well.

* * *

When Mr. Dana takes a fancy to a bright young man, the latter's fortune is made and he need have no fear of the future. Pensions are as frequent in the New York *Sun* office as on the Philadelphia *Ledger*, but there isn't as much said about them. Mr. Townsend gets many of the "star" details, writing some of the cleverest stories that enliven the pages of Mr. Dana's journal. There are many Western men in New York, and the responsible positions on nearly all of the papers are filled by Chicago men.

* * *

Among the well-known men indirectly connected with the press of the metropolis, and, indeed, of the entire country, is Lyman D. Morse, Manager for J. H. Bate's advertising agency. Mr. Morse is in the prime of life, quick, energetic, and business-like. He handles a tremendous amount of advertising in a year, and has a corps of assistants large enough to make an army. With every detail of the great agency he is familiar, and enjoys the confidence of hundreds of clients whose millions of dollars he expends to the best advantage.

* * *

THERE ARE TWO reasons why the reception given by General and Mrs. Dickinson, last Saturday evening, was not an unequivocal success. They had invited the staff and line officers of the Second Brigade, together with their wives, sisters, and sweethearts, to "Craig Hazel," at Sausalito, and provided for the transportation of their guests one of Spreckels' tugs. Unfortunately the tide selected the moment of the steamer's arrival to be at low water mark—the result that an hour elapsed before the assemblage could land. Once on shore, however, they found the grounds of the Yacht Club and of the Dickinson residence beautified by all manner of Japanese lanterns that shed a kaleidoscopic twilight amid the foliage. After the formal reception was over, the party adjourned to the clubhouse, where they danced and feasted until midnight.

* * *

The second reason that militated against the general happiness was the eccentricity of the electric lights. They persisted in alternating the extremes of light and darkness in a most aggravating manner, until finally the steadier if less brilliant lamp replaced them. However, everything else went admirably, and it was a thoroughly contented crowd that steamed across the bay homeward, arriving just in time to catch a series of last cars.

* * *

IN EDUCATIONAL CIRCLES not directly concerned there is a good deal of curiosity to learn on what especial charge the Grand Jury "had up" the School Directors. Certain august members of the ring were before the inquisitors, and a series of very disconcerting questions asked of them. Queer things have occurred under the regime of this interesting Board. For instance, a functionary visited all the schools in town, inquiring if any new carpets were required. Of course, no principal was foolish enough to decline, and the result was they were all given what they asked for. It is to be presumed that some carpet-house surrendered a percentage of its profits to a certain committee for the privilege of supplying all the floor covering.

* * *

However, not on this charge was the Board called to time, but for certain irregularities in awarding contracts. It appears that the etiquette of advertising for bids has been disregarded, and actually work has been done at outrageous prices. Various excuses have been offered, but the inquisitors believe they have found a tangible offense, and I should not be a bit surprised to hear of a few indictments. By the way, Superintendent Swett has been cited to appear, and he promises to answer all the questions propounded him. He should know a few facts worth telling, even if it only be about charts. Professor Swett's prejudice in favor of the publications of the Bancroft

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Company is really too marked to be evoked by mere merit.

* * *

IN THE MEDICAL PROFESSION Dr. Healy's ability as a surgeon is rated first-class. He is a daring and successful operator and makes fewer botches than some of his more famous compeers. His skill, however, does not excuse his ill-regulated aspiration to amputate Sam Shortridge's leg. He actually offered to do so and promised the attorney the job would cost him nothing. There is a story to accompany the episode, and it runs thus. When Doc Healy was at the County Hospital he became involved in all sorts and conditions of rows. Charges of the most diverse kind were brought against him, and to clear himself he demanded an investigation. He asked Mr. Shortridge to defend him. Sam responded, and for seven whole evenings devoted all his talent to extricating the unfortunate surgeon from his difficulties. He was exceedingly adroit and thoroughly diplomatic, and the result of his dextrous management was that Dr. Healy obtained a verdict in his own favor.

* * *

For his services Shortridge sent in a bill for $350—a very moderate fee, considering his trouble and the skill he had exhibited. A few days later the Doctor presented himself before a mutual friend, bill in hand, and with grief and consternation in his voice asked:

"Is there no such thing as professional courtesy?"

"What's up?" asked his friend, imagining some new scandal had been sprung.

"I ask, are the golden days of professional reciprocity departed? Here I have a bill for $350 from Mr. Shortridge and I am astounded."

"My dear fellow, you have been lucky. I thought he'd charge you twice as much," returned the friend.

"Astounded, I repeat," continued Dr. Healy. "Had that man called me in, I would have charged him nothing. Not a cent. No, sir. I'd have cut his leg off for nothing."

"I'll tell Sam that," said the mutual friend, "and see what he says."

* * *

He repaired to the attorney's office, and laid the burden of the Doctor's grief at his feet. Shortridge, garbed in his latest summer suit, listened in silence until the friend reproduced the kindly offer of amputation.

"He'd cut my leg off?" he said, in indignant tones, gazing rapturously at the shapely if attenuated member in question. "Cut *that* leg off. No, sir; he shall not. I won't permit it, even for professional courtesy's sake. And tell him if I don't get the $350 right off, I'll appear against him the next time he gets into trouble."

The check appeared a few days later.

The Witness.

THE OGRESSES.

My comrade, Estevanet, had a truly original soul. From infancy he had a way of his own in looking at things. He was always exploring the fields and the hills, bringing to school curiously shaped pebbles, nests of birds of prey, gained by perilous adventures, and strange mountain plants.

In our rambles across the country, Estevanet always carried his Jew's-harp. He would seat himself at the foot of a tree, and flourish away on it. And I, admitted to his confidence, looked on in admiration and imagined, according to the play of his features, by turns sad, smiling, ecstatic, the inward melodies with which he regaled himself alone.

One link that bound us in sympathy was that we were both in love! It matters little to you for whom I wept at twelve years of age. He—always visionary—had ended by finding in a collection of fairy tales a worthy object for his worship. One day he confided it to me. It was not the little girl in the red hood, too young when eaten by the wolf; nor the sweet child who gave alms to two mendicant fairies, and always after dropped pearls and diamonds from her lips with her words; nor the sister of Sister Anne, though he would have been heroic in her defense against her abominable spouse; nor the Sleeping Beauty, hidden in her castle in an impenetrable wood; nor the adroit princess who wedded the Marquis de Carabas. Neither was it Cinderella going to the ball in her carriage of a hollowed pumpkin drawn by six mice, with six big lizards for lackeys. No! she whom he adored was—you remember Tom Thumb?—only the seven daughters of the Ogre. The whole seven? All the seven.

At that age one is very earnest, and that sly-boots, Estevanet, gave me the most convincing reasons for making such a choice. In vain I told him that their historian Perrault had not given a flattering picture of them: "These little ogresses had a very fine rosy color because they had eaten fresh flesh like their father; but they had small gray eyes, perfectly round, a hooked nose and a very large mouth with long teeth, very pointed and very far apart. They were not yet very wicked, but they were very promising, for they already bit little babies to suck the blood."

"That is all foolishness," replied Estevanet, "doubtless Perrault was ill-informed, or he may have willfully misrepresented the facts to excuse the unworthy conduct of his hero, who repaid the hospitality of the good ogress by slaying her daughters."

Thereupon Estevanet invented another ending, pretending that he got it from his nurse, in which Tom Thumb and his brothers carried off the daughters of the Ogre, married them and became great lords. He finished by convincing me. We hoped, from day to day, to find the castle of the Ogre in the depths of a forest. We had it all settled! Estevanet, reserving for himself the eldest girl, would deign to let me choose among the others. And at night, between two fanciful airs on the Jew's-harp, we dreamed of seven young ogresses, in their great bed, rosy-cheeked, superb, and wearing crowns of gold.

* * * * * * *

Estevanet and I lost sight of each other. I knew he had become a painter, keeping Art almost for himself alone in the same way in which he had played the Jew's-harp! No one excelled Estevanet in portraying the *Parisienne* of to-day, with her insolent *corsage*, cruel lips, and her doubly sensual charm made of healthy flesh and of artifice. But these pictures of refined modernism, perpetual glorification of The Female, these light sketches, delicate as flowers and vague as symbols, remained incomprehensible to the public. They said Estevanet had inherited a fortune. There were rumors of his adventures.

I learned one day that he was dead.

A mutual friend took me to his studio. There on the walls were seven portraits of women, or of adventuresses, if you like! All the seven resembling each other by the same air of mere beauty and indifference. In the corner was a great picture covered by a veil. "This is the painting he was last at work on," said the janitor. "It is considered a very fine thing, but nobody has been able yet to divine the subject."

In a sumptuous bed, draped by rich tapestry, seven women slept, the same as those of the portraits; each rosy-cheeked, plump, smiling, wearing a crown of gold. And erect, on tiptoe, pale, holding his breath, and his infantine eyes full of desire and awe, Tom Thumb looked at them.

Poor Estevanet! who, in spite of treachery and mortification, had obstinately, until his death, believed in the possible goodness of ogresses.—*French of Paul Arène, for* THE WAVE, *by* E. F. DAWSON.

FALSE ECONOMY

Is practiced by people who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

Laundry Farm still continues to draw crowds every Sunday. As a picnic resort for parties desiring to spend a day or a few hours in the hills it easily takes first rank. Here one can forget for a time the struggle for existence and enjoy to the full the attractions of nature in her most bounteous mood.

Ballet Girl—Summer work is terrible.

Her Rival—Padding makes you feel the heat so much, I presume.

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THE MUMMERS.

THE CRITICS AND "THE JUNIOR PARTNER."

The curtain of the California had fallen on "The Junior Partner" and the other partners; the audience—that portion of it that deigns to wait until a play is finished—was making use of the nineteen—nineteen, count 'em—exits; and the critics were gathered in a blood-thirsty group in the foyer. As every one knows, the opinion of a dramatic critic on a new play is absolutely infallible; he has seen everything, has read everything, and knows everything connected with the stage; he makes and unmakes plays every week, and with his little cleaver vivisects the foolish mummer who does not act according to the rules of criticism.

Criticism is, of course, an ability to find fault; there are other definitions, but this is the leading one. It is always said of a dramatic critic who shows a disposition to deal gently with the mummer and the playwright that he is under the "restrictive influences" of the business office. Independence in criticism means a wholesale condemnation, relieved here and there by a kindly word of some friend of the writer. At the meeting referred to, all the critics were present, with one exception.

"Wasn't that awful?" asked the *Post's* dramatic editor, in an awe-smitten voice. "It was the worst I've ever seen here," he added, as if giving testimony in a trial for subornation of a critic.

"Not the worst," mildly suggested the *Chronicle's* dramatic writer. "Don't you know that that is impossible; if you looked on the worst you'd be blinded. Of course 'Frederic Lemaitre' was dull, vapid, stupid, as unjoyous as an addled egg; but there was pleasure in turning to 'The Partner,' which is——"

"Rot," cried the critic for the *Examiner*.

"Rot! Dear me, your terms of disapprobation are severe. Nothing is rot that is presented by Mr. Charles Frohman. If you are not enamored of the play, why not leave the criticism to the business office? I hope I make myself understood."

"Perfectly," said the *Post's* critic; "you should try to write like that. But there is nothing in 'The Junior Partner' that suggests probability; it is an impossible case; the situations are as wearisome as a burst flush in a jack-pot; the dialogue sparkles like a glass of beer drawn from a bottle opened last night; the scenery is as interesting as a warmed-over dish of ice-cream."

"But you must admit that Miss Rankin is pretty," said the gallant writer for the *Report*.

"No, sir; I refuse to admit anything. How can I? Isn't it Charles Frohman's play and Charles Frohman's company? Under the circumstances to admit anything would be capitulation. The play is very bad."

"Oh, no; it isn't very bad," said the *Examiner* critic; "it could have been improved."

"I must admit," remarked the *Chronicle* writer, "that in 'Fred Lemaitre' Mr. Miller's work is somewhat crude and stilted—not that this is a serious blemish, however—but might be noticeable to one who has seen as much of actors as we have. When the curtain goes up on 'The Partner,' the accomplished young actor shines to immense advantage, showing that he is better fitted to the interpretation of comedy roles than——"

"My *dear* sir," said the *Post* critic, "you must be in bed and fast asleep to talk like that. Mr. Miller's work in 'Frederic'—the name is Frederic—'Lemaitre" is almost excellent, and——"

"It isn't excellent, but he pleased a large and enthusiastic audience," remarked the critic for the *Examiner*.

"Those present," said the *Report's* critic, "seemed delighted with the rendition that Mr. Miller gave to the difficult part. There is a delicate sentiment running through the piece, a soft, tender heart-feeling (I shall make a note of that for use in my criticism) that makes the auditor weep in sympathy with the actor's woes, even if they are counterfeit. Dear me, I shall make another note of that."

"You will probably omit the quotation marks?" suggested the *Examiner*. "You are all wrong in your estimate of 'The Junior Partner,' which is a fairly good play; not, probably better than some of the best comedies, like 'The Taming of the Shrew,' 'She Stoops to Conquer,' 'Hamlet,' and the like, but no worse than many that have taken a high place in the literature of the drama. It will undoubtedly please the large audience that must crowd the California. Isn't that your opinion?" he asked turning to the representative of the *Chronicle*.

"Not exactly," was the reply, "but the players prove themselves well fitted for the part. Mr. Toland does well, Miss Irwin is charming, and——"

"I suppose you will leave out Mrs. Rankin and Miss Bancker?" said a voice at their elbow. "Yet they did great work. I think so personally, and personally I believe the play was well staged, and that it will be a success. But for purposes of publication I have never seen so poor a play so villainously acted, so inartistically produced, or staged in such a parsimonious manner."

"Hullo," cried the other critics in a chorus; "is the *Call* still fighting against Thespis?"

There was no answer, and the critics left the foyer.

"I guess I'll go to the club for a while," said one; "I wrote my criticism yesterday." The others went home.——

"The Junior Partner," with the curtain raiser "Frederic Lemaitre," which gives Mr. Miller an opportunity to do his best dramatic work, will be continued at the California next week.——

"The New South," Mr. Green's new play, was produced at Stockwell's for the first time last Monday by the Grismer Company. The piece is very strong, and has careful and artistic presentation. Further comment is reserved for next week.——

Lillian Russell still holds the boards and pleases large audiences at the Baldwin with "La Cigale." On Thursday, September 22d, she will present Gilbert and Cellier's new opera, "The Mountebanks." This will be the initial production of this play, and in this country it should attract more than ordinary interest. The book is said to be capital; Gilbert has lost none of that sprightliness that makes his humor so distinctive. Poor Cellier did not live to hear a production of his opera. "Niobe," a successful comedy, follows Lillian Russell.

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THE JUNIOR PARTNER

—AND—

FREDERIC LEMAITRE

Under Direction of Mr. Chas. Frohman

Nothing more uproariously funny than the first. Nothing more exquisitely delicate than the second named play.

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—THE—

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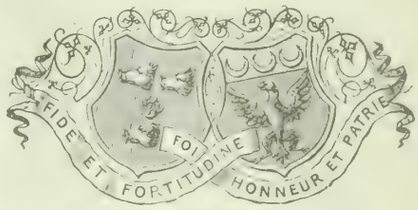

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By Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco, author of "Incog," etc.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS

Beware of Imitations.

NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

The Wave

A Society, Literary and Political Journal.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, September 17, 1892.

CONSPIRING AGAINST CALIFORNIA.

The remarkable attitude of the State Press toward California is a matter of surprise to the people of the East. At the present moment it would be hard to convince many intelligent capitalists and business men beyond the Rockies that we are not on the verge of bankruptcy; that our credit is good here and beyond the Pacific Coast limits; that we are a law-loving and law-abiding people; that all the forces that make a commonwealth great and powerful have not been exhausted here. It would, indeed, be difficult to correct the impressions of Eastern people who have gained their knowledge of California from the columns of a few miserable papers whose jaundiced and dyspeptic editors have not hesitated in an attempt to destroy the State's credit while laboring to accomplish their small and selfish ends.

Those who have done California the most harm have posed as her warmest friends; they have begged weapons for her defense and have stabbed her with them later; she has put into their hands the means for her own destruction, and either knavishly or foolishly her false friends are using them to her ultimate harm. The editorial conspirators against the prosperity of California have so injured her that business that was intended for this State has been diverted elsewhere; capital that would have been invested here was placed with our neighbors, and the good name of our merchants—that was credit with Eastern banks—has passed away. San Francisco has suffered most from the rascally policy of the newspapers; and there is a disposition in the East to show scant courtesy to the business men of this city.

In their efforts to show that one overland railroad is not enough for California, the editorial conspirators have proved that one is too many; while attacking the capital that is bound up in the transportation interests of the State, they have frightened away money that would develop the city and country; and in seeking to whip the railroad into unlocking its treasury for their especial enrichment, they have warned capitalists who purposed coming here of what they might expect from the efforts of the journalistic highwaymen.

It would be to the advantage of the merchants and business men of San Francisco to look into this. Newspapers that affright incoming capital by their onslaughts on investments already made here are their worst enemies; the pernicious attacks on capital are read and reprinted in the East, and even fools with money have enough intelligence not to put it where it will have to pay tribute to the thugs of the press, as it must do in San Francisco.

A LATE CAMPAIGN.

The slight interest shown in National politics at the present time is indicative of the fact that the campaign was begun too early. The smoke that curled lazily from the murderous shotguns at Homestead had not cleared away when my Democratic and Republican contemporaries rushed into the fray, and commenced a deadly pen to pen conflict on the effect the strike and its resulting horrors would have in the struggle for political supremacy. The editorial battle continued with great fierceness, and many wounds of the conscience were sustained on both sides. The campaign was on in earnest; the party press fought as if the election were in the immediate future; every ounce of ammunition was used, the guns of argument were loaded with lies, misinformation, and calumny, and when the smoke of battle cleared away the war had ended to the dissatisfaction of all. Since then the editorial warriors have been nursing their wounds.

It would seem as if we were to have a short battle fought out on the platform instead of in the papers, and insuring a campaign of vituperation rather than of education. The letters of Blaine and the candidates are passed with bare mention; there has not been a word said by the leaders that the followers could not have said as well; no new issue has been injected into the fight, and the man kind enough to believe that this is not a nation of idiots must presume that the voters know all about the questions of the day.

It appears to me that the party managers might order the party papers to maintain their present discreet and pleasing silence; it is not likely that the burning editorial will brand Republicanism where Democracy now is; and those who are not interested in politics will have an opportunity of reading news that is not perverted, of enjoying editorials that are comparatively honest, and of continuing of the opinion that honesty is not incompatible with political beliefs.

One of the delights of the McKinley tariff ought to be apparent to all smokers. By increasing nearly one-half the duty on tobacco and cigars, it is knocking out the home manufacturers of the weed. The fate of Arnold, Pollak & Co. is in point. Soon the "home market" will be destroyed and then the importers will put up the price.

* * *

Mr. Phillip Crimmins, the Republican boss, is following closely in the footsteps of the late lamented Boss Buckley. He began with the Legislature, became a manager for the Supervisors, then started a saloon, and now he has a poolroom where he operates a clock game. In a short time, if he continues on in this way, he will be indicted by the Grand Jury and take up his residence in Carlsbad.

* * *

It is sincerely hoped that the Democratic delegates to the municipal convention will make no mistake in their nominations. Whatever may be said of Sullivan & Dwyer, they have a good ticket "slated;" if it does not receive the votes of the convention it will be a matter of regret. It must be remembered that the local ticket will get no support from the National; the candidates will stand on their own merits. I fear, because of this, there will be a serious amount of tumbling. Prejudice, spite, and factional feeling should be put aside for the time anyway, and nominations should be made that will insure the support of honest citizens.

* * *

Sir Edwin Arnold has lived so long in India, where Asiatic cholera is indigenous to the soil, that his opinion upon it ought to be worth double that of all the physicians in the country. He says, positively, that cholera, which is a disease of cowardice and dirt, cannot survive where the temperature is below seventy degrees. If this is the case, there is no occasion for alarm in San Francisco. The thermometer here rarely goes above seventy. The fact that Sir Edwin's fondness for the Japs has been called into question does not invalidate my opinion of his right to speak on cholera. No man who is not an indiscriminate lover of woman can be a poet. Woman is the poetry of life; poetry is the apotheosis of the untrue; and Sir Edwin is the apostle of the same. But he knows more about cholera than the "Rev." Dr. McNutt, who probably never saw a cholera germ excepting in a picture.

* * *

The letter that Mr. J. G. Blaine wrote to the National Committee, declining to disrupt his larynx by making speeches for the President, was a great political document. It mentioned all the burning issues of the day except one; that one was Benjamin Harrison.

* * *

A person of the name of John L. Sullivan has been interviewed in New York. He is probably a cholera patient.

* * *

The people of Chicago are preparing for the World's Fair by studying the methods of Ali Baba and the forty thieves.

* * *

If my esteemed contemporaries, who are reproducing the Eastern pictures connected with the Borden case, could give us a reprint of the locomotive that drew Lizzie from Taunton to Fall River, everybody would feel obliged. They have had pictures of everything else.

MUSIC.

THE SHERWOOD RECITAL.

Few persons, not themselves musicians, appreciate the difficulty of interesting and holding the attentions of an audience. In direct proportion to the higher standard of knowledge possessed the task naturally grows increasingly exacting, and a pianist who can retain a firm hold over a congregation of musicians has done more than earn the full value of the box office receipts. Without indulging in the invidious, a gathering brought together by the name of a celebrated pianist is usually the reflex of all the notions piled up in the term crankism. The attitude of the thoroughly musical coterie is a species of problem resembling the everlasting decimal fraction—always something left over to quarrel about. The artist who can control all the strands of illogical tendencies brought into contact in a concert hall would possess a touch of the black art, which, it is said, went out of the world some centuries since. Not the top-lofty moods of pianists themselves alone, but the convictions of the people who have heard piano playing, and have the sacred duty of committing oracles thereon, has the pianist to contend against. The ways of the transgressors may be beset with the subtlest man-traps, but the pianist's path is perforated with pitfalls warranted to destroy the most hardy and time-honored things in the way of reputations. Up in the highlands of local eminence the pianist whose name carries a mixture of terrors with it has grown familiar with the stars, the ripples of celestial rumors floating in the seventh heaven, and has learnt that the public is mistaken in supposing D'Albert and Pachmann to be pianists, when they are so obviously athletes, and only one remove from the ordinary at that. Then there are the amateurs with the opulent talent for ideas and for original conceptions, as well as the gift of being freely advertised about nothing of importance. It would be hard to equal the superiority of the amateur who has acquired the talent for being displeased as well as playing "some" himself. The pupils of Van Bump, young ladies every one of them, imbued with the spirit of his method, and believing with the ardor of their age and ignorance in the infallibility of "Professor's" teaching, and the quality of "don't amount to shucks" in all other performances, form no small contingent in the audience which a visiting pianist dares to arms of criticism.

Mr. William H. Sherwood attracted quite the full quantity and quality of persons indulging in the just and solid virtues of criticism. All the types were well represented and the sum total of human genius collected in Irving Hall would doubtless have impressed any ordinary pianist. Mr. Sherwood was not at all impressed by the audience. His sense of the importance of the occasion, however, led him into speechmaking. A well-timed and insistently administered snub to a portion of the audience was rapturously applauded by the remainder of that gathering. The ushers deserved a few choice phrases for their persistent performance of what was not their duty in the clattering of seats and the ushering of the persons of defective education who scrambled for places during the performance of numbers. There is a hope that some day the popular element of our concert audiences will learn the difference between the quality of a musical performance and a prize-fight.

For a generally rounded expression, musical and mechanical, Mr. Sherwood gave nothing equal in his January recitals to Tuesday night's execution of two encore pieces, Liszt's "*La Campanella*" and Gottschalk's Tremolo. Both depend for th ir interest upon clever workmanship and delicate values in the adjustment of shading and a complete technique. The playing of these numbers and the Schubert-Tausig March was of the pianist's best and equal in point of loose, free manipulation, especially in the trills ornamenting the march. Beethoven's *Sonata Appassionata, Op. 57*, did not fulfill the expected in the matter of purity of articulation, nor was there overmuch of impassioned, sustained emotion and epic dignity in its delivery. Chopin has been relegated to the regions of "temperament," whatever that means, as to interpretation. The conceptions of a great Chopinist are touched with a mirage-like evanescence of emotion and an indefinable poetic quality as delicate as rare sweet breeze blown perfumes. Mr. Sherwood's gifts as a pianist do not appear to number these qualities among them; the pianists with talent of the same kind as the Chicago pianist are also uncommon. The interest of the recital centered upon Mr. Sherwood's playing of numbers familiar to all educated pianists, and some of those numbers had already been given by him. The public remained attentive, even enthusiastic.

LESLEY MARTIN.

LAWN TENNIS.

The Ladies' Single and Gents' Double Championships of the Pacific States were decided at the courts of the Oakland Tennis Club, at Oakland, on Friday and Saturday last, before quite a large gathering of spectators.

The former event was captured by Miss Susie Morgan, of the California Tennis Club, who played a magnificent game throughout, losing but one set in three matches, the set referred to being taken by Miss Alice Roberts, a player of no mean pretensions, who is sure to be heard of to advantage when she has had a little more tournament practice, as her nervousness was quite evident in the two last sets of her match with the champion, Miss Morgan.

The ladies' singles were remarkable for the many clever players who took part; there was not a poor player in the lot, and some of the rallies seen were worthy of old veterans for cleverness.

The gentlemen's doubles event, which has been held for the past year by Haight and Hubbard, but who defaulted this year owing to the absence of the latter, was captured by the Hardy Brothers, of the Oakland Club, who played a remarkable game for players so young. Gus DeLong and Stetson were their opponents in the final round, but the California team were never "in it" from the start; three straight sets decided the contest.

Whilst I do not for a moment think that the California Club team could defeat the Oaklanders on Saturday last, still, in justice to the aforesaid team, I am firmly convinced that they did not put up the game they did against Driscoll and Sanborn. If they had the score would certainly have been at least a bit closer.

The uncertainties of tennis was never better illustrated than in the match between Haight and Bates against Hardy and Hardy, in which the former team had two sets, five games to two, and forty love, but lost.

Stetson and DeLong were also very unfortunate in this way with both Sanborn and Driscoll and Hardy and Hardy, having both teams at a similar disadvantage, but being unable to win the set.

Miss Ethel Bates, who appeared for the first time in an open tournament, displayed some really remarkable tennis; although beaten by Miss Chew she certainly displayed the best strokes, and it would not surprise me in the least to hear of her challenging the present lady champion next year.

Miss Gibbs, of the California Club, had the hard luck of drawing Miss Morgan in the first round, and although beaten 6-1, 6-2, she showed a wonderful improvement over last year.

Miss Lord and Miss Chew, two young ladies from the army, played very well, and played a very exciting match together, the latter winning by two sets to one.

Mrs. Younger surprised her many friends by her clever lobbing, but was beaten by Miss Roberts, after defeating Miss Cappell.

Miss Benjamin was beaten by Miss Lord, and Miss McCoy was beaten by Miss Chew, both very good matches.

Miss Morgan took the championship title by default of Miss Crouch, who is at present in the East.

Although we desire to avoid disagreeable subjects in these columns, it is impossible to overlook the inexcusable and ungentlemanly conduct displayed at the recent Double Championships Tournament by a number of boisterous spectators, partisans, and, in many cases, I am sorry to say, members of the Oakland Tennis Club, who, forgetting the principles of courtesy due to their guests from the California Club, never lost an occasion to loudly and openly jeer at their mistakes, at the same time passing over some really phenomenal shots with a contemptuous silence.

That a friendly feeling should exist between the several clubs is not only natural, but desirable as a stimulus to hard practice, thereby raising the standard of the game and furnishing a powerful motive to excel. But when this rivalry is debased to a mere blind, howling partisanship, as was the case in Oakland, last Saturday, I think that contests with clubs who not only countenance such disagreeable conduct, but actually harbor this ungentlemanly element in their midst, should cease. Naturally the effects of such a tournament can be but hurtful and stunting to the growth of the game, and certainly destructive of that good fellowship so necessary for the promotion and development of lawn tennis.

We have made no mention of the lack of accommodations provided for the visiting players by the Oakland Tennis Club, nor have we criticised the appointment of certain umpires who gave many rank decisions—always, strange to say, adverse to the California Club. These delinquencies, doubtless due, in this case, to the extreme youth and inexperience of one of the tournament committees, can easily be remedied in the future, but some urgent reform is evidently necessary to control the wild enthusiasm of certain adherents of the game who hail from Oakland.

THE SCORER.

The first of the fourth series of Saturday Pops, which have been such pleasant features of the musical seasons, will be given on Saturday, September 24th. Mrs. Carr and Mr. Beel have made these concerts very enjoyable, and it is a matter of pleasure to know that they have been successful. It is quite probable that the present series will be attended by many who had the good fortune to be present at the others.

HAVE YOU TRIED

DINMORE'S SOAP

THOUSANDS

ARE SAVING HOURS OF HARD LABOR,

WHY DON'T YOU ?

WIELAND & DINMORE MAKE IT S. F.

"THE DOOMSWOMAN."

A DIALOGUE.

The Constant Reader is a very superior person. Not pretentious exactly, but decided in her views on books. To mention a new novel she does not know all about, has never been my good fortune, and she invariably regales me with her opinions, in whose correctness she believes implicitly. When a woman is rather good-looking, and has a position of prominence in Society, it is not always advisable to agree with her. With charming *empressement* the Constant Reader assumes those who do not think as she does have inferior intellects. With her, therefore, contradiction is the sincerest flattery. I am occasionally honored by invitations to tea at the Pacific Avenue mansion which she inherited from her late husband, and am expected in return to listen to her dissertations, which are oftentimes amusing.

"I have just finished Mrs. Atherton's latest, 'The Doomswoman,'" she said to me a few afternoons ago, "and, do you know, I rather like the book."

"The lady is not entirely destitute of literary ability, though it is positive she has no style," I answered. "But I thought you had decided to care for nothing she ever published?"

"What an inconvenient memory you have, my dear Oracle," she returned, bridling up. "As if I could make up my mind about a book in advance. Not being a reviewer, you know," she bowed very gracefully, "I am sometimes compelled to read."

"Don't you agree with me that Kamchatka would make as appropriate a background for the loves of Chonita Iturbi Y. Moncada and Diego Estenega, as California?" I continued, ignoring the obvious retort.

"You forget the descriptions of the christening of Alvarado's infant in old Monterey, the El Son dance which Chonita gives with the grace and audacity of a wood nymph, the Merienda at which Estenega and his *inamorata* ride into the Carmel Mission and affright the despoiling pirates, or the wedding of Reinaldo and Prudencia, or—" she stopped to breathe. "That, I think, answers your criticism."

"Perhaps. It is a matter of point of view, you know. To me, the descriptions are mere words. The spirit of the time is not in them. They have no graphic force, they are diffuse, out of perspective. Coarse and strong, rather than subtle and delicate, out of touch entirely with old California they are. Mrs. Atherton, if she lives to be ninety can never reproduce the lazy, languorous days of Vallejo and the Alvarados."

"You must admit, too, there is a great deal of power in the book," she continued, just as though my objections were absolutely worthless. "Is not Chonita a strong bit of portraiture? I have but to close my eyes and see her, tall, golden-haired, beautiful, with that dead-white skin, and long, dark Spanish eye lashes, and those green luminous eyes. And Estenega. Now, he is splendid. So bold, ambitious, fascinating. I believe I should have fallen in love with him myself."

"Admitted," I bowed. "That is just where the story has merit. The human interest is strong. The manner in which the love interest is developed, the scenes between Chonita and Estenega, are capital. You must see, though, that neither is Californian. The authoress has tacked on them, here and there, certain supposed characteristic traits, but, as I have said, the episode might have had Pittsburg as a background."

"Don't you think," said the Constant Reader, after she had given me some more tea, "that the book is very irreverent—vulgarly so, indeed? It is bad taste to scoff at other people's religion, and some of Estenega's cynical witticisms are quite uncalled for. They have not even the excuse of being clever. Because Mrs. Atherton is so emancipated it is no reason she should shout her infidelity from the housetops. That is being obvious."

"I wonder did the authoress endow her Spanish heroine with luminous golden hair because her locks are the same shade?" I asked.

"Perhaps," she replied, with some degree of acerbity. "Mrs. Atherton does not seem to be able to conceive the possibility of brunette fascinations." The Constant Reader is as dark as was Doña Valencia.

"However," said I, "in spite of deficiencies one must admit Mrs. Atherton has done a good piece of work. That dramatic climax with which the story ends would redeem a far more faulty narrative. It is the best thing she has written, it seems to me, but I should advise her to leave California alone."

ORACLE, K. B.

FOR THE LADIES.

The splendid assortment of stationery to be found at Sanborn, Vail & Co's is not excelled in any shop in the country. The latest novelties in writing materials are imported directly from Europe, and embrace many new and unique designs in paper and envelopes. The colors are very pretty and one cannot be "in the swim" and not use what fashion has determined to be the proper thing.

The display of leather goods is large enough to give a choice to all, and the most exacting will be satisfied. In purses, pocket-books, card cases, etc., the designs are very pretty, and are exactly the same as are carried by the makers of Society's fads in Paris, London, and New York.

In the matter of copper plate work for invitations, calling cards, and announcements, Sanborn, Vail & Co., are the leaders, and their work is certainly the best in the West. An advantage they possess is found in the fact that they are able to turn out work more rapidly than competitors.

ON SUTRO HEIGHTS.

Softly o'er the distant hills
  The tender dawn is slowly breaking;
On Sutro Heights, the shimmering light
Like bridal veil on virgin bride
  With misty loveliness is gleaming;
Let it wake my love.

The sleeping flowers are waking;
  Awake! Awake! my slumberous love,
The dawn that just was breaking
  Shows rosier tints above;
The sea-gull 's hastening seaward to meet his love,
O meet me too, long-absent love!

L'ENVOI.

Sleeping flowers that dawn awakened,
  Drooping, yet fragrant, all are they,
Darkening skies, deep shadows slowly falling
  On Sutro Heights, curtain the joyous day,
And sweetly sleeps my love.

BRANSCOMBE ASHLEY.

ALL THE SAME IN ENGLISH.

One afternoon I chanced to stray
Into a popular café.
While sitting there I heard a waif
Remark, "This is a dandy café,"
Which made a smart young woman laugh
And say, "Hear what he calls a café,"
When her companion bright and chaffy,
Remarked, "He should have called it café."
And to myself I groaned, "Why can't
It still be called a restaurant?"—*Truth.*

Autumn
Styles and Colors

Dress Woolens
Dress Silks
Broadcloths
Cloakings
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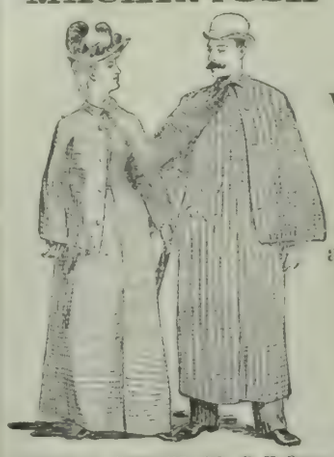

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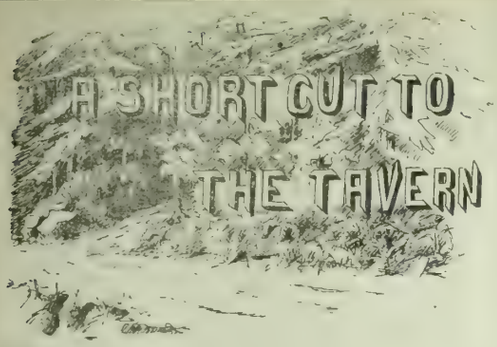


VERY chatty and gay were we one morning, last week, as we started from the tavern on a play constitutional. Without much concern as to direction, we drifted with a beaten path, which commanded an upward view of the sullen crags, and a downward one of the Sacramento River, which here is a translucent stream, rippling along in happy ignorance of its future wedding to the red soil of the Sierras.

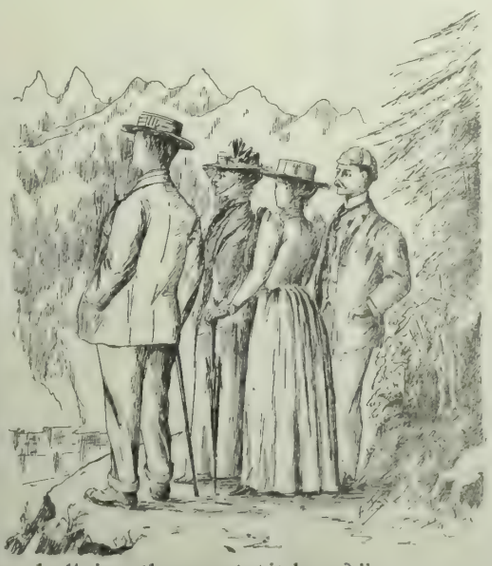
The air was like champagne, and our spirits correspondingly effervescent; but a short turn brought us suddenly to an unobstructed view of the naked crags, grim and gray, pointing warningly skyward, as though in solemn protest of our exuberance, and we were awed into silence at once, standing like so many guideposts—fascinated, repelled.

"Will some one assist me to snub that view?" asked Flora Frey, the gayest girl of the Oakland contingent, with something like tears in her voice.

"It is rather gruesome," said Earnscliff, the young Englishman. "We might walk away from it."

It seemed the sensible thing to do, but it was not until the pines had completely hidden the rocks that we recovered ourselves. But we did it thoroughly, gayly clambering for the ferns, growing in masses on the river's bank, and cracking hazel nuts that hung hospitably low. We had walked about three miles, and talked about three thousand, all but Earnscliff, who strode on, in the fashion of his countrymen, with shoulders well back; his straight figure, with its hint of supple strength, a reproof to the Americans of our party, all of whom looked healthy enough, but were sadly lacking in poise.

Some of the party had begun to lag, and were found to be quietly dropping fine quartz specimens, and tiny rooted firs that had been intended for various city lawns, as souvenirs of the walk, when an advance guard, consisting of Earnscliff and myself, sighted some low, broad stones by the wayside, apart of Dame Nature's housefurnishing plan. There was a scramble, and soon we were all as comfortably seated as though on the tavern veranda chairs.



From somewhere came forth the ubiquitous box of candy, none declining the sweets but Earnscliff. Idly munching a cocoanut confection, too tired to talk, I let my eyes wander where they would, discovering them to be following through the ferns and baby pines, a tiny path, a mere outline, freshly broken, which led off into a tangle of undergrowth. At any other time it would scarcely have attracted my attention, but with no more vivid interest at hand, I watched its windings until it assumed an importance. Without lifting my eyes I involuntarily touched Earnscliff's arm, rather puzzling him, I fancy, but he followed my gaze, and soon he, too, was idly interested. The rest, noting our intentness, came to our rock.

"What is there in that cowpath to interest you?" asked Ned Travor, a San Francisco youth, whose great ambition in life was to be mistaken for an Englishman.

"It has been used by a human being," said Earnscliff, dropping upon his knees to inspect it more closely, and looking curiously at a half-obliterated foot-print.

"Leads to some woodchopper's cabin," said Travor again, pushing his tiny red fore and aft back from his bang.

The rest seemed content with that, but to me, the path suggested something unusual, and I proposed following it for a distance, at least.

"And encounter a bear on his own highway?" said Flora. "Not I, for one. There is a certain harmony about one's self, intact, that I do not care to have disturbed."

The rest of the party voiced her decree, but Earnscliff, who said, "I shall go, but you, Miss Outhwaite, I am afraid, would find it too fatiguing."

It was refreshing to hear him pronounce my Knickerbocker name correctly.

"But I wish very much to go," I insisted, "and really, Flora, I did not think you so cowardly."

"Like Sidney Smith's Irishman, I would rather be a coward for a few minutes than a dead hero all my life," she retorted.

"Then, if Mr. Earnscliff will allow me, I shall accompany him."

"Elsie!" protested Flora.

But I was determined, and we started alone, the others returning by the way we had come; to have, as Flora expressed herself, "a party of rescuers sent on our trail."

We had gone a little distance, my companion parting the bushes which had closed over the path, when he said, abruptly, "That was a woman's foot."

I was startled, more by his way of telling it than by the fact itself, and was half sorry that I had come.

"An Indian's, perhaps," I suggested; "but they are peaceable. Was it bare?"

"No; a slender foot, neatly shod. Here," he added, with more animation than I had seen him display, "is a fresh imprint."

There it was, a slender, little foot-step, quite plain, in a bit of moist soil.

"Let us go back," I urged; "there must be something uncanny about a woman with a foot like that in such a wilderness."

"If you feel timid, Miss Outhwaite, I will escort you at once to the tavern," he said, turning.

"And you?" I asked.

"I shall come back."

He was so quiet and masterful, that I suddenly concluded that nothing should tempt me to return until he gave the signal, and we resumed our odd quest. The bushes grew thicker, and were with difficulty separated; the soughing of the wind through the pines recalling a lonely country church-yard I had once visited in Napa County, the effect of which was, that nothing could tempt me to repass it. My heart quailed if a twig snapped, and I was glad when Earnscliff gave me his hand to assist me over a tiny brook.

"Your hand is cold through your glove," he said. "I should have insisted upon your returning. After all, it may end in nothing."

"I hope it may," I replied; "but I am afraid not. That foot was too patrician not to have a history. At least we will go another half mile; if," I added humbly, "you will allow me to rest first."

"Certainly, Miss Outhwaite. Pardon my thoughtlessness in not having suggested it."

We took possession of a log, that lay, like a defeated giant, by the brook's side; first prodding among the raspberry and currant bushes in which Nature was enshrouding it, in a search for snakes.

"What sort of a creature do you think we shall find?" I asked, in a semi-whisper, fearful of being answered by the creature's self.

"I cannot say," he replied. "She may be a mere woodchopper's wife, sufficiently vain of a pretty foot to keep it well shod, even in this wilderness; or," he added slowly, tossing a bit of bark into the brook, "some tragedy may be connected with it. Who knows, but that, in a way, some delicately nurtured woman is a wretched prisoner in these woods?"

I shivered at the thought, and, rising hastily, said bravely, "Do let us hurry on. It may be that a Will greater than ours has sent us on this strange search."

The trail was quite distinct now, and in an exquisite little dell were a number of those tiny steps, turned in different directions, as though in uncertainty. Something attracted my attention, a linked silver bracelet, lying in the turf at my feet. With a little cry, I picked it up before Earnscliff had perceived it. He took it from my hands, examining it minutely.

The clasp was loose, and it was evidently very old, the carving quite black.

"Looks like a piece of English carving," and returning it to me, he hurried on, as though forgetful of my existence. At another time I should have felt piqued, being accustomed to a certain amount of attention from the other sex, but I did not in the least resent the slight now. But I wondered, suddenly, if, perhaps, Earnscliff had not come to California because of something of this kind. Was there not some unhappy history of which he was aware, and I not? Then, like a flash, I recalled his manner at starting, remembering that he had urged me to return with the others.

I had forced my company upon him, and he would have preferred to come alone, his preoccupation at this moment was convincing of that.

"I do not think," I ventured timidly, "that I should be afraid to return alone."

He stopped in surprise.

"Return alone!" he exclaimed. "Why, what are you thinking of? You are quite white. Come, we will go back at once."

"I rather thought," I faltered, "that you would prefer to continue alone."

"Why did you fancy that?" he asked, looking down upon me from almost a foot's superiority of height, and I am not short.

"I wondered if it could be that you know of some one who is lost, whom you hope to find here?"

"No," he replied, "I am connected with no such unhappy history; but that bracelet belongs to a lady, and I may be romanciful—Englishmen, you know, are accredited with that quality—but, I am convinced, to an Englishwoman. This may end unpleasantly," he added, "and I would wish to avoid you that. You shall decide, once for all, now, as to returning."

I was faint from a surplus of exercise and mental stress, but I felt impelled to go with him. A few hundred yards farther we went: Earnscliff gently assisting me now at every step, when the copse came to an abrupt end. There was a confused sound of gay voices, and before us the "Tavern of Castle Crags," its verandas alive with its bright clad summer guests!

We did not laugh—it was too solemn.

"Your party will doubtless find our sudden appearance rather amusing. Some of the Californians, I fancy, planned the surprise for me," said Earnscliff slowly, as we walked to the tavern.

"You must remember, Mr. Earnscliff, that it was I who first saw the path," I said, hastily resenting the unjustness of his remark. "You surely will not accuse me of duplicity."

"Oh no! Miss Outhwaite, certainly not."

Mrs. Wight sat facing us, on the veranda, her sketching materials by her side.

"I see you have discovered my short cut," she exclaimed enthusiastically. "It is lovely but rather a hard push through the brush. I am glad you have found my bracelet," noting it on my wrist, "I must have dropped it while sketching this morning. I picked it up at Shreve's, last winter. Looks like a genuine antique, doesn't it? But where is the remainder of your party."

Earnscliff attempted to explain literally, but I interrupted him, saying, as I restored the bracelet, "They returned by the longer way, but I was tired, and, seeing your short cut, persuaded Mr. Earnscliff to come with me by that way. We will wait with you here, until they come up. I can fancy their surprise, as we professed perfect ignorance of the direction in which we were going."

Earnscliff did not smile during my recital, but, turning a full-faced look of amazement upon me, said, "You are quite expert, Miss Outhwaite."

"At what?" queried Mrs. Wight.

"At everything, I should fancy," he replied with a suspicion of a smile.

Just then the others came up the slope, warm and tired.

I rose with a well-simulated laugh of triumph, Earnscliff assisting by keeping quiet.

At sight of us, the ranks broke, so to speak, and with Mrs. Wight as an innocent ally, we routed them completely.

But Earnscliff came near spoiling everything, by eying me as though I was a monstrosity.

ONE OF THE PARTY.

MINING AND FINANCIAL.

For the past few days, notwithstanding the breaks in business caused by the succession of holidays, there was a hum of commotion around the Stock Exchange, such as has not been heard for months; the dry rot has disappeared, and smiling and contented the brokers look as the orders to buy and sell stocks come to the offices, and commissions commence to pile up. The ball started a rolling on Saturday when Sierra Nevada advanced from $1.50 per share to $2.10, and then on Monday this was supplemented by Belcher, which began at $1.25 and went flying till it reached $1.85; the whole line of Comstocks advanced from 25 to 100 per cent. On Monday the business done at the San Francisco Exchange amounted to over 46,000 shares; the principal stocks dealt in were 4500 shares of Sierra Nevada, 3100 Union Con., 750 Belcher, and 3200 Crown Point. I have been telling the readers of THE WAVE for the last month that both Sierra Nevada and Belcher were good buys and would materially advance in value, and those who speculate in mines and took advantage of my prophecy will realize a good profit.

The cause of the rise in Sierra Nevada was due, as I noted last week, to the work being done in what is known as the Steel drift, where a streak of quartz was struck assaying up to $40 per ton. This work was being carried on separate from the work of the Sierra Nevada. About a year ago C. Steel and F. Edwards made a contract with Superintendent McDonald, of the Sierra Nevada, to work the croppings near the top of Cedar Hill; they were to have what rock they extracted and pay a small royalty to the company. Lately between the 300 and 400 foot levels a body of quartz has been uncovered that assays from $40 to $50 per ton. The company, hearing of the find, and believing it of enough importance, will now take charge and put on men enough to prospect it thoroughly.

The advance in Belcher was due to the report of the finding of ore on the 400 foot level of what is supposed to be a continuation of the ore body on the 300 foot level. As I stated before, this was the level where it was expected to find ore, and that Belcher, at the South End or Gold Hill, was a buy; and this mine, as well as the rest of the Gold Hillers, will continue to be favorite gambles from now on.

The latest report from Crown Point says the 1700 foot station pumps have been working continuously; the flow of water has slightly increased since my last, and both pumps are kept moving steadily.

Another point of interest will be the middle stocks, embracing Hale & Norcross, Savage, Chollar, and Potosi; they will soon commence crosscutting in Hale & Norcross on the 1800 foot level, and as they will get some ore these stocks are a buy; already they are commencing to move. Hale & Norcross on Wednesday reaching $1.65. Con. Virginia and Ophir were a drag on the market, and did not advance with the rest of the list; this was due partially to the large selling orders of Coffin, Stoutenborough, and Fitch, who freely supplied the demand for these stocks. Con. Virginia did not make a good showing for the last month, as she ran behind some $12,000; this will put the mine in debt about $7500.

During the month of August the Savage mine produced bullion to the gross assay value of $32,062. Ore milled was 1800 tons; the Potosi for August milled at the Nevada Mill 1444 tons; gross proceeds in bullion, $33,900. Up to Wednesday evening no assessments have been levied, but one can be expected on Crown Point and Savage; assessments have become due on Confidence and Best & Belcher, Bullion and Hale & Norcross, and the coming week Challenge Con. will be delinquent. In the outside districts Bodies, Quojotoas, Tuscaroras repeat the same old story; no demand, and in the majority not even a quotation is recorded. The Mt. Diablo reports a shipment of fine silver; amount 6303 ounces.

A meeting of the California Mining Association was held this week, at which Senator Felton explained that the Hydraulic Bill with the amendments would be passed early in the coming session of Congress. The ruling price of silver is about 83⅓.

Dividends have been declared by the Champion mine of 10 cents, Daly 25 cents, Ontario 50 cents, Atlantic Dynamite 40 cents, and State Investment Insurance of 50 cents per share.

At the Stock and Bond Board business was light. For the first twelve days of this month there were sold 4135 shares, the principal one being Hawaiian Commercial 1550 shares from $1.25 down to 55 cents; it is expected at the annual meeting to be held on September 15th, a heavy assessment will be levied; there were also sold 865 shares Spring Valley Water, average 100⅜; Omnibus Cable Bonds 5000 of 6s @ 116; Powell Street Railroad, 5000 of 6s @ 111; Spring Valley Water, 1000 of 6s @ 116¾; United States, 100 of 4s @ 114½; there was also a number of shares of Giant Powder sold at 45½ to 49, this is the new stock Giant and Safety Nitro on the basis of 50,000 shares.

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Annual Meeting, Grand Prize Mining Company.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Grand Prize Mining Company will be held at the office of the Company, room 20, 331 Pine St., San Francisco, Cal., on **Tuesday, the 20th day of September, 1892 at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M.**, for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. Transfer Books will close on Saturday, September 17th, 1892, at 12 o'clock M.

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

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PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

Refreshed, re-invigorated, aye, rejuvenated, the editor of this column returns to his post of duty and resurveys the underwriting situation from the veritable topmost wave. Candidly I can see many changes in the street and in the business; if time works one sort of ruin, men can and do make all kinds; Manager DuVal, supported by the Executive Committee of the Pacific Insurance Union, has recently attacked the great Joss "Rebate" which has grown in length, breadth, and general dimensions, until even peg-leg Parks shivered with the clammy outlook, lest the idol of his worshiping should crush him like the proverbial car of Juggernaut.

* * *

While everybody on the street, in the business and out of it, sympathizes with the attempt to reform the vile system of wholesale rebating, not alone in San Francisco but extending to the uttermost limits of the Pacific Coast, I am satisfied there is no remedy in mere patch-work business.

There are two reports by two committees, wordy, obtuse, and owning all the characteristics of men framing the same, to tie up the hands of their neighbors, leaving themselves with sufficient scope to capture the trade. I fully appreciate the magnitude of the job on hand, and regret there is not back-bone enough in the P. I. U. to take one short cut leading to the very centre of all this difficulty. If a bad Government is known by the multiplicity of its laws, then there is no wonder that all the evils which beset the business of the Pacific Coast exist, and are likely to exist until commissions are reduced to a plain 15 per cent, and about one-half of the brokers and solicitors now recognized, fostered, and encouraged by the Union thrown out of the business.

* * *

Instead of the committee and the two reports above mentioned attempting to amend the present constitution, I respectfully suggest that they report back a substitute for the present complex-fundamental law of that organization, covering about two printed pages, reducing commission everywhere to 15 per cent, requiring a deposit for the faithful maintenance of rates as well as limiting the payment of commissions, and black-listing every agent, broker, or solicitor who fails to remit premiums collected within ten days after the close of each month.

* * *

Politics now seem to agitate the country, and it has special significance at this time to the underwriter, not only in California, but in thirty odd other States of the United States. With the beginning of 1893, our clever and newly elected members will sit in solemn conclave at Sacramento, and carefully study the figures of the insurance companies doing business in this State, and attempt, as usual to "Corbettize" and "knock out" the fraternity! I respectfull suggest the appointment right now of a committee who will begin at once to compile statistics, especially of last year's experience, showing the loss ratio of between 60 and 80 per cent, which with taxes and expenses at 35 per cent must furnish a different kind of food for thought than our past Legislators (if reports are true) have been accustomed to.

* * *

I notice that Mr. W. F. Blood, Secretary of the Oakland Home Insurance Company, has been succeeded in the General Agency of the Traders of Chicago, by Messrs F. G. Voss & Co. Considerable surprise was excited by the announcement of Mr. Conrad's return to the street. It was generally understood he was tired of underwriting and had so much business at his commission house that all his time was required there. Yet, here he is back again with two or three agencies. F. T. Hoyt is the outside agent for the new firm.

* * *

Our enterprising and only local life company, the Pacific Mutual, will move into its very handsome new offices in its new building about the middle of next month.

* * *

J. M. Beck, for years past Special Agent of the Insurance Company of North America, has retired from the local agency and has taken an interest in the firm of Okell, Donnell & Co. Mr. Beck is a most competent underwriter, and there are few "specials" on the road who enjoy his popularity. I am convinced he will be a valuable acquisition to the new firm which promises eventually to be one of the strongest on "the street."

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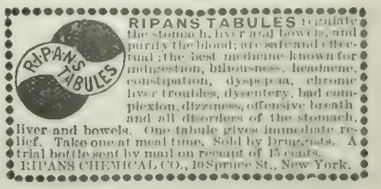
Children's Matinee, Saturday, September 24th, at 2 P. M.

TICKETS, 50 Cents CHILDREN, 25 Cents

SEASON TICKETS, $2.00



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LANDLADIES I HAVE MET.

THEIR PECULIARITIES, AND A FEW PASSING REMARKS ANENT HOW WE PARTED.

Some fellows have no conception of the portentous awfulness of a landlady, nor have they the wit to discern the luck of which their ignorance is begotten. Others, *per contra*, know and know full well; and their knowledge has been purchased by many pains and great tribulations.

Looking backward across an interminable dynasty of landladies that have ruled over me, landladies as despotic as they were unreasonable, I fail to find one link in the clanking chain of memory unfraught with a recollection that is galling. Pity may lurk in some untutored landlady's breast, pity in infinitesimal quantities; but in my own experiences, which have been as checkered as they were extensive, I have failed to find one of the kind with a spark of feeling in her bosom. As a matter of fact nearly all landladies are past the age of having bosoms; but this *par paranthese*.

Thank God, I've killed two of the tribe in my time, and bankrupted heaven only knows how many others. I have a new one in my mind's eye that I mean to bankrupt very soon, and a whole horde of lesser ones whose future destruction I need but an opportunity to compass.

I remember the first one I killed. (I am thinking aloud as I write, because I know my present landlady is listening at the door; and my soul is filled with a ghoulish glee when I think that it is her turn next.) That first one was a harpagon. I know she had hard work to make both ends meet and pay her own rent at times; but what the devil did that matter to me? It is bad enough to have troubles of one's own without listening to the pestilential tales of a landlady's financial difficulties. What bothers me most about the creature is the fact that I let her die a comparatively easy death; but it is no use crying about that now, as even her tombstone was forgotten long ago.

She used to sit at the head of the stairs for me at night, and I used to keep her there for the fun of the thing. In winter time, especially, it was better than a play to watch her there at about 2 A. M.; and I could easily see her from the street through the hall door transom, though she never discovered the fact. She had a deadly desire to collect my rent, even if she had to lose every other roomer in the house by so doing. She thought she could, too; but that was where she fooled herself. She was pale and hectic looking enough when she began those midnight vigils, and it was music to my soul when I heard her coughing, even though I stood shivering out on the sidewalk. She kept on sitting up late and coughing that way till she could not sit up at all, even in the daytime. And then one day she died. Her ruling passion was strong in death, and the last words she uttered were:

"Collect the rent of No. 9! or kick him out into the wide, wide world." No. 9 was me, and in the bustle and excitement of the funeral I got away bag and baggage all intact, so that no kicking was necessary.

The other one I killed was a plethoric German lady of patriarchal age, with a strong tendency towards spasms. One night she came up to my room for about the fiftieth time and demanded an installment on rent alleged to be overdue.

I explained to her that God had never intended that a genius like myself should ever be deprived of a roof to cover his head because some avaricious and alien female insisted upon his paying for the same. I spoke calmly and philosophically; explained the absurdity of her actions in pestering a man for money when that man had no money to be pestered for. Then she got so rude that nothing was left for me but to turn her out on the landing.

How the subsequent accident occurred, or what kind Providence directed it I cannot pretend to tell; but there was a crash and a groan, a shriek, and then all was hubbub and commotion. They said it was concussion of the brain or fracture of the skull or some similar malady contracted by descending two flights of stairs on the back of the neck. Anyhow she never bothered me again, and as I was out of work at the time, I had the leisure and the pleasure of attending her funeral a week later.

It is seldom, however, that such great luck as a demise even temporarily relieves the unhappy tenant of his portion of care and worriment; and frequently great ingenuity has to be exercised and sleepless nights of thought endured devising schemes whereby the wiles of one's landlady may be eluded.

In some instances one may occasionally woo the heart of the creature. This, of course, is a desperate measure that can only be tried when every other loop-hole of escape is closed. Its efficacy, however, is marvelous to a degree, and, indeed, I have so tempered my own soul to the business that it has now become almost a pastime.

The great beauty of the system is that when the worst comes to the worst one may, with a little patient endeavor, succeed in borrowing enough from the putative object of one's esteem to skip the town successfully. It is a practice, however, that has to be attempted with the greatest caution, or the most disastrous results are liable to ensue.

I remember, however, one most estimable woman who helped me out of a particularly unhappy plight, because she firmly believed that she was really my fond heart's idol. She wanted to be paid in advance, and came up to my room to tell me so, when I adroitly changed the subject and commenced talking of romance and love. I had prepared for the ordeal by carefully loading up on cocktails, and would have wooed a nigger for a dollar. She got quite interested in my discourse, and I proceeded to expatiate upon the desolate loneliness of a soul with no kindred soul to worship and confide in; and she said that she often felt that identical sensation of desolate loneliness herself. Then—I can never forget the cold chill that it sent down my spinal marrow—I kissed her. To say she was tickled to death but faintly describes her feelings. She had not experienced a masculine caress in five and forty years, and the sensation almost superinduced an entire collapse of her system. For four months I was the star boarder, but my life while in the house was a career of unavoidable courtship. It was awful; it made me thin, and when she persisted in suggesting matrimony I really grew sick. Finally there was nothing left to do but to escape or get married, so I agreed to the latter course, and raised a little loan of fifty dollars from the prospective bride on the strength of our engagement. That was more than enough to move out on. In fact, when I was on the cars, an hour later, I regarded the affair as having had the most successful termination of any of my experiences with landladies.

Next to the lady who can be courted, the dame who loves a couple of drinks is generally the easiest to soothe on the rent question. Often, however, it is quite the other way, and one virago of a landlady, that I had poured beer into by the gallon, summarily evicted me when I was only six weeks' overdue on my second week's payment.

If she is married and drinks with you, however, you have a much better chance to circumvent her collecting propensities. Married landladies generally drink with masculine tenants entirely on the strict Q. T., and if you respond to her persistent appeals for cash with a loud invitation to take a few more nips from the same bottle she had sampled the day before, she begs of you to be quiet, and runs away. She fears lest in your boisterous hospitality you betray her bibulous proclivities to some possible eavesdropper, and therefore leaves you alone. I kept one landlady on tenter-hooks for three months by pursuing this very simple plan, but at the beginning of the second quarter the husband came and evicted me.

In the last 15 years I have parted with about 120 of the tribe under conditions more or less similar to those above stated, and in my notes and memoranda on the matter I find that I have been subjected to the indignity of eviction by over 40 of these. My last one hit upon a new and ingenious device, which, if it spread abroad, will soon render me an Ishmael and an outcast in the streets of the cold metropolis. While I was absent one day she fixed a neat little contrivance in the keyhole of my door which rendered it absolutely impossible to insert my key in said keyhole without the assistance or connivance of the landlady.

I had to carry the banner all that night, and next day I took the room wherein I am inditing these few words of warning. My landlady is thumping on the door just now, and I know what she is thumping for as well as she does.

Reader, have you ever heard your landlady thump that way?

THE TENANT IN POSSESSION.

There is but one Decker Piano, and that is Decker Bros.—the one used by artists, and known the world over as faultless in tone, touch, and finish. Kohler & Chase are agents for these incomparable instruments, 26, 28, and 30 O'Farrell Street.

The elegant fall importation of suitings, overcoatings, and pantaloonings by J. M. Litchfield & Co., 12 Post, are now being displayed. The patterns exhibited are the neatest seen here in years—the very latest styles and modes. Their cutter, as an artist, is second to none on the Coast. His frock coats are absolutely perfect.

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Differs from all other cures for Liquor and Morphine habits. You are put under no restrictions. You can have all the whisky or morphine you wish, and we furnish it free.

No injury to the eyesight, no headache, no bad effects, no loss of time from business. If you live in the city you can receive treatment at home; or room and board are furnished at the Institute if desired, and all strictly private to ladies and gentlemen.

Call and investigate. Institute:

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French, German and English Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Children.

Number of pupils limited.

The Twenty-Sixth Year will begin August 1, 1892.

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Will receive pupils for Voice Culture at Kohler & Chase's 28-30 O'Farrell Street,

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For Terms, Etc., Call or Address
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Teacher of French and German in Mills' College for the last five and one-half years, has removed from Hyde St. to 1606 CALIFORNIA ST., her permanent residence.

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Has resumed Instruction,
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DANCING For Ballroom, Stage and Parlor.
Private or Class Lessons.
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1429 BUSH STREET, - - BELOW VAN NESS AVE.

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Terminus of the N. P. C. R. R.

The popular resort, fine scenery, drives, walks, redwoods trout fishing, hunting and a delightful climate, etc., two trains daily each way—For Cazadero leave San Francisco 9 A. M. and 5 P. M.; leave Cazadero 4 A. M., arrive San Francisco 8:45 A. M.; leave Cazadero 1:45 P. M., arrive in San Francisco 1:15 P. M., daily stage for Pt. Reno. Send for Circulars. C. F. BURNS.

THE MARECHAL NIEL

Cor. Jones and Ellis Sts.

QUIET FAMILY HOTE CENTRALLY LOCATED

HANDSOMELY FURNISHED SUNNY ROOMS, WITH BOARD

HOT AND COLD RUNNING WATER IN EVERY ROOM

ELEVATOR. ELECTRIC BELLS. TABLE AND SERVICE UNSURPASSED.

SCHOLZ & AVELINE

LADIES' HAIR DRESSERS AND WIG MAKERS, 14 Grant Avenue (over City of Paris) Rooms 34, 35, 36, 37, San Francisco, Cal. Commutation Ticket for Hair Cutting, $3.00 worth for $2.50. Open Sundays from 9 a.m. until 1 p.m. Shampooing done with the latest Patent Washing and Drying Machines. Hair Dyeing and Bleaching also performed with care. Manufacturers of Human Hair Goods. Take Elevator.

FASHIONS AND FANCIES.

FOR THE LADIES.

With the cool days the sweet necessity of new hats, frocks, and coats is felt throughout the feminine portion of the land. Of course we are all searching for the latest thing, yet the latest fad does not always turn out to be the correct one; so the timid hold back and wait a while, unconsciously, possibly, to see the effect of her neighbor's autumn plumage. But to quote the old saying, "Nothing ventured, nothing gained." if we come out boldly with our choice of the startling effects which, on best authority, we are made to believe are imperative for this season, we will, at least, be spared the unpleasant sensation of hearing whispered behind soft portières at the first of the season's teas, by one's dearest friend, "How provoking; that gown is an exact copy of mine."

* * *

One secret sigh of satisfaction is ours, however. Though we do live thousands of miles from all fashion centres we are not so badly off as one might suppose. One of our belles returned from a tour of the Eastern watering places last week. She was exceedingly jaunty in a costume of rough gray homespun, made as near as possible like her brothers, with the cutest little vest and coat, but I noticed there were tears in her violet eyes, and ventured to ask the cause. With a sad smile she told me her trunks were laden with Gotham novelties, as she had supposed, with which she had fondly hoped to startle the girls here, and, to her horror, one by one the self-same things were confronting her on every hand. "To think," said she, in a subdued voice, "one week ago I was standing in front of McCreary's window on Broadway simply charmed by the exquisite display of their latest importations, and feeling in my heart a tender sympathy for my friends fashion-isolated by the Golden Gate, and here I find but one week later every novelty, every piece of goods to a detail, staring at me from the White House plate-glass. It is as though the other place of business had been lifted up and set down on the corner of Kearny and Post Streets. I declare it is too bad," finished my fair friend; "it makes one feel as though one never wants to see New York again."

* * *

I wonder whether it is the innate love of flowers, or exquisite good taste and judgment, that enables some women to wear always a posy, never too many, never too few, but always to have it seem the one crowning essential to a perfect toilet. Of course the former reason has nothing to do with it. We can all lay claim to a sincere love for a blossom, but how many of us know where and how to wear them? I was just thinking of one woman who does, with the regret that there are not more like her in this respect. Mrs. Louis Parrot I have in mind. Not long ago I remember having seen her in the simplest of street costumes—for she was shopping—I can't recall the color or material, but it was some dark woolen goods, with a short, loose jacket worn over a skirt of bengaline of an indescribable color—between a light heliotrope and violet. On the left-hand lapel of the coat was worn a little bunch of three pinks exactly the shade of the bengaline waist. The variety of the flower, combined with the *chic* manner of wearing them, gave the delightful last touch which the Parisienne would delight in. Four pink blown roses of varying shades worn on the lapel of a blue serge coat, and a single purple blossom on pale gray are also affected by Mrs. Parrot.

* * *

It is quite safe, so far as style is concerned, to trim one or more of your fall or winter dresses in fur, and very light cloths with dark fur edgings will be quite fashionable for handsome street dresses. One model is in pale gray cloth with a quantity of narrow mink bands for a finish. An extremely handsome calling costume has a perfectly plain skirt of deep green bengaline. The short Patrol jacket of dark green velvet buttons double-breasted over a vest of gold and cream brocade; a deep rolling collar of Persian lamb, slashed on the shoulders, finishes the jacket, which is cut deep enough at the throat to show a yoke effect of the brocade. Enormous velvet sleeves have deep fur cuffs to match the collar.

MME. X

People's Home Savings Bank

Flood Building, 805 Market St., San Francisco.

Guaranteed Capital	$1,000,000.00
Paid Up Capital	333,333.33
Surplus and Reserve	48,000.00
Deposits July 1, 1892	1,889,000.00

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Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent.
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COLUMBUS WATERHOUSE, President. J. E. FARNUM, Secy. and Manager

GOLD AND SILVER

Electro Deposit Dental Plates

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These plates are made by an entirely new process, by depositing chemically pure silver and gold directly upon the plaster model. Its perfect accuracy of fit is thereby insured. Its advantages (aside from the fit), are its strength, cleanliness and absence of heating qualities, being far superior to the ill-smelling, non-conducting, and, in some instances injurious, rubber plates.

Full and Partial Plates, saddle bridges and crowns can be made to perfection by this method. The most difficult cases are solicited by Dr. B. W. Haines, who has had much experience in this work, and has met with great success, and takes pleasure in recommending it to those desiring the best artificial denture that art and science can produce.

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OAKLAND GOSSIP.

OAKLAND, September 14th. DEAR WAVE:—After all "The Amateurs" have taken my advice, and will leave the opening of the new theatre to professionals. It was unkind to crush their ambition, as they hoped to immortalize themselves. They have also changed their minds as to the play they will give in November for the benefit of the Reliance Club. Their present intention is to produce "The Railroad of Love," and with such people as Jack Wilson, Alec Rosborough, Harry Melvin, Maud Morrell, and Marion Albright, their attempt will doubtless be a great triumph. The town is actually theatrical mad, as the Dram-Attics are hard at work on "The Russian Honeymoon," which will be played next month for the benefit of the Free Kindergarten. The scene for all that is artistic and beautiful will be laid in the Goodall attic (just think how we will suffer), and we of the 150 will be invited to lend our gracious presence for the modest sum of $1.50 apiece, and Mary Durham, the unapproachable, has consented to have Maud Morrell and Marion Albright, both professionals in a way, to share the honors with her. It is rumored that Mary has aspirations to shine in the Amateur Club.

Isn't Allan selfish to pack his wife off to Sacramento just when she is so badly needed in the theatricals? She might defy his majesty, I think, don't you? The above reminds me that all the brave men who pledged themselves to pay $10,000 toward the new theatre are now trying to back-slide, just because the building cannot be completed this month. They make no allowance for the two months in which work had to be discontinued on account of one of the contractors failing to keep his part of the bargain, and Ed Vinzent, the gallant, who, at the commencement of the affair, was the most urgent in his demands that a $10,000 bonus should be raised, is now making all sorts of excuses to help our braves out of their dilemma. You know that Ed and Mr. McDonough are now not on such intimate terms as in the days of old, before Mr. McDonough got on to Ed's schemes.

Now, dear, don't faint dead away, for, although I predicted it a year ago, you would not believe that Jean Wellman, a Fruitvale heiress, would have become the *fiancée* of Howard Wright, of Berkeley. Well, she has at last surrendered to his fascinating wiles, and the engagement is now an open secret. There could be no more appropriate match, as she is wealthy and accomplished, while he is an ardent admirer of all her accomplishments, and quite talented enough to keep up with her; but I do wonder if she still believes in Platonic friendship? The Fruitvale gossips now aver that Will Wellman will be the next to announce his engagement. You remember he was captured by a certain song-bird, who is now studying in Europe, and they do say that he is constant to her memory.

Next week Mrs. Wetherbee's home will be the scene of another pretty wedding, but I must keep next week's weddings in reserve, so as to give you a little surprise. Harry Wadsworth, although I was not a member of his camping party, might have invited me to the dinner he gave last week, which was a surprise to his guests, as the dining-room was transformed into a tent, which was decorated with ferns, pines, and wild flowers, while the delicious viands were served from a camp table, and the benches were artistic, although rough-hewn. Those present were Allie Owen, Janet Haight, Ella Goodall, Mary Durham, Edith Coxhead, while the beaux were Harry Haight, Harry Wadsworth, Frank Owen, Paul Jarboe, and Ed. Hackett. Ahem! Don't you envy the girls their good fortune in securing such manly protectors? I do—they all are so very much grown up.

There is no use in longer denying the fact. Papa is a first-class tyrant, as he wouldn't allow me to accept an invitation to the King reception, and why, I cannot imagine, as they always give the most enticing punch, fine cigars, and, best of all, they have an immense dancing hall, in which it is truly delightful to trip the light fantastic, and the men always go there in swarms.

The most interesting subject since Saturday has been the tennis match which took place on Saturday afternoon. All the youth and beauty were congregated there, and I had rather a pleasant time with scores of broilers who were attired in tennis suits. Sam Brech was there with his affable bride, who looked charming in one of her Paris gowns; then Bessie Lee Wall was stately, and her brother-in-law, the ex-Mayor, was fascinated by every pretty girl who crossed his path, and there were scores of them as the following will testify: Amy Requa, Bessie Wheaton, Alice Grimes, Maud Pope, Mona Crellin and her sister, Claire Ralston, Jennie McCrum, Florence Selby, Jessie Glasscock, Emma Farrier, Lillian Strong, but none came up to the beauty and charms of FROU-FROU.

Sam Davis goes on record as a believer in the pompadour. He says in the *Appeal:* "The fact that a man can dress his hair pompadour and still be champion of the world is proving a great surprise to the sporting fraternity."

SANTA CRUZ NEWS.

Days of perfect beauty greet the sojourners by the sea—days when it is impossible to decide whether to wander seaward or mountainward, so great are the attractions of each. The surf is as gentle as that of some midland lake, and the bay lies like a great blue sapphire under a sky almost as blue. Everybody who is left here and all the Santa Cruzans who are not camping or engrossed in politics take their daily dip, and a long one, too, so entrancing is the water.

Everybody regretted to learn, the other day, that James Phelan, of Phelan Park, was seriously ill, so much so that his son, James D. Phelan, came in the night, per special train, bringing the family physician, and Mr. Phelan was taken back to San Francisco next day that he might have the constant care of his own doctor. A speedy recovery is hoped for.

Mrs. J. G. Tauner, one of the prettiest and sweetest of the young married ladies of Santa Cruz, has gone to spend a couple of months with her sister, Mrs. Wilbur Dow, of Los Angeles. They are twin sisters, and, as the Misses Ione and Irene Bowen, were much admired for their beauty, although they were quite a contrast to each other with their eyes of blue and eyes of brown.

Mrs. E. G. Greene, wife of a prominent director of the Electric Railway, has taken up her residence at Leland Stanford Jr. University, in order to pursue, under Professors Barnes, Angell, and Brown, advanced studies in education and child nature. Mrs. Greene was for some years National Superintendent of the Kindergarten Department of the W. C. T. U., and has since been connected with the training of kindergartners.

Miss Mary L. Meyrick, also of Santa Cruz, has been appointed an assistant of Professor Barnes and principal of the Kindergarten Department at Stanford. She is a delightful girl and possessed of much talent.

Mrs. W. O. Barclay, a petite and pretty New York woman, who, with two ideally lovely children has become almost identified with Santa Cruz, has gone up into the mountain tops at Jeffries for a few weeks change from sea to mountain air

Our hotel people begin to look very serene, as indications all point to a good run of Eastern visitors this fall and winter and the cholera fright will doubtless augment the number. It has always been a matter of regret to those who admire Santa Cruz, that so little is known by the world at large of the delights of her autumn and winter months.

The Banjo Club has just been holding its sixteenth annual encampment in the shadows of the Big Tree Grove. They have appropriated a special group of trees as their own, and this is yielded to them by common consent. Their larder, cellar, and *chef* are all unrivaled, and their glorious good times something to talk of for a year after. On Saturday last, Ladies' Day was celebrated, and a special feast prepared for their fair guests. Among the members are O. J. Kron, Lyle Fletcher, and George Longley, of San Francisco; Dave T. Bryant, of San Jose; Tom Beasley, now of the *Seaport News*, Coronado; H. F. Kron, Henry Heath, H. B. Pilkington, and others, of Santa Cruz.

The many improvements, which I have outlined in former letters, are going forward most satisfactorily, and many others are projected which I do not care to mention in detail until they have passed the prophetic stage.

Admission Day was celebrated by a grand reunion at Big Tree Grove of Pioneer, Native Daughters, and Native Sons, with a whole lot of others who had come too late to belong to the magic circle, but yet who are reckoned very good Californians.

In the evening the Native Daughters gave a grand ball at the pavilion, which was a very pleasant affair and the more enjoyed that it came somewhat after the summer dancing season had closed.

I must close with the announcement of a wedding to take place October 1st, when a prominent young banker will lead to the altar a pretty and talented dark-eyed belle. KATE KEARNEY.

"I've just been vaccinated," she
Remarked. I asked her whether
'Twas on the right limb or the left.
She blushed, and stammered "Nether!"
—*Truth.*

The Hotel Albany
Cor Broadway & 15th Sts.
OAKLAND

Most centrally located. One block from Postoffice and Macdonough's New Theatre. Trains every half hour from 14th Street Depot. Hotel supplied with artesian water; first-class; elevator and all modern improvements.

Hotel Azalea, Camp Taylor
—N. P. C. R. R.—

First-class accommodations either in Hotel or Cottages, now ready for engagement. The Most Beautiful Summer Resort near the city.

Three Trains Daily Each Way. Two Round Trips Sunday, leaving San Francisco at 8 A. M. and 9 A. M., returning, leave Camp Taylor at 5:30 and 6:25 P. M.; giving all a chance to see the Beautiful Redwoods and have a full day's outing. No Public Picnics are Allowed. No Bar room in the Hotel. A neat Club room with everything first class is maintained across the river.

JAMES I. TAYLOR, Camp Taylor.

EVAN'S POISON OAK SPECIFIC

A Preventive and Cure for Poison Oak. Perfectly free from any poisonous ingredients. Its application is followed by immediate relief, and a few applications produce a cure. **A Perfect Cure Guaranteed.**

It is also an excellent remedy for

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Price 50 Cents per Bottle

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ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
The Celebrated
CHOCOLAT MENIER
Annual Sales Exceed **33 MILLION LBS.**
Write for Samples. Sent Free. Menier, Union Sq., N. Y.

A WOMAN'S ADIEU.

Our love is done!
I would not have it back, I say,
I would not have my whole year May!
But yet, for our dead passion's sake,
Kiss me once more and strive to make
Our last kiss the supremest one,
For love is done.

Our love is done!
And still my eyes with tears are wet,
Our souls are stirred with vague regret,
We gaze farewell, yet cannot speak,
And firm resolve grows strangely weak,
Though hearts are twain that once were one,
Since love is done.

But love is done!
I know it, vow it, and that kiss
Must set a finis to our bliss.
Yet when I felt thy mouth meet mine
My life again seemed half divine,
Our very hearts together run!
Can love be done?

Who cares if this be mad or wise?
Trust not my words, but read my eyes.
Thy kiss bade sleeping love awake—
Then take me to thy heart; ah, take
The life that with thine own is one.
Love is not done!
—*Anne Reeve Aldrich, in New York Mercury.*

PASTEL.

Among the priceless gems and treasures rare
Old Versailles shelters in its halls sublime,
I can recall one faded image fair,
A girl's sad face, praised once in every clime.

Poets have sung in rich and happy rhyme,
Her violet eyes, the wonder of her hair.
An art-bijou it was, but dimmed by time,
A dreamy pastel of La Vallière!

I, too, remember in my heart a face
Whose charm I dreamed would ever with me dwell;
But as the days went by, its peerless grace
Fled like those dreams that blooming dawn dispel,
Till of its beauty there was left no trace,
Time having blurred it like that pale pastel!
—*Francis Saltus.*

SACRAMENTO AFFAIRS.

DEAR WAVE:—We are now in the midst of our annual nine days' excitement; one would never recognize this to be the same place as it was a fortnight ago. It is really the gayest Fair we have had in some years. Not a few of our Society leaders are entertaining company, and the attractions being far in advance of the preceding shows. Young Mrs. Smith has opened her house to the entire Earl family with friends of the latter included. Miss Torbert is a very handsome girl, but dresses in rather a conspicuous manner. Mrs. Wright has returned and Mrs. Carroll is entertaining her sister from your city. The young married set are in their element, with some place to go every day and evening; they have the advantage of the girls, for their husbands are always on hand to take them; and the girls, poor things, must wait to be asked, so very few of them have been seen at the races. At the pavilion, however, they have a little better luck, as many as a dozen sometimes being asked by the lords of creation. Before I go any further, however, I should like to inform the aforesaid gentlemen that the pavilion is not a tennis court, as some of them seem to think, and that slouchy business suits, russet shoes, and wide-brimmed hats are not in good taste. To the gentle maidens I would say that there is a dressing-room in which to deposit their wraps, and I would suggest that they leave them there, instead of marring the beauty of an otherwise dainty costume by a heavy, dark, winter coat or cloak.

As might have been expected, Layson was strolling around by himself, while Frank S—— was doing the same. Wilbur and Jack Burke were together, and both looked very well. What a good time they seemed to be having criticising everybody and everything. They did not go near any of the girls; am afraid they are women-haters. Douglass was showing his brother and the latter's newly-made wife the sights, and feeling sorry for the maidens who were deprived of his society. There is nothing which makes one feel so well as a thorough appreciation of one's own society, and the men here possess that trait in a very marked degree. The younger Wiseman girl should be told by a kind friend not to make up her complexion in such an outrageous way; it is a shame, for she is really a very pretty girl, and should learn that old saying about beauty. John Sheehan is really a marvel; he never looks a day older from year to year; he surely must have discovered the fountain of youth. George Crocker is visiting the Wrights, and looks better than I have ever seen him. Leila Carroll has returned, and is taking in the Fair. I have always considered Edith Cosby a very handsome woman; she has such a fine carriage, and looked unusually well one evening at the pavilion. The girls were all wondering and puzzling their brains not a little as to the identity of the rather good-looking young man with her. I should like to be able to gratify their curiosity, but, unfortunately, am as much in the dark as they are. Next week I shall have lots more to tell you, so for the present, good-bye, NINA.

STOCKTON LIFE.

STOCKTON, September 13th. DEAR WAVE:—Our 400 never were so utterly stupid as at present, even a tea being beyond our wildest expectations, and the Club of '92 and the Gaiete seem to be "not sleeping but dead." Mrs. Sam Cross' home has been completed and will no doubt be occupied after this week. It is an understood thing that entertainments without number will be given there this winter, for Mrs. Cross is a charming hostess and is never happier than when surrounded with young people. Miss Ackley and Calla Will are her guests at present, and, of course, Grace Gage will spend the winter with her.

Mrs. A. M. Noble returned from the Coast and since her home has been enlarged and renovated she has no excuse for not giving at least an "at home." Why doesn't she give a musicale? Ira would be glad to assist, I know, and Gertie's voice has lost none of its old-time charm.

Mrs. Charles Haas, Jr., has gone to Bolinas Bay and will doubtless secure many pretty sketches to further ornament her artistic home. 'Tis rumored they are about to build in Sperry Addition in order to be nearer Mrs. Austin S——, Kate and Hattie are *such* close friends.

Mr. Marion DeV—— is still at the Sea Beach—horrid old politics called Marion home before he intended coming. He had to miss the encampment on their account, too.

Lively Mrs. H. C Smith is the guest of Mrs. Geo. Sperry. She is so petite and pretty no one would dream of her having a young lady daughter. From appearances I judge that when Electa returns from Europe she will forsake the scenes of her childhood even more entirely than Beth Sperry has done.

Cad Hampton, one of my favorites, came down from Coullé, Washington, for a brief visit. What a pity this climate does not agree with him, for he would prove such an acquisition to local Society.

Lida Trahern is once more in San Francisco taking treatment for her throat trouble. I do hope she will be benefited by it, as she is really one of *the* belles, and we can ill afford to be deprived of her company this winter.

Mrs. Cobb came from Coronado in time to repack her trunk for the State Fair. How fond she is of racing, and I have heard she is an equally good judge of horseflesh; nine times out of ten "picking the winner."

Mr. and Mrs. Will Davis, *née* Johnson, were in town last week. Ida seems even more affected than ever.

Mrs. James Hough has taken *her* family to Santa Cruz—rather late in the season *nest ce pas*.

Estelle Simpson is going East for six months. How the Club of '92 will reorganize without her I don't know, but I do know that Willie's desolation at her absence will be shared by THE SPINSTER.

SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, September 13th. DEAR WAVE:—We had just the loveliest luncheon at the "Sparrow's Nest" last Thursday you ever attended. You know the "Sparrow's Nest" is the delightful home of Mrs. Tom Morrison, and if the whole world had been searched over, a more appropriate name could not have been found. Mrs. Tom, so *petite*, such a fluttering little body, so unobtrusive, is yet withal busy Then the family relations are so sparrowy. The congregations in the ivy-covered old trees are not more united than the M——s. Accordingly, you will expect to hear that the sisters-in-law were all there, chirping their innocent strains of delight at Mrs. Tom's success.

Angeline looked ethereal in her usual costume of white crepe and her bouquet of lilies of the valley. She helped to do the honors. The younger sisters, Fanny, Winnie, and Elsie, were also there, each one looking her prettiest. Mrs. Wheelock was the noblest looking woman there. She is *distingue*, and her diamonds are of the finest water. She entertains lavishly and so everyone invites her, hoping to get an invitation to Lockenfels. Mrs. Potts looked, as she always does, magnificent. The Potts do not open their doors very often. I have been dreadfully disappointed in not having the opportunity to see the fruits of the golden wedding oftener.

Miss Wehner looked like a Niphetos rose that had been gathered and placed among a lot of dahlias.

Cora is too proud for this world. Wilbur got away with the best of everything in the cycle races, and she shone by reflection.

Rose D—— was married at noon on Wednesday. For some reason none of our town folks were invited but Cora. Probably the *Mercury* will give an extended account of the wedding.

The weather is so fine now that our belles are riding and driving daily. There's a lot of fun made over Rosalie's latest freak—you know she is an expert with the whip, can break a horse equal to "Aunt Mary Dan." Yet she now drives in exquisite costumes, with a half-grown negro perched on the same seat with her.

Most every one has come home and the town looks lively.

The long delayed garden party of the Episcopalians is coming off soon. I hope it will be more enjoyable than the Pratt party, and no doubt it will, because the ladies of that church are *so suave* and *always make strangers welcome*. Mrs. Ed. W—— is the leader there. I am going to have a new costume and if any of other girl does I'll tell you in the next. BABBLER.

LOS ANGELES LIFE.

LOS ANGELES, September 12th. DEAR WAVE:—Everything has been well *harbored*, this week I can assure you. Between the fight for Santa Monica and San Pedro, the poor Commissioners' heads must be in a whirl. Captain Ainsworth is, of course, interested in Redondo, and I don't blame him; but I think Santa Monica will win. She seems to be carrying off all the honors this year.

Politics and baseball are still of interest, though the polo games and the aquatic tournament have attracted a few of our sport-loving people. Friday is ladies' day at the baseball grounds, and Minnie and I went out there last week with Harry. Umpire Manassau is in disgrace. It was just a shame the way he called out those points. Harry says he is doing better work now.

The polo games did not attract much attention. It was too soon after the tennis tournament. Santa Monica is nearly deserted now, anyway. The Perrys and the Woods have come back to town. I saw Miss Widney and her beautiful blonde hair on Spring Street last Thursday, so I presume they are back. The Pecks have got home, and now the Arcadia will listen to the sad sea waves in a deserted condition.

Mrs. Weiner has gone to San Francisco to replenish her wardrobe, just as though we didn't have pretty things at the Boston House. Minnie says she would rather shop here than in 'Frisco, but *some* people like to say they have all their clothes made up north.

I saw the *bride* on Broadway last week—the wife of the druggist I told you about. Dear me! what a *frou-frou* there is to her skirts.

Kate Herrick has just got back from San Francisco. They have the pretty Melrose Hotel out on Grand Avenue. Kate hates Los Angeles as much as Eva does.

Santa Ana is still dueling, and Pasadena is to have a Keeley-cure institute. Terminal Island is fast coming to the front in popularity. It is quite the thing to take a run down there on Sunday.

Of course, we have been agitated over the great fight. All the boys went up to Hazard's Pavilion on Wednesday night. One of the girls immediately purchased a beautiful silver frame for Jim's picture. Main Street saw two wheelbarrow rides on Thursday. Mrs. M—— decorated one of the barrows, and Charley trundled his friend up and down the avenue.

Dolly Sutterwaite is married; Alhambra was the scene of festivity. Mrs. Ambrose Bierce has gone to Coronado with some Redlands people. Miss Harris has been visiting in San Diego, but spent most of her time at the beach. Colonel Otis is back from the State Fair.

We look for a social awakening next month. Mrs. Bartlett is much tanned by her Ventura trip, and all the ladies will now go through a bleaching process. Our pretty little "beauty" parlors will be crowded now, and Miss Weaver will be kept busy manicuring, shampooing, and complexioning Society's shining lights. K.

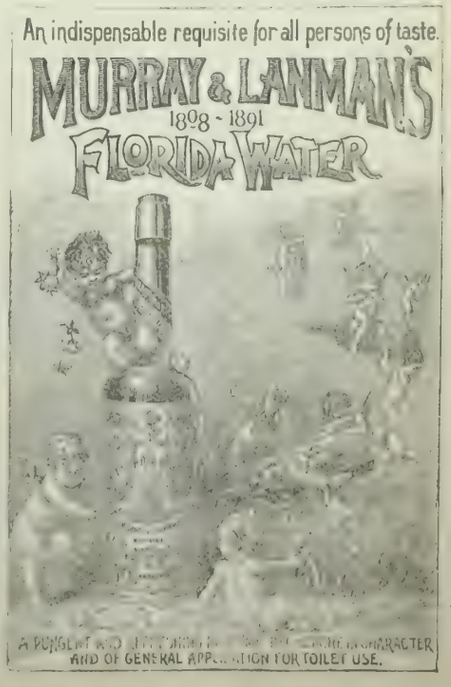
CHICAGO AND NEW YORK FLYER.

To the readers of THE WAVE: If you are "in the swim" and are contemplating a trip East you will see that your tickets read *via* the UNION PACIFIC, THE ONLY LINE RUNNING PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM SLEEPING CARS AND DINING CARS, SAN FRANCISCO TO CHICAGO WITHOUT CHANGE and making direct connection in Chicago with the fast limited trains for all Eastern cities; ONLY THREE AND ONE HALF DAYS TO CHICAGO; ONLY FOUR AND ONE HALF DAYS TO NEW YORK. This line also runs select Tourist excursions through to Boston every Thursday in charge of experienced Managers. For tickets, sleeping car reservations, and full particulars, apply to D. W. Hitchcock, General Agent, Union Pacific Sys., No. 1 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, or G. F. Herr, Passenger Agent, 229 South Spring Street, Los Angeles.

Tramp (to Cholly Cheever)—What's the distance to Fiftieth Street?

Cholly—Two miles, I think.

Tramp (admiringly)—Kin *you* think as fur as that? —*Kate Field's Washington.*



SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE	FROM SEPT. 5, 1892.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Benicia, Ramsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*12.15 p m
	Niles and San Jose	†6.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton	*8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Martinez	12.45 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced and Fresno	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.30 p m	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	8.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	10.45 a m
*6.00 p m	Niles and Livermore	.....
6.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	9.15 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo	*8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡7.45 a m	Santa Cruz Excursion, Frank's Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and San Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.50 a m
4.45 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.38 p m
‡7.30 a m	Santa Cruz and Santa Cruz Sunday Excursion	‡8.28 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
‡9.30 a m	Sunday Excursion Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations	‡2.45 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.03 p m
12.15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.30 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.37 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, Gilroy and Principal Way Stations	*9.47 a m
*4.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.05 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.28 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
‡11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	*7.30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

San Francisco and North Pacific Railway

San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 30, 3:30, 5.05, 6.20 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, :30, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		In effect Apr. 24, 1892.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5.00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:50 a m 6:10 p m

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VIA SAUSALITO FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY and SAN RAFAEL (week days—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5.00, 5:40, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00 11:30 A. M.; 12,30, 1:30, 2:30, 4:00, 5:25, 6:45 P.M.

Extra Trips on Sunday for Sausalito at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO to MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays—8:00, 9:00, 10:00 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 2:30, 4:00, 5:25 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO week days—6:10, 6:45, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:45, 11:00, 11:50 A. M.; 1:10, 2:25, 3:40, 5:15, 6:05, 7:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 6:25 P. M. Fare, 50 cents round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO week days—6:25, 6:55, 7:58, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:05, 11:20 A. M.; 1:20, 2:45, 4:00, 5:30, 6:30 P. M. Fare, 40 cents round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO week days—6:45, 7:15, 8:15, 9:50, 11:45 A. M.; 2:45, 3:45, 5:45 P. M. Sundays 8:45, 10:20, 11:40 A. M.; 12:35, 1:45, 3:10, 4:25, 6:00, 6:50, 7:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:00 P. M. Fare, 25 cents round trip.

Leave San Francisco	Through Trains Destination.	Arrive San Francisco
7:30 A. M. } Week 5:00 P. M. } days.	Camp Taylor, Tocaloma, Duncan Mills, Cazadero and Way Stations	8:45 A. M. } Week 6:15 P. M. } days
8:00 A. M. Sundays		8:45 P. M. Sundays
7:30 A. M. Week days 8:00 A. M. Sundays 5:00 P. M. Saturdays	Tocaloma, Duncan Mills, Duncan Mills, Cazadero and Way Stations.	8:45 A. M. Mondays 6:15 P. M. Week days 8:45 A. M. Sundays

Party Day Excursion at reduced rates.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round trip tickets: Tocaloma and Point Reyes, $1.75; Tocaloma, Duncan Mills, $2.50; Cazadero, $3. Sunday Excursion—Round trip tickets: Point Reyes, $1; Tomales, $1.50; Haywards, $2; Duncan's Mills and Cazadero, $2.50.

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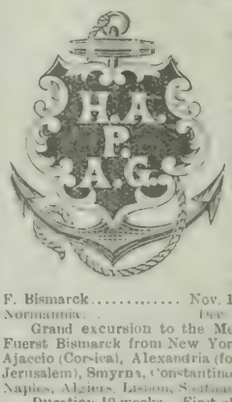

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Normannia.....Oct. 6
Columbia.....Oct. 13

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Steamer sails at NOON 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San Jose de Guatemala, Acajutla La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—September 19th, 1892, S. S. "City of Panama."

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

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Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.: S. S. "City of Peking," Saturday, September 17th, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "China," via Honolulu, Tuesday, September 27, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "Peru," Saturday, October 15, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "City of Rio de Janeiro," Saturday, Nov. 5, at 3 P. M.

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ROBERT DICKSON, Manager, SAN FRANCISCO

City Office, 501 Montgomery St. General Office, 401 Montgomery St.

ASSESSMENT NOTICES.

BEST & BELCHER MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the seventeenth (17th) day of August, 1892, an assessment (No. 52) of twenty-five (25) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Thursday, the twenty-second day of September, 1892, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the thirteenth (13th) day of October, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

L. OSBORN, Secretary.

Office—Room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

BULLION MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California, location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the eleventh day of August, 1892, an assessment, No. 39, of twenty-five (25) cents per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 20, 331 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the sixteenth day of September, 1892, shall be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction and unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the fourth day of October, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office—Room 20, 331 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the eleventh (11th) day of August, 1892, an assessment (No. 102) of Fifty Cents (50c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 26, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Thursday, the fifteenth (15th) day of September, 1892, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the seventh (7th) day of October, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

A. B. THOMPSON, Secretary.

Office—Room 26, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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Cash Assets - -	$21,911,915	Assets in America	$1,986,930

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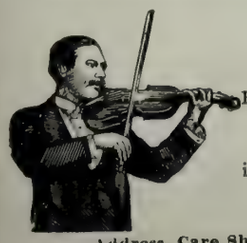

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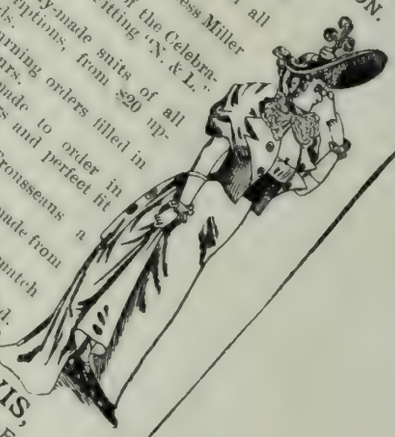

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THE WAVE

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

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SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 24, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

With this issue I present the picture of J. J. McDade, whose nomination for Sheriff by the Democracy was a tribute to the younger element in the party. Mr. McDade has been in politics for some years, and the people have every confidence in his ability to administer the affairs of any office to which he is elected They are sure of his integrity, which has been tried in the Legislature when honest men were few. The candidate for Sheriff just missed being a native son; but so closely is he identified with the interests of California that he is regarded by many as an honorary son of the Golden West. He received his education here, and in 1879 he was elected to the Legislature, where he ma le a splendid record, fighting always on the side of the people. In 1882 Mr. McDade became Chief Deputy in the office of Superintendent of Streets, and was instrumental in the preparation and passage of the Vrooman Act, the result of which was the revival of street improvements. He has been prominent in organizations that have for their object the advancement of young men, and Mr. McDade will find them all by his side in the contest of ballots. His nomination has been received with great favor, and he will make a splendid run. A few years ago Mr. McDade married Miss Alice O'Neill, daughter of the well-known capitalist, and partner of J. L. Flood.

SPLASHES.

THE BOHEMIAN CLUB'S new building on Sutter Street has not begun to take shape, but around the spot that it will adorn a fence has been built, and already the advertising privileges have been given out. I am told that the difficulties in the way of getting 800 members are harder than the Directors at first imagined. Of course, it would not be much of a task to raise the membership to the number stated; there are very many men in town who would like to become identified with the Bohemian Club, but, unfortunately, they are not the right sort. If I am not greatly in error, the Club does not want to fill up on objectionable people, and I fear if many of this kind are not admitted, the limit will not be reached for some time.

* * *

The method of electing members is not always a safeguard against the admission of persons who might prove objectionable to members. I remember when Ovid Musin was up for honorary membership that he was bitterly blackballed. There was much lamentation on the part of his friends, but some of them did not accept the verdict of the Election Committee as final. Indeed, Mr. Redding, being an attorney, determined to have it set aside, and carried the matter to the Supreme Court: The Board of Directors. He saw every member of the Election Committee, and, I think, got their signatures to a statement that they had not blackballed Mr. Musin. Armed with this, he went to the Board, which, on looking at the document, promptly declared Mr. Musin elected. Of course, that was an exceptional case, resembling the one in the Pacific-Union to some extent. It has never been discovered who did put in the black balls against the violinist, but I am inclined to think it was the Club owl, a very sagacious bird, they tell me.

* * *

It is a fact not generally known that San Francisco has just as many clubs now as it can well support. In proportion to its population, it has more social organizations than any city in America, and while it is generally regarded as a hotel town, it yet must be admitted that the limit has just about been reached. The class of people who would be received with favor as associates with the Noble Six Hundred have nearly all got clubs of their own already; and they are willing to admit that the dues are proving a serious drain on their incomes. Probably the advantages of a new clubroom, luxurious furniture, cheap luncheons, good entertainments, and all the other *et cæteras* that the Bohemians will be able to offer, will prove strong enough to woo them from their present loves; but I doubt it.

* * *

The event at the Bohemian Club this week was the dinner given by Joseph D. Redding to T. Henry French, the theatrical manager, to whose kindness we are indebted for the $2-glimpse we get of Lillian Russell. The banquet was a great success, due as much to the superior genius of the *chef* (a discovery of Raphael Weill) as to the host's edict that no speeches would be allowed. General Barnes, one of the guests, did not appear until the walnuts were on the table. The *menu* was a dainty affair in gold, an idea picked up by Mr. Redding while in Europe. Besides the host and guest of the evening, those who enjoyed the dinner and stories were Alfred Bouvier, Louis Sloss, Jerry Lynch, Fred Webster, W. Greer Harrison, Colonel Harry Brady, Raphael Weill, and General Barnes.

* * *

Stories were told by all present, and the brightest in the extensive repertory of T. Henry French were brought forth for the delectation of the party. I believe, though, that Joe Redding's won the palm of loudest praise. It had to do with the stage, and the scene was laid far back in other years, when the host wore knickerbockers. He was the hero, and displayed his heroism by asking to go to hear "Il Trovatore" at the Old California on a Sunday evening.

"My mother said no," said Mr. Redding; "her face showed pain as she noticed the bent of my mind. She positively refused, and said father, who was in the East, would be shocked at my daring to mention the opera. But my love of art was strong, and I borrowed $1.50 from the cook. (Really, I don't remember, Mr. French.)

* * *

"I got to the theatre early, and waited. The curtain went up, and my youthful ears were charmed with the music. I heard nothing but the divine strains of that beautiful opera, and when the act closed, I lay back in my seat and said, 'It is grand.' 'Yes,' said a voice beside me, 'it is a beautiful opera.' That was my father, and I noticed his valise was on the floor in front of him. But I did not wonder how he got there; I saw the valise, and heard him talk as if I were dreaming, and it was only when we were on the car on the way home that his return had any discomforting feeling. I knew I was in for it; my disobedience would be fearfully punished.

"My father turned to me. 'Joseph,' he said, simply; 'I found you at the theatre on Sunday night.' I nodded. 'I was very much surprised, Joseph, to find you there. I might almost say I was pained, Joseph, pained. You know how your mother dislikes to have you go out on Sunday evening, and—and—Joseph, I am of the opinion that for your own good, you had better not say anything about having been there.' Then father told me to go in the back door, and slip to bed. It was not until some years afterward," concluded Mr. Redding, "that I discovered why my father told me I had better say nothing about having been to hear 'Il Trovatore' on Sunday night."

* * *

"HOME TALENT" furnished the fun and frivolity that made the Calliopean Club's

jinks so enjoyable on Saturday evening. Every number on the long and entertaining programme was original, and was the work of a member of the organization. The event of the evening was a burlesque on the Sacramento races, in which members of the Club were entered as runners. Each was designated by a name, and the pedigrees, characteristics, and personal appearance of the racers were humorously described. Pools were sold, and books were made with all the abandon of a race track. Arthur Silverberg and Emil Sutro, arrayed as tin-horn sports, caused much amusement as the bookmakers.

* * *

The Calliopeans are developing a poetic tendency that may lead to something serious. Original poems have been a feature of all their previous entertainments, and on Saturday night the Club Muse took a higher flight than ordinarily. Some of the members are laughing yet at the clever hits made by Albert Ehrman, Arthur Bachman, and J. S. Dinkelspiel. Papers of a personally interesting character were read by Edgar Peixotto and Henry Brandstein, and some of the Club's vocalists contributed songs that were as remarkable for their clever allusions as for the music.

* * *

The sin of matrimony will be visited heavily on the offenders by the Concordia Club. At the opening ball of this popular organization, October 15th, the invitations to non-members will be limited to fifty, and no married men need apply. I do not suspect there will be a general concealment of marriage certificates, but some of the gentlemen who have enjoyed the hospitality of this Club in the past will regret the new enactment. The arrangements for the ball are going forward in a manner that will make it an affair to be remembered.

* * *

NUPTIAL SPLENDORS had a magnificent realization on Tuesday evening at St. Luke's Church, where Miss Ida Carleton and Chaplain Frank Thompson, spiritual adviser of the "Charleston," joined hands and hearts in matrimony. The wedding was spectacularly beautiful, and I have seen nothing to equal it in San Francisco. The army and navy were represented by officers, whose uniforms gold-embroidered, tasseled, corded, and epauleted, made a handsome background for the exquisite costumes of the ladies. The rows of blue and gold, grouped as if by an artist, and dotted with the creamy white of bridesmaids' robes, or the brighter shade affected by more matronly on-lookers, formed a picture as harmonious as a chancel ever held.

* * *

The entrance of the bridal party was charmingly arranged, and the officers appeared to be on a dress parade that had in it more than the ordinary importance and pleasure. Miss Carleton, who was a belle of the town, came in with her cousin, Frank Norris, and the traditional beauty that is the possession of every bride was hers in a marked degree. She wore a beautiful costume of white Russian velvet, draped with a robe of old point lace, and carried natural orange blossoms. Her maid of honor was Miss Gertrude Goeway, and the bridesmaids were the Misses Helen Gibbs, Minnie Horton, Celia O'Connor, Salie Huie, Virginia Gibbs, and Susie McEwen. At the chancel were the officiating clergy, Bishop Nichols, Rev. R. C. Foute, Chaplain J. K. Lewis, U. S. N., Rev. E. B. Church, and Rev. William Ballard, of Vallejo. After the ceremony the bridal party and a large number of friends were driven to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Norris, where congratulations were offered to Mr. and Mrs. Thompson. An early supper was served, and the bride and groom disappeared.

* * *

The reception was a delightful affair, and opportunity was taken by all to look at the handsome presents that testified to the high regard in which the bride is held. Among the ladies noticeable for the beauty of their attire were: Mrs. B. F. Norris, who wore a Pompadour robe of black and blue brocade; Mrs. O. O. Burgess was resplendent in diamonds; Mrs. Cornelius O'Connor wore pale blue silk, with pearl trimmings, and ably chaperoned her daughters; Miss Maud O'Connor looked pretty in pink silk, and Miss Lillie O'Connor wore a light-tinted gown; Miss Mattie Gibbs wore a becoming gown of pink silk, cut *decollete;* Miss Mary Porter appeared in orange-hued silk; Mrs. Laura Buffandeau was in pink, and Mrs. Spear wore blue; Mrs. F. V. Wright wore her wedding robe of white silk, and Mrs. E. A. McCarthy also appeared in her wedding robe; Miss Lolita Monteverde looked lovely in blue silk; Mrs. Harry Williams wore an elegant toilet of white silk; Miss Grube was also in white silk; Mrs. C. F. Mullins wore a handsome robe of lavender-colored silk; Mrs. R. C. Foute appeared in golden-hued silk.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson went to Santa Barbara on Wednesday, and will spend the honeymoon there. It was regretted that the bride's uncle, Mr. B. F. Norris, and the groom's father, Bishop Thompson, of Mississippi, could not be present. The former is in New York, under a physician's care, and the latter was too ill to make the trip to California. It is probable that Chaplain Thompson will be ordered to New York with the "Charleston." In that case San Francisco will lose one of the handsomest girls in Society.

* * *

THE FIRST RAIN has fallen at Castle Crags, and with it closed The Season. That is, the season of white tennis suits, and the young man who went mountaineering in a pair of patent leather dancing pumps, white pantaloons and a blazer; the season of the girl who wanted to "go into the mountain fastnesses" and view "nature undefiled by the vandal hand of man," and then sat on the front veranda of the tavern and said, "Oh, the Crags are *so* grand," with a slight accent on the "so," and a catching of the breath; the season of fancy editions of Browning and Wordsworth, and others who can best be studied where nature holds undisputed sway, and the dictionary and keys and works of explanation can be used without detection. They have all melted away with the first rain.

* * *

Tennis suits are being replaced by heavy tweeds, and the honest, heavily nailed climbing shoe is now rivaling the patent leathers. The girl with Browning and a wealth of adjectives has been replaced by the girl with a paper-covered edition of J. M. Barrie or a volume from the pen of Richard Harding Davis. So the Indian summer has set in among the pines of the Shasta foothills.

But "The Season" died hard at Castle Crags. The tavern was new. It was a novelty and people came early and stayed late. The tennis suits and patent leathers fought well and died game, but the mercury would persist in going down, and it was a game of freeze out that was played upon the mountaineers who tried "to do" the crags in evening dress.

* * *

But the end of "The Season" was more glorious than its beginning. The tennis suits were defeated, but they were not conquered. They were going to march out with colors flying and music playing. Somebody suggested a german, and ten couples danced for their own amusement and the pleasure of their fellow-guests. A charming supper was served after the german, and this was enjoyed by almost every one in the hotel.

* * *

A party climbed Mount Shasta a short time ago, and they have held the palm of Castle Crags for heroism. Those who will live in the annals of Shasta are: Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Severance, Dr. Barcan, L. A. Adams, and Miss Taylor. They were three days in making the ascent and descent, and enjoyed the splendid scenery about the hotel. The ladies stood the trip better than the gentlemen, who try to explain this by saying that the ladies had all the help of the guides, while they were left to climb as best they could. Many are still here finding the health that fills the autumn air of this section, and among them are Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Knight, Dr. J. D. Arnold and family, Mrs. Nat Brittan, Mrs. Clara Catherwood, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Spinner, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Wieland, Mrs. P. K. Campbell, and the Misses Campbell, Mrs. A. M. Easton, Mrs. G. G. Alexander, Miss. M. B. Brittan, Mrs. W. K. Vanderslice and the Misses Vanderslice, E. B. Stonehill, Mrs. Pedar Sather, W. M. Watson, J. B. Stokes, Miss Mamie Burling, Mrs. J. A. Anthony, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Hall, and others.

* * *

I have to announce another engagement which will be of interest to people in Society and army circles. The young lady is Miss Meta McAllister, daughter of the late Colonel McAllister, who was in command at Benicia Barracks for several years, and niece of Ward

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McAllister, the leader of New York's gilded 400. The fortunate groom-elect is William Janeway, son of Dr. Janeway, U. S. A., who is well known here. Miss McAllister has been living in New York City for several years, but she is very pleasantly remembered in San Francisco.

* * *

It may seem a trifle late in the season to form a swimming club, and I am inclined to the belief that "The Diveaways" is merely a cover under which a number of charming young ladies conceal a desire to have a social organization for the winter months. However that may be "The Diveaways" is a club of pretty girls with athletic tastes, who are making swimming a pastime. Twice a week the water nymphs meet at the baths on North Beach, and enjoy the pleasures of aquatic sports. Miss Helen Frank is the pride of the organization, and her feats of swimming and diving would make her a dangerous rival of the fair maidens who are recognized as clever on Del Monte beach. Of course, the Club has a Terpsichorean side, and a series of parties will be given during the winter months at the homes of the members. The first of these was given at the residence of Miss Bloomingvale, Gough and Bush Streets, on Thursday night, and was enjoyed by a large number of young people. The next party will take place at the residence of Miss Corinne Cook.

* * *

An important affair in Jewish society circles was the wedding of Miss Henriette Kahn, youngest sister of Dr. S. S. Kahn, and Mr. Henry S. Manheim, son of Mr. and Mrs. I. Manheim, and junior partner in the firm of Manheim, Dibbern & Manheim. The young couple have a legion of friends, and the union was one of those pleasant affairs in which love found the way. The wedding was celebrated last Sunday evening at the California Hotel in the presence of many friends of the happy couple. Rev. Jacob Voorsanger officiated, and the bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Frederick Kahn. She looked very handsome in a robe of white satin brocade with a flowing court train. After the ceremony there was a sumptuous dinner and several dances. Mr. and Mrs. Manheim are passing the honeymoon at the Hotel del Monte.

* * *

One of the pleasant functions of recent date was the *musicale* given by Miss Maud Berry at her home on Van Ness Avenue. Many of the guests were from Fresno and southern points, but San Francisco's fair ones were well represented. The pretty hostess charmed all with her exquisite singing. She has a delightful soprano voice, which will shortly be heard in amateur opera. Mr. McBride sang very well, and was frequently encored, and Dr. Frank Fisher played the violin for the pleasure of the company. Refreshments were served at midnight.

* * *

The San Francisco Verein is enlivened twice a week by the presence of those who will participate in the opera of "Christopher Columbus." They are busy rehearsing for a couple of hours and seem to enjoy it. Last Saturday evening the "Cocktail Club" was in session in the billiard-room, and I am told that the boys had a merry time with intellectual and other refreshment. Since Ludwig has taken the stewardship of the Verein there is a marked increase in attendance at the lunches that are served daily. The repast is about the best that is served at any of the clubs in the city. I understand that the refurnishing of the rooms will soon be commenced.

* * *

A WEDDING that was conducted with almost the same degree of secrecy that usually characterizes an elopement, took place in St. Luke's Church on Wednesday afternoon. The particularly interested parties were Miss Florence Blythe and Frederick Hinckley. Of course everyone, the whole world almost, knows who the young bride is. The famous contest over the estate of the late millionaire, Thomas H. Blythe, brought her into prominence, and the Supreme Court finally decided that she was his daughter, and was entitled to his millions. However, the end is not yet, as there is to be another contest. The groom is the son of D. B. Hinckley, of Fruitvale.

* * *

A month ago I announced that the wedding would take place in December, but Mrs. Perry looked unfavorably upon young Hinckley as a partner for pretty Florence, and has done all she could to prevent the marriage. This interference caused the flame of love to grow stronger, and an immediate marriage was decided upon. Mrs. Perry was not even invited, and was kept in complete ignorance of the affair. I am of the opinion that the young couple did wrong to leave out Mrs. Perry. Had it not been for that astute lady the bride might or might not have been married on Wednesday; but I am quite sure she never would have been declared the daughter of Mr. Blythe. Mrs. Perry was the backbone of her case, and her evidence on the stand was strong and convincing. If she were of a revengeful nature I am quite sure she could repay the slight put on her, with a large amount of interest.

* * *

The wedding of George Ord McMullin and Margaret Grace Andrews, on Thursday, the fifteenth inst., was a very pretty one, though extremely quiet. The ceremony was performed in Alameda, at the residence of Mrs. M. P. Wiggin, the bride's sister, there being no invitatious issued except to relatives. Mr. McMullin is well known in this city, being the son of the late G. O. McMullin, an old resident of San Francisco; and Miss Andrews is the youngest daughter of the late Rev. A. B. Andrews, and has hosts of friends here and in Alameda and San Jose, in both of which cities she has immediate relatives residing. The newly-married couple took their departure immediately for Bakersfield, Kern County, where Mr. McMullin has engaged in business and where he has a large circle of friends to extend to him congratulations on the happy event.

* * *

The Four Hundred is the name of a new club that has been formed, and social enjoyment is its aim. The members are: Oliver A. Harker, J. Warren Shannon, Lancelot H. Smith, Harry C. Stilwell, James P. Whitney, Victor E. Matthews, and Clarence L. Mitchell. They will hold a reception in Lunt's Hall, 1310 Polk Street, on Friday evening, October 7th, and promise their guests several hours of pleasure.

* * *

The Press Club entertainment, to take place at the Baldwin Theatre on Thursday afternoon, promises to be a rare event. The programme is remarkable for its variety, and all the clever mummers in town will assist in making it a success. Miss Lillian Russell will sing; "The Junior Partner," "Nothing but Money," "The New South," and other companies will assist, and the committee promises to make the affair the most enjoyable ever given.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington arrived from New York this week, and will remain here for two or three months. They are in their new residence on California and Taylor Streets. In their party were Miss C. E. Huntington and Miss Campbell.

* * *

Colonel and Mrs. Marceau finished their journey around the world on Tuesday. Their trip would have occupied more time, but the cholera chased them home, where they arrived safe, much to joy of their many friends. The Colonel has a repertory of new stories, which he intends to try on the people of San Francisco before long.

* * *

Henry Clayton, of Philadelphia, who has been visiting his cousin, Walter Dinmore, of this city, has returned to his home *via* New Orleans and the South. His departure has caused some slight fluttering in fair feminine circles it is rumored; at any rate, Mr. Clayton has left a number of the warmest kind of friends behind him.

* * *

As neat a dedication as I have ever seen attached to a book is that that Joe Kerr has used in his "Jests, Jingles, and Jottings." Seriously, solemnly the neat little work is dedicated: "To my Stranger Friend, the American Dollar." There is pathos in that, and much sorrow. I suppose, if you are no stranger to the article mentioned, you will find the dedication somewhat jocular; but it sounds very sad to me, and I had to read a few pages of the book before the feeling of lonesomeness wore off.

* * *

IN NOMINATING Mr. Barry Baldwin for Mayor, Bosses Sullivan and Dwyer, I have no doubt, were actuated by the purest of motives

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and a sincere desire to promote the public welfare. If I thought they were not controlled by these sentiments I should say flatly that their action was the result of the rankest political bargain ever consummated anywhere. But their character as gentlemen precludes the suspicion that there was anything more in their conduct than political action following personal friendship. The selection of Mr. Baldwin, nevertheless, proves the truth of everything I have heretofore said of them, namely, that their inability to see ahead of them, their inexperience and bigotry, would lead them, in the event that they were able to control their convention, into a series of fatal mistakes. The nomination of Barry Baldwin is one of those mistake. Nothing can atone for it. They have lost the opportunity of the campaign. Their heads are too small to grasp the chances that are presented in the political game.

* * *

Long before the Fresno Convention Judge Sullivan and Mr. Dwyer began living in the atmosphere of the California Traffic Association. With Mr. Baldwin, who is Vice-President of that institution, they journeyed to Fresno, believing that unless the Democratic party began "fighting" the Southern Pacific Company it had no chance in this campaign. Surrounded by those who think that the world centers in the little coterie of merchants, led by Traffic Manager Leeds (salary $10,000 a year), who compose the California Traffic Association, it is not unnatural that they should finally come to believe that everybody is "against" the railroad, and that the Democratic party will ride triumphantly into power if it gets on top the popular wave.

* * *

I do not know whether any friends of Mr. Baldwin have been "stuffing" Messrs. Sullivan and Dwyer, but it looks very much as though they had gone railroad crazy. I have no doubt if their innermost thoughts could be probed they would be found firm in the opinion that the only issue before the people at the present time is whether the Railroad Commission shall be abolished, and the fixing of fares and freights restored to the Legislature.

* * *

Economy and reform in the administration of the local government are evidently unknown to them. They think that the nomination for Mayor of Mr. Baldwin, an anti-railroad grain broker, who never attended a meeting of the Board of Supervisors in his life, and who does not know the Consolidation Act from the Riot Act, will cause the people to shout pæans of glory. How foolish such an assumption seems, when one closely scans the plain facts of the situation. How can Mr. Baldwin's "record" as an anti-railroad Democrat elect him in a city where five thousand men are engaged in operating street railways? Do Messrs. Sullivan and Dwyer think the owners of the Market, Powell, Omnibus and other cable systems are going to support their candidate for Mayor to gratify the few dissatisfied grain brokers and dealers in groceries on the city front who imagine that the Southern Pacific does not treat them as fairly as it does the merchants of Chicago and New York? Will Mr. Baldwin get any votes from the large group of citizens in the outskirts of the town who are threatened with extinction by street extensions and other "improvements?" There are are ten thousand men affected by these jobs, every one of whom looks to the next Mayor for a firm, capable, and energetic defense of their rights. In fact, would Mr. Baldwin know a street extension job if he met it in an alley?

* * *

Messrs. Sullivan and Dwyer have pinned their faith to the anti-railroad issue just as English, Foote, and Tarpey did in 1884. That year the men in charge of the Democratic party succeeded in giving the State to the Republicans by 13,000 majority, and I shall not be surprised to see Sullivan and his four adherents lose the city for Cleveland this year. The head of their ticket, at the outset, antagonizes more voters, I will venture to say, than any man who ever ran for Mayor of San Francisco. He is the first man ever nominated for that position who was the result of a "slate" combination. Blake, Bartlett, Pond—all the great men who have been Mayor of this city, have been dragged out and bulldozed into serving. Mr. Baldwin may not be aware of the fact—but it is a fact nevertheless—that no man who has sought the office of Mayor of this town for over fifteen years with the arts of a politician has ever succeeded in securing it. If Mr. Baldwin succeeds he will be an exception to the rule.

* * *

The man who should have had the nomination for Mayor was Colin M. Boyd, late Supervisor, Auditor, and Chairman of the Finance Committee. The city is in a "kicking" mood. Men are everywhere and on all hands disgusted with the government, which, under Kelly and Crimmins, has been intolerably corrupt. Everybody now recognizes that in knocking out Boss Buckley the people have jumped from the frying-pan into the fire. Like Ellert, Boyd is an intelligent and experienced administrator, who has the confidence of the community. His nomination would have given a character to the whole Democratic ticket. Even the disgruntled Democrats who are organizing to fight Mr. Baldwin would have recognized the force and power of his name. The fact that Bosses Sullivan and Dwyer were strong enough to ignore it, shows how completely they have the Convention under control. This absolute sway, however, has one redeeming feature. When the votes are counted on November 9th, and the dead and dying Democrats are brought in from the bloody field of carnage, we shall know who to blame for the disaster. Judge Sullivan and Mr. Dwyer cannot say that they did not have their own way, for they did. I sincerely hope they will elect Mr. Baldwin, but I cannot see how they are going to do it. The fight now seems to be between Ellert and "Dr." O'Donnell.

* * *

IN THE COURSE of my observations upon local politics I have frequently remarked that Messrs. Kelly and Crimmins comprised the Republican party of San Francisco. This was based on the fact that for several weeks past all the other bosses have withdrawn from participation in its counsels, leaving them masters of the situation. But things have recently transpired which lead me to amend this observation. I do not wish to retract the statement that Kelly and Crimmins are the Republican party of San Francisco, for that is an existent fact that it would be foolish to deny, but I want to add that those bosses comprise the party with certain limitations and qualifications. Recent events seem to indicate that the law firm of Dorn & Dorn, if not already a material portion of the Republican party of San Francisco, will soon become not only the party, but San Francisco itself.

* * *

Marcus Aurelius Dorn, who has been very near the public teat in the Sheriff's office rising four years, is a member of the Municipal Convention which meets at B'nai B'rith Hall. Demetrius Socrates Dorn is a member of the Legislative, Judicial, and Educational Convention, which meets at the Wigwam. M. A. Dorn represents the Thirty-eighth Assembly District, and D. S. Dorn, the Forty-third. I observe from the reports in the papers that nothing is done in either Convention unless Mr. Dorn—as the case may be—gives his consent. If the Convention desires to adjourn, a member modestly makes a motion to that effect, thereupon all eyes are turned to the particular Mr. Dorn, who belongs to the particular Convention which wishes to adjourn. If he says adjourn, the Convention adjourns, but if he says not, the motion is abandoned and the business proceeds. And so it is with all other matters. If the name of a candidate is mentioned the first thing done is to discover the sentiments of the particular Mr. Dorn toward him. Neither Convention is opened for business until the arrival of the Mr. Dorn who belongs to it, and if he stays away—but that contingency has not yet arisen. I hesitate to imagine what would happen to these Conventions if either of the Mr. Dorns was to absent himself for a single session.

* * *

The two other Dorns, Augustus Cæsar Dorn and Quintius Cincinnatus Dorn, are coming to town. The latter, I am told, like his Roman namesake, who was called Serranus because the messengers from the Senate found him sowing corn when they brought him the news that he had been elected Dictator, has left his plow somewhere about Milpitas, and is on his way here to take a hand in Republican politics. Augustus Cæsar Dorn is also billed to arrive soon, and will accept, so rumor says, a fat office when his brothers distribute the City Hall patronage next January. I do not know these things. I am merely

stating them on information and belief. Of course, so long as the Dorns "stand in" for pure politics and protection to home industry, Martin Kelly and his partner have nothing to fear. But my blood freezes when I think of what would happen should they conclude, after awhile, to bolt the programme.

* * *

Suppose, for instance, Marcus Aurelius Dorn, the Sheriff's attorney, should say to Demetrius Socrates Dorn, attorney for the County Committee, "Let's adjourn these Conventions *sine die*. Martin and Phil are no good." Before Martin and Phil could discover their treachery the Conventions would be adjourned *sine die* and the Republican party left without a Municipal, Legislative, Educational, and Judicial ticket. I hope measures will be taken to quarantine Augustus Cæsar Dorn and Quintius Cincinnatus Dorn before they arrive in town. That ought to be easy, seeing that the cholera threatens to be prevalent at Milpitas. With four Dorns in the city the situation, not only for Kelly and Crimmins, but for the entire population, would be fraught with danger.

* * *

THE CANDIDACY of both Mr. De Young and Mr. Felton for the United States Senate has suffered materially within the past two weeks. While the former has been battling with the latter's friends in Oakland and scooping in a Senator and Assemblyman at Sacramento, the local politicians have been conspiring against him. The Non-Partisans have nominated for the Legislature an equal number of Democrats and Republicans, that is, nine Republican and nine Democratic Assemblymen and two Democratic and three Republican Senators. This division of the legislative delegation equally among the two old parties on its face seems innocent enough, but underneath it all there is a deep-laid scheme to spoil Mr. De Young's plans.

* * *

According to the new apportionment law three of the Senators and ten of the Assemblymen (provided the Republicans obtain anything like half the votes of the city) ought to be elected by that party. This means that the districts have been apportioned to yield such results. Knowing this the Non-Partisans have taken advantage of it. They have nominated Republicans in the Republican districts, and indorsed Democrats in the Democratic districts. The work was not uniform, because the material was not available to make it so, nor was there a sufficient number of Republicans under the equal division of parties to go round, but it was made as uniform as possible. The result of this will be, if the Non-Partisan candidates receive even a modicum of the votes they expect, to split the Republican vote in the Republican districts, and make the Democratic districts certain.

* * *

But this is not all of the diabolical scheme to nip Mr. De Young's Senatorial aspirations in the bud. Every Republican nominated by the Non-Partisans was called before a committee and catechised. If he did not say he would not vote for De Young under any circumstances he was at once dropped. One fellow did not know how he stood on the De Young issue. He wanted twenty-four hours in which to make up his mind. He was given twenty-four years. Only those who answered promptly and unequivocally were accepted. The Democrats were sent for and asked the same questions. When they looked astonished and said, "Why, gentlemen, we are Democrats," they were told that there are such things as De Young Democrats, and that in dealing with politicians it is better to take no chances. It seems to me that this combination cannot fail to defeat half the Republican legislators who are to be nominated by Kelly and Crimmins in Mr. De Young's interest. The only thing that can save them will be a Republican tidal wave, which is not at all likely.

* * *

FEW WOMEN have made a success with stage literature, and the number who have made money out of comedies is very small. I believe Mrs. Pacheco has been the most successful playwright of the decade, and the harvest that she will reap from the plays now being produced and others that will shortly be put on the road is richly deserved. Her latest is "Nothing but Money," and I am assured that it will do better than "Incog.," which is regarded as one of the best-paying pieces on the road. There is a better story in "Nothing but Money," and the lines are superior to those of "Incog." from a literary standpoint. The play has been reviewed in an exceedingly kindly manner by the Eastern critics, and that it will have a good reception at Stockwell's on Monday, there is no doubt.

* * *

One of the best plays on the boards in New York now, "Captain Letterblair," is by a woman. Mr. Sothern has the title role, and makes the happy-go-lucky Irishman a great favorite. Some of the lines are bright, and none of them fall to mediocrity. Letterblair's rival says to the Captain: "Ah, you are looking decidedly blue this morning." "Yes? Well, blood will tell, you know," is the retort, which draws as much applause as a dramatic situation. If it is true that Mr. Thomas stole "Alabama" from Mrs. Outhwaite's "Blue and Gray," it is likely that we shall have to crown the women of this decade with the laurel of the most pronounced stage successes.

* * *

It would appear that there is no one in advance of the company that is producing Mrs. Pacheco's play. As is well known the press-agent is about the most important functionary in a dramatic troupe; it is his business to prepare favorable notices of the play, put them into the newspaper offices, and to see that they are published. The dramatic literature that has reached this city from Mr. Lederer's Company has had not a word to say of "Nothing but Money;" from the printed matter forwarded from the troupe one could easily believe that Mrs. Pacheco's play had never been written. It seems that in many towns the engagement is divided between "Nothing but Money" and "Divorce Day," the latter a translation in which the press-agent is greatly interested. I have received much literature about the last-named piece; not a word about Mrs. Pacheco's. I am informed that this is the case in the other newspaper offices of the city. It seems somewhat strange that the proprietor of the Company should permit this; however, he may not yet know it. I hope this will bring it to his attention.

* * *

In the columns of my esteemed contemporary, the *Post*, I notice some reasons for the apparent non-success of "Nothing but Money" in Chicago. Mr. Garrett states the play was not billed properly, that the advertising was neglected, and that the press-agent criticised the play in a manner that discouraged patronage and disconcerted the company. The disadvantages that Mrs. Pacheco has had to overcome have made her success all the more noticeable, however, and I am quite sure that here in San Francisco it will receive an impetus that will make it the most remarkable of the season. "Nothing but Money" was written amid difficulties; the clever writer was under a doctor's care; the characters were created to suit the mummers; and only a limited time was given for the completion of the piece.

* * *

IF YOU DON'T KNOW General Head you are hardly "in the swim." The General is a character; he has been a miner, rancher, traveler, real estate owner, and Goodness knows what all. He had a large place in the public mind some years ago, but has gone out of the San Francisco ken lately. He has become eminently respectable, and is now on the Head ranch in Mexico, where he is superintendent, I'm told, of as fine a faro game as there is in the sister Republic. General Head was interested with Senator Hearst in mines and lands, and became rich as the influx of people raised the values of his acres. In one of his trips to Mexico he stumbled on the grazing land that is now a ranch, and it is said the "jump" he made there was one of the famous ones of his history, far outstripping anything ever done by the well-known frog of Calaveras

* * *

Just to give you an idea of his shrewdness I will tell you of one of his smaller adventures with a rapacious corporation. He had a fine, airy lot on the top of the Clay Street hill, adjoining the Spring Valley Water Company's reservoir. The lot was absolutely valueless, excepting as a grazing place for goats. It is said the man who owned it before him found it necessary to keep the soil on the lot by plastering it up with mortgages. General Head convinced himself that it was necessary to the happiness of the Spring Valley Water

people to own the lot, and he so informed them; but they would not buy; in fact, they said they would not take the property as a gift. Then the long-headed General began grading his lot; he graded half of it, and—— Well, the Spring Valley Water Company bought the property.

Had he graded the other half the reservoir would have tumbled down.

* * *

But I did not begin this article with intent to tell all that. It was of General Head's trip to Europe I desired to speak. But reminiscences will break in. He had reached Constantinople, and was desirous of seeing the ladies of the Sultan's harem; in every way possible he sought to accomplish his end, but was balked. Finally he met an officer high in the Sultan's service, and by dispensing largess in quantities he convinced the Turk that honesty was the best policy, when it paid. The officer promised to introduce the General to the harem, and the price that was to be paid was agreed on. Needless to say, the Turk named an awe-inspiring figure. Arrangements were made; Head was conducted to a large palace, ushered into a room and left to himself while the officer went to marshal the Sultan's favorites.

* * *

The Californian perspired freely. He had been informed that discovery meant death, and that in an exceedingly severe and needlessly painful manner. From his position he saw a vista of arches and columns and colonnades; marble statuary and playing fountains pleased his senses; but he could not shake off his fear. Suddenly his guide entered. "They come," he whispered; and they came. A long line of white-garbed ladies, with covered faces came under the arches; their eyes glistened as they looked on the giaour, and the giaour's eyes glistened as he looked on them. Just as they reached the spot where the ardent General stood, one of the ladies—that one who had been pointed out as the Sultan's favorite—cried:

"Will, will, owld Head! An' hev yez turned Turk, too?"

* * *

The officer of the Sultan disappeared; the long line of "favorites" broke up in disorder, and General Head learned from the lady with the Irish brogue, who had known him in San Francisco, that he had been victimized. The ladies were not as private as he had been led to believe.

* * *

AMONG HANDSOME WOMEN Mrs. H. M. Hewston would attract attention. Tall, graceful, and erect, she is very good to look upon, and as she is in deep mourning, she draws the glances of half the people in the street herward as she passes. Mrs. Hewston is the widow of one of the pioneers, senior partner in the firm of Hewston, Hastings & Co., which in old days astonished the natives by the prodigality of its advertising. Nothing was sacred from their painter's brush; on the brow of the Sierras, on the seamed cheeks of the Black Hills, and on the rugged face of the Rockies was found the injunction: "Buy your clothes of Hewston, Hastings & Co., San Francisco." The artist invaded the Yosemite, and tourists read the command as they gazed at El Capitan or stood in awe under the Bridal Veil. People did buy their clothes of the enterprising drapers, and the result was that the partners grew rich.

* * *

Hewston had an abiding faith in San Francisco, and sold coats to buy lots. He chose Market Street, and purchased the ground on which E. J. Baldwin built his hotel and theatre. The lease read that at the end of twelve years Baldwin could buy the lot for $700,000, and the strange spectacle was witnessed here some months ago of a man chasing the executors of an estate around with nearly three quarters of a million dollars. Mrs. Hewston believed, and rightly, too, that the property was worth more than $700,000; and she sought to make Mr. Baldwin pay the difference. Of course, the effort was fruitless. The fight was a long and bitter one, and "Lucky" Baldwin proved his right to the title. Mrs. Hewston returned a month ago from Europe, where her husband died. She has a daughter, a very pretty girl, who in carriage and face resembles her distinguished looking mother.

* * *

THE "VAMOOSE," Mr. Hearst's rapid yacht, has been put to excellent service. I am of the opinion that the young editor of the *Examiner* is entitled to some thanks for his action in placing his valuable craft at the disposal of the health officers of New York. It will be used as a dispatch boat between the cholera-infested ships in Gotham Harbor and the pest-houses. Like the angels who saved "Little Breeches," the "Vamoose" will do more good in that business than in "loafin' around the throne." In the meantime Mr. Hearst is in Switzerland, driving a six-horse coach through all the passable passes, taking an infinite number and variety of photographs, and making many hotel-keepers and guides happy for life. The stories that I hear of his generosity are only equalled by those that come to me of his recklessness in climbing and driving. He has one of his artists with him, and only a few days ago his private secretary left San Francisco on receipt of a cablegram instructing him to report in Switzerland.

* * *

The *Examiner* lately opened its New York offices in the World Building. They are unrivaled by any newspaper in this country. To say they are sumptuous is simply admitting the inability of the language to express the superlative of luxury, comfort, and refinement. The rooms are finished in redwood, imported from the primeval forests of California, and I am told that the trees from which the wood was cut have a historic interest. The hangings are dark red; heavy, luxurious portières, soft, clinging window curtains; the carpets are of the same shade, and the weary feet of the wanderer sink into them with never a sound. The chairs are soft and easy; divans covered with rugs invite repose, excellent pictures are on the walls, and in quaint cabinets expensive bric-a-brac has place. The artist who arranged the room has given Mr. Katz a boudoir instead of an office.

* * *

I PREDICTED the yacht race on Admission Day would be won by the "Aggie," and as matters appear now, I think I was correct, notwithstanding the fact that the race was awarded to the "Jessie" by two-seconds' time. I have been informed by competent authority that the measurement of the "Aggie" was incorrect, and calculating her time allowance by the proper measurement, she really won the race by one minute. However, all bets have been paid, and I believe that nothing is to be done in the matter.

* * *

All of this, however, brings to my mind one important question, and I believe it is to be agitated before the next race takes place. It is in regard to the sailing of yachts. Many members of the two yacht clubs agree with me on the point that in a yacht race the vessel should be sailed by its owner, and not by a professional seaman. They do not class the owners of yachts as professionals, as they all have some calling in life other than "following the sea," hence they are amateurs when it comes to sailing. Captain White, Commodore Gutte, Commodore Caduc, Vice-Commodore McCarthy, Leon Thomas, and other yacht owners that I could mention, are all capable of navigating their own vessels, and they should be obliged to when it comes to a contest of speed. There is no reason why one yacht should be handicapped by another having a professional navigator at the wheel. If I am not greatly mistaken, this will be a live issue ere long among yachtsmen.

* * *

AMONG NEW STORIES brought to town by Dr. J. Franklin Brown is one that has to do with the highly-paid race of railroad presidents. Chauncey M. Depew is mixed up in it, but, I believe, merely for purposes of strengthening the yarn. The hero—he is a hero, too- is Colonel Abraham Freeborn Jings, of Michigan. The gentleman with the queer name has a mill among the pine trees of the Wolverine State, and, in order to get his logs to water, found it necessary to construct a railroad. He laid down a mile and a half of tracks, built a few lumber cars and a dummy engine, called the road the Great Northern Railroad Line of Midland Michigan, and elected himself President. Then he had some beautiful passes lithographed, forwarded them to his various fellow-presidents throughout the land, and waited. Passes began to arrive, and he was soon in a position to travel.

* * *

He reached New York, and, finding that it cost him ten dollars a second to breathe the

air, determined to leave it just as soon as possible. But he had no pass over the particular road he desired to travel, the Hudson River. He called on Mr. Depew, who happened to be out; stated his business, left his card, and promised to call again. Next day he found the great orator who runs a railroad for the fun of it.

"What can I do for you?" asked the after-dinner speaker.

"I desire, sir," said Colonel Abraham Freeborn Jings, "an exchange of courtesies. I am President of the Great Northern Railroad Line of Midland Michigan, for which I sent you a pass some time ago. I desire to go to Buffalo over the New York Central, and hope you will let me have transportation."

"I regret that I won't be able—"

"Won't be able to," echoed the Colonel; "why, sir, do not the Eastern roads exchange courtesies with those in the West?"

"They do, but, you see, we have a line of considerable length here, and I am told that your road is only a mile and a half long."

This was a crusher, but Colonel Abraham Freeborn Jings recovered.

"Sir, the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad may be larger than the Great Northern Line of Midland Michigan, but it is no broader—not a d—d bit broader, sir."

Dr. Brown says Colonel Jings walked to Buffalo.

* * *

"THE FEARFUL FOOTBALL player," whom Shakespeare speaks of, has evidently a prototype in the Olympic Club's team. The other evening a meeting of representatives from the various colleges and athletic clubs was held for the purpose of organizing a league to play during the season. The idea is Joe Tobin's, and I have no doubt a series of games at intervals throughout the winter would be productive of great interest and be well patronized by the G. P. The Berkeley men, the Napa men, and the others all signified their willingness to join—only the Stanford representatives exhibited no enthusiasm. Being asked to come in they refused point blank. Reasons they declined to give. Being pressed, however, one of them said he objected to the rough play of the Olympic men.

* * *

"In that game we played with you last season," he said, "one of your men slugged a divinity student on our team."

"Well, what then? 'Taint a game for babies, is it?" asked an Olympic man.

"What then!" continued the youth in horrified tones. "Why, the student got angry and swore, thereby imperiling his soul and demoralizing him utterly."

The roar of laughter that followed this sanctimonious objection drowned some further remarks the good youth desired to make. After that, they were not pressed to remain and retired amid jeers. It seems that a change has come over the spirit of these interesting youths' dreams since the *Palo Alto* and young Mr. Blinn were retired into obscurity. That dauntless freedom of expression and ornate contempt for institutions, State and spiritual, that certain daring minds exhibited at that time seem to have disappeared.

* * *

However, the League is organized under excellent conditions, and I believe Tobin will get his team to work just as soon as possible. I should advise him to pick men who are not too ornamental for work, but who will practice and make a record for themselves.

* * *

THE FIGHT that has been made by the different parties to get on the Australian ballot as "straight" has not yet ended. It seems that, aside from the Republicans and Democrats, there is but one other organization entitled to that right—the Property-Owners' Independent Improvement party. The distinction of getting a straight place on the ticket is a great one, and its advantages must not be overlooked by the men who will run as Non-Partisans, Prohibitionists, and what not. The Property-Owners' party has been in existence for some time, and has been a factor in politics of considerable size. It will be remembered that two years ago Dr. O'Donnell received, on the official count, thirty per cent of the votes cast for Mayor; Heaven alone knows how many votes his supporters did cast for him.

* * *

The Property-Owners' party was organized by Patrick Dolan, who probably had his mind on such an occasion as this. Its platform pledged candidates to work for reforms, and denounced silurianism and corrupt methods of taxation and street assessments. The ticket has come to be known as "O'Donnell's," and the garrulous old man has overshadowed everything on it. However, there is already a scramble on the part of candidates to get on Mr. Dolan's ticket. It will practically mean election for many of them who would be lost amid the myriad of men to be voted for in November.

* * *

IT IS TO BE HOPED that nothing serious will come of the unfortunate misunderstanding in the Century Club. We have so few literary organizations in this city that I tremble whenever I hear of a family row in one of them, and the news that there is a tempest in the Century Club's tea-pot has caused me grave alarm. One faction in the swell haunt of intellectuality professes to feel aggrieved at what a lecturer said some time ago, and although explanations have been made, it refuses to be comforted. The other side having made every effort to restore harmony, is beginning to be a trifle bitter, and it is more than probable that a pretty row will result.

* * *

The trouble arose over a lecture that Gerritt Lansing delivered before the members. The subject was "Foreign Immigration," with which Mr. Lansing is quite familiar. His remarks provoked considerable applause, and the impression he made was an exceedingly happy one, until he inadvertently, I suppose, spoke of the Catholics. Then there was trouble, and the enthusiasm waned. I am assured that many of those present told the disgruntled members that there was not a word in the address that anyone could take offense at; but this has not healed the wounds, and there is some very bitter talk regarding the want of tact displayed by the lecturer. Of course, the Club is believed to be non-sectarian, but that fact will not be taken into account at the present time.

* * *

A unique entertainment is promised by George Riddle at Odd Fellows' Hall on Monday night, October 3d. On that evening he will interpret "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with orchestral accompaniment of Mendelssohn's music written to illustrate the play. This has won for Mr. Riddle the warmest encomiums, and the Eastern critics have admitted that in this line he is the greatest of artists. The music will be furnished by an orchestra of thirty musicians under the direction of H. J. Stewart.

* * *

THE DEATH of William Dunphy removes a loyal, big-hearted hospitable man, and leaves a large estate to be divided. Mr. Dunphy was a pioneer, but had the good fortune to have a progressive family, the members of which saw to it that he kept up with the times. He was born in Ireland, and had been a farmer, a soldier, a miner, and a cattle-chaser before he became a millionaire. After he gained his wealth, he spent much time in traveling, a great deal of money in entertaining, and a not inconsiderable amount in relieving the distress of unfortunates who had started up the ladder about the year that he did, but who had been crowded off near the lowest rung. Much of his estate consists of land; immense grazing tracts, on which thousands of cattle grow fat and valuable. His ranch in Nevada is nothing short of 200,000 acres, and Battle Mountain is maintained by his cowboys and employés. Near Soledad he has a large tract of land, for which he was offered

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three quarters of a million dollars, and told the would be purchasers to bid again.

* * *

In town, the estate is enriched by lots on a a dozen corners, and I suppose that Mr. Dunphy died worth $4,000,000. Probably he got more comfort out of the Soledad property than from any of his other possessions. There he entertained like a king. He would take parties to the ranch, and provide enjoyment for them of a character they were unable to get elsewhere. I had the good fortune to be one of the company he invited thither a couple of years ago. He had gathered about him a lot of bright people, who were ready to sing songs, make speeches, dance jigs or do anything else that was asked of them. Judge Evans was in the party, and insisted in drinking his champagne out of a tin cup, an eccentricity that was overlooked, as the glasses were short. During part of a recitation by Dan O'Connell the Judge slept. Dan was doing John McCullough's favorite piece, "Roger and I," and many eyes were wet as he proceeded. Suddenly Judge Evans awoke; he listened to the recitation an instant, and then went up to Dan.

* * *

"Say," he inquired, "what dog's that you're talking about? Why, my friend, Bill Dunphy, has dogs that'll eat chips off the tail of any cur you ever saw. Ain't that right?" he asked, turning to Mr. Dunphy. However, that was after the barbecue.

Next day Judge Evans was nearly killed, but it was through no fault of Dan O'Connell's. The Judge wanted to prove that he was an equestrian, and mounted a horse that was as peaceful as sheet lightning on a summer night. It did not take the trouble to buck him off, but ran under some umbrageous oaks, whose tangled arms tore Judge Evans from his unsteady saddle. Those were very joyous days, and there is not a person who was present then who does not feel a dull pain at his heart when remembering that the bluff, hearty, kindly host is dead.

* * *

The large estate has few claimants. Mr. Dunphy's grandchild, a daughter of Mrs. Piercy, who died so soon after her husband in Philadelphia, will be well taken care of. She has been the constant companion of Miss Jennie Dunphy for some years. It will be remembered that there was some objection to her going to Europe, but Judge Coffey wisely decided that the trip was for her benefit. Mrs. Dunphy, Mrs. Noah Flood, and James C. Dunphy, beside those mentioned, are the direct heirs. For some time Mrs. Flood, who married a man who was a prominent attorney, has been living with her parents.

While traveling abroad, Mr. Dunphy made many friends, and was received by some of the most prominent men in European affairs. It is probable that James will conduct the cattle business in which his father made so much money.

The Witness.

EXPATRIATED GENIUS.

INHUMAN EFFORT OF A FRENCHMAN TO PERMANENTLY CLOSE THE WHISKY BELT.

It is useless to shut one's eyes to the imminent peril; it were truly blind folly to do so. To say that the situation is desperate is to merely play with language. Why, it is awful —horrible.

A dull, indefinable apprehension frets the soul at the mere thought of the coming cataclysm, the heart collapses in nauseous and sickening dread. There is no escaping the crisis, no eluding it. If one walks down the street the blazoning sign seems to shriek its prophecy of doom to the wretch on the sidewalk. With fiendish haste the workmen hurry the climax.

Heavens! If only an earthquake would come and demolish the whole business and swallow it—gulp it down like an oyster. If only Providence in its divine wisdom would stretch forth its all-merciful hand and smite the Frenchman and slay him. If only——

But what's the use of talking? Hades in its damndest fury never contrived so frightful a harrowing of mortals.

The Frenchman is going to open up on Montgomery Street. What will become of the gang?

It was all right when he kept himself down on Merchant Street. Nothing could have been nicer, in fact, nothing easier, nothing more convenient. All a fellow had to do was to drop in of an evening, meet the rest of the pseudo-Bohemian and true Bohemian gang, not to mention the stray would-be pseudo-Bohemian members of the Duck Club that really imagined themselves regular Henri Murgers when they drifted down that way.

They ate duck in the winter time. Great Savarin! but how dear are the memories of those ducks the Frenchman roasted. Soft and brown and shiny with gravy outside; and when you stuck a knife in the aromatic bosom how divinely the red juice spurted and how lusciously the fillet quit the bone. And the tender stalks of celery that lined his fond inside, and the——— But why mangle the spirit with such reflections? The Frenchman is going to quit the alley and plant himself openly on Montgomery Street.

As I said, it was more than convenient to have him down there in the alley by the markets. A fellow hasn't got to go traipesing through the lower end of Merchant Street every day on business. Why, the Franco-Americaine, or whatever else that devilish Gaul may call his place, might live and prosper through a thousand years without anyone's ever *having—having*, mind you—to pass its portals.

Bless you, a fellow could owe the Frenchman fifty dollars for as many years, and never have to go past his place, or near it, under the old regime, whereas if he moves——

Oh, holy saints protect us and prevent him. Imagine it. The Frenchman on Montgomery Street; right in the heart of the Whisky Belt, where duns are practically non-existent things, and angels flock like starlings. South of Merchant Street, too, in perhaps the most awkward block in the whole metropolis.

It practically shuts off the *Examiner*, *Call*, *Bulletin* and *Report* gangs from their haunts. The best and most profitable angel route in town is blocked in its very incipiency; and what is life without an occasional angel?

Maybe you don't know the exact sort of angel I mean. An angel is a chap who has always got money in his clothes and loves to ask the impecunious child of genius to join him in a soft toddy. He abounds in the Whisky Belt, so called, and the Whisky Belt begins right on Merchant Street, near Montgomery. It is thronged with angels daily, but of what use will angels be when the Frenchman's eye will cast its shadow across the Whisky Belt? That shadow shuts me off from lower Montgomery Street as completely as though an insurmountable barrier of brass had been built around the district. The mere sign notifying the public that he intends opening there has given a shock to countless delicately organized systems that it will take them years, yes, æons, to recover from.

Shut the Whisky Belt and you stop the very fountainhead of inspiration. Permit the Frenchman—an avowed alien, conducting an alien institution under an alien name—to establish himself in the house left vacant by a love-lorn baker, and you practically expatriate the ablest and most versatile intellects that have ever cast the dazzling glamor of their brightness over the literature of the Pacific Coast.

The question is a grave one and is fraught with potent significance to greater entities than myself. Will the municipal, State or Federal officials take no steps toward obviating any possible obstruction to the even current of intellectual traffic along the Whisky Belt? Will it be permitted that genius shall be kicked into the gutter unchampioned? May a nameless Frenchman seize poesy by the neck and throttle it, like some garroter, and no American, no Californian, strike a blow in the Muse's defense? A CHILD OF GENIUS.

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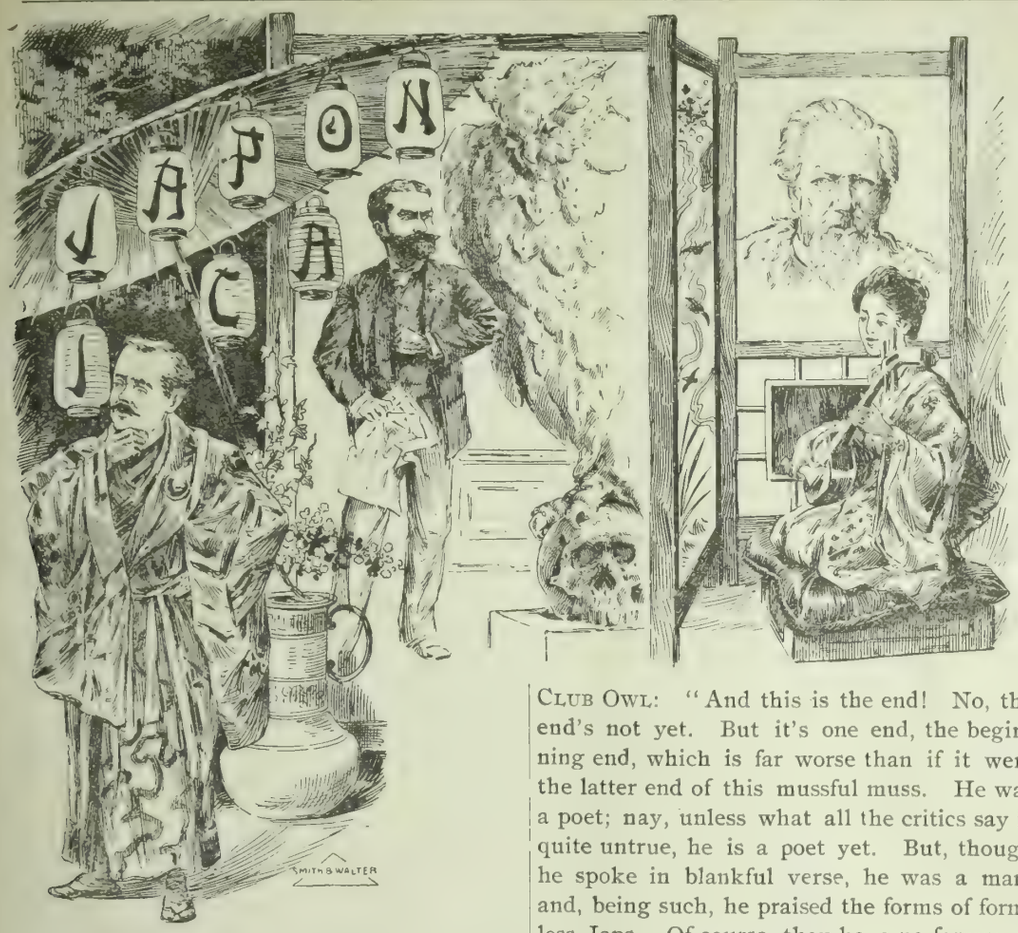

A Society Leader (soliloquizing): "Has genius no rights? Is ability to be robbed of its privileges; and must greatness be content with the ten-cent limit that mediocrity finds amusing? Eh?

"Here is my friend in the pillory, and why? Because the small pleasures that the simple minds about him love do not meet the wants of his great soul. That's all. Well, probably not altogether all; but it will not exceed poetic license to say that it is all.

"Why, he was a leader in Society here—that is, he was very near the leader. But, no; jealousy does not become me. Having dined with us, he should have been inviolate.

"I think it is a trick of a man named Kearney to work up feeling against the Japs. It seems to me that a gentleman's reputation should be placed out of reach of people who do not understand the feelings of men like—I'm afraid to mention names even here—like us. Why are we great, if we must be surrounded by the same barb wires that fence others? But this is not all. What am I to do with my Japanese attire? And what becomes of our Japanese teas? Why, chrysanthemums will go out of fashion on top of this. Great men, when falling, pull down many with them; but I will stand. Hereafter when the name is mentioned in my hearing I shall elevate my brows, and look the look that means 'I never knew him.' And when people ask in horror-stricken tones: 'Do *you* think he is guilty?' I will merely ask, 'Of what?' He was a lovable man, but sinned deeply in being found out. That is the unpardonable sin."

A Club President communing with a Club Owl: "And this is the end! No, the end's not yet. But it's one end, the beginning end, which is far worse than if it were the latter end of this mussful muss. He was a poet; nay, unless what all the critics say is quite untrue, he is a poet yet. But, though he spoke in blankful verse, he was a man; and, being such, he praised the forms of formless Japs. Of course, they have no forms; at least, I'm told by those who've seen the native garb that, while it's there, no form you see. He may—but, no; a poet sees what's dark to other eyes."

The Owl hoots.

The Club President—"We had him here. Within these walls, his tuneless voice recited poems until one could not rest. He praised us all; said we were young; bade us be good, and said when we aweary grew of this dull life to seek Japan. And Joe Grant smiled, and Fred Somers—well, I think he smiled, too."

The Owl smiles.

The Club President, not noticing the interruption—"He was our idol, plaster of Paris, it is true, but yet an idol that might have deceived the Sacramentans, who have hayseed in their elf lock. He is a Knight, and I believe a Knight can do no wrong. He is not guilty. Think you, that all his enemies have said is true? Thou owl of Bohemia, thou knowest men's hearts. D'ye think he did it?"

The Owl winks the other eye.

A Poet to A Japanese Maid: "But thou, dear Almond Eyes, will not turn against me. Thy friendship compensates me for the enmity of all the rest."

A Japanese Maid—"My lord, here is the honorable little account."

They are sitting on the stair
In a very narrow space.
Gazes he with love-sick air
On her half-averted face.
Knows he well she is a wife,
Yet his reckless passion is
The devotion of a life,
For—she happens to be his.—*Truth*

METHODS OF MUSICIANS.

Poets, musicians, painters, every worker or drone in the hive artistic agree upon entire disapproval of any methods saving their own. The more intense the passion for creation or recreation the less tolerence for other ideals. The heroes of fame standing on the topmost rung, or the hopeless aspirant with never a foot upon the ladder, have the self-same necessity for seeing only through their own eyeglasses, the difference lies mainly in the power of the crystals. Education and the boasted modern receptive attitude has no stronger influence in dissolving the instinct than have the diatribes of their reverences the clergy against the popular love of pugilism. Artists abhor each other's works and ways with as much freedom and abandon to-day as at any time in the history of art; just as the public now hungers as keenly after blood, battle, and humbug as in any equally majestic period of former civilization. Artists, for all their art, are tethered well within the precincts of those fine old instincts there has always been so much language exploded over.

Differences of method attest the deceptive appearance of truth in moods and tenses. Every artist is a searcher after the unknown quantity, many of them find themselves lost at the outset, and in place of the unknown prefer to substitute the companionable, well-known ago. Great executive musical artists are encompassed by their methods, mediocre ones have the method full of emptiness. A beautiful style may go with a complete absence of the inwards of things musical, a delicate ear with no sense of beauty. Where method is everything talent is necessarily not needed, at least the assumption may be held so. Local preachers upon the subject insist to that end, somewhat in the manner of the Biblical lawgivers, their language is an entire *exposé* of unbridled severity. "My method," "Professor Thumpum's method," or "Madame Scriemini's method," are absolutely the property of their owners and all their own invention. "Nothing new" does not suit the case of these truth-makers; with them something original came into the world in the matter of a few laws of nature.

"Thou shalt not think" was the only article of faith demanded of its votaries by the ancient method, and in letter and spirit it was subscribed to without a qualm. The singing teachers ground scale and vocalize into dust to the aroma of constant abuse, the piano teachers made cards and arched the fingers to heaven till they became harder than clothes-pins, the violinists were drilled to sawing strongly through every imaginable delicacy with might, and the wind instruments had the inestimable advantages of full pressure blowing thorougly insisted upon Adherents to these theories there are persons by the hundreds in full pursuit of vanishing talent and quite qualified to stamp out the least sign of inquiry or insurrection. The local market is well supplied in this particular. Modern methods have for their guide. "No facts to me are sacred, none are profane; I simply experiment, an endless seeker with no past at my back." How many there are of this type would be counted upon hands minus eight fingers. That talent creates method appears a fact hard to appreciate. The public has grown to believe in the sanction of the few who demand a method and the ways of the originals are hard to travel and long to bear up on. An infallible technique, style, or method is probably reserved for the millennium, or so long as there remain difficulties for human brains and hands to conquer.

The Wave

A Society, Literary and Political Journal.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, September 24, 1892.

TAX-EATING INSOLENCE.

Never in the history of San Francisco, so far as my memory runneth, has the line been so clearly drawn between what we sometimes seriously call the "people" and those who live by plundering them, as it is at the present time. Locally this year we are to decide the important question whether we are freemen, capable of self-government, or merely the slaves of the tax-eaters. I do not know, nor can I safely predict, how the election will result, but of the question at issue there can be no doubt.

On one side are Kelly and Crimmins, the Republican bosses. For two years they have fed on stimulating meat, and now they are so bold that they do not hesitate to create local Conventions that openly proclaim the slavery of the party. If the irons were upon the wrists of the Republican voters of this city Kelly and Crimmins could not be more airily unmindful of public political decency.

On the other side are the Democratic bosses, Sullivan and Dwyer, equally bold and desperate. They deride the right of the Democracy to participate in a primary election, and put up a "slate" ticket for its suffrages. Between the two is the Board of Election Commissioners who deny the right of independent local parties to a place at the head of the Australian ballot.

I do not know whether the Non-Partisans are the forerunners of good government in this city, nor do I know whether, from a political standpoint, the blow aimed at them by Commissioners Sanderson, Smiley, Durst, and Tilton is justified by their political prospects; but one thing I do know: The action the Election Commission has taken with reference to the right of new parties to places on the Australian ballot is an infamous exercise of arbitrary power. It is the insolence of tax-eating gone mad. In some communities it would produce a mob. That four men who live off the public treasury, and who are the generously paid servants of 300,000 people, dare to perpetrate such an outrage, merely shows that, after all, the public is a patient and indifferent ass.

The Non-Partisans intend, so I am told, to test in the Supreme Court the power of these four pap-suckers to disfranchise the voters, and until that tribunal hears the case it is well, perhaps, to keep our coats on. But if Sanderson, Smiley, Durst, and Tilton succeed in depriving me of the privilege of voting against them at the next election, I shall not howl for law and order very loudly if a Vigilance Committee arises some night and bangs every one of them. They cannot hope to be elected to any office in this city again. No people not in actual slavery would tolerate them any longer than their characteristics could become thoroughly known.

OUR CIVILIZATION.

Civilization is advancing, and the refining influences of the passing years are leaving their mark on the Nineteenth Century. Not long ago a remorseless law burned at the stake women who were alleged to be witches; now Society would rise up in horror if justice demanded that a life should be sacrificed on such a pretext, but it will doubtless view with equanimity the punishment visited on a Finnish woman who murdered her husband. The unfortunate man was a professor in the college at Tavaastehuus, and had passed that time of life when husbands are beloved by young women. Notwithstanding this, he had had his life insured in the interest of his wife, who quietly poisoned him for the money, with which she indulged an inordinate love of sweetmeats. She was found guilty; the sentence of the Court was that she be beheaded until as near death as possible, and that her body be then tied to a stake and burned beyond the possibility of resuscitation. One may gain from this that the Court was composed of male judges. An appeal was taken; the sentence was concurred in, but a rider was attached (as the discovery was made that she had forged her husband's name), ordering that her right hand be severed from her body before the beheading took place.

The horrible brutality of this is appalling, and the dispatches telling of it sound more like the recital of fanatical outrages practiced in the dark ages than the sentence of a Christian Court. It must be remembered that Finland is far advanced toward civilization; its children are well educated, and its women enjoy a political emancipation that confers rights on them not enjoyed by their sisters in many other quarters of the globe. Yet in this educated and enlightened country sentences are carried out that climax the brutalities of war-excited Indians. The heat of the fire that burned the woman Sainio, murderess as she was, will warm with indignation the cheek of every humane man and woman in Christendom; it should be kept ablaze with the frying fat of the barbaric judges who imposed the sentence, and its last flame should go out with the dying gasp of the ruffians who carried out the monstrous decree of the inhuman Court. Civilization must weep for Finland.

Months ago The Wave gave in detail the plan of several well-meaning Democrats to get rid of the hold-over boodle Senators in the interest of pure government and a fair fight for the United States Senatorship. I then expressed doubts of its success. Since the arguments have been presented to the Supreme Court it is plain that the scheme is revolutionary and cannot succeed. There are several Republican judicial machinists on the Supreme bench who will never be able to comprehend the profundity of Garret McEnerney's arguments or to see the desirability of abolishing the remnant of the Senatorial combine now entrenched in the State Senate.

* * *

There is cause for rejoicing in the fact that a largely attended meeting was held Thursday night, to denounce the Geary Exclusion Bill. Everyone here who has sense enough to be worth anything as a citizen realizes the fact that the Chinese are needed. The *Examiner*, better than any other paper, understands this, but it is politics to defame the heathen. I should think that there is enough honesty in that office to spare a little in the discussion of the Chinese question. If the Mongolian had a vote there would be a wild scramble of politicians to prove themselves his friends. California needs labor; we can't get whites; we should employ what is at hand.

* * *

The statement by the Rev. Mr. Talmage that he purposes in the future, when asking God to bless the President of the United States, to request the good offices of Providence in behalf of the Czar of Russia, should be hailed with delight by all Christians. I have long suspected what everyone knows: That the Russian prelates are entirely without influence in a quarter to which prayers are usually addressed. I shall eagerly watch for the change that will come to Alexander through the intervention of Mr. Talmage.

* * *

A person named Crawford stated a few weeks ago that Grover Cleveland never wrote a line worth writing and never said a word worth remembering. If the Crawford person will take the trouble to spell out the following, which the ex-President penned a few days ago, he may change his mind, if he have one. Mr. Cleveland, in writing of the King-Poston affair said:

> When political expediency forces me to be discourteous to a distressed woman, I am prepared to retire from politics.

* * *

Is this Dr. Smith, whose Central Presbyterian Tabernacle was permanently closed this week, the same Dr. Smith who so harshly attacked the newspapers a few weeks ago? There is a similarity in the names; but the fact that his church had to yield up the ghost so soon after the assault on the press is the most convincing argument that he is the man.

* * *

A colored lady has been received in St. Louis Society. After that, the Non-Partisans must be considered very exclusive if they do not return Mr. Smiley to his place on the ticket.

MUSIC.

THE MOUNTEBANKS" AT THE BALDWIN.

Gilbert and Cellier in collaboration raise expectations of at least something original in plan and a fresh departure in bright combination of libretto and music. Gilbert's oblique fun runs in channels which have become thoroughly familiar, and Cellier's gift for writing music with an aroma of dainty sentiment has also reached the point of universal recognition. The matter of fitting each other's style is the ground where two artists with a developed point of view might be supposed to find a few difficulties.

Gilbert has evidently entered into the phase where imagination is mechanical and works upon lines long since defined. Touches of amiable cynicism, sarcasms without savagery, and quaint pranks played with sounds and syllables, these all make brilliant the libretto of "The Mountebanks," just as in the recognized success of the only real writer of humorous fantasies for musical setting. Dealing in topsyturvydom, Gilbert also fulfills to the letter his usual method of defining the grotesque. The libretto of "The Mountebanks" is the usual jumble of Gilbertian impossibles founded on all things improbable, the same running fire of frankly ridiculous bathos hurries the tumult in the course of events hurtling against each other. Magics, brigandage, ludicrous loves of old women and young men friars rampaging betwixt religion and something which goes with rum, and the usual galaxy of inconsequences common to Gilbert have full play. But though there are many brilliants in the lines and embroideries of slang only known to Gilbert, the humor is at an angle a trifle too oblique to be seized by the public with the rapidity necessary to such a success as the "Mikado." In two acts only, the piece is altogether out of shape. The second act with the almost perpetual glare and gloom of stage moonlight is burdened with a weight of business of a quantity and quality unprecedented in the author's former works. The episode of the automata is not treated with the delicacy of a nursery rhyme, the audience is under no necessity to blush at the suggestions, plain speech is the order of the time. The first act deals itself out at extraordinary length and there are incidents enough to fill out two ordinary acts of comic opera.

Cellier's portion of the contract is distinctly disappointing. With the charm and ingenuous simplicity of his music to "Dorothy" in mind, the musical numbers of "The Mountebanks" generally suffer a complete eclipse. In no particular is there a strong point in favor of the new work. Neither novelty or the unusual is to be heard in the rhythms, the tunes have neither distinction nor invention, and the harmonies are generally commonplace to the last.

The spirit of the libretto is nowhere echoed, and at best the numbers fail to be individual in any way. There is enough unison to please the most ardent lovers of genuine simplicity of treatment. Of the orchestral score, nothing but its striking want of color and tiresome poverty of effect was noticeable. The simplest rhythmic accompaniments, without ornament of any kind, suffice to carry the tunes and chorus. With the exception of a duet and trio in the second act and the *entr'acte* music none of the numbers rise to mediocrity, and the ensembles are distinguished by an entire absence of cleverness or vigor. The many ballads have few redeeming phrases and are generally redolent of mock sentiment. Gilbert's brilliance was too much for Cellier to attain and the quaintness of humor and light sentiment also found no response. Not that the numbers are not suited to the public taste for rhythm, but that they are without musical invention and sufficient flow of melody of the kind adapted to comic opera.

Lillian Russell has opportunities of a different kind to those given her in "La Cigale," her playing of the character Teresa is in good taste, the touches of conscious sarcasm are done with delicacy and point, and if anything her looks and figure are still more attractive as the lovelorn village maid with a talent for smartness. Mr. Coffin is quite as artistic in detail as a singer and actor, and fulfills more than is ever demanded of the best conventional comic opera singers. Staging, costuming, and the performance, as a whole, do justice to the proportions of the opera; the chorus being especially well-trained and satisfactory in all the business. Many of the stage pictures are quite uncommon in their brightness and life. LESLEY MARTIN.

NOTES.

For a display of Teutonic loveliness the Fair for the benefit of the German Old People's Home does the expected which is hardly overpraising it. There are hardly bevies of Gretchens with hair like the fine spun gold, eyes blue as tender summer skies, and complexions of the radiant pink and white. The type is sufficiently national and there is abundance of blonde beauty unmistakably Germanics. Rival brunettes, however, there were conspicuous in bright reds and colors generally brilliant. The Pavilion is not the most suitable place for the display of beauty or toilet, however, and the gray tone of its architectural magnificence is hard to enliven under any circumstances. The dailies have exhausted the possibilities of description in the matter of the booths and stalls which were really effective. Amongst the belles Misses Goetig, Kohler, Sanderini, Bosqui, Saalburg, and Sieber were radiant, and Mrs. Gerstle, Misses Millie Siebe, Heuer, Adler, Krelling, and Schucking were noticeable in the crowd of charming girls who brought in many ducats to the good cause.

* * *

Rather a surprise was the answer given a certain Roman Catholic priest by an urchin he was engaged in instructing in Catechism. Questioning at random, he asked:

"Tommy, what are the effects of the Sacrament of Matrimony?"

The kid scratched his head, looked confused, finally brightened up and replied:

"A lessening of the love of God in our hearts, and a strong inclination to evil."

It appears he had confused matrimony with the consequences of original sin, to which, as you know, the above is the correct answer.

* * *

This is the season of the year when a man looks at last year's full dress suit and thinks he ought to have a new one. If his tailor thinks so also, and is accommodating, he is happy. Relative to this I must inform swelldom that the edict has gone forth from "Lunnon town" that a gentleman must always wear a cane with his full dress suit. Not the kind of a stick that you carry every day. Oh, no. The proper caper is a heavy cane, plainly finished, of dark wood, such as rosewood, cocoa-bolo, or wood of that class that sustains a rich polish.

* * *

The dancing club known as the "Berlins" is making preparations for the second anniversary ball at Odd Fellows' Hall, on Thursday evening, October 13th.

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To the readers of THE WAVE: If you are "in the swim" and are contemplating a trip East you will see that your tickets read *via* the UNION PACIFIC, THE ONLY LINE RUNNING PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM SLEEPING CARS AND DINING CARS, SAN FRANCISCO TO CHICAGO WITHOUT CHANGE and making direct connection in Chicago with the fast limited trains for all Eastern cities; ONLY THREE AND ONE HALF DAYS TO CHICAGO; ONLY FOUR AND ONE HALF DAYS TO NEW YORK. This line also runs select Tourist excursions through to Boston every Thursday in charge of experienced Managers. For tickets, sleeping car reservations, and full particulars, apply to D. W. Hitchcock, General Agent, Union Pacific Sys., No. 1 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, or G. F. Herr, Passenger Agent, 229 South Spring Street, Los Angeles.

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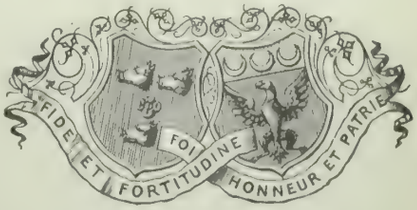

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"THE NEW SOUTH" AT STOCKWELL'S.

The people of San Francisco are peculiar. Ordinarily they do not recognize the prophet within their gates, and native genius will starve in rags while alien mediocrity grows fat in purple and fine linen. The trumpet of fame does not usually sound the praises of indigenous ability; and Clay M. Greene's play "The New South," received as much attention from the critics as is given to the works of a stranger. It cannot be that the play is not as good as some of our exotic pieces; it possesses qualities that will carry it successfully through many seasons, and make it a standard piece in the repertory of a number of companies. The plot is not new, but there is sufficient originality in its treatment to give it the dignity of a creation. Mr. Greene has seized on incidents that lend themselves readily to dramatic representation, and has been careful not to shock the intelligence with scenes that are absolutely impossible. There are some things regarding which the auditor is left in doubt; I wondered how the trial progressed without the intervention of the Federal authorities, and believed that the testimony of Sergeant Ferry should have been submitted when Captain Ford was on trial. In the last act, too, I believe that more dramatic strength could be imparted to the detection of the murderer of Marcy Gwynne. But judging the play as it is written, it is a forceful representation of a condition that exists yet in the South. The use that Mr. Greene, who was assisted in the play by Mr. Grismer, has made of Georgia's methods of hiring out convict labor, is legitimate, and would present a strong argument against the continuance of the infamous practice.

The presentation of the play was good. Mr. Grismer is a careful stage manager, and a most conscientious actor. Whether he labors for love, the love of his art, or for the emoluments that his art affords is not in question; the fact that his work is done earnestly and to the best of his ability is sufficient for me. Mr. Grismer acts so near nature that I at times wish he would bend somewhat from his poise, and put more of that other art that is not nature into his characterizations. Within the last few years he has improved wonderfully in his work, and the ranting that I had occasion to deprecate some time ago is noticeable by its absence.

It is a pleasure to see Phœbe Davies on the stage. Ladies are by no means rare there, but somehow they seem called upon, in interpreting the lines of playwrights, to forget themselves. Miss Davies gave a charming characterization of a Southern girl. The company is not a great one, but every member in it seems anxious to do the most possible to make the play a success; and I believe that that feeling will accomplish more than genius that is careless. There is indication of hard work, heavy rehearsals, daily drilling. I am inclined to think that a season with Mr. Grismer would make a stick act and would develop genius in ordinary talent. "The New South" is very prettily staged, and it should be a success. The Grismer Company leaves for the East this week.——

"Yon Yonson" returns to the California on Monday, with Gus Heege in the title role. The success he had with his play when here last presages a good run. The scenery of "Yon Yonson" is peculiar. Usually there are only special scenes carried along with a traveling company, the local and conventional scenery of every theatre being depended upon for general effects. In "Yon Yonson," however, the scenes amid which the plot of the piece is laid are of such a novel description that everything has to be specially prepared for it—nothing else fits. It pleases the eye to see something fresh, and this part of "Yon Yonson" is as fresh as the dialect of the Scandinavian emigrant and his Northwestern surroundings.——

Mrs. Pacheco's new play, "Nothing but Money," will be produced at Stockwell's on Monday night, and the opening promises to be a Society event. The Company is an excellent one, and the play is superior to "Incog," which has been so great a success. Nearly all the seats have been sold for Monday, and this is an auspicious augury for the play.——

Daniel Sully opened what promised to be a most successful engagement at the Bush. For the first nights of the week he presented "The Millionaire," after that "Daddy Nolan." Following Mr. Sully will come "Tangled Up," a farce-comedy from the French, which is said to be very funny. Miss Mortimer does the serpentine dance with enough grace and agility to fill an ordinary theatre.——

Lillian Russell's Company produced "The Mountebanks" on Thursday evening to the enjoyment of a very large audience. The attraction to follow this on October 3d will be "Niobe," in which Abbott and Teal's comedians have made a big success. It is a departure from the regulation type of farce comedy, in motive, plot, and action. "Niobe" is the joint work of Harry and Edward Paulton, who will be well remembered as the authors of the libretto of "Erminie," and although "Niobe" is not an opera but a comedy of the drawing-room order, the Paultons are said to have infused considerable humor into their new effort. It will be carefully staged at the Baldwin and a most delightful evening's entertainment may be expected.——

Alfred Wilkie's Operetta Company will appear at Vacaville next Tuesday, September 27th; Dixon, September 28th, and Suisun, September 29th, in their highly successful operettas, "Widows Bewitched," and "Cox and Box." Miss Pearl Noble, the celebrated cornetist, has joined the Company and will contribute some of her choiciest morceaux.

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TWO WEEKS

Commencing Monday, Sept. 26th

THE TRANSCONTINENTAL TRIUMPH

YON YONSON

INTERPRETED BY

GUS HEEGE

The Creator of Swedish Dialect Comedy

—AND—

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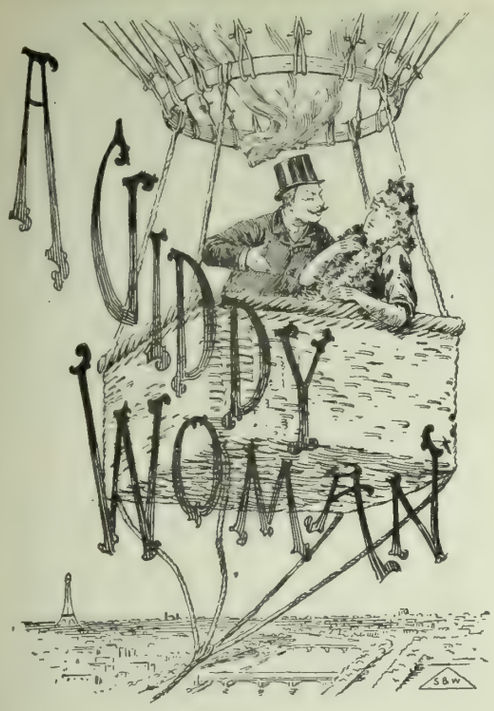


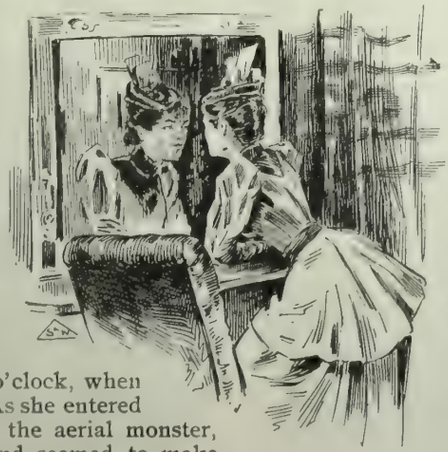
IT was not the first time the captive balloon at Trocadéro had drawn and held the gaze of the elegant Madame du Challay. Often since the day when, with the air of a pasha, it had appeared in the sky where it made an enormous and debonair exclamation-point, she had contemplated it for hours, her foolish little blonde head thrown back, devouring it with an infantine ogle, that expression of fear and desire peculiar to babies who hanker for impossible and distant objects out of reach.

From her windows she saw the giant almost daily, and grew to consider it part of "the view." She could not raise her curtains, nor lean on her balcony without directly perceiving the gray ball, shining in the sun, which went up, descended, and remounted every quarter of an hour with punctuality slow, steady, and untiring. This regular going and coming of the balloon had gradually given her a longing to rise too, to go to see there in the blue what could be looked at from twenty-five times the height of her balcony.

She proposed the adventure to her husband who said:

"Why do you wish to go darling? To-morrow, if you want to."

Many to-morrows rolled by. Nothing more was said about it. Madame du Challay might have renewed her proposition, but she made it a principle never to ask her husband twice for the same thing. She said to herself, "I will go alone in the balloon!" This resolve taken, then emphasized by a little willful nod, the young woman felt almost satisfied.



Perhaps the desire to ride in the captive balloon had never been so strong as on one Sunday afternoon about six o'clock, when she was coming home. As she entered Kléber Avenue she saw the aerial monster, which rose a few feet and seemed to make signs to her. "Come! Come! Let us go up! Now or never!"

She crossed the avenue, paid the entrance fee, and entered a narrow, shady alley leading to a spacious circular enclosure. There it was! Without delay she took a ticket for the next voyage, and, like others already present, sat down on a garden seat.

The balloon was descending; it drew near, swelled, and coming alongside was caught in flight by men with boat-hooks who chained it to its stays. The staggering voyagers escaped with haste which their self-love vainly tried to conceal, and the dropsical, buoyant monster balanced to the right and left with elephantine grace already impatient to leave again, ill at ease close to the ground.

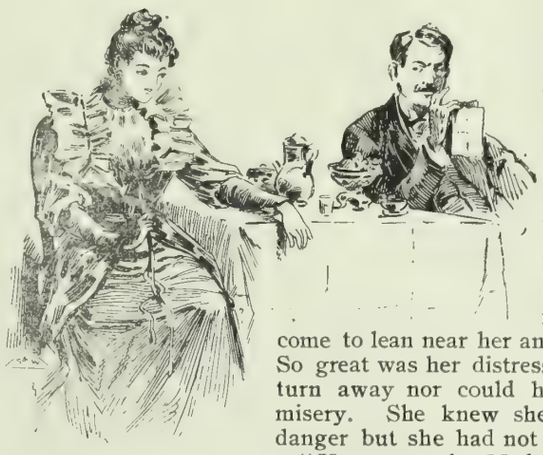
Madame du Challay went resolutely over the trembling foot-bridge, and, not without keen though agreeable excitement, she felt cracking under her little feet the slender wicker-work of the boat. In spite of the spread carpet it was impossible not to have the immediate sensation of being on a frail plank. The whole airy structure stirred and swayed, the slow, soft movements seemed to the young woman the respiration of a gigantic animal about to bear her off through the air. Five persons followed her: A Spanish family, father, mother, and infant, a little girl of six, then an Englishman and a naval officer. The two aeronauts, one young, one old, took their places in the boat, and the signal for departure was almost given when, at the last moment, a gentleman appeared, ticket in hand. He was on board as they drew away the foot-bridge and Madame du Challay, happening to glance at him, could not restrain a slight exclamation of surprise and vexation in recognizing the Baron Paul Mantoux. To the annoyance of being seen here alone by a friend of her husband was added a deeper feeling. For nearly eight months he had been too earnest in his attentions. She had given him a curt dismissal. There had been some hard words at that moment, which Madame du Challay had almost regretted merely from her kindness of heart. It was truly embarrassing to find herself face to face with him, especially under such circumstances. She turned her head away hoping he had not noticed her and that he would be absorbed in the ascension. But he was very near; he soon managed to meet her glance, and, with irreproachable grace, saluted her. The evil was done. Madame du Chally bowed politely without being too gracious, and, thinking it was all happily ended, she heeded only the prodigious spectacle unrolling at her feet.

The balloon had risen but a hundred and ten metres, but it seemed to Madame du Challay that it hovered at incalculable heights. Clinging to one of the iron cables she looked down the luminous gulf. Sparkling in the depth, dropping lower and lower was Paris, a toy Paris with thousands of card houses, a little parsley here and there represented the Bois de Boulogne or the Tuileries, and a narrow ribbon of lead was the Seine. On all sides the startled eyes could look without an obstacle to distant horizons. The sun was sinking in glowing mists. The Eiffel Tower slowly descended, and they looked down upon the vain column shortened to a squat andiron. A light breeze occasionally passed, caressing their faces and making their ship roll through spaces that pulled to the utmost on the rope, that troubled rope which their gaze, not without secret uneasiness, followed from the centre of the boat to the earth so far below.

Madame du Challay said nothing, thought of nothing. She had a sensation of all having stopped; the beating of her heart, her thoughts, time itself, a frightful anguish, of a strange character never felt before, oppressed and almost made her swoon. She kept erect, rigid though without strength, before the marvelous and sublime scene, absorbed in admiration amid her horror. She heard voices as in a dream, the aeronauts explaining things to the voyagers as they threw out ballast.

"How high are we now?" someone asked.

"Four hundred and seventy-five metres," was answered.



Madame du Challay by degrees felt her head swim. It was not the dizziness of balconies; it was that of isolation, of immensity, of being far from all, almost a mental vertigo, and she impatiently longed to be down again, when she found the Baron had come to lean near her and was talking to her. So great was her distress that she could not turn away nor could her face express her misery. She knew she was in still more danger but she had not courage to flee.

"You are pale, Madame," said Mantoux. "Are you ill?"

She gracefully answered "No" with her head, and she felt that "No," and the fashion of that "No" could not fail to give the young man hope.

He lost no time; he recalled the moment when she had been so severe with him, "that sweet time," as he said, and the grief in which she had plunged him. Two voyages, one to Italy, one to Sweden, warm and cold, had not been able to console him. Luckily chance, which is Providence for lovers, had allowed this same hour, this same boat—"Are you listening?"

She was listening in desperation. At that instant a voice behind her had declared:

"We are descending. Heavens! how we fall!"

Then she only knew that the Baron had put his hand on her wrist and she thought: "Yes, I believe, indeed, that one falls!"

It was very painful, that impression of descent. There had been something noble just now, even in feeling stifled in the elevation, but this oppression in sinking. The Baron talked low with energy and passion; he seemed very sure of himself and almost of her; the words: "Meet again — when? — cannot part thus," were frequently repeated, added to without pause, while the large hand held the unresisting little hand.

"We are half way down," said one of the aeronauts. "Only four minutes more."

"Only four minutes more," repeated the young man mentally. Then he no longer hesitated, he burned his balloons. What he expended of eloquence and ardent persuasion in the four minutes left him to get from his pretty victim the promise of a meeting, can be conceived only by those, if they exist, who

have found themselves in a similar situation, hundreds of feet above Kléber Avenue. The last instants of that battle where the Baron alone fought, showed no resistance from Madame du Challay.

She left the boat brazenly sweet, having on her lips a faint smile full of promise, and when the Baron after accompanying her to the gate of the grounds, said, "To-morrow," looking her in the face; she gently replied "I shall be there."

At home, she locked her room door as if she had already need to hide, and, leaning on the white marble chimney-piece beside a charming Louis XVI. clock, she looked into her soul in the mirror, which reflected her fresh face. She saw her complete self, body and mind; twenty-seven years, of that silvery blonde that one calls moonlight, eyes of a girl, gray-blue, very tender, long, proud neck, sloping shoulders, her form round and erect; she reviewed her qualities, and contemplating herself thus, not without permissible pride, that of a chaste beauty who had never sinned, who is not degraded notwithstanding temptations, a sudden revolt, a blow of the whip of race put her again on her feet. Thus she would play and lose all that which was herself, which called itself Madame du Challay, and which she regarded as already somewhat marred in that accusing mirror. No, there was yet time. How had she been able to hear the Baron to the end and to grant the appointment he asked? For she had done so.

"To-morrow, half-past two at the Louvre, Assyrian museum, before the bas-reliefs of the palace of Korsabad." It was a formal promise, but it was impossible. Having had the vertigo was not reason enough for deceiving her husband, her René whom she loved. The bell rang, she had heard a man's step, and running to open the door, she flung her arms round the neck of M. du Challay with a violence which, though he was fortunately not unused to it, surprised him. He was going to ask the reason of this effusive welcome, but she did not give him time, in a few words of beautiful, frank repentance, she told him all.

He smiled, he did not chide, he was very wise and very good.

But the young woman was uneasy: "I promised to go to Korsabad. I ought to keep my word. Let us be honest!"

"It is too far," said M. du Challay, closing her mouth with a kiss.

Next morning Madame du Challay received a letter in unknown handwriting which made her involuntarily tremble. Her husband seeing this asked her to give him the letter. She did so with the best grace, but not without fear. He broke the seal and read what follows, while his wife watched his face:

"MADAME:—Too gallant a man to want to take advantage of a consent which I owe more to the vertigo than to myself, and recalling too painfully your harshness of other days, I prefer to release you from your promise and let you know that I shall not come to-day to the rendezvous you accepted. This shall be, if you will allow it, my sole revenge—to have obtained from you, even by trick, the promise of happiness which I have the rare courage to refuse. Deign to accept, Madame, the homage of my respect.

"MANTOUX."

Du Challay folded the letter without being able to hide a grimace.

His wife, clinging to his arm, inquired:

"What does he say? Anything bad?"

He reflected that women, the prettiest, and those with the best intentions, are strange little beings that one cannot sufficiently protect from themselves, and it was in the most natural tone that he replied, as he put away the letter:

"Nothing at all, my dear; he says that he adores you, and that he will be there on time."

"Let him stay there!" she cried. A joyous laugh sparkled amid her teeth of snow as she looked up in his face. "Ah! it is about you that I am giddy! my husband—captive!"—*Translated for* THE WAVE *from the French of Henri Lavedan.*

PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

I notice that most excellent monthly, the *Coast Review*, writes enthusiastically of the Pacific Insurance Union! With its strong list of full-page and half-page advertisements (payable quarterly and in cash), the task becomes a mere pastime. THE WAVE, with a "stranger's kindness, which oft exceeds a friend's," begs to suggest that the great P. I. U., bossed by its smiling General Manager, might, if conducted without fear or favor, prove a veritable boon to not alone its members, but to its supporters generally throughout the field also. I care not to enter into personalities, or details, but instead of frolicking around over minor irregularities, and promiscuous skylarking after the may-be wicked and monstrous "small fry," its end would best be subserved by tackling the strong, able-bodied, and leading agencies, whose derelictions and bareheaded infractions have been a subject of private and public comment for months, quarters, and years back. If, however this is impracticable—and it would seem so—why should not this well-equipped organization put an everlasting "cinch" upon the accursed and unbusiness-like credit system that impedes the progress of the old ship, and pesters and annoys everybody from the chief executive down to the ordinary lubber, collecting fifteen and twenty per cent commission for five and ten per cent work? Is there any good reason for maintaining a list of brokers and solicitors as long as a country clothes-line, and embracing men and women, too, of all the avocations of life? Can any reasonable excuse be offered by any self-respecting officer or general agent of a company who is cultivating and supporting representatives who have betrayed their trusts and embezzled the funds of their neighbors?

Has the personnel of this great association of resident underwriters become so lustful, selfish, and wanton, as to permit members behind each other's backs to privately decry their companies, their actions, and their motives, and without reprimand indulge in the pointing of a Pharisaical finger at their fellows in open meeting, charging all the misdemeanors and corruption known in the calendar of underwriting crime?

I adhere strictly to the idea advanced in this column last week, that an incisive and indubitable constitution, covering commission at 15 per cent, maintenance of equitable rates and regulating credits, should limit the scope of this compact, but tottering organization: "Multitude of laws are signs either of much tyranny in the prince, or much rebellious disobedience in the subject."

* * *

I notice that Mr. James D. Bailey, formerly Secretary of the Union, of San Francisco, has filed his official bond with the Insurance Commissioner, and can therefore be considered the certain successor of poor Tom Mitchell, as General Agent of the Insurance Company of North America. I trust Mr. Bailey will have smooth sailing and do as well for that excellent company on this Coast as did his predecessor, who sailed under restrained orders, however proper and conservative they may have been considered from the head office standpoint.

* * *

Manager DuVal scarcely heals up one sore before he finds another "breaking out!" Having successfully buried the bad precedent of an Investment Company transacting an insurance business, he is confronted with the appointment by Messrs. Maxwell, Berry and Bosqui, of M. Hall McAllister, of E. L. G. Steele & Co., as City Agents of the British America. The General Agents, by the General Manager, have been promptly fined, and the air is an azure blue about California Street per consequence. The customary phantasma of a suspension of the tariff is held up as a certain outcome to this taint of disloyalty, but as Messrs. M., B., and B. have the precedent of Loaiza & Co., and other commission merchants holding such commissions, I fear Messrs. Magill, Stillman, Dutton, Pope, and Dornin, the strong quintette of the Executive Committee, will not sustain the Manager's position. The whole matter will probably be tabled, although Mr. Pope is more interested as a business proposition than anybody in defeating the appointment; but he will, in the winter of cold fate, philosophically but regretfully forsake the sixty-three glorious risks of Steele & Co., which has in the past warned his prophetic soul, and abide with peace and quietness, at least until Mr. Boardman returns from Europe.

* * *

Messrs. Wm. Clark & Co., who suffered loss by fire last December, have brought suit against several companies for their respective liabilities. Without attempting any special reference to the equities of the case one way or the other, I cannot but mention the fact that "independent adjusters" are *expensive luxuries*, and seem to adjust mishaps with the chief aim to perpetuate their *per diems* by pushing the offices employing them inside a court-house; at least that seems to be the trend of the independent adjuster who handles this long-winded and long drawn-out case!

* * *

I am glad to welcome home Major Otey, Manager of the Southern of New Orleans; his trip through Arizona and Colorado has not spoiled his complexion, nor did the fact that one of the Southern agents used the commission parchment as a drum head for his boy, and utilized the board sign to mend his roof, in any manner impair the Major's digestion or bedim the lustre of his fatherly eye!

* * *

W. H. C. Fowler made his maiden trip recently through San Joaquin Valley, opening up agencies for his companies, and inspecting current business in force; he thinks the valley towns as hot as——, well, as "hot as love" climatically and underwritingly.

* * *

I note the death of Mr. E. F. Spence, the former President of the Southern California Insurance Company of Los Angeles. Mr. Spence, although not a practical underwriter, owned a great deal of good hard insurance sense, and was esteemed and highly respected by everybody in the business, and by no one more than Major D. E. Miles, now Assistant Manager of the London & Lancashire, but formerly Secretary and associate of Mr. Spence in the Southern California. LOCAL.

FRENCH OPINION OF CALIFORNIA.

The Paris *Figaro* of December 5th compliments California on its large contingent of refined inhabitants. The writer derives his favorable opinion from the fact of 15,000 cases Pommery Sec champagne having been imported in one year, and adds that a country in the far West, with only 1,000,000 population, consuming such quantities of fine wines, must be surely progressive in culture.

The San Jose *Phenix* rises to remark: "When Harrison read Blaine's letter, he feebly exclaimed, in the language that Mr. Cobb made immortal: "Where am I at?" He wasn't in it.

OUT OF IT.

Midsummer madness! Love's young dream!
Born of an August night;
Warmed by the touch of a pale moonbeam;
Brief as the firefly's light.

He and she; I can see them, there,
Acting the sweet old play;
He with an eager, boyish air;
She turning coyly away.

Midsummer madness! Love's young dream
At thirty the heart grows cold—
Two young lovers! They make me seem
Hundreds of centuries old!—*Truth.*

CERTAINTY.

BY FRANCIS S. SALTUS.

Far through the endless corridors of dream
I wander, gloom-wrapped, seeking truth and light,
Faith that I crave, Love that can more than seem,
Food for my Soul, release from utter Night.

For I am tainted with a sad distrust,
A viperous itching not to see or hear!
The arid desert of my body's dust
Has ever spurned the solace of a tear.

I long to lose my wish to not believe,
And riot in fresh floods of feelings! lost,
Alas my thoughts like heavy ceraments cleve
Unto my corpse-mind, frigid as to frost.

The gracious phantoms of a holy love
Lead me thro' Life's dead dream, and Dream's bright life,
The radiance pure, immaculate thereof
Is with grand cheer and noble promise rife.

That love sustains, it breathes, it beams, it is,
And guides me tottering thro' the grays of gloom;
I follow humble, passive, knowing this,
That I shall find it Heaven—or a Tomb.

—*Chicago Figaro.*

MINING AND FINANCIAL.

The past week has been a boon both to the stock broker and to the stock speculator. There has not been such a rush of business for two years past. Take the transactions that were of record at the San Francisco Stock Exchange. On last Friday the number of shares dealt in was 74,000, on Monday 92,000, and on Tuesday 80,000 shares. On Tuesday the most activity was shown and the whole line showed fluctuations of 10 to 80 cents per share advance. Of Belcher 5050 shares were sold at from $2.55 to $3.15; of Hale & Norcross, 4450 shares from $2.20 to $2.50, and of 1550 Sierra Nevada at $2.30 to $2.55. The total sum value of the stocks that changed hands this day was about $150,000. This was only in the Big Board while the transactions at the Pacific Exchange, though not quite so large, were well up in the five figures.

All the commission brokers have made large commissions, one of the smaller houses alone on Wednesday executed 180 orders, and each order represented $1 or more. Not only are the brokers reaping a harvest, the clients also are winning, and as the whole line embracing about 20 mines on the Comstock advanced from 100 to 300 per cent in the past month, any or all that bought can realize large profits, and as I have notified the readers of THE WAVE in the last few numbers to invest, and particularly called attention to the mines to invest in, namely Belcher, Sierra Nevada, and Hale & Norcross, it is not my fault if they did not act on the information. Quite a number of traders have made a handsome clean-up, among them being Miller (who formerly did Lucky Baldwin's selling on the street). He is said to have made $10,000; Barney Barnett about $4000, and Gollin, the insurance man, $3000. These are only a few of the lucky ones; in all the offices the balances to the credit of the customers have increased two and three fold. While Morrow on one side, represented by Stauf and Ruggles, and Zadig on the other, represented by Schmitt, Coffin, and Cope, were the main buyers and principal manipulators, Van Wyck, Gurnett and Stoutenborough and Epstein had a large Virginia City clientage who were also actively buying. One of the largest sellers of the week of the North-Ends was Hirshfield who represents some of the principal operators on the Comstock. On one day alone his selling of Sierra Nevada must have been 3000 shares. Now while at the present writing, Thursday, the market is at a fever heat and prices are well sustained, Belcher selling at 4 10, Con. Virginia @ 4, Ophir @ 3.10, Best & Belcher @ 2.60, Sierra Nevada @ 2.50, Hale & Norcross 2.40, etc., it would be well to pause. First there has been a steady rise for the last ten days, with no further news to warrant higher figures, and as the public have been large buyers, and all are pretty well loaded, it is only reasonable to expect a reaction and lower figures; and, as many of the shorts have filled, it should follow that for the next few days prices should recede. While the news from the front is still encouraging it is not of such a nature as would warrant a conservative operator loading up with any great quantity, though Morrow is a steady bull and predicts higher figures; as Belcher has the ore one must act promptly. The following is latest news received:

In the Sierra Nevada they will start a south drift, 120 feet south of the Prospect drift, to see if the lode extends in that direction; if it is found in both places there will be lively times both in this stock and the rest of the market, and likely much higher prices. They have not started yet to cross-cut in Hale & Norcross; the drift on the 1800 foot has been extended south to the Potosi, and within thirty feet of the Savage. Perhaps this drift may be carried into the Savage before any cross-cuts are driven. Anyhow, until Mr. Flood returns nothing of an important nature will be done. The amount of interest centered in these three stocks is shown by the sales of the same from Wednesday to Wednesday at the San Francisco Exchange; of Belcher 40,600 were bought; Hale & Norcross, 22,000; Sierra Nevada, 18,200.

At the executive session of the San Francisco Board the Trustees were authorized to sell 100 shares of Merchants' Exchange stock, which was held by the Board; the ruling price is $110.

At the annual election of the Grand Prize, held on Tuesday, 75,000 shares were represented, and W. C. Ralston elected President, and R. R. Grayson, re-elected Secretary. His financial statement showed an overdraft of $3200.

The Stock and Bond Board on Tuesday held their tenth anniversary. There are twenty-five members, only one having died since organization. The business done annually amounts from $2,500,000 to $3,000,000.

F. G. Newlands is in town, and as he is to run for Congress, in Nevada, it is rumored that he will make a deal for the boys before the year is out. Crown Point and Mono have each been assessed 25 cents per share. R. E. Kelley, Secretary of the Justice, has gone to Virginia City. Silver is quoted at 83⅛ cents per ounce. At a meeting of the Produce Exchange, the resolution to sell the 1860 shares of Merchants' Exchange stock was defeated. The income from rents is $24,000 per year.

At the Stock and Bond Board business was light, and as I stated in THE WAVE, Hawaiian Commercial was about to be assessed and would decline, it looks at present as though it would go out of sight, as it has sold down to 25 cents, with no light ahead. The total sales for six days were 2800 shares, of which 1800 were Hawaiian Commercial; also 3000 Omnibus 6's 116¾, 1000 Powell Street Cable 6's @ 111, 2000 Southern Pacific of Arizona 6's @ 102½, 5000 S. P. R. R. 6's @ 107, 14,000 Spring Valley Water 6's @ 119¼, and 20,000 of 4's @ 91⅝@¾. SURETY.

LAWN TENNIS.

The annual meeting of the California Lawn Tennis Club will be held at the Club's grounds to-day at 4:30 P. M. A Board of Directors will be elected for the ensuing year, and the following addition to the by-laws voted upon: "There will be an army and navy list, to which officers of the United States Army and Navy and the members of their family shall be eligible; monthly dues shall be paid by such members, but no initiation fee."

The fourth quarterly tournament for the handsome club cup will also take place to-day, commencing at 2:30. The players are taking a great interest in this event as they are anxious to have their names inscribed upon the trophy before Hubbard's return from the East, as he is looked upon as the ultimate winner.

The ticket to be voted for to-day is, with the exception of Mr. G. V. Gray, the same as last year. Mr. Harry N. Stetson has been nominated to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Gray's absence from the city.

The ticket reads as follows: Miss Morgan, Dell Linderman, R. J. Woods, Joseph Tobin, W. H. Taylor, Jr., R. J. Davis, and H. N. Stetson.

Commencing on October 1st the continuous tournament will be resumed; already thirty entries have been received and at least ten more are expected to sign the list during the next week.

Field, G. De Long, Collier, and Stetson will try hard to capture the trophy to-day. A contest between any of the above-named players would certainly be a very close affair.

Bee and Hobart are developing a very strong double game; they are yet to be defeated, and are anxiously awaiting the appearance of a team worthy of their rackets.

A. G. Field is contemplating a trip to Southern California. There are any number of players South now, and the California cracks would no doubt try on a few of them.

Harry Simpkins and E. G. Schmiedell are frequently seen as a team of late at the California Club. They play a very aggressive game, and have been defeating some very clever teams during the past week.

Champion Taylor plays but rarely. During the past week he was beaten by McGavin, 7-5.

The Southern California players are evidently not up to the times in tennis matters. At their recent championship meeting they played the old (six games to five) sets, while the United States Association rules calls for vantage sets in all championship matches. It is about three years since the local players played the best six games out of eleven to a set.

Hubbard is expected home from the East most any day.

The California Tennis Club have added a much-needed improvement to their quarters in the shape of an artificial stone sidewalk.

The Hotel del Monte, at Monterey, will improve its tennis courts during the winter, and will make a strong bid in the way of prizes, special rates to players, transportation, etc., for next year's championship contests.

The Alameda Tennis Club will abandon its continuous tournament, owing to lack of interest manifested.

Harrison and Pillsbury, of the California Club, left for Harvard during the week. O'Connor, another California Club man, will soon leave for the East.

THE SCORER.

The *Central Californian* sometimes hits it right. This time, for instance: "Keep it before the people that the tariff is a Punch and Judy show with which politicians have amused and interested voters. The same old performance, the same old performers."

REGISTRATION OF VOTERS closes at New City Hall October 15, 1892.

On and after Saturday, October 1st, office will be open every day from 9 A. M. to 9:30 P. M.

Bring naturalization papers when registering.

W. A. BROWN,
Registrar of Voters.

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THE GHOST HOUSE.

For over ten years no one had lived in it. Everybody shunned the little white house, for the priests had said they heard uncanny sounds coming from it at night, and strange scenes were enacted within its walls, according to common report.

* * * * * * *

Max Bergen ran the engine from San Jose to Esquintla and the City of Guatemala. The road from the Coast is as straight as an arrow for twenty-five or thirty miles; but the ascent from the town of Esquintla to Pauline is quite abrupt; the track doubles upon itself in many places and crosses huge *barrancas* over trestles hundreds of feet above the boiling little streams below. From the hot, sultry tropical forest you pass into the temperate region of coffee *fincas*, green with fresh foliage and new berries.

Max was an uninteresting young German. He seldom had anything to say, and, having been on the road but a few weeks, had made few acquaintances. About the towns along the line he had yet learned nothing.

He was on a special to-night that had run up to Esquintla, and would not go on to the capital until the down train passed in the morning. How to pass the evening occupied his slow-moving mind as he sat at the late dinner placed before him by the big-eyed little *mozo*. He went over to the room assigned to him and threw himself on the little low bed to rest and plan the evening's entertainment.

The ride through the hot tropical forest had tired him so completely that in a few moments he was fast in the arms of Morpheus. How long he slept thus he could not tell. Something aroused him. It seemed like the faint cry of a woman's voice. He stepped out on the little iron-railed balcony and listened. It was late; the full moon was high above, shining through the tall palms. The houses were far apart, and many residences of the wealthier people were scattered through the groves in which the town lay, their white walls glistening in the silver radiance.

Max listened intently. Again the cry came through the still night air as if from far down the *calzada*. It was a woman's voice, and it went to the heart of the phlegmatic German.

He was dressed; he would see what it meant. Swinging to the street from the low balcony, he hurried in the direction of the cry down the long avenue, straining to catch again the sound of that appealing voice. As he went on and on to the edge of the pretty, quiet town he seemed to approach it, and, turning quickly at the corner of the old church, it was evidently very near. Max listened, all quivering with excitement foreign to his nature.

A dim light was burning in one end of a little house just behind the church; at the end a room was flooded with the light of many candles, but the thick curtains were drawn.

Again the cry went up. It came from the little house. Max had come thus far; he was going to see the cause of that beseeching scream, despite the consequences.

The heavy oak door opening into the entrance of the court did not yield to his shoulder—there was no chance there. The windows were barred by iron gratings like all others of the country. There was but one thing to do—to climb over into the court, and this was no easy task. Slipping off his shoes he managed to reach the low-tiled roof. It was quite a drop from the edge of the roof to the court, but he worked down the large pillar to the corridor about the court below. He stopped once more to catch the sound. It did not come. Stealing quietly along the corridor past the long line of rooms, he gained the end where the light flooded through the glass door and on to the smoothly-paved floor of the court. Keeping close by the pillar and in the shadow he looked in.

Four priests were sitting about a table throwing dice. They were playing *par o pinta*. The empty bottles told a tale of many draughts, and the anxious faces as the odd or even came up from each throw, and the little piles of silver and notes grew less or greater, showed the depth of interest in the game.

Again the cry went up. It was from the other end of the court. Max jumped as it went through and through him like a knife, but the priests were too absorbed to hear him.

He slipped into the shadow again, and along the corridor to where the dim light barely showed through the low curtained window. The curtain was not drawn to the sill, and the young German, on hands and knees, looked through the crack.

On a low couch was a beautiful girl, her face distorted with pain, writhing in her agony, but striving to suppress the cry that rose oftener and oftener, quicker and quicker, to her lips. On the foot of the couch sat a burly priest, anxiety pictured in every feature of his round face.

"Be quieter Ysabel," said the priest, almost sternly.

"If I die, my father, wilt thou take care of it?" the poor girl pleaded, then gave another cry of pain.

"Did I not tell thee to make less noise?" the priest demanded, clenching his fist in anger.

The usually sluggish, malt-fed blood of the young German was getting hotter and hotter as the harsh tones of the priest's voice fell on his ear, and he saw the delicate face of the suffering girl, her great pleading eyes fixed on the man before her. He could stand it no longer. Pushing open the door he stepped into the room and confronted the priest, who sprang forward to meet the intruder.

* * * * * * *

An Indian woman coming into the town early next morning to sell her fish informed the authorities that some one was lying dead by the door of the "ghost-house."

It was the young German engineer. His skull had been crushed by some heavy blow.

No one dared to pass the "ghost house" thereafter after night fall. JOHN CRAIG.

TINTED STATIONERY.

Those who make the fashions in stationery have decreed that the 400 shall write on tinted paper, and it is possible that some persons whose letters on the old white paper were delayed in the mails, will be cut by their swell acquaintances for the breach of etiquette. The stationery is in all sorts of delicate shades and tints, and the most fastidious taste should be satisfied with the large stock shown by Sanborn, Vail & Co. Some of the tints have never been seen in letter paper before, and it is probable that they will become popular at once.

Among the handsome and useful articles that Sanborn, Vail & Co. are showing are gold pens, manufactured by Mabie, Todd & Co. They are beautifully designed, and as the pens are of different sorts, they make a welcome addition to my lady's desk. The unique designs in blotting pads should be seen.

The latest decree of fashion in leather goods says that they should be trimmed in silver, and the pretty designs that Sanborn, Vail & Co. have in their card cases will insure a speedy acceptance of the edict. The card cases are in many shapes and sizes, and are as pretty as need be. Purses, pocketbooks, etc., are shown in the latest designs.

A SPLENDID CAFE.

Eastern people who have been to San Francisco speak of the California Hotel much as we who have been to New York speak of Delmonico's. No one thinks of going to Gotham without taking luncheon or dinner at the famous restaurant, and the one place in San Francisco that resembles that in a manner to provoke friendly comparison is the California Hotel Café. The excellence of the cuisine has given this place an enviable reputation, and the local *bon vivants* have decided that here more than anywhere else they can have the wants of the inner man satisfied. The *chef* is an artist, who regards cooking as an art, and each dish has his personal attention. This and the splendid service, have given the California Hotel Café a reputation that is certainly deserved. The dinner here is the best to be had in town.

After an extended trip to Europe Miss Marie Withrow has returned, but narrowly escaping the horrows of quarantine in New York. Music, art, artists, and the really interesting phases of European life in Paris, London, and Munich, Miss Withrow speaks of with rare charm and penetration, and the Beyreuth performances, the distinctions of German, French, and English music composers and artists, are eloquently touched upon. The success of Miss Florence Jacquay, who is studying opera in Milan, and whose voice, training, and method, has received nothing but praise, is a gratification to Miss Withrow as her teacher. In Paris, Miss Eva Withrow has taken an *atelier* in the Rue Clichy and is working upon orders for New York, London, and San Francisco.

The elegant fall importation of suitings, overcoatings, and pantaloonings by J. M. Litchfield & Co., 12 Post, are now being displayed. The patterns exhibited are the neatest seen here in years—the very latest styles and modes. Their cutter, as an artist, is second to none on the Coast. His frock coats are absolutely perfect.

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FASHIONS BY LETTER.

Anne, Dear:—In answer to your latest I'll boldly say you certainly are the cleverest girl of my acquaintance. Now, that assertion should put you in a good humor for a month at least, but any girl who can live in rural districts, and make the best of these days by cantering over the hills and retiring at an unbelievingly early hour, thus putting by an unlimited supply of good looks with which to overshadow her friends during the coming campaign in town, and, not satisfied with this, enlists said friend's energies to "do" all the fall openings, selecting conscientiously all the *chef-d'œuvres* for her, is little less than a genius in my opinion. I'm inclined to tell you that mackintoshes will be the correct things for afternoon calls, and fore-and-aft caps indispensable as theatre head-gear, and I don't believe there would be much more difficulty in convincing you of the truth of such a statement, than of some of the facts I really will give you. But secretly, my dear, the confidence reposed in me is extremely gratifying, and you shall have the full benefit of all my researches.

Of cousre I scarcely missed a millinery opening last week, and, to tell you the truth, though quantities of startling hats are displayed, it struck me there were very few pretty ones. At one place there was a regular dowager reception all Thursday afternoon. I can't imagine where all the girls were, it can't be possible they are losing interest in these events, but, do you know, after all, the choice things are not shown on opening day? Lucile, I think, saw a dejected look on my face as I was leaving there and whispered, "Come back next week and you shall see my choicest treasuers." I have discovered one thing, however, nine-tenths of the autumn hats are to have the Alsatian bow effect—flat, broad, and trying, and accompanying this style is a most peculiar effect of two clusters of stiff bows or feathers on either side of the crown in the back. It's startling but correct. Blue and green velvet are much used in the construction of hats to be worn with the new plaid dresses; and another revelation is found in pure white hats, ribbons, feathers, and all, and usually immense in point of size. They sound well, but don't be tempted. For calling use they are horribly tiresome and conspicuous, and certainly for the theatre they would prove the last straw to the poor man's spirits in the back rows. Still, I can imagine a white felt, slightly subdued in size and trimmings, a very attractive affair, but they are scarce as yet. One hat I found would have been the very thing you wanted, a large, shaggy, black beaver, with trimming of peculiar red roses and a big bow of black-dotted net, but, alas, Maud and Lillie had preceded me as usual, and the jewel was not for us.

I'm utterly without an idea for the gift for next week's wedding. Silver and cut glass are certainly horribly conventional, as you suggest. If you must have something original, why not be the first here to follow the English fashion and make your offering a fox terrier or pair of love-birds? It is a fact that the Queen recently sent, among other wedding gifts to her maid-of-honor, the Hon. Adeline Loftus, the usual India shawl and a white collie of great beauty. Of course this put the stamp of approval on the animal question, and now all England is presenting her dearest friend with gifts that range in value from a cob to a cage of white mice.

Not one of the girls has appeared in anything new yet, though I expect to see any number of new wraps and hats at the opening of Mrs. Pacheco's play Monday evening. I'll write you all about it unless, of course, you decide to come down. By the way, I hear "the" brides and Jennie Blair will return in October—then we will see some dresses that will make glad our eyes. Yours,

Nancy.

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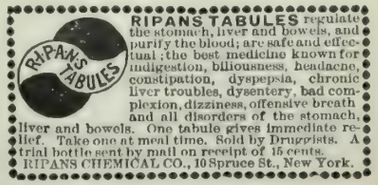

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OAKLAND GOSSIP.

OAKLAND, September 21st. DEAR WAVE:—Last week witnessed my crowning triumph. I was taken, by the illustrious Meddler, for the beautiful and fascinating Lou Brech, whose charms and accomplishments are without number. Really, I'm so inflated at the compliment that it is almost an impossibility for me to refrain from divulging my identity. Speaking of Lou reminds me that the time for her nuptials is rapidly approaching. The affair is to be one of the swellest of the season. What a handsome bride she will make, and what a dear man the prospective groom is. He has given Lou some of the loveliest presents.

Notwithstanding the fact that our chivalrous gallants are engaged in politics, and otherwise so selfish and neglectful that they entirely ignore our existence, we do manage to find life endurable. One proof that we live is that the glorious tea, in all its pristine loveliness, is with us again. Mrs. Redfield opened the campaign in honor of her mother, Mrs. Abercrombie, of Los Angeles. We were regaled with the cup which exciteth not. Oh, it was a hilarious affair, I assure you, and this week our beauty, Hettie Henshaw, opens her doors for an afternoon in honor of Lou Wall, who but recently returned from a six years' residence abroad, where she took up the languages, then the violin, but finally decided that painting should be her life's work. The latter was a wise decision as she has done remarkably well, although my favorite of the sisters is stately Bessie, who has a mind of her own and knows how to use it wisely and well. Lena Brigham's wedding will be celebrated this evening.

To-morrow is the time set for lovely Grace Henderson's wedding. Did I tell you that Mrs. W—— is enraged at my suggestion that she made the match? Says she didn't have a word to say about it, and that she wishes I would cease meddling in her affairs. Pleasant way of speaking of one of her most devoted admirers, isn't it?

Thursday evening every one is going to the gilded church to offer ducats to the shrine of charity again. This time it is for the Young Woman's Christian Home, and two new Society lights will appear. Miss Safford, who is a graduate of the Emersonian School of acting, will make her bow to the Oakland critics, and show us what she can do as a reader; then our new beau, Dr. Richardson, will show the critical 150 how enchantingly he can warble. He is the most captivating little fellow—has a pointed beard, and looks for all the world like an Italian count. He is a protege of our pugilistic Doctor, D. D. Crowly, and his success, both as a physician and Society leader, is assured. One half the girls are already willing to surrender their hearts to his keeping, and are doing their utmost to spoil him, but the poor creatures are not to be blamed, as a man who is gallant and attentive is almost an unknown quantity to the Oakland maiden. Why does not Nellie Chabot open her heart and sing for charity? She would create a sensation.

By the way, there is another case of the girls "not being in it." The horrid old men, who can sing, have formed a choral society, and have loads of fun singing and serenading, but they didn't even hint that they would like to have us girls join them. The prominent members are Dr. Richardson, Harry Melvin, Harry Lawrence, Ed Vinzent, A. A. Pennoyer, and several others whose names have escaped me.

Another source of attraction to the boys is the opera at the big barn. They just go there in flocks (I'm not insinuating that they are geese) and flirt with the girls in the chorus. Of course, we girls have to remain home, but we manage to hear all about the actions of our young swells. If you think we are not well informed, just ask Duke Bertie Brayton, Harry Wadsworth, Selby Adams, Charlie Logan, Athearn Folger, Cleve Dam, Myron Whidden, and Phil Remillard what we don't know about it.

Do I hear you say, "Who is Charlie Logan?" Why, don't you know that he is another new man come to town? He is a handsome fellow, has lots of style, and big, black eyes, and is a relative of the late John A. Logan. He and J. Selby Adams are partners in the real estate business. Selby also seems to have a penchant for actresses, as that little scene at the Sixteenth Street Depot goes to show. Anyway, I'm glad that he has some life in him; his brother, Jim, hasn't a bit. Poor Jim is so afraid that some girl will capture him for a home and pretty gowns, that he has absolutely grown morbid. Isn't it cruel for him to harbor such heartless thoughts? *Con amore.*

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SACRAMENTO AFFAIRS.

SACRAMENTO, September 21st. DEAR WAVE:—The Fair is ended, and we all are disconsolate, for we really had an awfully jolly time; especially during the last week, for the races were good, and a number of people from your city were in attendance. Miss Owen visited Helen Lindley, and they gave a euchre party in her honor; it seemed quite like old times. Then the Stevenson twins were here. How very unlike they are? But they always have lots of attention, particularly the dark one. Phebe had two very handsome girls from Oakland stopping with her; and Miss Phillips, from the same city, was a guest of Mrs. Gray. Gertrude Miller came up from Sausalito to be with her young sister-in-law, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Crouch had a bevy of bright-looking maidens with them each day at the races. What an awfully pretty girl Adelaide is. For some time I have hesitated as to which of the sisters was the prettier, but, after seeing her at the races in a fetching light dress, am constrained to award her the palm. She was with Minnie Clark and Robt. Mc——; how badly he looks; has been laid up with a severe attack of rheumatism. The men continued very scarce at the race track, but the young girls did not seem to mind it very much. In the special stand could be seen all of the young married set, Miss Masten and Miss Owen, of your city, the Lindley and Taylor girls, all looking their sweetest in light dresses and big hats. At the pavilion last Saturday evening one could see the whole town, not a few of the men actually condescended to become generous and invite the girls; Mr. Abbott was with one of Mrs. Crouch's guests; Frank Smith with Ed's pretty cousin; Mame with Ned; by the way, De Ernie S—— appeared several evenings with the same girl, so I presume we may soon look for the announcement of that much deferred engagement. Where was J. Frank, has he gone to Colorado Springs? Am sure he would be welcome. Met Delia on the street and had a little chat; she has become very English in her speech and affected in her manner. Carrie has a new beau, how devoted *they* always are to her; wonder if this will come to anything? I do hope so. Mrs. Gallatin looked very handsome last week both at the races and pavilion; they are a handsome couple. Clara T—— looked quite a swell in her all white costume; it is needless to say that the man with her was from your city, as she is a little too high for "our boys." Dr. Metcalf had Phebe and her visitors; he has been very good about taking the girls. In my next letter intend telling you more of the men who either remained at home, or, what is even worse, strolled around by themselves. For the present,

Adieu, NINA.

LOS ANGELES LIFE.

LOS ANGELES, September 21st. DEAR WAVE:—Along the surface of Society the sails are being spread, and ere long the fair ones will launch out into a winter of content, and once more the sunny south will revel in a round of gayety. Of course, the death of Judge Spence has cast a cloud over the social horizon; but the butterflies love the sunshine, and soon the funeral bell must give place to the merry wedding one, and all of sadness will be forgotten.

The Cabrillo celebration holds the fort now. Many Angelenos are making preparations to go down to San Diego on the twenty-eighth. I am glad that this city is going to have something to stir her quiet blood, for if Coronado had not sprung into existence, methinks she would have died long ago.

I believe Los Angeles will go mad on the subject of baseball. Now that the San Francisco boys are in town, the interest has doubled. On Friday excitement ran high, and there was talk of bloodshed. "Kid" Halen made a home run; our three S's did some noble work, and, altogether, we were proud of our Angels. But those in authority fought disgracefully. Harry says Manassau is a hoo-doo.

Did I tell you Jack Horner had a row with a bouquet boy the other day in front of the Nadeau? The small boy got whipped, and nobody cared, for he is such a "sassy" little fellow.

I had a delightful talk with Charley Walton, on Wednesday last. We talked over old San Francisco days and the good times we used to have. Charley is no longer a dude. As Eva says, the climate of Los Angeles is enervating (with the accent on the second syllable, please), and Charley has become careless in his dress.

We are very patriotic now-a-days. Sonoratown had a celebration last week; this time it was Mexican independence. The senoras looked radiant in their bright gowns, and all the men folks had new bands on their sombreros.

Minnie got home on Thursday; she had a delightful trip up north. We did not go to Lillie Rees' wedding. Mrs. Lunt had her reception on Friday night, and as Minnie was one of the bridesmaids at the wedding, she had to attend.

Charley Sloane told me that Boyle Workman is engaged to be married, and Ed Tufts has cast his thoughts in the line of Chicago. The Wades are in town. We all had a nice little Welsh rarebit party at Eva Cook's last Tnesday night.

On Saturday a yachting party went over to Catalina. Mrs. Silent was one of the chaperons. The little town of Avalon is quite deserted now, but the Island cannot lose all its powers of attractions, even if the season is practically over.

I met Miss Heinsch on Spring Street last Saturday. All the girls wear white on the street now, and they look very pretty. Mr. and Mrs. Sartori are going to give up housekeeping, and board at the Westminster. She always looks so distinguished. Seymour Locke was flying around town last week. K.

STOCKTON LIFE.

STOCKTON, September 20th. DEAR WAVE:—At last I have gained Ida's consent to announce her engagement to Tom Connelly. It will not be much of a surprise, I know, for people have been expecting it these many months, but Ida wore no ring and so would not admit even an "understanding." I *can* give you some of the particulars and know all will be interested. The ceremony will take place in November and will be a very pretty one—how could it be otherwise, for in the first place the prospective bride and groom are such direct contrasts—she being a decided brunette and he a perfect blonde? Sweet Mae Oldham will be maid of honor and Miss Jahaut bridesmaid. I know several of our boys who would be most happy to officiate as ushers and best man, but I am not at liberty to divulge the names of the few that are chosen. *I* even know where the honeymoon will be spent and where the happy couple will reside, but I am going to keep that a secret.

What a perfect flood of weddings we will have this fall. Arthur Ashley begins to look serious and realizes how good he must be to make Abbie happy. Then Henry Monroe and Lola Clayes are about to start on life's journey together; they have been engaged quite a long while. "Fedgie" Baldwin is still playing the "dear devoted" to Miss Davis; when may I expect cards? Then there is Grace Hale's, but until Will becomes a full-fledged doctor, and returns to capture all of his old patron's practice I suppose "watch and wait" is the password.

Louise's engagement to Mr. Pierson, of your city, has been announced, and I believe she is visiting San Francisco now. It is rumored that Frank and M—— S—— are patching up their old difficulties and that, since the brown-eyed tenor has been given his *congé*, M—— realizes that "her heart is true to Frank."

Nan has broken *her* engagement, and with Nellie's assistance is prepared to slay her thousands during the next two weeks. I am going to the Pavilion to-night with George, and know I will have a good time seeing and being seen. I have so many engagements for the races, theatre, and so on, I fear I shall be too exhausted to write to you this coming week, but I will make up for it in future.

THE SPINSTER.

SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, September 21st. DEAR WAVE:—There is lots of fun among the kindergartens now—several Richmonds in the field. The tall McG—— is displaying all his strategy, and, as he has the McK——s in his fold, you may be sure they will work on the doctrine, "The end justifies the means." Johnny is a born plotter. It is an awful good thing for him that he doesn't live in Russia, for he would contrive to be sent to Siberia sure. I wonder if he ever sees a ghost? He should. I have heard of one that belongs in the family. A poor, unhappy, dissheveled woman, who has nowhere to lay her head. If she does not visit him in dreams, then there is no such thing as a ghost.

We had a fine concert here in aid of Professor York, but really Leila C—— has not much voice. Her style is not so good as when she practiced with Clarence.

Considering that only a month remains between this and November, the political camps are unusually dull. No torch-light processions, no fun. What is the matter? No, don't think for a moment that John W—— is afraid of Eugene, as he is not, of course not. Johnny knows he will get there without the expense of renting that hall. He did the last time, and the whole family are making preparations to spend a season in Washington.

Miss Wakefield held a reception Wednesday night—the same people one always meets there. I am just dying for some real good social event, but there is precious small outlook now that the Murphy house is in mourning. Mrs W——t is too indolent for parties, and her following, of course, could not think of inviting anyone.

I see the little dudelets have again organized, but under a new name, "The Tyrolienne Club," this time, and are soon to give a party. I wonder why they did not invite BABBLER?

WILL NOT LEAVE LOUISIANA.

WHAT PRESIDENT CONRAD HAS TO SAY ABOUT THE LOTTERY.

NEW ORLEANS, August 6th.—President Paul Conrad, of the Louisiana Lottery Company, was interviewed to-day about the dispatch regarding the Company's attempt to purchase a location in the Sandwich Islands. He said: "It is a 'fake' sensation pure and simple, or a malicious concoction, designed, perhaps, to prejudice the Company in the minds of the people of the United States by creating the impression that our business is to be removed from the legal restrictions and accountability it is now under by virtue of the laws of Louisiana. Were the Louisiana State Lottery Company to become a Hawaiian instead of a Louisiana concern, of course it would be practically an impossibility to enforce claims against it; whereas, being a duly chartered corporation of this State, it is amenable to the laws. Obligations can be enforced through the courts against it the same as against any lawful and responsible company."

"But what are the Company's plans for the future? Might not their negotiations be carried on without your knowledge?"

"Scarcely such vast sums as are talked of are not carried in one's vest pocket, nor expended by one member of a concern without consulting his associates. The owners of the Louisiana Lottery are now scattered over the globe seeking peace or pleasure, according to their condition or taste. Mr. Morris, with friends, have been for weeks cruising about on his yacht, and I doubt if anyone has communicated with him on business of any description. Certainly he is not giving himself any concern about lottery business, and I repeat there is simply nothing in this alleged San Francisco story except idle gossip, so far as I know, and I think I know all the facts. The Louisiana Lottery Company will live out its allotted time as fixed by its vested rights, say a couple of years longer, doing its business here as it always has, and abiding by the popular decision in the recent contest."—*New York Times, August 27th.*

Jack—Come with me to the theatre this evening, Tom.

Tom—But you're going to take Alice Murray.

Jack—Yes, and her aunt.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

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Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE	FROM SEPT. 3, 1892.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*12.15 p m
.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton	*8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Martinez	12.45 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced and Fresno	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.30 p m	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	8.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
*6.00 p m	Stockton and Livermore	.....
6.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	9.15 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo	‡8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡7.45 a. m.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p. m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.38 p m
‡7.30 a m	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excur'n	‡8 28 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
‡9.30 a m	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations	‡2.45 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.03 p m
12 15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.30 p m
*2 30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.37 a m
*3 30 p m	San Jose, Gilroy and Principal Way Stations	*9.47 a m
*4 30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5 15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7.30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

San Francisco and North Pacific Railway.

San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, :30, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		In effect Apr. 24, 1892.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5.00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

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Extra Trips on Sunday for Sausalito at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO to MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A.M.; 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P.M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 2:30, 4:00, 5:25 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 6:45, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:45, 11:00, 11:50 A. M.; 1:10, 2:25, 3:40, 5:15, 6:05, 7:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 6:25 P. M. Fare, 50 cents round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days) 6:25, 6:55, 7:58, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05 10:05, 11:20 A. M.; 1:20, 2:45, 4:00, 5:30, 6:30 P. M. Fare, 40 cents round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 7:15, 8:15, 9:50, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:45 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:20, 11:40 A. M.; 12:35, 1:45, 3:10, 4:25, 6:00, 6:50, 7:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7:00 P. M. Fare, 25 cents round trip.

Leave San Francisco.	Through Trains. Destination.	Arrive San Francisco.
7:30 A. M. 5:00 P. M. 8:00 A. M	Camp Taylor, Tocaloma, Point Reyes and Way Stations.	8:45 A. M. 6:15 P. M. 8:15 P. M. Week days. Sundays
7:30 A. M. Week days 8:00 A. M. Sundays 5:00 P. M. Saturdays	Tomales, Howards, Duncan Mills, Cazadero and Way Stations.	8:45 A. M. Mondays 6:15 P. M. Week days 8:15 P. M. Sundays

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Sunday Excursion—Round trip tickets: Point Reyes, $1; Tomales, $1.50; Howards, $2; Duncan's Mills and Cazadero, $2.50.

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Way line sailing—October 18th, 1892, S. S. "Colima."

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

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ASSESSMENT NOTICES.

BEST & BELCHER MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the seventeenth (17th) day of August, 1892, an assessment (No. 52) of twenty-five (25) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Thursday, the twenty-second day of September, 1892, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the thirteenth (13th) day of October, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

L. OSBORN, Secretary.

Office—Room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

BULLION MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California, location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the eleventh day of August, 1892, an assessment, No. 39, of twenty-five (25) cents per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 20, 331 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the sixteenth day of September, 1892, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the fourth day of October, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office—Room 20, 331 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the eleventh (11th) day of August, 1892, an assessment (No. 102) of Fifty Cents (50c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 26, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Thursday, the fifteenth (15th) day of September, 1892, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the seventh (7th) day of October, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

A. B. THOMPSON, Secretary.

Office—Room 26, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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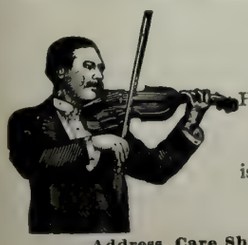

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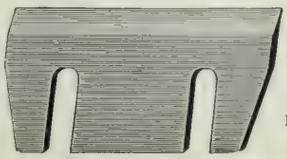

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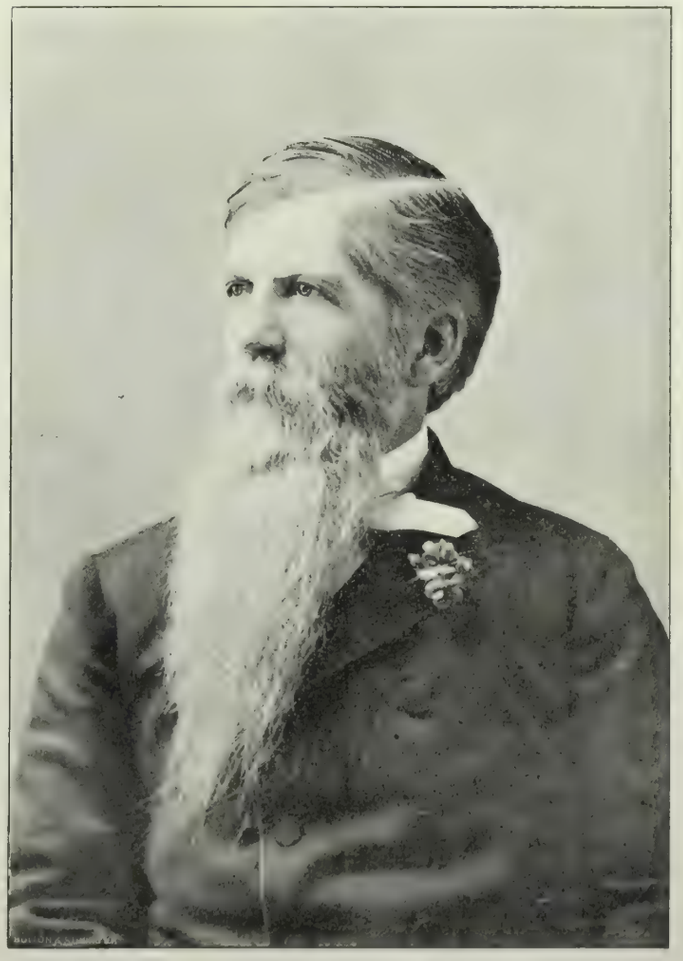

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THE WAVE

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

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SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 1, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

Colonel Creed Haymond is one of the most interesting members of the legal profession, and, perhaps, the most picturesque figure in the Southern Pacific Company's list of officials. He is a man of great sagacity and shrewdness—a natural diplomate, and the most adroit of politicians. With all his smoothness he is a very fiery Southerner when aroused, and is as ready to fight as to argue. Of his career it is not easy to say anything new. He has delivered several very able arguments, has won most of the Railroad Company's tax cases, besides outlining on many occasions the policy it should follow in difficult situations.

SPLASHES.

FOR SOCIAL DISCOVERIES commend me to the *Examiner*. That interesting journal treats its guileless readers to a highly gilded tale of the Head family, all anent the engagement of Miss Anna and Lieutenant Jephson. The young lady is represented as possessing all the graces. Of course, she is exquisitely beautiful, alarmingly brilliant in conversation, admirably educated, and pre-eminently accomplished. In Europe she and her mother are accustomed to associate only with the *haute noblesse*, and their interesting encounters with sundry crowned heads are given at length. The apex of this entertaining fiction is the interesting announcement that Colonel Head, the happy parent of this prodigy, is worth two millions of dollars. I think that will be news for his friends.

* * *

Miss Head is a very nice, quiet girl, with rather refined manners. She has no pretensions whatever so far as beauty is concerned, but has a pleasant, kindly expression and good eyes, the physiognomy being of the Irish type. No one ever accused her of being witty or smart, and she was careful to conceal such accomplishments as she possessed from the common gaze. It seems to me that this business of representing certain young women who happen to possess rich fathers and move in Society, as bright, beautiful, and brilliant is being a trifle overdone. Perhaps there are three girls in Mr. Greenway's Cotillion Club who merit the soubriquet clever. Brilliancy means too much for application in the connection.

* * *

Mr. Jephson is no stranger in San Francisco. He came here armed with a wonderful stock of romances gleaned in various sections of the world, and he never failed in relating them to add a rich garniture of swell names. He told his tales with a verbal precision that said much for his memory, and the result was that before his departure a dozen people had possessed themselves of the romances, and the demand for fiction at the libraries fell off forty per cent. Otherwise, he is a bright and consequential young man who accompanied Stanley into Africa and wrote sundry magazine articles which may have been true, as they were written in uncommonly poor English.

* * *

I believe that Colonel Head is worth about half a million dollars. That is a very fair estimate, considering the condition of affairs in Arizona. He owns Marchand's restaurant, and has a half interest in the four stores on Market Street, east of Montgomery adjoining Hobart's big building. Robert F. Morrow owns the remaining half. The residence on Taylor Street I believe is in his wife's name. In New Mexico the Head ranch is quite an extensive tract, but it is owned in conjunction with the Hearst estate. On it are a good many thousand head of cattle, but, in consequence of the prolonged drought, to which this region has been subjected, cattle are worth next to nothing. On a liberal estimate I should think a quarter of a million would more than cover the value of this property, and the same figure that in San Francisco. Thus these two millionaires fade when one begins to look into their resources.

* * *

OAKLAND SOCIETY WRITHES over an error made by an engraver, who should be writing Gilbertian operas rather than printing invitations for weddings, christening parties, and teas. He is entirely too humorous for his staid occupation; his imagination, if directed away from dies and tools, will make him rich, if it does not land him on the the scaffold. He "mixed" invitations for two weddings in the modern Athens; and the friends of Miss Breck were requested to attend the marriage ceremony of Miss Fox, while the presence of the relatives and acquaintances of Miss Fox was requested at the wedding of Miss Breck.

* * *

If that does not furnish the plot of a comic opera, I will quit writing for money and indite poetry for the *Call*. Of course it is to be expected that the 99—I believe that is the number of Oakland's Society—know each other very well, but fancy the terrible result of sending the wedding presents to the other bride. I am assured that this happened. Then contemplate the surprise of Miss Uppy Dejones when she received her invitation to attend the nuptials of "that girl," to whom she had not spoken for fifteen years, or since they were at school together. Imagine the deadly stab that Mr. Rejected Brown received when he was invited to witness the ceremony that made his hated rival the husband of his heart's idol. Try to do all these things—the effort is too great for me—and then pronounce sentence on the engraver, who, I believe, still lives. Not since a well-known attorney, who had been absent from Oakland for some time, kissed the nurse-girl at Sixteenth Street station before he saluted his wife, has there been so much excitement over a mistake.

* * *

But the weddings will not be postponed on account of the engraver. On October 6th Miss Louise Breck and Frederick M. Hathaway will join hearts, hands, and fortunes at St. Paul's Church in Oakland. The ceremony will be followed by a reception at the Breck mansion. On next Monday evening Miss Mary E. Fox and Frank T. Pierson will be made one at the First Congregational Church. Mr. Pierson is from the East, as "Frou-Frou" has before stated, and is a very lucky person.

* * *

IT SEEMS the Bohemian Club is not, after all, to possess the interesting redwood grove at the foot of Mt. Tamalpais. A certain amount of coin has been raised, it is true, but not nearly sufficient even with Harry Gillig's $5000 to complete the purchase. The fact is, the members are not favorably disposed toward this grove in question on account of a connected series of colds that were caught at the recent Midsummer Jinks. Cold winds and fogs, the latter of a very inquisitive turn, insisted, it seems, on invading the sacred proximity of Buddha, and the result was the worshipers suffered acutely, and actually put on overcoats on top of their artistic *kimonas*. These dear Bohemians love solitude so much

that they resent the presence not only of journalists but of the elements.

* * *

In the new redwood grove they escape all prying eyes and secure the requisite degree of solitude, but still unsatisfied, they demand protection from the Climate. Let me suggest that some prominent scientist construct a vacuum of dimensions sufficient to accommodate the entire organization. It would certainly prove a harmonious environment and sonnets of all degrees of weakness might be read with impunity. The objection that it is impossible to live without air will not, I hope, prevent the execution of this project. All this is apropos of the fact that the general meeting of Bohemians called to decide for or against the purchase of the grove had to be postponed because a quorum was not present. Perhaps the absent element will condescend to appear some other evening.

* * *

OCTOBER WILL BE GAY with weddings, several of which are of particular interest. A notable one will take place on the sixth, when Miss Emma Durbrow will be wedded to Mr. Spencer C. Buckbee, of the firm of Shainwald, Buckbee & Co. It will be a noon wedding at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Joseph Durbrow, on Bush Street. The groom's sister, Miss Annie Buckbee, will assist as maid of honor, and Mr. Walter S. Newhall will do the honors as best man. The affair is to be very quietly celebrated.

* * *

Another important affair in which Hymen will be a factor will be the wedding of Miss Bessie Hooker and Mr. George H. Lent which is to be celebrated in the First Unitarian Church on Saturday noon, October 8th. The young bride, who is the daughter of Charles G. Hooker, is a very popular girl in Society circles, and has been one of the principals in the Friday Night Club. Mr. Lent is the son of General William Lent, and has a host of friends here. He has purchased a handsome home on Pacific Avenue for his bride. Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Mamie Reynolds, Miss Laura Bates, and Miss Mamie Holbrook are to be the bridesmaids; Edward L. Eyre will be the best man, and the ushers are to be Herbert Carolan, Shafter Howard, Frank Madison, and Elliott McAllister. The Rev. Dr. Horatio Stebbins will tie the nuptial knot.

* * *

Jewish Society circles are agitated by the approaching wedding of Miss Rosalie Meyer, the beautiful daughter of Eugene Meyer, and Mr. Sigmund Stern, of the firm of Levi Strauss & Co. Monday evening, October 3d, is the date set for the wedding, which will take place at Mr. Meyer's residence on Pine Street.

* * *

Cards are just out for the wedding of Miss Catalina Acosta and Dr. Edward Maldonado, which will take place in St. Mary's Cathedral on Wednesday evening, October 12th. There will be a reception afterward at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Levcadia Acosta, on Taylor Street. Miss Acosta is one of the prettiest girls in the Spanish colony.

* * *

The first high tea of the season was given last Saturday afternoon by Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, as a farewell honor to Mrs. Fred Sharon, who has passed the summer with us. It was the first time for a year or more that the Tevis mansion has been thrown open for the entertainment of the 400, and they were all there. Dashing equipages, with finely-groomed, blooded stock, lined Taylor Street as if on review, while modish gowns and dainty capotes were lavishly displayed in the parlors of the residence. Mrs. Tevis has always been fond of flowers and plants, hence there was no lack of them wherever one looked, and their colors were artistically blended. The hostess was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Fred Sharon, Countess Festetics, Mrs. Louis T. Haggin, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco, Mrs. Henry Janin, Mrs. Joshua Tevis, Mrs. E. B. Coleman, Miss Hager, Miss Lena Blanding, Miss Newlands, and Miss Alice Ames. The tea was, of course, like all affairs of the kind; there was music, conversation, and refreshments. That was all, but still the hours were made pleasant ones, and the affair was a fit opening of the season.

* * *

The wedding of Miss Lena Brigham, of Oakland, and Mr. Newman A. Fuller, of Irving, Mich., was one of the affairs that one can always look back to with pleasure. The young lady, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Brigham, is popular on both sides of the bay and is one of the most charming of the many belles in the City of Oaks. Mr. Fuller is a wealthy mining man and has been located principally in Alaska during the past four years. It was a home wedding in the midst of pretty decorations. Miss Crane was the maid of honor, Mr. Bradford was best man, Miss Fitzgerald, of Oakland, and Miss McKinney, of Santa Cruz, were the bridesmaids, and the flower-bearers were Misses Gladys and Beulah Brigham. The wedding presents were of great beauty, among them being a complete set of diamonds from the groom to the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Fuller have gone to Michigan to visit his relatives, and will pass the winter in Cuba and Florida. In the spring they will visit here and then go to Chicago for the summer, as Mr. Fuller is one of the World's Fair Commissioners. After that they will travel in Europe for a year and then return to reside here.

* * *

Miss Aileen Ivers and her mother have left Aix-les-Bains, and are seeing the sights of "gay Paree." I also understand that Miss Ivers is having her *trousseau* made by Worth, and that its details are something marvelous for the feminine mind to think about. It seems that we are to be debarred the pleasure of seeing Miss Ivers here prior to her marriage to Mr. Robinson, and furthermore that she will not visit Mrs. Irwin at Honolulu. They will arrive in New York early in November, and remain there until the wedding takes place.

* * *

Again I hear sad tidings from Oakland. It is now an open secret that Miss Ray Voorman has broken her engagement to young Mr. Kip, and has gone to the Tavern of Castle Crags to rejoice—or do otherwise. There is no telling what girls will do, and they generally do as they please.

* * *

Fred Somers was host to a unique outing party on Thursday. The objective point was the scene of the Bohemian Club's high jinks, and the trip through Mill Valley was made on burros. The party consisted of Mrs. Volney Spaulding, Mrs. Herbert, Miss Herbert, Frederick Douglas, and others.

* * *

A farewell dinner to Spencer Buckbee and Warren Clark was given at the Pacific-Union Club on Wednesday evening last. It was a very jolly affair, and a series of sorrowful speeches deprecating Mr. Buckbee's and Mr. Clark's abandonment of single blessedness were made. I believe, however, the saddle of mutton that is a feature of P. U. dinners was not carved with the precision that the members insist on. The sentiment of the occasion was voiced by Downey Harvey, who demanded indignantly if there could not be found a carpenter to cut the beef.

* * *

The Concordia ball is set for October 15th, and should be a very interesting affair, being the opening hop of the season. Great preparations in the way of gowns are being made by the debutantes, and I am given to understand there are to be several additions to the list of belles. The "Christopher Columbus" performance, with which the San Francisco Verein inaugurates the year, will take place two weeks later. On next Saturday evening the Cercle Français gives a ball in honor of the officers of the man-of-war "Dubourdieu" that arrives here on the fourth. I am sure it will prove as enjoyable as other affairs that this Club has given in the past.

* * *

AMONG THE SERIOUS SLANDERS on the celestial regions is the current assumption that certain marriages are made in heaven. Just how they are arranged is as difficult to understand as to decide in which especial nuptials the angels have interfered. However, neither influence nor riches are available in the connection and the only antidote to painful possibilities is the cultivation of an equable disposition and a stout epidermis. However, all this is anent a highly sanctified union that was celebrated with all the rites of the church some months ago. Bride and groom enjoyed social prominence and the estimation that

Richardson & Robbins' Plum Pudding—A Delicious Dessert.

always accompanies a few well-invested hundred thousands. She was not beautiful, but it was alleged she was both good and clever—a combination that the charitable present as a substitute for a lack of physical seductiveness.

* * *

He was actually inclined to be gay, this young husband, and to have a good time. Only two weeks after the twain were made one, he began to neglect her. Indeed, ere the honeymoon had passed and gone he suggested he was bored, and evinced a desire for other company than that of his heart's love. How very sad all this is. Here, undoubtedly is a marriage that was not made in heaven, though the social auspices were everything the exacting insist upon. I must confess I cannot quite blame the young gentleman who is by no means destitute of wit. She should have known better than marry a man of his type. That old aphorism about the adhesion of leopards to spots is as good sense nowadays as in the days gone by.

* * *

NOW THAT MISS MINNIE DEERING is married, I wonder will Lieutenant Sam Murphy return to San Francisco? Miss Deering is a very pretty girl, and the young gentleman she has espoused is as handsome a man as I have seen in a long time. He is tall, broad-shouldered, and finely built—quite distinguished looking, indeed, and so far as appearances go, both are to be congratulated. They were married on the seventeenth of September in the First Congregational Church, Oakland, by Rev. Dr. McLean, and the ceremony was witnessed by several mutual friends. The only reason the bride desired to avoid publicity was the fear of newspaper notoriety. She was in dread of this Murphy story being brought up. She and her husband left for Yokohama on the "City of Pekin" for a honeymoon trip and will return here within a few weeks. If some of the journalistic young gentlemen who wove so entertaining a mystery about her departure would but go to the passenger list they would find there the name of W. B. Price and wife in very plain handwriting.

* * *

Miss Deering's career has been a peculiar one. Not only is she a very pretty girl, but she has a graceful, well-proportioned figure, and possesses wit and intelligence. These terms I don't apply in the conventional sense, for, of course, every girl, foolish or otherwise, is always clever in print. She is really witty, audacious, and independent. She graduated from the Girls' High School with a group of damsels still well known "in the swim," and by reason of her relationship with them, her beauty, and her wit, was taken up and made much of by a number of men who were then prominent in Society. She was courted and feted, and finally Sam Murphy fell desperately in love with her. He insisted she should speak to no other male, for he was a jealous lover, and sent her scores of missives couched in the saccharine strain dear to the enamored of all ages.

* * *

They exuded warmth and sweetness, did these letters. The correspondence of Abdelard and Heloise pales in comparison. However, there came an end. Lieutenant Murphy prepared to depart to his adopted British home, and failed to insist on Miss Deering marrying him. He had said the fatal words, she alleges, but had gone no further. There was a scene. The young lady had friends who insisted on interfering. Very stupid, vulgar people they were, and, on their advice, she commenced against Mr. Murphy an action for breach of promise. He escaped before the papers could be served on him, and I believe has not set foot on American soil since.

* * *

Of course, after that, Miss Deering was dead socially. She had good friends, however, who stood by her and she proceeded to help herself. She set about studying for the stage and appeared with Joseph Grismer in several pieces. She supported herself by teaching elocution and other subjects, and steadfastly refused all overtures from the Murphy family who tried vainly to compromise with her. A few days before her departure for China, I believe, she refused an offer of $10,000 to withdraw her suit. I presume the whole business will now be permitted to drop. Of the stories circulated about Mr. Price's financial affairs, the majority are lacking in foundation. His father is prominently identified with the Yale-Allen Lock Company he represented here, and he is financially able to meet any indebtedness he may incur.

* * *

A little investigation on the part of the dailies would have shown the fact of a marriage having been performed, and also that there had been no elopement. The suggestion conveyed by the articles in both the *Post* and *Examiner* was not only unjustifiable but unkind.

* * *

The Saturday Morning Concert will give its second concert on November 1st, at the Grand Opera House, for the benefit of the Maria Kip Orphanage and Hahnemann Hospital. The soloists will be Mrs. Edward Everett Wise, Miss Julia Newman, and Miss Alice Ames. J. H. Rosewald is the leader.

* * *

At Odd Fellows' Hall on Monday night George Riddle will read "A Midsummer Night's Dream," accompanied by an orchestra of thirty musicians under the direction of H. J. Stewart. The entertainment promises to be a notable one.

* * *

I thought that the Democrats would put up Duncan Hayne for one of the Superior Judges. It was a good selection, and I believe he will be elected. Hayne is a thoroughly educated man, and has one of the best legal minds of the younger generation at the bar. He is an available man with his own party and should draw a host of Republican votes. I believe he was one of the few candidates who were acceptable generally to the bar. No one had anything to say against him, except that he was a young man, but as he is nearly thirty, this seemed rather to help than to hurt him.

* * *

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Emily L. Phillips and Mr. Benjamin Lauer will take place next Tuesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, 1247 Franklin Street.

* * *

JOURNALISTIC CIRCLES are deeply interested in the position of the Daily Evening *Report*. After having enjoyed a "cinch" on the public printing for a number of years, by means of a dextrous arrangement whereby the city gained and the citizens were plundered, it is compelled to face conditions which prohibited the continuance of the system. A new contract has been entered into, whereby Mr. Bunker's journal binds itself to do all classes of printing for 7 cents a thousand ems. Now, as the schedule rate in the Typographical Union for printing is 45 cents, it will be seen that the paper must lose about 38 cents per thousand—involving a total loss of something like $500 or $600 per month, at the very least.

* * *

That the *Report* has been built up on the possession of this public printing admits of no doubt. Its owners, Messrs. Bunker & Heister, are both of the opinion that its loss would seriously injure not only the prestige, but also the circulation and business of the journal. Besides, a large amount of money is owed them by citizens all over town —$50,000 the sum is stated at, and they believe they can more readily collect this amount by retaining the printing than by permitting their rivals to obtain it. Besides they have a subscription list that is worth fully $1000 per month, derived entirely from the municipal announcements that appear solely in its columns. Of course, the 7 cent bid was too low, but Mr. Bunker imagined his rivals were about to offer to do the work for 10 cents per thousand ems. Instead, the bid of the *Evening Post* was 27½ cents, at which figure the printing would prove a very profitable proposition.

* * *

However, Mr. Bunker and Mr. Heister are two very smart business men, and if anyone can make money out of the contract they will. It must not be forgotten that the probabilities point to a Democratic Municipal Administration, and that means plums in the way of printing announcements for the different offices that will go some distance toward recouping the loss.

* * *

NOTHING THAT HAS HAPPENED in a political way for many years has seemed to me so uproariously funny as the effort of Thomas Jefferson Longfellow Smiley, City and County Auditor, to get his name upon the

Richardson & Robbins' Potted Ham for Picnics and Teas.

Non-Partisan Convention's ticket without indorsing its platform. There is but one construction to be placed upon his conduct, provided it is conceded (as seems to be the fact) that he asked the Non-Partisans in the first instance to nominate him. That construction is that he considers himself a truly great man. When a City Hall official imbibes the idea that he is a truly great man his head begins to resemble the dome of the Hall of Records. He thinks the city cannot get along without him, that, in fact, if he is not re-elected there will be an end of government in the town. When he awakens on the morning after the election and discovers that his head was entirely in the nature of a carbuncle—the only thing necessary for its reduction having been, so to speak, a political lancet—he is transfixed with amazement. Sometimes this amazement is so painful that it results in a speedy decline. In fact, the discovery by a City Hall Tax-eater that not only can the people get along without him, but that they don't want him at any price has before now culminated in instant death.

* * *

Mr. Smiley's case, however, is in my estimation a mixture of swelled head and stupidity. His course in the Election Commission, where he voted the other day to disfranchise the Non-Partisans, demonstrates that stupidity enters largely into his makeup. I have not the pleasure of Mr. Smiley's acquaintance. Perhaps if I were to measure his massive dome of thought and inspect the depths of his intellectual consciousness, I might entertain a different opinion; but, basing my judgment upon his actions in this campaign, I should unhesitatingly pronounce him to be the champion ass of the planet. A man who will deliberately place himself before the public in the attitude Mr. Smiley now occupies, can certainly have no claim to the possession of common sense. His play with the Non-Partisan Convention not only effected the instant removal of his name from the ticket of that powerful party, but it has disgraced him in the eyes of thousands of his fellow citizens. He plainly sought the indorsement of the Non-Partisans without conforming to their principles—most dishonorable political chicanery—and when he told Martin Kelly's Convention that he withdrew from the Non-Partisan ticket because he was a "Republican," he stated that which was untrue. Every man, woman, and child in town knows that the Non-Partisans fired him off their ticket.

* * *

But his most stupid trick was his vote in the Election Commission. When a politician essays to use the election machinery of a large city like this to promote his political prospects he fools wtih dangerous weapons. No man anywhere has ever done so and permanently succeeded. For proof of this let me refer Mr. Smiley to history. In 1886 the Board of Election Commissioners consisted of Bartlett, Mayor; Strother, Auditor (Democrats); and Love, City and County Attorney; Wadham, Tax Collector, and Tilton, Surveyor (Republicans). According to custom the Republicans, early in the campaign, declared their intention of appointing from their own party a majority of the members of the Precinct Registration Boards, which consist of an Inspector and two Judges each. Bartlett was a candidate for Governor and Strother for Auditor, and both conceded their right and power. They split with their colleagues, however, as to the method. After a protracted wrangle one day, Mr. Love threw a package of manuscript upon the table and moved that the names contained within it comprise the Precinct Registration Boards. He declined to tell where the names came from or who had selected them. A roll call was had, and, in spite of the protests of Bartlett and Strother, the motion was carried by the votes of Love, Wadham, and Tilton.

* * *

The three Commissioners thus signed their political death warrants. A storm immediately broke over their heads, for everybody knew that Bill Higgins had prepared the list and directed Love to present it. All three were candidates for re-election to the offices they then filled, and when the ballot boxing came off all three were badly defeated. Evidently this lesson was lost on Surveyor Tilton, for after four years of private life he is again engaged in the same old business—this time under the orders of Kelly and Crimmins. The attempt of Smiley and Tilton, backed by Sanderson and Durst (retired) to use the electoral machinery for the success of the bosses they represent, will certainly prove fatal once more. I am willing to hazard my reputation as a prophet on this statement: Smiley will be defeated by a larger majority than any candidate on any ticket, and Tilton will make him a good second. It is fortunate for Sanderson and Durst that they are not going to run. After all, next to a goose, a machine politician is the biggest fool on earth.

* * *

IN SELECTING the Board of Supervisors for the coming election, the fact that Boss Kelly and his partner, Phil, ignored the claims of all the members of the present Board, except two, has struck me with considerable surprise. Of course, the reason for renominating Albert Heyer, the sitting member from the Ninth Ward, is quite apparent. Heyer is serving his sixth year and during all that time he has conducted himself with signal integrity. Unquestionably his name has been placed on the ticket to give it a tone of respectability. It is also reasonably plain why Mr. Pat Coffee, the sitting member from the Eighth Ward, has been renominated. As Chairman of the Fire Committee during the past two years, he has become possessed of information and made connections in the Fire Department which render it exceedingly dangerous to ignore him. In addition, he has, I think, drank regularly at the Third Street saloon ever since that refectory was established last year. In fact, I have heard it said that Pat never takes a drink at any other place. The inspiration a man derives from coming in daily contact with Mr. Kelly's and Mr. Crimmins' bar, cannot be underrated when Convention time comes.

* * *

But how could Martin and his partner ignore the claims of Supervisors Burling, Curtis, Ayer, Carnes, Hunt, Taber, and Wilkinson? I can guess an answer as to four of these—Curtis, Ayer, Carnes, and Hunt. They are as Supervisors silent voters, and possess no real political sagacity likely to embarrass a dextrous boss like Kelly. He can tell each one of them, now that the Convention has concluded its labors, "I am very sorry; I did the best I could, but the down-town people who forced these candidates upon us would not listen to your renomination and I could not hold the Convention down.' And I have no doubt that every one of the four would swallow the yarn. But Burling, Taber, and Wilkinson are what are called "smart" men. They do not gulp down fairy stories on every subject, and in dealing with them Martin would certainly be compelled to talk on a business basis, for they would listen to no other kind of talk. The question, then, is, how were Kelly and Crimmins able to get rid of Burling, Taber, and Wilkinson?

* * *

I have it upon the best of authority that all three were candidates. Taber first aspired to become Superintendent of Streets, and when that was refused he wanted to be renominated for Supervisor from the Eleventh Ward. Burling first asked the Non-Partisan Convention to renominate him, and Wilkinson's darling ambition has been to run again for the Twelfth Ward. Kelly and Crimmins are under deep obligations to the entire seven, and under ordinary circumstances they would have been disinclined to break with any one of them. The truth is, however, that these bosses are thoroughly dissatisfied with the present Board of Supervisors. It has been too independent—the creature, in fact, of an outside combination unfriendly to the financial supremacy of the Third Street firm. This remark may seem ambiguous. Let me explain. In the first place, the members of the present Board of Supervisors were selected by a committee of what Kelly calls "high joint" Republicans. They were forced upon the Convention two years ago in spite of him. Immediately upon entering office they developed decided reform tendencies. Their spasm of virtue encompassed the repeal of all the work of the "Solid Nine," their predecessors, and lasted about six months. Then they concluded to make the most of their opportunities and a combination of nine was formed which has continued until the present moment.

* * *

For a long time Mr. Pillsbury, Mayor Sanderson's attorney, was the political "adviser" of the combine. To him all persons desiring special privileges and corporations

anxious for franchises were compelled to apply. Mr. Pillsbury was considered by the outsiders doing business with the Supervisors as a particularly happy selection for "adviser," because it was supposed his advice carried with it the signature of the Mayor. It was said that a rupture took place between Mr. Pillsbury and the Nine sometime last year, and subsequently there were signs that Martin Kelly had been called in to tell the members how to vote. But the arrangements between him and the Nine have been more or less unsatisfactory for months past. The leaders, Taber, Wilkinson, and Burling, have been altogether too independent to suit the Third Street autocrat. When the Convention met, therefore, he concluded to "dump" the entire crowd, and he did so without much ceremony.

There will be no dispute as to who will be the political "adviser" of the Board of Supervisors nominated by the Republican Convention last Saturday night, in the event of its election. For campaign purposes Martin Kelly has shrewdly renominated Pat Coffee. Pat's regard for his own political welfare will cause him during next month to break with the Nine, and the Eight cannot enact any legislation without the Mayor's signature. Martin is understood to have an arrangement with Mr. Pillsbury whereby Mayor Sanderson is to veto any crooked work performed between now and election time. This shows how patriotic Martin can be in an emergency. He will not let the wayward Supervisors injure the reputation of the G. O. P. until after November 8th, even if he loses a bag of boodle by it.

* * *

THE DRUBBING administered to Senator W. E. Dargie, of the Oakland *Tribune*, by the good people of the Twenty-seventh Senatorial District on Saturday last, may have surprised the Senator, but it does not surprise me. The Oaklanders are a fickle set and they do not worship at the same shrine very long. They have had numerous idols during the past ten years, to whom their devotion at times seemed most sublime, but they have dumped them all into the *consommé* at last. Mr. Dargie has merely received the usual dose. For a long time the late Henry Vrooman was the particular pet of the Oaklanders. They returned him to the Senate twice, and for upward of twelve years recognized his leadership in local affairs. Vrooman was a blacksmith, and many of his followers remembered with sentimental affection when he thumped the anvil by day and read law books by night until he became a famous lawyer. But he finally reached the end of his rope. Four years ago the young editor contested the Senatorship with him at an open primary. Vrooman then discovered to his great surprise that the Oaklanders were tired of him. He was disgracefully knocked out.

* * *

While Dargie's defeat may be attributed in part to the fact that the fickle Oaklanders wish to see him get off the earth as soon as possible, that was not the only reason they had for pouring him into the soup. Ex-Governor George C. Perkins, a new idol, it seems, is a candidate for United States Senator. All along his men have been disputing the progress in Alameda County of Frank Stone, Mr. De Young's manager. It was around the capacious "bar'l" of Governor Perkins that the anti-Dargie element rallied. I am informed that Mr. De Young is very unpopular across the bay. Just why this is so, does not appear. I am also informed that Mr. Stone's unpopularity is even more acute than that of Mr. De Young's. The cause of the universal disesteem entertained for Mr. Stone has a story connected with it, which is sufficiently curious to merit a passing comment. A few years ago, it appears, Mr. Stone belonged to the American party. He was new in politics then, and, like most young men who enter the filthy pool, imagined that he had been born to reform the world. The Americans nominated him for Congress in the old Fifth District, and relied on him to stick. As the day of election approached, however, Stone's courage oozed out, and he withdrew from the "fight."

* * *

His opponents in the Congressional race were Timothy Guy Phelps (Rep.) and Thomas J. Clunie (Dem.). The American party was very strong in Oakland—which is another way of saying that Oakland at that time abounded with callow politicians—and when Stone withdrew the Oaklanders declared that he had sold out to Phelps. They openly charged him with perfidy, and to this day they continue to say hard things of him. After Stone's withdrawal the Americans took their revenge by voting against Phelps, and Clunie was elected by less than a hundred majority. Consequently, when Stone showed up in Oakland a few weeks ago, these young Americans, all of whom are now Republicans, immediately reopened the old wounds. I am surprised, therefore, first, that Mr. De Young sent Mr. Stone to Oakland, and, second, that he should attempt to "do politics" with Senator Dargie.

* * *

Although the Senator is quite bright and affable, he never was and never will be a strong man in politics. His coadjutor in political journalism, Mr. Frank Moffit, of the *Times*, is much cleverer. Frank is the most adroit politician on the other side of the bay. If Mr. De Young relies on Jonahs like Mr. Stone to make him Senator, he will never wear the toga. Some fellows, as Brer. Bierce would say, could not win a dog fight.

* * *

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE in flagships, and from the "San Francisco" to the "Thetis" is a severe sort of drop. Admiral Brown elected to raise his flag over the antiquated tub rather than have no ship at all, and as a matter of course all the officers here are laughing in a rather unkindly manner. I am told that Admiral Brown is an excellent officer, with rather strict ideas of discipline. When at Honolulu he was instructed to come to this port; his orders were not sealed, but he refused to reveal the destination of his cruiser until she was at sea. As the officers had their wives at the Hawaiian capital, this was a hardship. Had the Admiral informed his men that San Francisco was his destination, the officers' families could have come hither and joined their lords and masters. As it was, some of them did not arrive in time to see the ship sail away.

* * *

Admiral Gherardi, whose flag floats over the "San Francisco," has a delicate and pleasant mission. After participating in the commemoration exercises at San Diego, he will proceed to the principal ports of the Central and South American countries, and overcome the fiery sentiments of the people with wine and wassail. It will be his duty to prove that we are a loving and lovable race, that our larders are open to the great men of other countries, and that we are prepared to feed them into a spirit of friendliness. He is also charged with the duty of advertising the World's Fair. He will devote some of his valuable time to Chile, and it is hoped that his efforts will result in restoring that country to its former amicable state. Admiral Gherardi is a diplomate, and he will have plenty of opportunity of displaying his talents.

* * *

OVER IN TIBURON the voters show a remarkable knowledge of metropolitan political methods. The Democratic primaries were held on Tuesday, and the ballot-box, whose purity is unquestioned, was forcibly removed by the losing party and carried to a back room. The box was captured before the robbers accomplished their diabolical designs, but Tiburon shivers yet when it thinks of the dreadful fate of the ballot had the interested persons succeeded in their purpose. The winning ticket had a majority of over thirty votes, nearly all of which were deposited by residents of Belvedere. It was impossible to defeat it; every man on it bore the right name; each cognomen was ornamented in front with "Mc," excepting one; this was J. H. Keefe. The others on the ticket were J. D. McSwell, G. A. McNeill, and G. H. McMullin. No political combination in Marin County could beat that.

* * *

The people of Belvedere rejoiced very heartily at the success of their ticket, and they willingly bought arnica to anoint the wounds of their voters. The pleasant suburb has not shown so much excitement since Captain Lohse stubbed his toe on a gold nugget on the hill some months ago. The many pretty residences were illuminated with Japanese lanterns, and a display of fireworks, similar to that of Sunday evening, was made in the Eastern sky.

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I am informed that George Taylor Goggin, youngest brother of Mrs. E. W. Goggin, of Shamrock Lodge, who is stationed with his regiment at Misseerabad, India, has had

his promotion to Surgeon-Major gazetted. Surgeon-Major Goggin is one of the youngest men to hold this position in the British army, and his friends are elated at his rapid promotion.

* * *

IN THIS SELFISH and degenerate age, it is interesting to hear of self-sacrifice and romantic feeling. I am given to understand that Dr. Selfridge, who is to marry Miss Lolita Monteverde some time in October, has been converted to Catholicism at the request of his *fiancée*. The prospective bride is a strict Romanist, and refused, I am told, to link her fate with a man who professed a different form of belief. I am not aware that Dr. Selfridge was prominently identified with any particular religion, and perhaps the sacrifice may be greater in the abstract than in the concrete. The fact remains, however, that he has been converted, and I presume Miss Monteverde is happy.

* * *

It is a long time since any local bridegroom evinced so profound a degree of admiration for the maiden of his choice as to change his religion at her behest. The episode suggests missionary possibilities of an interesting character. Atheism is increasing so rapidly that in church circles the conviction is growing that the Gospel must be spread at home rather than abroad. That femininity is stauncher in adhering to the faith is recognized. The chances are, therefore, that holiness will in future be made a condition of matrimony. Whoever would marry must first assume an "ism." This would be very dreadful, but would do away with breach of promise suits.

* * *

THE LATEST IDEA in swell Republican Clubs is the semi-detached drill corps. In days gone by the Dirigos constituted a very individual organization, and on great occasions tramped the cobbles with all the zeal born of youth and vitality. Now, however, that they are older and richer and more important, and call their club the Union League, they have others to do the marching, and their part is that of spectator, which, it must be admitted, they fill with considerable self-satisfaction. The Drill Corps is made up of young fellows who imagine that temporary membership in the swell political organization, combined with the right to wear a gorgeous uniform and to "waugh-ugh-waugh" in processions is due recompense for the cobble-tramping and drilling entailed on them. The other night there was a big pow-wow in the Wigwam, at which George Knight and other Republican lights held forth. The Drill Corps was a feature of the prefatory parade, and arrived at destination very tired, dusty, and thirsty.

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Captain Koster, the young gentleman who presides over the League's Drill Corps, is a Martinet. Straight and slim as a clothes-prop, he is also blonde, imposing and important. In a militia way he is everything imaginable, and, I believe, may yet attain the dizzy height whereon the gifted Dickinson sits enthroned. His ambition, however, is to be a Major-General. However, Captain Koster marched at the head of the Corps, and was as thirsty as the rest when he reached the Wigwam. On the veranda of a cottage adjoining stood Dr. Westphal and some friends. To the perspiring and dusty commander he called: "How would some beer go, Koster?"

"Great," was the answer, and the Captain rushed in the direction of the promised refreshment. A glass of the amber nectar was handed him. He raised it to his lips, when a thought struck him. To the porch in front of the Drill Corps, still drawn up in line, he made his way.

"Boys," he shouted exultantly, "how would you like to have some of this? Here's one on you."

* * *

He lifted the glass and attempted to drain it. Not a drop came. Instead, his lips came in contact with a solid substance that tasted uncommonly like resin. There arose a loud laugh from the group behind him. The Corps, seeing the trick, joined in, the result was a wild guffaw that set the unfortunate Captain blushing like a collection of roses. Several magnums of "Extra dry" contributed to assuage the thirst and the memories of the Corps when they all returned to the Club.

* * *

THE BOHEMIAN CLUB'S new building will disappoint a great army of people who are prepared to expect something unique in architectural design and finish. I must admit that I hoped to see a structure thoroughly representative of what the Bohemian Club professes to be, but from the plans I can find nothing but an ordinary building that might as well be a hotel as the home of the culture and genius of the Pacific Coast. With the splendid array of artists whose names adorn the membership, something superb in architecture, some divine measure of "frozen music" was to be expected; from the pinnacle of expectation the plans show a commonplace building in the making of which genius has had no hand.

* * *

The style will be the Italian renaissance; and I can bestow more just praise on the architect's ability as a copyist than on his virtue of imagination. Yet I will not blame the architect; possibly, from an artistic standpoint, the censure should fall on the Building Committee. The members of this body are not artists, and may not be supposed to know what is best. It might have been well to have added to their inartistic number a few gentlemen whose ability to chose between styles of architecture would not have been rendered impossible by reasons that heredity alone could explain. For Mr. Pissis, I can only say that I hope the choice was not entirely his own. A Beaux Arts man, he has added to a native ability in his profession the knowledge that comes with years of study; but while he is a splendid architect, he lacks the imagination to fit him for the task of overcoming the preconceived notions of the Building Committee. That is why the Bohemian Club's new house will be conventional and prosaic. The building will be of yellow bricks, with terra cotta trimmings.

* * *

While the exterior will be a disappointment, I gather from the plans that the interior will be all that the most exacting clubman could desire. Every inch of the four stories will be employed to his advantage and pleasure. The basement will possess a feature that cannot fail to make the Club popular, a ladies' *café*. This will be a very swell restaurant, and the furnishing will be artistically harmonious. It will be on the Mason and Sutter Street side, in the tower-like wing, and will have a private vestibule entrance from the first-named street. Here the members can bring their ladies, and it is quite likely that some of the *cafés* that depend now for existence on the fashionables will feel the effect of the innovation. In the basement, too, will be the grillroom, devoted exclusively to the sterner sex. The kitchen and service rooms will also be located here.

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The main floor has a big entrance in the centre of the Sutter Street façade, and to the right of this is the members' *café*, which with these mentioned, would indicate that a *chef's* apron will shortly be hung above the owl. Here, also, are the billiard and winerooms. On the left of the Sutter Street front is the great dining-room, and behind this are the offices, with a visitor's room at the end of the hall. The feature of this floor is the grand staircase, leading up to an immense court, lighted by a huge dome. Behind the stairs is the jinks room, occupying the entire north side of the building on this floor. On the Mason and Sutter Streets side is the reading-room, and over the dining hall are the card-rooms and library. The entire top floor is devoted to apartments for the members.

The building will stand on a fifty-vara lot, and will occupy about 115 square feet; it will have a frontage on all sides, and will stand back from the street. This is its chief feature.

* * *

At George Riddle's reading on Friday evening he presented a "request" programme, a special feature of which was Sir Caverlaye's Midnight Ride, "Yvernelle," by Frank Norris, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Norris, of this city. It is a legend of mediæval France. Sir Caverlaye has gone forth, after the manner of knights-errant in search of adventure. In Spain, forgetful of his vows to fair Yvernelle, of Brittomarte, he fell a victim to the charms of the beautiful Guhaldrada, of whose exactions he soon wearied. Returning to Brittomarte, Sir Caverlaye learned with consternation that Yvernelle had resolved to take the veil that day at midnight. Mounted on the fastest steed that could he brought, Sir Caverlaye rode to the nunnery at Kaerenais to rescue Yvernelle. This is the plan in brief,

and Mr. Norris made quite a dramatic story out of it, which Mr. Riddle interpreted excellently. Many friends of Mr. Norris were present, several parties having been formed especially to hear the selection.

* * *

IT SEEMS A PITY that so many pretty girls should run into one type of blonde beauty as there did at the Altenheim Fair. Personally, I like blonde girls just as well as dark ones—I've fallen in love with both—but a superabundance of golden curls palls after a bit, especially when the ruddy lips that lie in the vicinity of said curls speak soft nothings in a language that I do not pretend to understand. Who were the prettiest girls there is a question I have heard asked a dozen times. There are pretty girls and pretty girls, and tastes differ the wide world over as everybody knows. Among the visitors there were countless charming faces, among the girls in the booths there was a sprinkling of beauty. I picked out a half a dozen of the charmers that seemed in my eyes as divine as any of the others, and I asked each one whom she thought the loveliest. Their answers when boiled down into a homogeneous whole left about eight or ten really sweet ones in the entire Pavilion.

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Only a couple of them mentioned one little girl as good-looking, and as I thought her as fetching in her general makeup as anybody else in the place, I must be a poor judge of feminine attractiveness. Her name was Miss Litchenberg—Miss Charlotte Litchenberg it is, I believe; but, as I don't know the young lady from Adam, I may be wrong. She was dressed in white and yellow. Half-a-dozen yards of yellow ribbon twisted around in streamers somehow; pretty, light hair that came down over the temples in Marie Bashkirtscheff style; pretty eyes that crinkled up at the corners somehow, and—— But that don't matter. Another one that many of them considered awfully sweet was Miss Helen Frank. She's dark; her nose isn't Roman, but she can talk with her face, so to speak, has "manner," which is everything, and appeared to have friends all over the place. Miss Rose Frankel was another girl whose co-mates voted divinely fair. She wore white with red trimmings, but, honestly, I forget what she looked like. But I remember Miss Leontine Schwarzchild, however—the first half of that name is romantic. She had the most catching pair of eyes in the outfit, and the fact that she wore trousers and a *gashmak*, like Sultanas are supposed to do, made her conspicuous. With a true oriental face and particularly oriental eyes that the *gashmak* accentuated, she cut quite a conspicuous figure in the throng of pretty peddlers.

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That these are invidious comparisons, I am well aware, but having a tendency in favor of expressing opinions, I must live up to it. Miss Lenore Rothschild, whose loveliness is of that impassively regular style that all girls seem to love, made a good third in the vote of rival beauties, and I think she more than deserved it. Miss Dora Saalburg was also high in the reckoning, and I would say that though she is unmistakably pretty, or rather attractive-looking, her beauty lies rather in her grace and elegance—good stereotyped expression that—than in classic contours. She is pretty, but it is the prettiness of looking and being nice more than the beauty that resides in lines and angles. A particularly attractive couple, that never seemed to get separated, was made up of Miss Rose Steinhardt and Miss Helen Mayrisch. Miss Steinhardt is dark and vivacious looking. Big eyes, dark hair, heaps of expression and all that sort of thing. In fact she is altogether attractive and quite jolly to talk to. So is Miss Mayrisch, only she is tall and willowly and blonde as a Nile lily. Miss Rose Fecheimer was another admitted belle, and—— Oh, there were others on the list and I can't remember them.

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MRS. LOUIS HAGGIN, a lady of pronounced literary aspirations, devoted, it is said, to antique French and other languages deservedly dead, has had erected in her garden a Japanese pavilion. Quite an artistic structure in its way, it is built of bamboo after an old design, and a subject of the Mikado is architect and carpenter. It promises to be very graceful when the architect-carpenter has put finishing touches on it, and then, I believe, Mrs. Haggin purposes writing in the good old French of Rabelais a poem on life in Chrysanthemum land. It is possible, too, she may give a tea, receiving her guests in the pagoda dressed in a *kimona* of exceeding beauty. This would undoubtedly be both novel and interesting, and would certainly create a social sensation.

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Sensation, I say advisedly, for Mrs. Louis Haggin conceals with considerable success her admiration for the local 400. Being a woman of refinement and more than ordinary culture, she could hardly fail to appreciate the wit, beauty, and fine manners of our *beau monde*, their exquisite tact, their subtlety of intelligence. There are persons, indeed, who insist that San Francisco Society is not only stupid but vulgar, but Mrs. Haggin, who has lived in Paris among bright people, knows this could not be so. The fact is she is in terror of being surfeited with epigrams and *bon mots* which, as everyone knows, are the current conversation in the ranks of the *elite*. That is why she receives no one. In the meantime the pagoda progresses, and Count Festetics has advanced quite a distance in the *Meister-Chaft* books. By the time he reaches twenty-four, he will doubtless be able to speak English quite cleverly.

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THE FINAL CHAPTER is to be added to the unfortunate history of poor Henry Baxter, whose amorous eccentricities formed so interesting a topic of conversation at Del Monte this past season. After receiving his *congé* from the hotel authorities he went to Pacific Grove and was there taken care of by some kind friends who came all the way from Chicago to minister to his necessities. Then, his brother, accompanied by a physician, arrived from England and assumed control of the unfortunate's movements. His intention was to bring Henry home as soon as possible, but this the physician advised against. The result was that this very interesting invalid was placed in Dr. Whitwell's private asylum in San Mateo.

* * *

There he was very quiet, betraying no evidence of the infatuation that caused his derangement. Indeed, he conversed with a marked degree of sanity on a variety of subjects and was finally adjudged sufficiently restored to be removed. He and his brother were passengers on the last Panama steamer, and from Colon will take berth for England. One cannot help pitying an unfortunate whose career is blighted by so marked a degree of mental weakness.

* * *

THE NEW DIRECTORS of the Press Club have inaugurated their term with a fine display of energy. Among other conclusions arrived at after due deliberation is to seek other quarters than the old Bohemian Club and the $1500 which the entertainment is expected to yield will be expended in making the change and fitting up the chosen apartments. It is very true that the present rooms are singularly lacking in that atmosphere of coziness and comfort that go to make an agreeable club, but it is also certain that they are the best in town for receptions, late watches, and the entertainments that the newspapermen give at such frequent intervals.

* * *

The Club's reception, last night, was a most interesting affair. Beside the usual variety entertainment in the shape of singing and music, there was another feature familiar enough to journalists but exceedingly inter-

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

esting to the Club's guests who are not of the race of scribes. A portion of the room near the window was curtained off to represent the office of a managing editor—time, early in the morning. The functionary was represented by W. W. Naughton, who, in shirt-sleeves, armed with a blue pencil, is busily engaged in cutting down copy, swearing because of the lack of space and the copiousness of his force. To him entered a youth in a species of lawn tennis costume, with a dainty cap on his head.

* * *

He presented a manuscript, the text of an ode to Spring, containing heaven knows how many stanzas. Aghast at his presumption, the managing editor gazed at the youth, then, taking him by the neck and pants, coolly escorted him to the window, and, to the consternation of the audience, flung him through it. Of course, arrangements had been perfected on the outside to prevent the poet's massacre, but the effect was perfect. Then followed a very interesting reproduction of the Sullivan-Corbett encounter condensed into five rounds, the participants being Eddy Greaney and George Dawson. Jackson and the new champion are perhaps the only superiors these young men have in dexterity and skill, and their exhibition was a most entertaining one.

* * *

IN A CERTAIN fashionable boarding-house resides a tall, broad-shouldered personage, who so prides himself on the possession of positive good looks, that he takes liberties which in individuals less favored would be resented. But he is really very handsome and so deliciously consequential that those who would snub stop to smile. He has an accent that is gorgeous to an amazing degree, but in spite of it and his beauty he does not always carry the day. He met, a short time ago, a bright woman to whom he had previously been introduced, and proceeded to congratulate himself in an effusive manner because she had remembered him.

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Their conversation ran something like this:

"Ah, this is indeed a pleasah, ah; and you really remembah me?" This with a killing glance.

"Yes, Mr. Soandso," she answered, "I remember you quite well."

"Thanks awfully, you know, ah. People forget so, ah. It's, ah, very flattering, indeed, and I thank you, ah, that *you* should not have forgotten me." He bowed with his hand on his heart.

"Under the circumstances we met, it would be quite impossible to forget you, Mr. Soandso."

"How so, ah?" deeply interested.

"You were in the hall talking to some ladies and you had your hat on." This time she smiled.

Mr. Soandso now refers to the lady as "Vewy much overrated, you know, ah."

The Witness.

"THE ARTISTS' CHOICE,"

OR, WHY THE HIBERNIA BANK AND THE HUNTINGTON HOUSE ARE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BUILDINGS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

BY WILLIS POLK.

In spite of the fact that twenty artists have selected it, the Hibernia Bank is still the most artistic building in San Francisco.

Why? Oh! not because the artists have selected it, but because it is probably the first building erected in this city with the idea of achieving architectural effect regardless of cost and independent of commercial utility. This may seem remarkable, and it is, and therein lies the secret of the beauty of the design. Twenty architects submitted competitive plans for the building that twenty artists have since passed judgment on and declared beautiful. You might ask any one of these twenty artists, if you could find them (and I might remark right here that there aren't enough good pictures painted in this town to make a creditable showing for even three good painters, but will let it go as twenty,) why they consider the Hibernia Bank good architecture and not three of them would give you a single reason that could be considered intelligent. They would take refuge behind the broad statement that the building is beautiful, and it would be cruelty to press them further. But this is a digression, and has nothing to do with the fact that San Francisco has at last at least one beautiful business building, and it behooves capitalists to remark this fact.

Why is the Hibernia Bank beautiful? Because: There was no seeking after new styles in architecture; because: It was not an effort to invent impossible combinations of ideas; because: It was not an attempt to use every conceivable material extant; because: In it has been avoided nearly everything that is objectionable to the eye and offensive to good taste.

The building is so deserving of criticism that it baffles the critic. Should anyone carefully inspect the entire edifice the feelings that it would inspire would render it impossible to say aught but in praise, and to deliberately criticise the work in detail would seem but little short of sacrilege.

However, of the two façades the one fronting on Jones Street, as compared to the McAllister Street front, is a large gainer from the simple treatment of the high windows opening into the banking room. The small windows which divide the south front mar the simplicity of the colonnade which is the principal *motif* of the design. These windows are also deficient in detail; that is, they are too prominent and the architraves are too heavy.

The columns supporting the dome over the corner portico are exquisitely modeled, but the effect of the entrance suffers by the main door not being on the axis of the circular vestibule. The dome, which, by the way, is perhaps the best designed copper dome in America, and is marvelously well detailed, seems to lack the entire utility which every well regulated dome should possess. The building would doubtless have been just as imposing had the dome been placed over the centre of the banking-room instead of at the corner and thus have served its legitimate purpose, that of affording interior as well as exterior effect. Of the interior of the banking-room too much could not be said in praise, but as this article is not supposed to be wholy of an eulogistic character I must pass on as space will not allow of a criticism in detail.

By a singular coincidence, not necessarily fatal, these same twenty bumps of presumption have selected the Huntington house—late the Colton residence—on California Street, as the most artistic private dwelling in the entire city. This also is true. Of the many expensive and extensive homes that have been built in San Francisco, there are none that approach the Huntington house in modesty, dignity, and simple grandeur of outline. This is evidence in abundance that the folks who have been building have been sadly lacking in those finer feelings that inspire the first three artistic precepts—simplicity, dignity, and refinement.

The Huntington house possesses the first two, beyond any doubt, and the only criticism that suggests itself is that the detail seems to have been carelessly studied. The consequent loss in the refinement of the decorative work is, however, of a technical nature that is only noticeable to a trained eye.

JENNESS MILLER GARMENTS.

The only authorized agent for the Jenness Miller Garments on this Coast is Mrs. M. H. Ober, of 816 Marker Street and 11 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco, and of 1236 San Pablo Avenue, Oakland.

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There is something charming about the town of Haywards, Alameda County. Pure air and sunshine make it an attractive resort. The Monroe Improved Gold Cure Company have pleasant quarters at Haywards for the cure of liquor, morphine, and tobacco habits. Send for circulars and testimonials to-day. Never wait until to-morrow. San Francisco office 111 Grant Avenue.

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THE CRITIC CRITICISED.

THE BOOK READER IN ARMS.

The Constant Reader's literary opinions indicate a large income. She is extravagantly independent, exquisitely inconsistent, and actually takes herself seriously. That this latter trait betrays a lack of humor I am bound to admit, but it relieves intercourse in affording opportunities for quiet sarcasms, the point of which she is sweetly oblivious of Among her more pronounced antipathies, and I must confess the list of them is long, she includes a virulent distaste for the adroit Gunther and insists on classing Savage in the same category.

"Here," she said to me, with a yawn, "is another book by that man Savage. He is a species of demi-semi-Haggard in bad English. You know the author of 'King Solomon's Mines' writes well."

"And you fail to approve of 'Prince Schamyl's Wooing?'" I replied. "It seemed to me rather a picturesque, stirring story, told with considerable *elan*, and distinctly interesting. That Mr. Savage's style is many degrees below criticism is very true, but if he saves one a few yawns surely he is entitled to some credit."

"Yawns," she cried, "why I have done nothing else since I opened the book. You know these impossible heroes and their hair-breadth escapes bore me to death. I am not in the slightest degree interested in the Rose of Tiflis, who, I am sure, had Russian features and Tartar eyes, and is only beautiful from a biased point of view, nor in Prince Schamyl, whom I am certain was a Circassian prig of the first water. Ah, if one wants heroes who are not also pretentious bores one must go to dear old Dumas," and the Constant Reader fanned herself with a languid air of fatigue.

"You will insist I am prejudiced in the Colonel's favor," I commenced, with a very timid air, "but I must admit having found the Rose of Tiflis fascinating and the Circassian Prince quite a hero. You must agree he was decidedly brave, and it seems to me that the adventures he had are told of in a spirited and brilliant manner. It is loose, of course; there is no elegance, but the general effect is dashing and full of color. Indeed, there is more life in the book than in Haggard's more finished pictures. However, tell me, have you found a little book by E. W. Sanborn called 'People at Pisgah?'"

"Yes, and I cannot imagine why you should remind me of so silly and stupid a book. Humor at high pressure is unendurable, and Dr. Van Nuynthlee is absolutely inexcusable. Why I read the book through is a mystery to me."

"We are agreed for once," I cried, for really it was a subject for surprise. "It is a mystery to me that publishers can be found to print such utter rubbish. In the abstract, the episodes are not lacking in humor, but the author succeeds in his narrative in being sombre and dull. Yet I am told Sanborn's books have a large sale, and that people are to be found who laugh over them."

"For my part," said the Constant Reader, "I should insist on cutting anyone who thought 'People at Pisgah' amusing.'

"Permit me to believe you found 'The Swan of Vilamorta' clever," I continued, surprised to find myself uninterrupted. "It is eminently natural and painfully true. One finds the background woven into the narrative in a manner so subtle that an unique evenness of tone is obtained."

"I don't, as a rule, read Spanish stories," she answered. "They are too pessimistic. Not so in the conventional sense, but in the impression they leave on one's mind. De Maupassant is depressing and Bourget leaves one without illusions, but one can believe their point of view abnormally cynical. In Don Braulio, in this "Swan of Vilamorta," there is no hope, no future. The characters are set forth in tones that are too true."

"What seemed to me specially admirable in the book is the skill with which the character of the Swan is developed. Considered separately his actions are those of a vulgar scoundrel, and yet the shading is so delicate, yet so artful, that his detestable selfishness is veiled in a half-light, refined by his facial beauty and refinement."

"That book is artistic," she added. "Remember the cleverness of the scenes between Nieves and the Swan, the description of the vintage at Las Vides, and the discovery by Don Victoriano of his wife's unfaithfulness. They are admirably done."

"There is one passage in the book that seems to me to state more clearly than aught else I know the difficulty of attaining prominence or success nowadays. It is the advice of Don Victoriano, member of the Ministry of Spain, who, bit by bit, has fought his way upwards, to Segundo, who calmly tells him of his poetical aspirations. I remember some sentences. 'In the present state of Society in order to attain eminence in anything you must sweat blood like Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane. If it is lyric poetry that is in question, God help you! If you write comedies or farces, you have an enviable fate before you—to flatter actors, to have half an act cut out at a stroke; and then the dread of the first night and of what comes after it—which may be the worst of all. If you become a journalist, you will not have ten minutes in the day to yourself, you will make the reputation of others and you will never see even so much as the shadow of your own. If you write books—but who reads in Spain?" This successful politician goes on then to speak of politics. And one retires convinced of the utter uselessness of effort, and the emptiness of fame."

"Really, my dear Oracle," suggested the Constant Reader, "you are actually imbibing these noxious doctrines. You must not believe the world is such a dreary place, simply because the Swan was a failure, and Don Victoriano was *blasé*. As an antidote read 'His Life's Magnate,' a tale in the good English style, without art, or style, or truth, but in a manner half interesting. It is all about a wild young English baronet and a lovely maiden whom he adores. Besides falling in love with her, he does numberless foolish things, is violently self-willed, and grotesquely bad. However, he decides, for this exquisite maiden's sake, to be virtuous, but she hears of a previous attachment, the object of which makes herself disagreeably conspicuous. Indignantly his inamorata throws him over. Then he reverts to the wild, wild ways of his boyhood, and a tragedy ends the volume."

"Of course he is darkly beautiful, has flashing eyes, a muscular frame, and fascinating ways?" I interrogated.

"Yes," she murmured, stifling a yawn, "he is irredeemable, and so is the book."

Without permitting the further development of so delicate a hint, I departed.

ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Prince Schamyl's Wooing," by Richard Henry Savage. American News Company, publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"People at Pisgah," by Edwin W. Sanborn. D. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"The Swan of Vilamorta," Emilia Pardo Bazán. Cassell Publishing Company, publishers. For sale by San Francisco News Company.

"His Life's Magnet," by Theodora Elmslie. D. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

HUNTING TRAIN ROBBERS.

Allan Kelly and Charley Michelson, of the *Examiner*, have just returned from an interesting tour in the Sierras, after Messrs. Evans and Sontag. Enterprising as the Monarch is, the idea of sending out a posse to capture the bandits does not seem to suggest itself to those in authority. However, they have done the next best thing by detailing competent observers to see how the chase is being conducted. After sundry hair-breadth escapes, not from the distinguished duo, but from sundry other desperadoes whose home is in the mountains, and who persisted in taking the newspapermen for deputy sheriffs, they got back to Fresno armed with interesting tales which, of course, lose nothing in the telling.

Allan Kelly, who is a very competent mountaineer, ascribes the difficulty of capturing the robbers to the sympathy of the mountain men. In one little crowd he found three murderers whose crimes he was familiar with and a fourth man of whom he knew nothing. They persisted in exhibiting toward the two scribes a singular degree of coldness until Kelly announced their identity.

"Newspapermen, eh," this in tones of relief, "thought yous fellers was some of them blank blank deputy sheriffs."

Besides this fellow-feeling another cause co-operates to shield the guilty train-robbers. The Southern Pacific is by no means a popular institution in that country, and whoever raises hands against its property, or that of any other corporation, is an object for respect and sympathy.

As for the shooting down of sheriffs and the various murders which Sontag and Evans have been guilty of, the free-and-easy moral code of the mountains persists in regarding as venial sins.

"They did quite right," decided one dangerous looking mountaineer. "If they hadn't shot first, they'd have got killed—only acted in self-defense."

This point of view prevailing, the chance of capturing seems rather slight.

Among the men whose little light flared brightly for a moment and disappeared, Dr. J. F. Foulkes will be remembered. He was physician at the City Receiving Hospital, and somehow or other the position became too much for him. Believing the world was his oyster, he tried to pry it open with a scalpel, and the instrument broke in his hands and hurt him. He antagonized the press, and in a short time was out of his position almost in disgrace. After that he seemed to go to pieces, and I hear he is very ill. I sincerely regret this, and hope that the bracing air of Placerville will restore him to health.

SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN,

Especially infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

The Wave

A Society, Literary and Political Journal.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, October 1, 1892.

A STATESMAN'S LETTER.

On the eve of the National contest for political supremacy Grover Cleveland shows no change of front, and purposes winning or losing on the issue that made him President once before. It will be difficult for even the most rabid Republican to read his letter of acceptance without a feeling of admiration for the man whose broad and statesmanlike views expressed therein show a courage neither looked for nor expected in one whose future must depend on his utterances.

We have come to regard state-craft as the science of talking or writing without saying anything; great statesmen are commonly those whose opinions have been the expression of the beliefs of the greatest number of people; Mr. Cleveland thinks for himself, says what he thinks, and temporizes neither with men nor words. He has been a leader in discussing the political questions of the times, and whether waiting patiently with the minority for the fruition of his efforts in abolishing unnecessary, illegal, and impoverishing taxation or aiding the majority to open markets for home productions, has been candid, certain, and sincere.

No one would have blamed Cleveland for pursuing the policy that made his opponent's letter of acceptance a literary effort to conceal thought; and the leaders of the Democratic party would have counseled a compromise with conscience that might have secured votes. But Mr. Cleveland refused the compromise; he desired to put on record his unfaltering faith in the principles he enunciated eight years ago, and appears willing to accept defeat rather than move an inch from the position on the tariff that his judgment, knowledge, and experience teach him is the right one for the Nation, and the fairest and most equitable for rich and poor.

Mr. Cleveland's letter is a political platform that the Democratic party can well afford to stand on; there is no sentiment in it that the most ardent lover of his country cannot fully endorse, and it contains no expression that does not show the writer to be a statesman who has at heart the welfare of the whole people, whatever their creed or politics.

Now that the danger of cholera invading the country by way of New York is over, some newspapers are howling with rage because of the severities of the quarantine. It is more than possible that if there was not a political campaign on, these journals would be rejoicing with their sensible neighbors in the fact that Gotham's Board of Health was working to preserve life and not to make votes. Had less drastic measures been taken to prevent the landing of infected immigrants the United States would be wearing mourning to-day.

THE GOOSE AND THE CHINESE.

My esteemed crepuscular contemporary, the *Report*, which lately secured the city printing at a price at which no journal operated by white men could afford to do it, is urging its friends, the Caucasian and German laborers, to "move on the Mongolian works." If it is possible to correctly translate *Report* editorial English, this may be regarded as an incitement to riot and bloodshed; it is a poorly expressed demand that the Chinese be attacked, and that their property and lives be handed over to the tender mercies of the mob.

Coming from the official organ of the City and County of San Francisco, such language is calculated to do some harm. The great crime of which the Chinese have been guilty consists in working for smaller pay than their laboring brethren, the Caucasians and Germans; when bids were called for on the manufacture of shoes or clothing, the figures of the Chinese were the lowest, thus taking work from the whites, who cannot live as cheaply as their rivals; in bidding for all classes of work the Chinese were successful, as they were willing to labor for prices so low that competition was impossible. All this must be considered a serious sin, but hardly sufficiently heinous to warrant the *Report* in inciting their rivals to murder them. In the meantime, the *Report's* bid for the city printing was seven cents a thousand ems, a price for which no Chinese would touch it. Of course, my crepuscular contemporary may make up its losses on this from advertising the new railroad.

AN ILL-ADVISED FIGHT.

The fight going on among the leaders of the various branches of the local Democracy is very distressing. The desire for political supremacy is a laudable one; there are ambitions in politics as well as in the field of criminal endeavor; but the most optimistic of our simple-minded citizens will hardly believe that the Democratic war-horses are fighting among themselves for the benefit of the party or the good of the city. The struggle they are making is a personal one; they are on the highway for No. 1, and their battle-cry is, "Rule or Ruin." It is safe to say that there is not a man in the fight for the mastery of the local Democratic party who would not rather see the entire ticket defeated than have a rival faction declared "straight." Two or three months ago the present condition of affairs demonstrated a healthy sentiment in the Democracy; to-day it has a depressing influence on those who are sincerely earnest in their efforts for Democratic success. The people are losing confidence in the sincerity of the leaders; and whatever may be the outcome of the contest for mastery, the Democratic voters will go to the polls under two banners. It is probably useless to ask the "bosses" to agree among themselves on a division of patronage; but the most bull-headed of the lot cannot be blind to the fact that, unless they stand together, the parceling of the spoils of war will be done in the camp of the common enemy. To win with the party united will not be easy; to expect success in the present divided and demoralized condition of the party will be impossible. This should be a great year for the Non-Partisans.

The facts in the Joshua Hendy will case are interesting enough to found a novel on. It is unfortunate that a brother of Hendy should find it necessary to put the family skeleton's bones in a bladder and beat the heirs over the head with them in an attempt to get part of the estate. I notice that the desire to avoid publicity is strongest in those who have nothing to gain by it.

* * *

What a charming little jay town the Garden City is. All this week the "fancy sports" from the metropolis have been shaking the hay seed out of the San Josean locks. The people down there really can't tell the difference between a trotting horse and a sawbuck, and in contests of speed would just as quickly back the latter as the former. In a dull political year like this, the gamblers are devoutly thankful for San Jose.

* * *

The number of new papers springing up presage a large increase in the pauper population of California. Some people, notably the editor of the *News Letter*, would not believe that it takes more than money to conduct a paper, and that reminds me to ask what has become of the *News Letter*? The story that it was kidnaped some time ago is worthy of credence.

* * *

Someone tells me that the beautiful editor of the *Pacific Medical Journal* is going on the stage. It is said he has a "wonderfully strong tenor voice, which he handles easily." I sincerely hope he will have better success handling his voice than he did in manipulating a pen.

* * *

The Republican party of Alameda County is after the journalists. With malice aforethought it destroyed the sidewalk in front of the *Times* office, and now it has thrown the editor of the *Tribune* overboard. The fact that a newspaperman across the bay lost a valuable chicken from his henroost a few nights ago is also traced to the Republicans of Alameda.

* * *

The Los Angeles *Herald* gives Mark Twain a nasty stab. "The failure of Mark Twain's last book ('The American Claimant') lies in the fact that he is at one end of the continent and 'Dan de Quille' at the other, and the thrifty Samuel has nobody in Hartford worth stealing from."

MUSIC.

CONCERTS.

The local concert season has opened in earnest, and if the advancing weeks and months are as full of events as the past week or so has been, there will be little to complain of in point of quality of musical energy. At present the outlook for visiting music and musicians is not remarkable for variety; the Paderewski concerts in November excepted, no great sensation is promised, so that our concert-givers, players, and singers will have the field very much to themselves. If past seasons are to be relied upon in the matter, the presumption is that many twice-told tales musical will be brought forward for the purpose of edifying and regaling the public upon. Songs like "Oh, Promise Me," pieces of the Paganini-Liszt "Campanella" type and Sarasate's "Ziegeurnerweisen" do not bear a new light, however much complexity of individuality is thrown upon them. A few seasons' rest might give desirable opportunities for forgetting the faded charms of numbers of this type. The average concert public is not to be classed under the same category as the general public, whose taste favors things only the more highly in proportion to the intimate familiarity of its knowledge therewith. Concert-goers prefer new works in general, and those interested in music itself are unconsciously drawn by the power of compositions developed in the latest moods and styles. The limited public to draw upon makes the giving of concerts with refined programmes something approaching a laborious undertaking for small gains; for a variety of musicians of good accomplishments the list is too short to admit of much change. In accordance with present bars and boundaries the Saturday Popular and the Hermann Brandt Quartette concerts do as much as can be expected of them in raising the standard of programmes. Enough interest in chamber music exists to prove that the merits or defects of performers and performances have less influence than is credited to them in drawing or repelling local audiences, which appear to remain much the same in point of numbers, independent of the want of attractions in the shape of new names.

Evidently the Saturday Popular Concerts have won a hold upon the public; an encouragingly large house assembled for the first season's concert on Saturday. Two numbers, Mackenzie's Highland Ballad and a Trio by Tschaikowski, were new here as were the ballads on the programme. The Highland Ballard artistically developed into well-defined periods has the romantic feeling of the genuine folk song as well as an interesting form, being at the same time purely instrumental

A melodic theme of purity and directness gives character and dignity to this interesting work—which it is to be hoped will be repeated. The Tschaikowski *Theme* with variations did not, on a first hearing, have the stamp of music of lasting value; showy and exaggerated in sentiment, the composition is pitched in an oblique mood difficult to appreciate. The new songs formed the popular element of the programme, and presumably did what was expected of them in compelling popular applause. Bald ballads of the oleaginous type are the necessities of concerts dependent upon the public for support.

Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, Messrs. Beel, Heine, and Graham have made themselves familiar to most audiences, and, as might be supposed, no new departures are observable in their methods. Mrs. Carr bore the burden of the greater part of the work with an enthusiasm and vitality more pronounced than usual.

With Beethoven's String Quartette, *Op. 95 in F Minor*, Rubinstein's Quintette for piano and strings, *Op. 99*, and a suite for violin and piano by Goldmark, the programme of the Hermann Brandt Quartette Concert was well filled in, and the songs sung by Mrs. Olive Reed Batchelder were to match. Rubinstein's Quintette, a melodramatic work in the style of a duo for piano and strings, in three movements, with brilliant passage writing for the piano, produced the greatest enthusiasm. Rubinstein had his own technical power in mind when writing the score and created a fine vehicle for the display of well-developed virtuosity.

Alice Schmidt, the pianiste, exhibited musical capacity, and the ensemble esprit in full measure with certain technical reservations. Mr. Brandt, the veteran of many seasons, led the quartette and played his solo with no loss of enjoyment. Mrs. Batchelder's voice has grown more resonant and her singing is maturing in artistic intention, while the sincere charm of her personality wins the audience.

A concert given by Mrs. Marguerite Monrow, notable as being said to be successful in so far as the singers' efforts were concerned, the exhibition of talent for the violin by Mr. Harry Samuels, and the financial results, took place at Irving Hall. LESLEY MARTIN.

THE FIRE OF FATE.

The Fire of Fate blazed high one day
And marked me for its prey,
With red-hot tongue it scorched my soul
And burned fair hopes away.

Across my heart a fire-brand fell
As from the hearth of hell,
And left a wound whose stinging smart
No human tongue could tell.

Adown the weary Lane of Years,
With sighs and anxious fears,
I bear my sin-seared heart and soul
Unto the Gate of Tears.

Hoping that some fair angel's wing
O'er me its shade will fling,
While to the Cross of Calvary
With trembling hands I cling.

Praying that I His face may greet,
Since through Fate's fiery heat,
He, too, did pass with riven Side
And pierced Hands and Feet!

CLARENCE URMY.

CORONATION.

God took the sapphire of the moaning sea
In His omnipotent hand, mysteriously.

And from the virgin firmaments on high
Seized the immaculate turquoise of the sky.

The livid lightning lumed his passing form,
Grasping the awful ebon of the storm!

And in the labyrinths of space secrete,
He placed the topaz on the ripening wheat.

The forest and the broad expanse of field
Were called upon their emerald to yield.

And ere the obedient day its task is done,
He plucked the flamant ruby from the sun.

And from the darkness of the brooding night
Ravished the jet that made its holy might.

For rights divine, the mortal may not know,
He tore the iris opal from the bow.

The coral from an angel's lips, and, far
In desolate space, the diamond of a star!

Then, with this matchless wealth before him set,
God made himself an awful coronet!!

—*Francis Saltus.*

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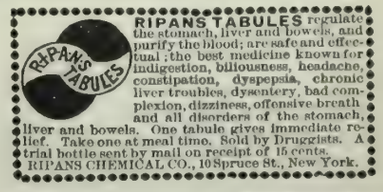

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THE MUMMERS

"NOTHING BUT MONEY," AT STOCKWELL'S.

The most acceptable pleasure to the reasoning race is to be able to conscientiously praise the earnest efforts of a friend. The noblest work of a friend is not to point out errors or suggest improvements; it is to rejoice in triumphs, and bestow the laurel on worthy brows. The management of Stockwell's Theatre has determined to run "Nothing but Money," Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco's new comedy, another week, although I am told the original intention was to present it for seven nights only. It must be a matter of much pleasure to the many who know the playwright, as it is to me, that her second comedy promises to be even more of a success than "Incog.," which is now being p oduced by four companies.

"Nothing but Money" does not beg the indulgence of an audience on any point; no favors are asked because it is a woman's effort; no plea is put in for kindness because it was written in three weeks; the piece is put forward as a finished play, to take its chances on its merits. The splendid reception it received, and the character of the audiences that have been present at the succeeding productions, pronounce it an unqualified success. No great pretensions are made to a plot, but the story is strong enough to sustain the excellent character drawing that Mrs. Pacheco has given us. She is much more than a draughtswoman; her people are real flesh and blood, and act and speak as if they were alive. While one or two are reminiscent of other stage character that I have seen, notably the Baron Poppoff, I incline to believe that memory is jogged by this character more because of the actor's interpretation of it than because of the writer's imitation.

The healthy laughter provoked by the lines showed that Mrs. Pacheco's sense of the humorous is an enjoyable one; yet on the night of the first production there were times when really mirthful fancies escaped notice. This was due in a great measure, probably, to the anxiety of the company, the members of which were anxious to make the very best impression possible, and in their anxiety missed the very result they aimed at. But to find fault with the mummers to whom "Nothing but Money" is entrusted would betray a quality of dyspepsia that few people have. As a whole the company is a splendid one, and shows admirably in the play. There are individual weaknesses, but in the general excellence the faults are overlooked. As Zoe de Brissac, Miss Ellen Burg made a hit; the character fits her in a manner that shows it was written for her; it affords this comely actress a chance that is rarely found, and it would not be fair to say that she does not make the most of it. Miss Lipman makes a charming American girl, whose declaration of independence is only second to that so firmly impressed on the minds of our forefathers.

As David Wilder, E. L. Davenport gives a good characterization of a happpy-go-lucky chap with a fondness for ladies, but he is somewhat overshadowed by Harry Davenport, whose work as Lord Herbert Craven is very good. Louis Mann and William Norris give capital interpretations of their parts, and Julian Steger's song is worth hearing. The ovation that Mrs. Pacheco and the company received on Monday evening was the warmest and most sincere ever given in a theatre in San Francisco. "Nothing but Money" will be presented next week.——

"Yon Yonson" must be regarded as one of the dramatic successes of the season. Mr. Heege has done a splendid business at the California as the joyful Swede, and will continue there for another week. John T. Kelly, a comedian who succeeds invariably in winning a warm place in popular approval, will be seen at this theatre on October 10th. in his new comedy, written by Charles T. Vincent and himself, entitled "McFee of Dublin." This comedy is said to be the best piece Mr. Kelly has ever appeared in. The supporting company includes Florrie West, Adelaide Randall, and other artists, who may be relied on to enact the various characters in the play in a most satisfactory manner.——

On Monday evening Abbott & Teal's Comedy "Niobe" will be presented for the first time in this city at the Baldwin. The plot of the play affords opportunity for an amount of fun, and the petrified Queen of Thebes, as a visitor to a Yankee family, is vastly more amusing than was Mark Twain's Yankee at the Court of King Arthur. "Niobe" has been one of the most successful comedies of the past two seasons. In the near future the J. C. Duff Opera Company will appear at the Baldwin in the New York success, "Miss Helyett."

After Daniel Sully, "Tangled Up" appears at the Bush Street Theatre on Monday. The company is headed by Louis De Lange and Will S. Rising, clever actors, who have made a hit with the jolly, complicated absurdity. "Tangled Up" will be preceded by a one-act curtain raiser "Why," by Burr McIntosh. There is much humor in "Tangled Up," and the play should be a success here.——

Manager Wilkison will bring Alexander Salvini to the Pacific Coast in October. The actor will play a three weeks' engagement at the New California, appearing in the scenic revivals of D'Ennerry's and Dumas' romances, in which he has been so successful.

ODD FELLOWS' HALL

Monday Evening, Oct. 3d — Farewell Appearance

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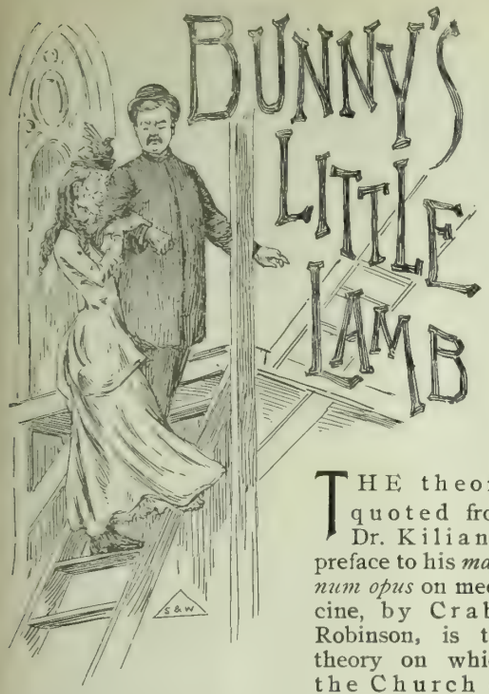

THE theory quoted from Dr. Kilian's preface to his *magnum opus* on medicine, by Crabb Robinson, is the theory on which the Church of England, as by law established, is founded. "The science of medicine," says modest Kilian, "does not exist in order to cure diseases; but there are diseases in order that there should be a science of medicine." Similarly it hath been the wisdom of the Church of England to arrange that parishes and perishing souls should exist for the benefit of parsons, not parsons for the benefit of parishes and perishing souls. This explains the Rev. Barnabas Bunny's being encharged with the cure of 13,000 souls (excluding the unbaptized) at the mature age of twenty-five years. The reverend gentleman's father, Alderman Bunny, of Cheesechester, had bought "the advowson and right of next and perpetual presentation to the rectory of Abbotsbridge, subject to the life of the present incumbent, then in his sixty-ninth year." Three years after this purchase the Rev. Barnabas succeeded to his property, and proceeded forthwith, with all the zeal of youth and of Ritualism, to upset the work of his predecessor, a pronounced Evangelical of the austerest type. He had an Augean stable to clear out. The National schoolmaster was half, or more than half, a Methodist; the organist had never been confirmed, and a large proportion of his choir were in the same unregenerate condition, while the sexton was strongly suspected of having been baptized into the faith, and according to the wholesale rite of the Baptists. Indeed, into such heathenism had the parish been allowed to lapse, that less than a month after the Rev. Barnabas' induction, he was asked to allow a Methodist hymn to be sung at the grave of a member of that Church in the consecrated ground of his churchyard! Nay more, in spite of his prohibition and protest, the hymn was sung, and the reverend gentleman, since he could not then lock the mourners out of the churchyard, hurried away and locked them in. The service being legally over at the conclusion of his prayers by the grave-side, he was not bound, and he was not going to keep his property—the churchyard—open while they desecrated it with unauthorized and un-Catholic hymns. Accordingly, the hapless mourners, the majority being women, had to climb as they could over the churchyard wall, vowing (not in vain) as they did so, vengeance against the high-handed Rector.

Indeed, of all the zealous acts of faith done by the Catholic and Apostolic Rector, this was the most widely and deeply resented by the infidel. His dismissal in quick succession of the schoolmaster, the sexton, the organist, and the choir, his introduction of incense, candles, vestments, and all other things necessary to salvation, and even his institution of the confessional, did not so excite and embitter infidel feeling, as did this practical protest against the desecration of consecrated ground. It would be unfair, however, to assume that the Rev. Barnabas had no friends among his new subjects. There is a kind of love which is, so to say, the obverse of hate—the love people bear you because you vex the unrighteous souls of their enemies—and there were many who rejoiced in the Rev. Barnabas as a stick to hand, wherewith to beat their Puritan neighbors. But, besides and above—a thousand times above—this mercenary attachment, the reverend rector could reckon upon the devotion of all the unmarried ladies of the parish. Most of these spinsters had been extreme Evangelicals in the Rev. George Grimwood's day; nevertheless, they went over (as a ship laden in bulk, heels over) in a moment, in a mass, and immoderately, with a rush, to the opposite point of the compass. Now, the most zealous of these converts was the daughter of a solicitor who had been Mr. Grimwood's churchwarden, and who resented with extreme acrimony his supersession by a rival Ritualist solicitor. His daughter, however, embraced the new faith with a fervor all the more creditable, because it was certainly not attributable to the heat and haste and fickle love of novelty of youth, for Martha was the Rector's senior by some years. But, if the Rector had converted Martha Sickles to Catholic doctrine, Martha converted the Rector to Catholic discipline; since there can be little doubt that the Rev. Barnabas' proclamation of his belief in the celibacy of the clergy, was due to his desperation of any other escape from Martha. Indeed, she soon came to be known in the parish as "Bunny's Little Lamb," since "wheresoever Bunny went, that Lamb was sure to go." This does not seem much of a joke on paper, but the contrast between the dapper little Rector and the gaunt and angular Martha, who towered above him, made the jest a joy for ever to the infidel.

The Rector, having preached the doctrine from the pulpit of the celibacy of the clergy, thought himself secure as St. Kevin, and allowed himself, therefore, the gratification of accepting Martha's incense, which went up as the smoke of the Abbotsbridge blast-furnaces, incessantly and voluminously. The Rev. Barnabus was a Papist of that kind to be found in hundreds of English rectories—Ritualist or Evangelical—whose Pope is the parson himself. *L'Eglise, c'est moi!* Wherefore the little Rector was as much comforted and encouraged by Martha's belief in him, as Mahomet by his elderly wife, Kadijah's, belief in him; and was absolutely assured of the disinterestedness of his votary's faith ever since his proclamation from the house-tops of his intention to remain a celibate. Accordingly Bunny's Little Lamb was now allowed and encouraged to follow him everywhere in public—to every service, meeting, class, and lecture. Meanwhile Martha's vindictive father meditated the venomous revenge of forcing the Rector to marry the apostate Martha, to their mutual misery; and hardly had this idea formed itself in his mind, than an opportunity for carrying it out presented itself. The Rector, I need hardly say, at once proceeded to "restore" his church; in other words, to deal with it as Jack in "A Tale of a Tub," reformed his raiment—to tear it all to pieces. He began with the tower, which was to be rebuilt to sustain a peal of bells; and almost every evening, with a child's impatience, he climbed up its steps to see how the work was proceeding. While on his way one evening to make this inspection he encountered his Little Lamb at the church gate, and, in answer to her protestations of extreme interest in the progress of the work, he invited her to accompany him. Accordingly, he preceded her up the narrow, winding steps of what was allowed to remain of the old tower, to where the single bell was hung temporarily. At this dizzy height the Little Lamb had to cling in almost hysterical nervousness to the manly arm of the Rector, leaving him but one hand free to explain where and how the peal of bells was to be hung. Being himself a bellringer, he was quite enthusiastic upon the subject, while she hung enraptured on his arm asking sympathetic questions.

With thee conversing, I forget all time.

And, indeed, when they proceeded to descend, a much longer time had elapsed than either had imagined. It was simply pitch dark in the tower, and the Rector had to hold her tremulous hand as he preceded her down the straight, steep, corkscrew stairs. When they had reached the bottom they found the door shut and locked! The new sexton, thinking the workmen had left it carelessly open after them, had locked it and carried off the key. What was to be done?

"What shall we do? This is terrible! What shall we do?" she cried piteously, while inwardly she rejoiced exceedingly over the compromising situation.

"It is some villainous trick!" the Rector cried furiously.

"Oh!" groaned the Little Lamb, clinging convulsively to his manly arm.

But the Rector disengaged himself almost roughly, in order to kick frenziedly at the tower door.

"Abominable! Abominable!" he cried, choking with rage and with the dust of centuries which his kicks had disturbed. He waited a minute or two to listen for the sound of approaching steps in vain.

"Do you really think they did it on purpose?" she asked, tremulously; but the Rector's only answer was a more vehement renewal of his battery of kicks. Having at last exhausted himself, and also hurt his foot, he desisted, and listened again for some sign or sound of deliverance.

"I'm so sorry I came—for your sake," she said, in a frightened whisper; for, you see even in this compromising situation it was only of him she thought!

"It is the most——" but the accusing and recording angels had nothing naughty to report and register, since the Rector expressed his fury once more in kicks—of the unhurt left foot this time. Having at last exhausted himself with these futile efforts to summon help, he stopped to wipe the dust and perspiration from his streaming forehead, and to consider what was to be done next.

"I must go up to the top and see if there is any one near I can call down to, to send to the sexton," he said at last.

"May I go with you?" she pleaded. "I—I daren't stay here by myself."

"Oh, nonsense!" cried the Rector petulantly. "What is there to be afraid of? I shall be down in a minute or two." So saying he stumbled up the steps.

"Pray, pray, take care of yourself at the top; it's so dark, you might miss your footing," she cried after him in a voice of agonized anxiety.

If he made her any answer to this appeal she did not hear it; and it seemed an endless

time before she was reassured by the sound of his returning steps.

"Oh, thank God!" she cried fervently, as he reached the last few steps, "I feared something had happened to you!"

"I could see no one," he answered moodily. "And it's got too dark to see any one now. I must toll the bell."

"But the whole parish will wonder, and people will come," she objected significantly.

"We can't stay here all night, I suppose," replied the Rector, in a tone of frenzied impatience.

However, her suggestion that the bell might attract half the parish to see what was the matter, and to find him and his Little Lamb locked up together in the dark, gave him a pause.

After a few moments' reflection, he said, "I think it would be better, perhaps, if you kept out of sight when they come. I—I mean as you don't like the idea of being seen here at —at this hour," he hastened to add nervously and shamefacedly. "After they have let me out I shall take the keys and return in a few minutes to release you."

"Oh!" she exclaimed distressfully.

"I was only considering you," he replied with splendid mendacity.

"Yes, I know; it's very good of you; but—but I daren't stay here by myself," she stammered in spasmodic sentences.

"It will be only for a few minutes—not five minutes. The moment they go away I shall return and let you out."

"It is so good of you, and like you to consider me, and—and, of course, if you think it best——"

"I don't see what else we can do, if you dislike the idea of being seen here," the Rector hastened to say, and he proceeded to silence all further objections from her by tolling the bell. He pulled the rope very feebly half-a-dozen times, and then stopped to await the result.

Upon hearing the hurrying steps outside, ths Rector shouted, "Is Drinkwell there?"

"Yes, sir; is it you, sir? I did not know that you were in the tower, and I locked the door thinking it was the workmen left it open after them," the obsequious sexton answered, apologetically.

Upon being thus assured that the door was not locked maliciously upon him and the Little Lamb, the Rector turned to whisper to her, "Go up a few steps; I shall be back in five minutes to release you."

So saying, he even pushed her towards the steps, in his nervous alarm at hearing outside the sound of many feet, and she had to stumble up them as she could. Hardly had she got out of sight, when the door was opened, and the Rector made all haste to issue forth and to lock it behind him. He was hurrying away with the keys, when Drinkwell said, "I shall want the keys, sir, to ring for Matins."

"Yes, certainly; I—I will bring them to you to-night," the Rector answered so guiltily that one of his worst enemies, who was among the little crowd, felt quite sure "there was summut up."

This man was the son of the deceased Methodist whose mourners, because they insisted upon singing a hymn at the grave, were locked into the churchyard. The Rector's keeping the keys, and his guilty manner suggested to this ill-wisher the suspicion that there was something in the tower which the Rev. Barnabas wished to keep hidden from the profane eye. At all events it would be worth while to wait and watch for a few minutes. Accordingly Mr. Enoch Lumb hid behind his father's tombstone till the sexton and the rest of the little crowd had dispersed, and for some time after the Rector had appeared to lock carefully the churchyard gate behind them. Sure enough, as Enoch had expected, the Rector returned in five minutes and made stealthily for the tower. Still more stealthily Enoch crept up behind him, entered the church-porch immediately upon his heels, heard him, when he had unlocked the tower door, cry in an impatient voice, "Now!" and heard the Little Lamb answer tremulously from above, "Oh, is it you? Would you mind helping me down? It's so dark!"

As the Rector rather ungraciously climbed up the steps to help her down them, Enoch shut and locked the tower door.

As he passed out of the church-porch he locked that door, and, with yet more vindictive pleasure, the gate of the churchyard, remembering how the Rector had locked it in the face of his widowed mother, compelling that weeping woman and Enoch's own wife and his sisters to climb as they could over the wall. He then made swiftly but stealthily for the "Three Jolly Smiths;" and, as he passed the reservoir which fed the forge, he jerked the keys into it.

At the "Three Jolly Smiths" he spoke to every one he knew, with an eye to an *alibi*, and seemed more surprised than any one when the church bell again began to toll like a tocsin. When one of his mates said to him, "What's oop nah? T'church is a-fire, aw reckon," Enoch replied, "Happen, it's one o' thim new 'Express' services Bunny has set agate. He runs through 'em i' half t' time ould Grimwood took, an' he's quickening oop bell to match, happen."

Certainly the bell was going now "express." The wretched Bunny, after some hesitation, decided that, as they could not spend the night in the tower, the sooner this compromising situation was put an end to, the better. The scoundrel who locked the door upon them knew, and would let the whole parish know, that they were shut up together, and there was nothing now for it but to face, and even to challenge, publicity. Accordingly, the bell was rung so wildly that the whole town hurried to the church, expecting to see it in flames. Within a quarter of an hour there was a great crowd at the churchyard gate, questioning Drinkwell eagerly.

"Nay," he had to say again and again, "aw let t' parson aht o' tower half an hour sin', an' he mun ha' goan back agin for summut. Aw can mak' nowt on it; aw can't."

"But where's the key? Can't you get in? Can't you open it?" cried a dozen excited voices.

"Nay, he's got t' keys hisself; leastways he took 'em thro' me," replied the bewildered Drinkwell, scratching his head.

Presently the voice of the hapless Bunny was heard shouting down through the darkness, "Some scoundrel has locked us in. Is Drinkwell there?"

"Who's with you?" shouted up a curious voice. The Rector, in accordance with his present braizen-it-out policy, answered at once, and in as loud a voice as he could command, "Miss Sickles. Is Drinkwell——?"

But a roar of laughter drowned the question, and more than one voice, with the courage of darkness shouted, "It's his Little Lamb."

Then the Rector cried furiously, "Drinkwell!"

"Yes, sir," replied the stupefied sexton.

"Have you got the keys?"

"I gave 'em to you when I let you out half-an-hour sin'", the sexton shouted back at the top of his voice.

"Was he locked in before?" asked a voice.

"Ay, awl et him aht half-an-hour sin', an he mun ha' goan back," reiterated the fat-witted Drinkwell in the audience of the whole breathless crowd.

"Little Bo-peep was looking for his little lost lamb," cried a wit in a stentorian voice.

"Are the keys in the door?" shouted the Rector in a voice trembling with fury, when the roar of laughter, which welcomed this last sally had subsided.

"Nay, ye mun get aht as yo' forced Amos Lumb's widdy to get aht!" cried a bitter Baptist in an acrid tone.

"Ay, it 'ud sarve him reet to let him lig theer t'neet through!" cried another aggrieved schismatic.

"If you can't find the keys, you must have the doors broken open," roared the Rector.

And this is what had at last to be done. It took over an hour to break down both doors, and by this time the churchyard and its approaches were simply packed with people. When, at last, in the glare of the torches by which the smiths had broken down the doors, the Rector and his Little Lamb were seen to emerge from the church, shouts and shrieks of laughter greeted them. Indeed, in the whole crowd the only person, except the hapless pair themselves, who was in no laughing mood was Martha's father. He was in so savage a fury that he let Martha find her own way home as she could, while he followed the Rev. Barnabas to the rectory. He came up with the Rector at the door, and cried in a voice of suppressed fury, "What is the meaning of this, sir? Are you engaged to my daughter?"

"No!" stammered the Rector, tremulously, utterly unnerved by the gauntlet of ridicule he had just run. "If you will come in I will explain."

"I shall not come in, sir; not a step—not a step. I shall write to-night to the Bishop to suspend you in the interests of the parish; and in my daughter's interests I shall at once take legal proceedings against you."

So saying, Mr. Sickles turned and strode away. Strange to relate, however, he neither wrote to the Bishop nor served the Rector with a writ. On the contrary within a month of the above occurrence he gave away his daughter at the altar, and Bunny's little lamb became Bunny's little wife.—*London Truth.*

TRAIN 081.

As I write here in my little grove, the great terror of my life appears far distant. I am an old man who can no longer work, who rests his limbs on the green sward before his small house, and I often ask myself if it can be that I—this veritable I—ever did the hard work of engineer on the line of P. L. M.—and I am astonished that I did not fall dead the night of September 22, 1865.

I can say that I know it, that service from Paris to Marseilles. I could manage the locomotive with my eyes shut, by the descending, the mounting, the crossings, the branch-lines, the switches, the curves, and the iron bridges. From being a stoker of the third-class, I had risen to be engineer of the first, and the advancement had been slow.

My brother, engineer on a steamer, had settled in China. A letter from him in 1862 told me that he had married and had a little girl. I loved him and grieved to see him no more and our old parents were unhappy about it. They lived alone in their cottage in the country near Dijon, and, their two boys gone, they sat, taking little naps, at their fire-side.

About May, 1865, Marseilles began to be uneasy about what was passing in the Levant. The packets brought bad news from the Red Sea. The cholera had burst out at Mecca. The pilgrims were dying by thousands. Then the malady reached Suez, Alexandria; it had leaped to Constantinople. It was the Asiatic cholera; the ships were quarantined; everybody was in a state of vague fear.

I had no great responsibility in the matter, but the idea that I might bring the sickness to Marseilles tormented me very much. Surely it would reach Marseilles, it would come to Paris by the fast mail. Then we did not have the present ingenious mechanism for calling help, by which on pressing a button a lifter pushes the automatic brake causing a white sign-board to rise above the car like a hand pointing out where there is danger. I know that if a traveler should be taken with that pest of Asia which chokes you in an hour, he would die without relief, and I should bear into Paris his blue corpse.

June began and the cholera was at Marseilles. People dropped like flies. They fell in the streets, on the wharves, no matter where. The suffering was terrible, two or three convulsions, a bloody death-rattle and it was ended. From the first attack one remained cold as ice, and the faces of the dead were marbled with great spots. The travelers came out of the hall for fumigation with a cloud of ill-smelling vapor steaming from their clothes.

July, August, half of September went by; Marseilles was desolate, but we were regaining confidence. Nothing at Paris yet. The night of the twenty-second of September I took the locomotive of the train 180 with my stoker Graislepoix.

The travelers slept all night—but it was our duty to watch with open eyes the whole line. By day, for the sunshine, we had a framework attached to our caps with big blue glasses set in it to protect us from the wind and dust. At night we pushed this up to the top of the head, giving us a grotesque look of devils, mounted on beasts with red eyes. The glow of the furnace lighted and warmed us, the wind cut our cheeks, the rain whipped our faces. And the sense of danger kept us trembling and breathless. Always, always peering into the darkness watching for red signals, no wonder you find old engineers that Red has made crazy. Even now that color takes hold of me, crushes me with an inexplicable anguish. Often in the night I spring up with a dazzling *red* in my eyes; frightened, I stare into the dark—it seems to me everything is crashing around me—all my blood mounts to my head; then I remember that I am in my bed, and sink back relieved.

That night we were depressed by a moist heat. It rained in warm drops. Graslepoix silently piled in his coal by the regular shovelfuls; the locomotive bounded and swayed round the sharp curves. We were going at the rate of sixty-five miles an hour, good speed. The night was black as an oven. We had passed the Nuits station and were nearing Dijon. It was one o'clock in the morning. I thought of our two old folks probably peacefully asleep, when suddenly I heard an engine puffing on the double track. We could not expect at one o'clock, between Nuits and Dijon, a train going either way.

"What under the heavens is that, Graslepoix?" said I to the stoker. "We can't reverse our engine!"

"No danger," said Graslepoix, "it is on the other track. We can slack up."

If we had had, as they have to-day, the compressed air brake——

Then, suddenly, with an unexpected rush, the train on the other track caught up with ours and rolled along beside it. My hair stands on end when I think of it.

It was all enveloped in a reddish mist. The copper of the engine shone. They were letting off steam. The black figures of two men appeared in the fog, moving upon the platform. They faced about and responded to our gestures. We had a slate on which the number of our train was marked with chalk: 180. Opposite us, at the same spot, a great white slab displayed in black figures: 081. The line of cars reached back into the night and all the windows were dark.

"This is a story to tell," said Graslepoix. "I never would have believed it. Wait, see now!"

He stooped, took a shovelful of coal and threw it on the fire. Before us, one of the black men stooped in the same way and flung his coal into the furnace. On the red fog I saw the shadow of Graslepoix!

Then a strange light flashed into my head, and my ideas disappeared to make room for an extraordinary imagination. I raised my right arm, and the other black man raised his; I made a sign to him with my head, and he anwered me. Then I saw him glide to the steps and I *knew* I must do the same. We passed the length of the trains, and the car A. A. F. 12,551, opened of itself. I saw it on the other train only, but I *felt* that the same scene was on *my* train. In that car a man was lying with his face covered by a tissue of white wool; a woman and a little girl robed in silk, embroidered with red and yellow flowers, had fallen inanimate upon the cushions. I *saw myself* go to that man and uncover his face. His breast was bare. Purple spots marked his skin; his clinched hands were wrinkled and the nails were livid; his eyes were encircled by blue rings. I saw all this at one glance, and I also understood that I had before me *my brother and that he was dead of the cholera.*

When I regained consciousness I was on the platform at Dijon. Graslepoix was rubbing my forehead—and he has always maintained that I never quitted the locomotive, but I know to the contrary. I immediately screamed, "Run to A. A. F. 12,551!" And I dragged myself there, and I saw my brother dead as I had seen him before! The people were appalled. All about the depot one heard but the words: "The blue cholera!" Then Graslepoix brought the woman and child, who were only fainting through fear, and, as nobody was willing to take them, he put them on the engine, in the soft coal-dust with their costumes of embroidered silk. The next day, September 23d, the cholera was upon Paris, having arrived by fast train from Marseilles.

* * * * * * *

My brother's wife is Chinese; she has the slant, almond eyes and yellow skin. I cannot be fond of her, one of another race. But the child resembled my brother! Now I am old and life on locomotives has made me very infirm, they live with me, and we live peacefully, save when we remember that terrible night of September 22, 1865, when the blue cholera came from Marseilles to Paris by the train 081.—*Translated from French of Marcel Schwob for* THE WAVE *by* E. F. DAWSON.

FASHIONS IN STATIONERY.

The fashions in stationery have become as rigorous as those in dress, and those who make them have announced that Society shall write on tinted paper, and it is possible that some persons whose letters on the old white paper were delayed in the mails, will be cut by their swell acquaintances for the breach of etiquette. The stationery is in all sorts of delicate shades and tints, and the most fastidious taste should be satisfied with the large stock shown by Sanborn, Vail & Co. Some of the tints have never been seen in letter paper before, and it is probable that they will become popular at once.

Among the handsome and useful articles that Sanborn, Vail & Co. are showing are gold pens, manufactured by Mabie, Todd & Co. They are beautifully designed, and as the pens are of different sorts, they make a welcome addition to my lady's desk. The unique designs in blotting pads should be seen.

The latest decree of fashion in leather goods says that they should be trimmed in silver, and the pretty designs that Sanborn, Vail & Co. have in their card cases will insure a speedy concurrence to the edict.

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MINING AND FINANCIAL.

The past two weeks have witnessed scenes of excitement at both the San Francisco and Pacific Stock Exchanges. No such strain has been known to operators since the bonanza days, and while stocks then were quoted at $30, $40, and $50 per share, the volume of business was not so great. At no single session of the board has there been less than 15,000 shares of stock bought and sold, and at the informal sessions the sales would be double this number; when the brokers left the building, they crowded with hundreds of operators into the small alley adjoining and traded for an hour or more.

The rise has been general; each mine on the Comstock from Silver Hill, down to Devil's Gate Cañon, up to the Utah on the Geiger grade, embracing a distance of four miles and about 26 incorporations, has advanced in value from 200 to 600 per cent.

Not only has Belcher and Hale & Norcross among the large stocks advanced, for which quite a capital would have been required to have bought 100 shares two weeks ago, but this cannot be said of the majority; $50 would have bought 100 shares of Seg. Belcher, 100 shares of Challenge, and 100 Overman, or 300 shares of half dozen others. The shares above mentioned sold on Tuesday, the Seg. Belcher @ $1.20, Challenge @ $1.50, and Overman @ $1.80, total of $450. Just such little investments were realized in most all the brokers' offices by customers, and now that the period of activity has started in the mining shares, the speculator must not expect to buy and hold on and suppose that stocks will go to the hundreds, but rather look to it, and take small profits and quick returns, as there are a half dozen mines on the Comstock that have much ground that is undeveloped, and with the improvements in Belcher, the late discoveries in Sierra Nevada upper drifts, and Hale & Norcross in the 1800 foot level, where stringers of ore have been found in the past, will most likely, when they have completed cross-cutting, have a good prospect of presenting something substantial.

At present on the street the tip is around to buy Hale & Norcross and Savage, and as the market has advanced so rapidly the last few weeks, and the public has bought largely, I would be cautious in buying these, or, in fact, any shares, for the market should recede some. At present all the brokers' boxes are full to overflowing with certificates; money is scarce on the street, and the several lenders of money on stocks have refused to make more advances at present. The brokers in many cases have overdrawn their bank accounts; for these reasons a reaction is liable to set in, and lower figures will prevail. At present the Nevada Bank is the most accommodating to the stock dealing public. In dealing with the brokers they accept shares at the rate of three to one, or, in other words, advance $1000 on each $3000 of stocks. On Tuesday the market reached its highest point. At the open session of the Pacific Board Belcher sold at $6⅞, Crown Point at $2.50, Overman at $1 85, Challenge $1.75, Seg. Belcher $1.30; and at other sessions of the San Francisco Exchange Hale & Norcross sold up to $4.15, Savage to $2.70, Potosi to $1.75. These were the highest for the present; from these figures the market has receded some, and while no great break will immediately come, still from these figures the market can and is likely to recede from 30 to 50 per cent; so I advise the readers of THE WAVE to act with caution and not overload themselves; in fact, wait and take a few shares in at lower figures. The latest report from the Belcher: The raise from the north drift on the 400 foot level has been connected with 300 foot level south slope, and at about 50 feet below this it has cut a width of 3 feet of white quartz which yields assays from $5 to $25 per ton. The Hale & Norcross Superintendent's weekly report says: On the 1800 foot during the week they advanced the north drift 15 feet, total length 210 feet face in porphyry; the drain has been completed to the face. They have started two cross-cuts from the north drift. The two west cross-cuts started in the Hale & Norcross are about 50 and 150 feet north of incline station on the 1800 foot level, and it will be a week or more before they are advanced sufficient to cut the vein.

A bullion shipment of $52,000 was received from the Candalaria mines, Mexico. The Con. Virginia has sent $15,900 to the Carson Mint, making total shipments on the September account of $30,030. The amount of ore extracted and shipped to the Morgan Mill was 992 tons, average battery sample assay was $24.00 per ton.

The average ruling price of silver in New York is 83¼ cents.

At the Stock and Bond Exchange business was light. San Francisco Gas sold at 71⅝; Atlantic Dynamite @ 46½; Pacific Gas Imp., 80¾; Omnibus Cable, 59; 5000 Spring Valley 6s @ 119.25; 3000 S. P. A. bonds at 102⅝.

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FASHIONS BY LETTER.

ANNE, DEAR:—How delicious it is after a long cherishing of some pet opinion to find that, after all, you have had unknowingly a clever authority for a firm foundation. I now find myself in that blissful state, and the sound of your jeers are fading rapidly in the distance. If you remember our last conversation you contended that a girl on a moderate allowance (and therefore obliged to deny herself the luxury of a reliable and artistic *modiste*) could not afford herself the satisfaction of individuality in any form regarding her costume, but must be content to watch carefully what other girls have, and, from their successes and failures, select the best, and rigidly follow in their footsteps. That argument is all very well in its way, but if we follow that rule entirely, we must be utterly and dolefully commonplace on all occasions. Now, my idea is that if you go to the right sources you may allow yourself individuality, even though the outlay be of necessity small. For the street, of course, one must be conservative, but for the house I plead for a touch of the picturesque and an honest purpose to make the best of our best features. Now we can never hope to do much in this line through fashion papers, or suggestions from the home dressmaker. Remember you laughed when I suggested that having within our reach copies of the portraits of all fashions painted by artists of all schools who know better than any one else could what beauty in dress meant and selected the best always for their models, we could with their aid and a goodly amount of American adaptability and common sense be able to clothe ourselves well. These were my humble suggestions, but now comes a message from M. Félix, bearing the Paris post mark, in answer to an inquiry as to how he obtains his fashions: "We create them. We take them from pictures in the Museum of the Louvre and of Versailles. I have, for instance, a photograph of a picture by Rubens from which we have made corsages. Another is a beautifully artistic costume of a cavalier of the time of Louis XIII. We shall make that into a lady's costume that will bring in the long lace collar." So you see, my dear, I was not so absurd after all. Another bit of interesting information is gleaned from M. Félix: "The very simplest kind of cloth will be used, and without pattern. Old brocades and the like materials are entirely out of date."

I promised to tell you all about the new hats that made their debut at "Nothing But Money" Monday evening, but I scarcely know how to begin. At a first glance over the house, after the the curtain had fallen on the first act, I was made happily aware that the pet of the past season, the huge, obtrusive, bobbing pink rose has passed away; my wishes for a long farewell go with it, at least for theatre use. Red has again come to the front in all shades, and it is apparent that cherry is to be a favorite. One striking hat had a wide drooping brim of black velvet, with a soft, full crown of cherry velvet; the back was caught up with soft black tips. Another startling hat was a wide-brimmed white felt, with a number of black wings apparently growing out of deep lengthwise slashes in the high crown. Bright blue and black are used much in millinery arrangements, and invariably with satisfactory results. That reminds me the daintiest dress in the audience, in my opinion, was a pale blue glace silk with tiny black polka dots. The three tiny ruffles on the bottom of the skirt each had a black embroidered scalloped edge. The simple waist had a deep flat girdle of cream lace, and a narrow belt and epaulets were edged in narrow black velvet. The hat was a delicious affair, a soft creamy openwork foundation with a simple flat bow of blue silk crepe in front and on the very edge of the wide brim; in this nestled a bunch of purple velvet violets, another graced a knot of the crepe at the back of the crown; long blue velvet strings crossed in the back and tied under the chin. This costume was a delicious contrast to Mrs. Sharon's, who wore rose crepe daintily figured in white and trimmed in white lace and a suggestion of green iridescent passementerie. These new costumes, gracing the same box, certainly made it the most picturesque of this "first night."

Yours, NANCY.

Mrs. M. H. Ober

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LAWN TENNIS.

The weather was all that could be desired for the election of officers and the quarterly tournament of the California Tennis Club which took place at the club grounds on Saturday last. There was no opposition ticket in the field on this occasion, the new Board being elected unanimously. The Board is the same as last year with the exception of Mr. Harry N. Stetson who will fill the vacancy caused by the absence of Mr. Gus V. Gray. The new Board will organize and elect officers on the first Monday in October.

It will be decided to-morrow as to whose name shall be inscribed upon the elegant club trophy contested for last week. Stetson and Wilberforce have played through to the final round and will play their match to-morrow at eleven o'clock. Wilberforce seems to be a very warm favorite, but Stetson should not be lost sight of by any means, as his victory over Haight in the semi-finals leads me to believe that he will make a very interesting match with the clever English player.

Paige Collier, a brother of the redoubtable W. H. Collier, Jr., played his first tournament match on Saturday last, and was beaten by Hutchens rather easily, 6-1; 6-2. Paige Collier plays a very good game at times, but rarely realizes the fact that he is playing tennis until it is too late to start in, a reason to which he himself attributes his unexpected defeat.

R. J. Davis and G. L. Bradshaw played two very exciting sets both being taken by Davis, 7-5; 7-5; the games in the last set at one time were five to two in favor of Bradshaw, but he was unable to do anything with the unusally clever placing of Davis.

Treat scored a surprising victory over George De Long, score, 7-5; 2-6; 6-3. De Long won the last tournament, beating A. F. Allen in the finals, and it was thought by many that he would again have his name on the club trophy. Treat defaulted to G. F. Whitney on Sunday last and the latter was beaten by Haight, 6-1; 6-4.

A. F. Allen played a very cool and effective game which brought him to the semi-finals where he met with defeat at the hands of the skillful Wilberforce, who, I may add, was never seen to better advantage in a match. Allen captured the first set 6-4, and lost the last two sets, 6-2; 6-4.

Linderman and Havens defeated Simpkins and Schmiedell, three straight sets, during the week and are very anxious to give the Duke and his partner some valuable instruction in the double game during the week.

The army and navy officers and their families are now enjoying the privileges of the California Tennis Club courts. The members voted on and decided to have this list added to the membership roll of the club. The courts are now well patronized in the forenoons. Among the lady players from the army who have played lately are Mrs. A. T. Dean, Mrs. A. B. Wood, Lieutenant and Mrs. C. G. Lyman, and Miss Mira Lord. Miss Mattie Gibbs, Miss Lottie Clarke and Miss Castle have also played during the past week.

The Directors of the California Club may at some future date offer a prize for lady competitors. It would be a good scheme and would improve their play very much. The club will have to do this previous to next year's ladies' tournament, or else Oakland will have a walk over for the ladies' all-comers.

Even at this early date every one of the lady players are of the opinion that Miss Ethel Bates will capture the event next season. THE SCORER.

The Board of Directors of the Oakland Tennis Club have forwarded to THE WAVE a statement refuting the criticisms that have been made of their conduct of the Coast Championship Doubles Tournament, held on September 9th and 10th. They deny that the San Francisco players were treated discourteously, or that the strangers were handicapped in their efforts to win. The Directors very properly ask any of the tennis players who feel aggrieved at their treatment to state their complaint over their own signatures, so that ample apology may be made. The Oakland Club did not seek the tournament, but as its grounds were considered good the players desired to use them. The unusually large number of spectators upset the committee's calculations, but the best efforts were made to insure the comfort and convenience of those in attendance. The Oakland Club asks that those who were treated discourteously make a plain statement regarding the facts.

A SUCCESSFUL SPECIALIST.

Professor A. L. Curry has been very fortunate in his treatment of tape worms, which are a greater cause of ill-health than is generally believed. He removes them entire in two hours, painlessly. The Professor has devoted fifteen years to his studies, and his combination of herbs and roots is the most efficacious to be found anywhere. He has had many prominent people under his care, and has treated them all successfully. He is the originator of the celebrated "Liver Regulator and Sweet Worm Lozenges." He may be consulted at his office free of charge, or his lozenges will be mailed to any part of the world.

LIMES KILL CHOLERA GERMS.

Dr. Christmas, of the Pasteur Institute of Paris, found that nine grains of the acid of limes killed the germ of the bacillus in the Paris aqueduct in fifteen minutes, and that two grains of acid of limes in a quart of water would render the same perfectly harmless. It is utterly absurd for people to fear limes when they are really a disinfectant.

The Brooklyn Board of Health, in a pamphlet issued to the public, say:

"During an epidemic the water used for drinking purposes should be boiled, and, to render it more palatable, it may be placed in bottles on ice, or may be slightly acidulated by the addition of limes.

"L. G. SRISOVICH."

HYMEN AND POLITICS will shortly meet at the altar, when United States Senator Charles N. Felton will wed Mrs. J. A. De Grayer. The news of the engagement of the Senator will occasion some surprise, as people generally thought that politics occupied so large a share of his time that the tender passion had small opportunity of asserting itself. However, I understand that the affair is of several years' standing, and that the rapidly approaching wedding will be the consummation of a long engagement. Senator Felton has been one of the eligibles in San Francisco and Washington for a long time, and many wondered why one so thoroughly qualified to make a woman happy should refuse to see the excellent chances he had of changing his condition. The announcement I make of his engagement will explain his apparent lack of appreciation of the many fair ones of California and the District of Columbia.

Next Wednesday evening there will be a quiet wedding at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Pinkham, the contracting parties being their daughter, Miss Mattie S. Pinkham, and Brainard F. Smith, who is the clerk for the State Board of Prison Directors for Folsom Prison.

The *San Diegan* rises to remark: "The Democrats are not troubling themselves over Peck's mistakes. The 'peck of trouble' will come in after the election, when Peck—like Peck's bad boy—will be on the stool of repentance because his tricks have been found out."

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OAKLAND GOSSIP.

OAKLAND, September 27th. DEAR WAVE:—Lovely Grace Henderson didn't invite me to her wedding, as it was a home affair, and only the relatives and most intimate friends were expected, but Frank Wellman's little wife says the presents were superb, and that everything was just as sweet and pretty as it could possibly have been, and that Tom Matthewson was in a seventh heaven of delight. On the return from their honeymoon they will continue to live in Fruitvale.

The concert, at the gilded church, was a great financial success, but the fact that I am a devout Episcopalian, makes me feel that it is bad form to enjoy myself at any entertainment given in a church. The ushers, who were pretty girls of the 400, were attired in full evening dress, and in some cases most terribly *decoliete*. Why will mothers permit their daughters to put themselves on dress parade before a critical public? Dr. Richardson captured the audience, but I've been wondering, since Monday, if he really didn't enjoy himself more on Saturday night than Thursday? At any rate, I am quite positive that his Saturday night audience was a warmer one. Oh, for the glorious privilege of being a man! Hettie Henshaw's tea was the most delightful one that it has ever been my good fortune to attend, and Hettie was bewitching in an indescribably lovely importation of blue. All others, even the professional beauties who assisted in receiving, looked faded and worn when beside Hettie, who is so fresh and healthful looking. Even her genial hospitality failed to enliven the scene. It is an impossibility to brighten a gathering of youth and beauty without members of the sterner sex being present, and here in this burg it is almost impossible to secure even a smile from the lordly creatures who are always occupied with their clubs. This afternoon we are to be refreshed with another tea. The scene will be at the lovely new home of the Fred Strattons. What a pretty, sweet little woman Mrs. Stratton is.

Shafter Howard is a truant from Oakland now-a-days. Last week he figured as one of the ushers at a swell wedding on your side, and I fear that a certain Oakland maiden, who has been casting her line in his direction, will be bitterly disappointed ere long.

Now that the F. Marion Smiths are coming home we can prepare for some good old times, as Mrs. Smith is a charming hostess, and original, too, in her manner of entertaining. They have been having most delightful times on the yacht that Mr. Smith bought at the commencement of the season.

Mr. E. B. Pomeroy and his blonde charmer, of Alameda, have had a fatal quarrel. Poor unfortunate man! His amours are always tragical.

Mrs. Dr. Fish and her daughter, Mrs. Nichols, leave this week for Yokohama, to join Captain Nichol, the Lieutenant-Commander of the navy. Wonder if they fear the old gent needs looking after, *a la* the divine poet?

"The Russian Honeymoon" will soon be ready to present before the public, but ever so many of our stingy swells say that they will not give $1.50 to see Mary Durham, Marion Albright, Maud Morrell, Jack Wilson, Alec Rosborough, Harry Melvin, and Harry Wadsworth distinguish themselves. Why, we can see those mortals most any evening in our drawing-rooms. Why don't they charge one dollar and have the Goodall attic crowded two evenings? Bessie Wheaton says the Dram-Attics are more audacious in their prices than Lillian Russell.

Didn't I write you I had a secret for you? Well, Georgie told me that Fritz was to be married to Florence Blythe, but I didn't dare betray her. Hope that he will make a more devoted husband than Harry. Yours always, FROU-FROU.

LOS ANGELES LIFE.

LOS ANGELES, Sept. 27th. DEAR WAVE:—Society has not yet become rampant, and a tea would be a dissipation nowadays. Will Edwards added another feather to his universal popularity with the girls last Friday by sending out souvenirs of double high five to the ladies at the baseball grounds. Every ladies' day the fair maids of Society flock there in great numbers. The blonde daughter of the pugilistic judge knows all the points of the game now, and her brunette sister-in-law is always there. Count Von S——'s pretty niece is an *habitué* at the baseball grounds, too, and Senator Del V——, the artist-musician combined, and the slender Lieutenant rarely miss a game.

We are going to be theosophical and mystical down here now, for Miss Louise Off has started a "gernal" staggering under the pseudonym "The New Californian—Devoted to Philosophy, Ethics, and Psychology." Isn't that simply stupendous? Here is a sample of the articles the current number contains: "Soul of the Universe;" "My Soul's Questionings;" "A Scientific Analysis of the Units of Matter." Doesn't it give one "that tired feeling" just to read the titles, let alone the subject matter?

George Riddle, of Boston, read here last week under the auspices of the Woman's Exchange, which is making a desperate struggle to eke out an existence. It has had rather a turbulent time of it since it went into the hands of the ladies of the Friday Morning Club, and no wonder, for they do say that there is more genteel squabbling going on in that Club than in any three organizations in Los Angeles. Of course it is done in a perfectly polite manner, and all the harsh things are said behind each other's backs in the most refined and well-bred way, but some things leak out occasionally. The Vice-President is a combination Spiritualist-Theosophist, I understand, and the President isn't, which sort of complicates things, you see. At some future time I will tell you some of the doings of the Club not intended for publication. KIT.

SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, September 28th. DEAR WAVE:—All of us Normalites are just as mad as we can be at a hateful little sheet here. It has published a letter, a feeble imitation of the bright ones you serve to your readers, in which it makes us the butt of its poor wit. Of course, that letter was written in their office, probably by some youth who has been snubbed by our beauties, so he calls us all homely, and says we are the ugliest lot of girls that ever were seen. Now, anybody can see that from the teachers down we are a splendidly, handsome lot of women and girls. Graceful as Delsarte can make us, we have thrown corsets to the—no, to the silly girls who yet wear them; we ride bicycles, run races, have discarded petticoats, and display the beautiful curves of our fine figures in a manner to win admiration from all—and yet this little weakling says there is only one handsome woman here, and she a married one. Ye Gods! must we endure all this?

Then some other silly paper has tried to make a Society affair of the fall from grace of Mrs. H——y. She never was in Society. Only a shop girl at Hale's.

We need a McAllister here badly to teach us what constitutes Society. The list, if made out, would be briefer than the Oakland list. Shop girls, tailors, and cobblers are not usually of the *haut ton*, are they?

Now the unpleasant affair of Dr. C—— was different. He belongs to an old family. His sisters were the sweetest creatures alive, and never, never—that is, "hardly ever," snubbed anyone who was earning an honest living. They were always found in the first circles—say at "The Rectory" and such places—but the H——s, no.

Sweet Lucie Ryland was in town the other day. She grows prettier every hour she lives.

We are warming up in politics. Everything is harmonious in the Republican works, because, you see, they know, indeed, which king they serve, but the Democrats are just pulling each other all to pieces, "in the usual way." Clement P—— is coming out strong as a reformer. Seems odd to a good many, because he stands so much in need of a little reforming himself.

The Schemmels have bought Dr. Pott's place on the Alameda. They will probably entertain a good deal as Mrs. S—— is a great social favorite.

Mrs. William D—— has made a successful bid for leadership in Catholic circles, by offering her house to the delayed "Cushion Party." Had the affair been at the Murphys I should have been there, for Mrs. M—— knows exactly how to entertain, but Mrs. D—— is a novice, and I don't like to be experimented on. The "Conversation Club," which meets on First Street, was sadly disappointed in THE WAVE last week, and won't buy any papers this week. They were anticipating a rare dish, and were all "so sorry for Lou," so was BABBLER.

SACRAMENTO AFFAIRS.

SACRAMENTO, September 27th. DEAR WAVE:—Prepare yourself for a surprise! I have no less than three weddings of which to tell you. After my groanings and complainings on this subject, I feel very much elated that a change has come. First on the list are the nuptials of Ethel Deuel to Mr. Spratt; I am told that her friends are quite angry with her for keeping them in the dark for so long a time. Just to think, she had been married almost a month before she told one single soul. Never can it be said that a woman is not capable of keeping a secret. As the groom's home is in Vancouver I presume they will reside there, and so we must bid farewell to one of our prettiest girls. I am sorry for John and that other *swain*, but they must cheer up; better luck next time may attend them.

On Wednesday evening of last week the genial and ever-popular Major Gett led a blushing bride to the altar. We began to think that he intended remaining a bachelor, but he surprised us all by becoming a Benedict before we were even aware of his intentions. On their return from the wedding tour they will commence housekeeping in the newly-furnished cottage awaiting them. To the other young men of our city I will say, "Go thou and do likewise." If they do not hurry themselves our fairest flowers will be plucked by stranger hands and transplanted to foreign soil. It is a matter of much surprise that our girls so seldom marry the men in their own place.

Tuesday afternoon witnessed the nuptials of Delia Magann and Mr. Cowan, of Victoria. As no one was asked but the family I can tell you none of the particulars. One thing we are safe in presuming is that the bride looked lovely. They left immediately for Monterey. I understand that the groom is young, wealthy, and good looking, so we are safe in proffering them all good wishes and congratulations. Victoria, I am told, is not only a land flowing with the traditional milk and honey, but absolutely swarming with young men. I wish I were better acquainted with Mrs. Cowan; she might ask me to visit her; it is just my luck; I have always known the wrong people.

What are Jennie and Ted doing these days? I have not seen them since we had such fun at the races. The Directors' stand is the best place to thoroughly enjoy yourself. But, goodness, didn't the people crowd in? On warm days it was simply suffocating. But it is better to be a little uncomfortable if you can save your money, and, at the same time do the swell thing.

Mrs. S—— has returned from Castle Crags snd Mrs. Wright from Monterey, they may be seen driving out together quite often. The visitors have all gone home and we have settled down to our accustomed quiet, so, I fear me, that my next letter will be very dull, but such as it is, you may always be sure of a weekly budget from NINA.

UNSATISFIED.

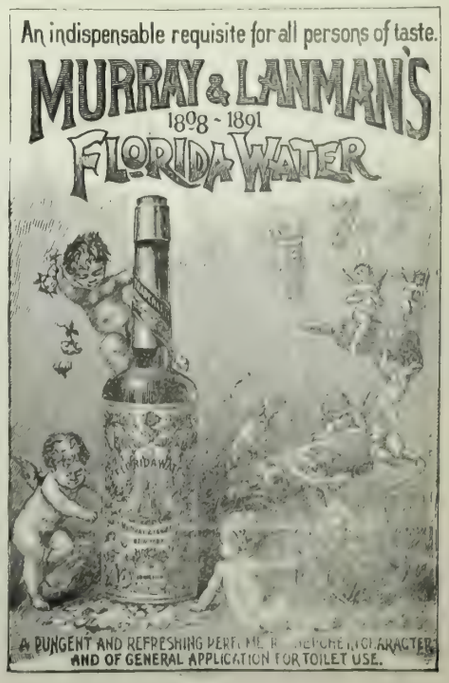
This longing, this yearning,
This covetous burning
For that which I ne'er can possess.
In me is a passion,
Not after a fashion,
Which mere worldly law can repress.

I'll seek a physician,
Some cranky magician,
With science unbounded by girth.
And call for a portion
To shatter this notion,
In one who is wanting—The Earth.

—*Chicago Figaro.*

The elegant fall importation of suitings, overcoatings, and pantaloonings by J. M. Litchfield & Co., 12 Post, are now being displayed. The patterns exhibited are the neatest seen here in years—the very latest styles and modes. Their cutter, as an artist, is second to none on the Coast. His frock coats are absolutely perfect.

There is but one Decker Piano, and that is Decker Bros.—the one used by artists, and known the world over as faultless in tone, touch, and finish. Kohler & Chase are agents for these incomparable instruments, 26, 28, and 30 O'Farrell Street.



SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE	FROM SEPT. 5, 1892.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*12.15 p m
.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6 15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8 00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	9.45 p m
8 30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4 45 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8 45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton	*8.45 p m
‡2.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7 15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9 00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Martinez	12.45 p m
3 00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4 00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced and Fresno	9 45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4 30 p m	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento	10 45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4 30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	8 45 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	8.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
*6.00 p m	Niles and Livermore	.....
6.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	9.15 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo	‡8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡7.45 a. m.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p. m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.38 p m
‡7.30 a m	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excur'n	‡8.28 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
‡9.30 a m	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations	‡2 45 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.03 p m
12 15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.30 p m
*2 30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.37 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, Gilroy and Principal Way Stations	*9 47 a m
*4.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8 48 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6 35 a m
‡11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	‡7.30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

San Francisco and North Pacific Railway

San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 30, 3:30, 5.05, 6.20 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, :30, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		In effect Apr. 24, 1892.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7.25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7.25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7 25 p m	10:30 a m 6 10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5.00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

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NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

VIA SAUSALITO FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12.30, 1:30, 3:00, 4:30, 5:25, 6:45 P. M.

Extra Trips on Sunday for Sausalito at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO to MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 2:30, 4:00, 5:25 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 6:45, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:45, 11:00, 11:50 A. M.; 1:10, 2:25, 3:40, 5:15, 6:05, 7:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 6:25 P. M. Fare, 50 cents round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days) 6:25, 6:55, 7:58, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:05, 11:20 A. M.; 1:20, 2:45, 4:00, 5:30, 6:30 P. M. Fare, 40 cents round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 7:15, 8:15, 9:50, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:45 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:20, 11:40 A. M.; 12:35, 1:45, 3:10, 4:25, 6:00, 6:50, 7:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7:00 P. M. Fare, 25 cents round trip.

Leave San Francisco	Through Trains. Destination.	Arrive San Francisco.
7:30 A. M. } Week 8:00 A. M. } days. 8:00 A. M Sundays	Camp Taylor, Tocaloma, Point Reyes and Way Stations.	8:45 A. M. } Week 6:15 P. M. } days. 8:15 P. M. Sundays
7:30 A. M. Week days 8:00 A. M. Sundays 5:00 P. M. Saturdays	Tomales, Howards, Duncan Mills, Cazadero and Way Stations.	8:45 A. M. Mondays 6:15 P. M. Week days 8:15 P. M. Sundays

Thirty-day Excursion—Round trip, 25 per cent reduction.
Friday to Monday Excursion Round trip tickets: Tocaloma and Point Reyes, $1.75; Tomales, $2; Howards, $2.50; Cazadero, $3.
Sunday Excursion—Round trip tickets: Point Reyes, $1; Tomales, $1.50; Howards, $2; Duncan's Mills and Cazadero, $2.50.

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Through line sailings—October 5th, S. S. "San Blas," October 15th, S. S. "City of Sydney," October 25th, S. S. "San Jose."

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at NOON 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San Jose de Guatemala, Acajutla La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—October 18th, 1892, S. S. "Colima."

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.: S. S. "Peru," Saturday, October 15, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "City of Rio de Janeiro," Saturday, Nov. 5, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "City of Peking," Saturday, November 26, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "China," via Honolulu, Tuesday, December 6, at 3 P. M.

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CAPITAL PAID UP, - - -	$ 3,446,100.00
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SURPLUS TO POLICY HOLDERS, -	8,980,251.00

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager, SAN FRANCISCO

City Office, 501 Montgomery St. General Office, 401 Montgomery St.

ASSESSMENT NOTICES.

BEST & BELCHER MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the seventeenth (17th) day of August, 1892, an assessment (No. 52) of twenty-five (25) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Thursday, the twenty-second day of September, 1892, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the thirteenth (13th) day of October, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

L. OSBORN, Secretary.

Office—Room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

BULLION MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the eleventh day of August, 1892, an assessment, No. 39, of twenty-five (25) cents per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 20, 331 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the sixteenth day of September, 1892, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the fourth day of October, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office—Room 20, 331 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the eleventh (11th) day of August, 1892, an assessment (No. 102) of Fifty Cents (50c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 26, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Thursday, the fifteenth (15th) day of September, 1892, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the seventh (7th) day of October, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

A. B. THOMPSON, Secretary.

Office—Room 26, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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Guardian Assurance Co. Sun • Fire • Office

Of London Established A. D. 1821		Of London Established A. D. 1710	
Paid-up Capital -	$ 5,000,000	Cash Assets - -	$9,031,000
Cash Assets - -	$21,911,915	Assets in America	$1,956,330

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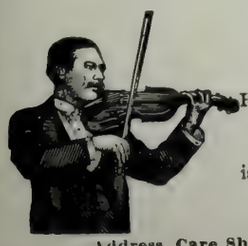

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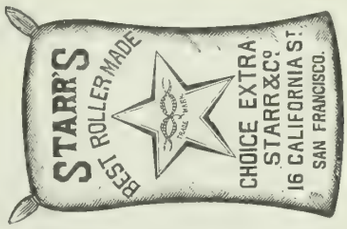

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Finest Wedding Cakes.
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THE WAVE

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The Wave

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SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 8, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

This week, I take pleasure in presenting to the readers of THE WAVE the portrait of John C. Quinn, Collector of Internal Revenue at this port. Mr. Quinn has been in politics for many years, and has a large personal following, with whom he is very popular. His appointment was received from President Harrison, and he has administered the affairs of his office in a very acceptable manner.

SPLASHES.

THAT DIRECTOR HOLDEN will remain ›ng in control of the Lick Observatory I .ave excellent reasons to doubt. Strange as ıt may appear, he does not enjoy the regard and estimation of the Regents, his masters, and I believe they have gone so far as to demand explanations from him. The retirement of Professor Burnham and the complaints of other competent astronomers, whom his manner has driven from Mt. Hamilton, are too loud to be ignored. The institution cannot afford the loss of such eminent observers for the mere pleasure of paying Director Holden $4000 per annum. His resignation would have been in hand ere now but for the violent attacks of the *Examiner*.

* * *

Not that every word this journal has printed lacked justification. On the contrary. The Regents, however, are averse to permitting the impression go abroad that a newspaper forced them to take action, nor are they willing to leave it in Holden's power to claim he was driven from Mount Hamilton by journalistic persecution. As soon as the wordy war blows over the great man will hand in his resignation, and it will be accepted with avidity. The difficulty with the charges preferred against Holden in the past is that they have not been tangible. It is hard to condense into a strong complaint a series of petty slights and snubs. His campaign against his eminent subordinates was conducted on feminine lines. Nothing was too small, mean, or trivial for him. The result was, the lives of these men were made a burden, and, after complaining, Burnham resigned, and I should not be surprised to hear of his return to Mount Hamilton as Director.

* * *

MAJOR POWELL, I am informed by those who know, has as good a chance of being elected President of the State University as Loring Pickering who is not a candidate. Doubtless he is a very learned and able man, but the Board has made up its mind to have Professor Moses. He will be elected early next year. Just how Professors Howison and Kellogg will receive this painful intelligence I can only conjecture, but they may take my word for it and shape their course accordingly. The coming President has strong friends among the Regents who are convinced he is the right man for the place. The admirable endorsement he has received from Presidents Elliott, White, and others insure him attention, and, I believe, his reputation will yet be but little inferior to theirs.

* * *

It is time that the University had over it a man whose associations are partly Californian. This policy of going East for individuals to fill our important places will, in the end, wreck all our institutions, for it removes the prospects of promotion. What use is it to struggle if there is to be no reward?

* * *

WISE VIRGINS are joining the Crocker Auxiliary in numbers. I am sure there is not now a more popular organization in town, for the impression has gone abroad that membership in it means matrimony sooner or later. Some weeks ago I commented on the number of maidens who had achieved marriage and, presumably, happiness while under the ægis of the Auxiliary, and the re-enforcements I allude to are by some attributed to the paragraph in question. It seems to me the admirable record the organization has achieved would be an excellent reason for not joining it. Lightning, it is said, seldom strikes twice in the same place, and the chances are that a year or so must elapse before there is another engagement announced in the ranks of Mrs. Scott's protégés.

* * *

Against this somber possibility is opposed the fact that the girls who compose the Auxiliary are exceedingly attractive. In a given number of damsels the average of actual beauty seldom ranges over ten per cent of the total. Of the girls who were assisting the old people to tea and sandwiches at the Home, the other evening, at least one in every three was worth looking twice at. To give a list of them all is beyond my capacity; the names of half a dozen, indeed, have escaped my memory, but only a very hard heart would remain unaffected in such an environment. Here are a few, however: Miss Mabel Love, Miss Gardiner, Miss Mulford, Miss Paddock, the Le Counts, whose type is very charming, and Miss Nellie Boyd.

* * *

The Auxiliary has monthly gatherings, at which an effort is made to entertain the old people with musical or dramatic performances. However successful the attainment, the intention of the participants is so admirable as to excuse sins of omission or commission. A "Game of Cards" was played by some ambitious amateurs on Tuesday evening last, and every one seemed as thoroughly satisfied with the *dramatis personæ* as they were with themselves. The occasion brought out the membership in force, and a very agreeable evening was had. They are a very fortunate set of old people to have so many charming girls ministering to their necessities.

* * *

AT WHICH BALL to come out is the important question that distracts the charming heads of a dozen pretty debutantes. The Concordia Club opens the season with a grand hop on the fifteenth; two weeks later the San Francisco Verein produces Columbus in a manner to defy criticism and competition. In some sets the Verein affairs are considered most agreeable for the social plunge, while others insist on the Concordia or nothing. It is said the advantage of the former lies in the fact that between acts the gilded youth are given an opportunity of paying compliments to the debuting maidens. They are thus spared the ordeal of dashing *in medias res* at once. However, tradition fights on the side of the Concordia.

* * *

That the Club's endorsement of a debutante means scores of future dances is a fact not likely to be lost sight of. Nothing if not patriotic, the Concordia men ever rally to the support of the latest bevy of belles. They have the advantage of the Verein in numbers —everything else being equal, and the chances are for a long season. However, there is as much *esprit de corps* in the Sutter Street organization, and I am quite sure that the blushing maiden whose debut is made under the auspices of Columbus will have no cause to regret her mode of entrance into "the swim." In the meantime, however, frocks are being designed and executed, jewels are being

selected, aud preparations of all kinds made for the plunge.

* * *

THE RAPID MANNER in which matrimonial alliances are maturing must strike the most purblind of observers. Such a huge crop of engagements as the dailies announced last Sunday seems to denote tremendous activity on the part of Cupid. The most notable is that of Mr. Sam Rosenbaum and Miss Lewis. Both are rich, though he has the advantage—at least in point of possessions. He is the eldest son of the late capitalist, who left an estate of something like $2,000,000, acquired, like that of the Brandensteins and others, in the tobacco business. I believe the prospective groom has already half a million in his own right. His brother married Miss Ehrman some time ago. Miss Lewis is a tall, graceful brunette, very charming and interesting. Her father is a member of the banking firm of Lewis & Kales, of Arizona.

* * *

Another engagement is that of Henry Ahpel, a member of the Concordia and Calliopean Clubs, quite well known in social circles, and Miss Cora Levy, whose father was a wealthy merchant at San Jose. Mr. Ahpel is in the insurance business, and, like his bride that is to be, has many friends who have kept him busy receiving congratulations.

* * *

THIS IS THE TIME when Society organizes its clubs. Not, indeed, that Society ever exhibits commendable zeal in this, or any other, direction. But that is another story. The "School for Scandal" is the first to take the field, and if the promise of its name is fulfilled, it should be worth belonging to. However, I am told this title is to be regarded rather as an antithesis than as accurately describing the tendencies of the institution. Mrs. Williams is its *Alma Mater*, and at her mansion on Octavia Street the members are to meet. "The School for Scandal" is for girls only, its purposes are literary, musical, and dramatic, and every second Monday it gathers to be entertained in one way or another. Sometimes a comedy will be given, at others a minor tragedy. Or, perhaps, there will be music, or a recitation, which will surely bring to light lots of latent talent.

* * *

Once a month—on every fourth Thursday—there is to be a dance. Not a Cricket Club small and early, but a jolly gathering to which each girl will invite a man and the hostess will ask as many more as she pleases. At the very beginning of the season, therefore, there is a promise of at least five hops which should prove very jolly and enjoyable. The "School for Scandal" deserves to become a social institution of the first magnitude.

* * *

THESE ARE HALCYON DAYS at the Century Club. The Wednesday afternoon gatherings are growing even more in popularity than before. One hears occasionally interesting debates. The membership, too, has reached the second hundred, and the decorations on important occasions are something to dream of. Last Wednesday, when Edmund Russell lectured on Delsarte and the group of subjects with which he is identified, the assembly-room was hung with pink and white flowers. Really the effect was admirable and was admired by the æsthete himself in no unmeasured terms. Mr. Russell proved an agreeable disappointment. Instead of being affected, or lackadaisically graceful, as most of his auditors anticipated, he was very manly, outspoken, and denunciatory of frauds, shams, and gestures.

* * *

In fact he was interesting and piquant; his theories proved tenable, acceptable, and were lucidly expressed. On concluding he was very generously congratulated, and, I believe, is to be permitted the use of the Club's lecture-rooms for the course he purposes delivering here. So far, Mrs. John Vance Cheney has proved a capable and dignified President, and I trust, under her regime, the institution will broaden its policy, and be something more than an afternoon tea club with pretensions to be regarded as the centre of Sweetness and Light in the midst of this Philistia.

* * *

THE BOHEMIAN CLUB has just passed through a period of excitement. It was said that a gentleman had been called before the Board of Directors to explain why he told me about the grand banquet Joseph D. Redding gave to T. Henry French and nine other distinguished impresarios, literary, social, and legal lights. A terrible fate was promised the man who had divulged a secret that everybody was talking about, and some members even went as far as saying that the Board would expel the wretch if he confessed the crime. Of course, the Board had no such intention; if they had expelled the men who talked of Mr. Redding's big dinner the Bohemian Club would have lost some of its best members.

* * *

The unfortunate feature of the "investigation" lay in the fact that the gentleman cited to appear was as innocent of telling about the dinner as was Mr. Redding himself. The latter related a story that I printed, and then asked if a man's club was not his castle, and if stories told there were not as sacred as those that provoke mirth at his own table. They are, with a difference. A good story is of such rare achievement that the author is usually not content with telling it once; and if it has its initial presentation over the walnuts and wine in his own dining-room it will shortly be heard on the street. The story that Mr. Redding brought forth at his banquet at the Bohemian Club was of the vintage of 1889—I think that is when it caused its first laugh, at least I can't recall it as antedating that year. It has been told on occasions since that year. As it was issued before the copyright law was passed, neither Mr. Redding nor Mr. Bouvier could object if it were put into print. It is a matter of regret that a story as old as that should have appeared in these columns.

* * *

But I doubt that Mr. Redding objected to the publication of the facts of his splendid dinner as much as to the inadvertent allusion I made to the Ovid Musin affair. When the violinist was blackballed, Mr. Redding saw all the members of the Election Committee and requested them to sign a paper stating they had not used the deadly pellets, and Musin was declared elected. It was, probably, to get at the author of that story that the "investigation" was begun. But the Club itself gave publicity to it before I printed it. By referring to the catalogue on pictures exhibited by non-artists at the Club, I find Mr. C. Osgood Hooker's contribution was entitled, "How Joseph Intimidated the Election Committee." The picture had for its subject the efforts Mr. Redding made to have the committee see the error of its way in voting against Musin.

* * *

Of course, it is unnecessary to state that no one was in danger of expulsion for talking about Mr. Redding's banquet. No person will believe for a moment that dinners would be given if people were not to talk about them. Displays of hospitality are made as much for the purpose of exciting conversation as for showing an interested kindness to a visitor. It is to be regretted, however, that Mr. Redding should have made so much trouble over the publication of his story; and that his efforts to bring an offender to the justice of the Board of Directors should have been made public in a morning paper is also a matter to be deprecated. The person who gave that news to the *Call* should be found and expelled, as it was done in malice, and for the avowed purpose of injuring Mr. Bouvier. Mr. Redding should explain what he knows about that.

* * *

Spencer Buckbee and Miss Emma Durbrow were married at noon on Thursday at the Durbrow residence on Bush Street. It was comparatively a quiet affair as only the immediate friends of the contracting parties were present. The bride looked very charming in white brocaded silk trimmed with point lace. Pretty Miss Annie Buckbee, in pale pink, was her maid of honor. Walter Newhall was best man, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. W. W. Davis. The usual breakfast, at which the health of the happy pair was drunk, was followed by a reception, and by the afternoon train Mr. and Mrs. Buckbee sped away to Southern California where they will spend their honeymoon.

* * *

The Brown-Ganz wedding, celebrated on Tuesday last, was quite an elaborate affair. Dr. Voorsanger tied the nuptial knot with his usual dexterity, and as the bridal party approached him, a choir of ladies chanted the wedding march from "Lohen-

Richardson & Robbins' Potted Ham for Picnics and Teas.

grin." This is a variation on the stereotyped form of procedure and the effect was excellent. After the ceremony the guests repaired to the dining-room where a most elaborate dinner was served in the Maison Dorée's best style. Dancing followed, and later on the happy pair set out on their honeymoon.

* * *

The most interesting wedding of the week was that of Miss Rosalie Meyer and Sigmund Stern, celebrated very quietly at the bride's home on Pine Street. Since she first entered Society as a debutante, Miss Meyer has been a leading belle. She possesses a refined type of beauty, perfect features and exquisite coloring. Only a handful of the immediate friends of the contracting parties witnessed the ceremony. In her white satin wedding gown the bride was superb. Two maids of honor, Miss Elise and Miss Florence Meyer, both very pretty girls, one in a combination of cream and tan and the second in pink satin, preceded the bridal party. A reception followed and about eleven o'clock a very delicious hot supper was served.

* * *

The presents were really magnificent. From the Lazards, with whom Miss Meyer stopped during her visit to Paris, there came a solid silver tea set, royal size. Others sent valuable jewelry. Levy Strauss' gift was very handsome. Indeed, such splendid presents are rarely seen, but it must be remembered that Mr. Stern's relatives are all millionaires, and that Miss Meyer's friends are all rich beyond dreams of avarice.

* * *

The programme for the Saturday Pop at Irving Hall to-day, is an excellent one. These entertainments have attracted much attention in the musical world, and have done much in keeping the musical feeling alive here. Mrs. Sunderland will be the vocalist to-day, and there will be numbers by Mrs. Carr, Mr. Beel, and Mr. Heine.

* * *

Among Bohemians and the whole souled generally, there is genuine grief over the death of genial Tom McCarthy. Mr. McCarthy was of the firm of Cartan, McCarthy & Co., was generous and hospitable, happiest when entertaining a crowd of friends, withal an excellent business man and a shrewd dealer.

* * *

THE FAIR at the Pavilion, under the patronage of the Sisters of the Holy Family and for the benefit of the Children's Day Home, must be a big success if one may predict financial results from the attendance on the opening night. The host of attractions that have made the Catholic fairs so popular in the past have been re-enforced on this occasion, and it must be from witnessing such displays of loveliness as may be seen here that visitors have accorded San Francisco the palm for beautiful women.

* * *

The booths are as pretty as of yore, and those who wait on the moneyed visitor have a charm of person and persuasion that the most miserly spirit cannot resist. The pretty articles offered for sale may not be the very best examples of the utilitarian, but they have the virtue of beauty, and one cannot expect too much at a Fair. Among the numerous booths that are surrounded by admirers is that of Mrs. Luke Robinson, who, with a bevy of assistants, has made a most attractive stall. Mrs. Tobin's booth is also worth mentioning, and there are dozens of others that should have separate paragraphs to themselves. The Fair closes on the seventeenth.

* * *

IF FICTION has an artistic advantage over fact, truth is often the more suggestive. In the Superior Court at San Jose, last Monday, a decision was handed down which grieved to the heart a bright, courageous, and handsome young woman and terminated, for the time being, one of the *causes célèbres* of Santa Clara County. It was a suit to quiet title to a narrow section of land near Watsonville, but behind the prosaic phraseology of complaint and answer lurks a story whose details comprehend the most exciting elements of romance. The title of the case was Nicholson *vs.* Tarpey, and some months ago, I told, in these columns, the story of Matt Tarpey's violent death—being the dramatic evidence of the leader of the party that took him out of the Monterey jail.

* * *

Briefly the facts are these: A Scotch family named Nicholson purchased from Matt Tarpey, then one of the most extensive ranchers in Monterey County, a section of land, some hundred acres in extent. They were new-comers in that part of the State, and Tarpey, a bold, impulsive, dashing Irishman of splendid physique, was one of the popular and influential men of the vicinity. Negotiations over the purchase were concluded, and the deeds signed, when there arose over a narrow triangle of land, running along the country road, a dispute. Nicholson claimed it as his; Tarpey asserted that this particular tongue of turf—it was little more—was not included in the transaction.

* * *

This occurred many years ago. Passions and blood were hotter then than they are in these *fin de siècle* days. Here was an Irishman, bold as a lion and as strong, proud, overbearing, obstinate, pitted against a Scotchman, as vital a type in his way as the other, colder, and with the canny shrewdness of his race. His wife, a vigorous Highland woman, stood behind him. At that time the property they disputed over may have been worth seventy-five cents. With people of the violent temperament I have described, it does not take long to pass from words to deeds. The Nicholsons built a hut on the land, and Tarpey vowed they should never occupy it. The story goes that they sent up to San Francisco for a gang of toughs to aid them in the fight they saw impending.

* * *

Three or four tough, desperate fellows, of the type that gathers in Tar Flat, answered the summons, and, accompanied by these, one summer's evening, the Nicholsons started to occupy the hut. Tarpey had vowed to shoot if they did so. However, they entered and passed the night there, happy in the belief of having checkmated their formidable antagonist. Word was sent him, however, and early the following morning he was waiting. A log served him as a kind of protection, and on it he rested his rifle. Threats and recriminations had forced the feeling between them to fever heat. Black O'Neill, one of the toughs, was the first to appear. He had his gun. Behind him came Mrs. Nicholson. A cry from Tarpey warned them. The tough raised his weapon. At that instant the Irishman fired but the bullet entered the breast of the woman who, in the excitement of the moment, had thrown herself in its way. A few minutes later she died.

* * *

This is the most coherent story of the tragedy. That Tarpey would wittingly fire at a woman, no matter what the provocation, is incredible. But appearances were against him. He was arrested, taken to Monterey Jail, and, a few days later, a mob broke in and he died on a pine tree near by. Since then this land has been the subject of constant litigation, and again and again the various issues have been tried. Twice has a decision been given for the plaintiff, and twice the Supreme Court has reversed the verdict of the lower Courts, and ordered a new trial. This last time Judge Reynolds heard the case. D. M. Delmas appeared for the Tarpeys and Arthur Rogers represented the Nicholsons. The hearing continued five weeks, and the end is not yet. The Supreme Court will again have a chance of reversing the verdict. The most interesting figure in the fight is the daughter of Matt Tarpey, who, when this episode occurred, was a baby in arms.

* * *

She has grown a splendid young woman of the finest type, and all her energies have been bent on this cause. With the force of an ardent, loyal, and determined nature, she has striven to clear her father's name. That she has not succeeded, though backed by the ability and legal acumen of so eloquent an advocate as Delmas, is a proof that circumstances are against her. But Jeanie Deans never struggled with more devotion.

* * *

THOUSANDS OF EXCELLENT PEOPLE have been asking each other for a month past how it was that ex-Mayor E. B. Pond, who has stood so long for fair politics and good government in this town, participated so prominently in the recent "Slate" Democratic Convention. It is easy to imagine that Mr. Pond's unusual prominence might have

Richardson & Robbins' Plum Pudding—A Delicious Dessert.

induced Judge Sullivan and Mr. Dwyer, the bosses of the Convention, to select him for Chairman, but why did he consent to serve? That is the interesting question. I do not know that a correct explanation of the phenomenon of the immaculate ex-Mayor presiding over a machine convention will be found in the story I am about to relate; but I think a discerning few may find some matter for reflection in it. If this story is true—as I trust it is not—Mr. Pond may as well be buried politically, for he is, for the future, a dead cock in the pit.

* * *

It will be remembered that Pond's name was used as a candidate for National delegate before the Fresno Convention. It was reported down there, however, that he could not be elected, and he was not placed before that body. The man who handled the name at Fresno was Mr. J. J. Dwyer. Pond's intimate connection with the new bosses is shown by this incident. Their unaccountable influence over him, however, cannot be explained by the fact that Mr. Dwyer had charge of his candidacy at Fresno. The day after John H. Wise was defeated for Mayor before the late Democratic Convention, he hunted up Pond and complained of the treatment he had received.

"Oh," said the ex-Mayor, "everybody knew you couldn't get it. Sullivan promised the nomination to Barry Baldwin two months ago."

* * *

It is plain from this, therefore, that Pond knew the Convention was being operated by Sullivan and Dwyer. He is sufficiently sagacious to be aware of the further fact that no ticket nominated by such a Convention could be elected; and yet he continued to preside over its deliberations to the end. Moreover, this is not all. Everybody who knows aught of Democratic politics in this city knows that the rank and file of the party desired Colin M. Boyd for Mayor. This is no idle statement, but it is a fact that can hardly be disputed. I am told that Boyd, knowing Sullivan and Dwyer had promised the nomination to Barry Baldwin, at first refused to permit the delegates to use his name. Finally, several of his friends appealed to him with this agreement: "If you do not permit your name to go before the Convention, when the ticket is defeated (as it will be) and we say it was because they did not nominate you for Mayor, they will reply that it was your fault, because you refused to let them use your name. To protect yourself you must be placed in nomination."

* * *

Boyd was soon persuaded to take this view, and he went after Pond to place him before the Convention.

"But you haven't a ghost of a show," said Pond.

"Never mind that," was Boyd's response. "I want my name to go before that convention for Mayor. If I receive no votes at all I want the delegates to have a chance to vote for me."

At first Pond flatly refused, but finally he promised, and Boyd departed for a trip into the country, confident that his agreement with his friends would be carried out. What was the amazement of all of them to read on the morning after the nomination of Baldwin that, so far as Judge Sullivan's Convention was concerned, no such a man as Colin M. Boyd was in existence. Pond deliberately violated his promise.

* * *

The fact that Sullivan and Dwyer did not want Pond to perform this service for his old political associate is not a sufficient reason for his refusal after a solemn promise. The truth of the matter is (and I have this on better authority than the story I have just related) these two bosses have promised Pond to renominate him for Governor two years hence. Naturally, they are all interested in keeping Boyd out of the Mayor's office, because a two years' term there might make him a formidable candidate for Governor also. Personally, I do not believe Judge Sullivan and Mr. Dwyer, even if they promised Pond the gubernatorial nomination in return for his private honor and public support on this occasion, have any intention of delivering the goods. If the coming election should result in building up their machine instead of demolishing it—as now seems probable—they will have no use for Pond two years hence.

* * *

Barry Baldwin is their candidate for Governor, if he should be elected Mayor, and if he should not be, then perhaps Judge Sullivan will be his own candidate—but Pond, never. That gentleman does not belong to their crowd. Mr. Baldwin has, I understand, like the other candidates on the ticket, promised to throw all the patronge of his office into the common pot, and with it "stand in" to lay the foundations of the new firm of bosses broad and deep. If the present powerful and apparently tractable machine can be kept together for two years the next San Francisco delegation to a State Convention will be howling for Barry Baldwin for Governor. If Mr. Pond has sold his birthright for this mess of pottage, I am extremely sorry for him. Two years hence Judge Sullivan will laugh at him just as he is now laughing at all the candidates who were not on the "slate."

* * *

AT THE PRESENT MOMENT Police Judge John Lord Love, candidate for the Superior Court on the Kelly-Crimmins ticket, is being roundly abused by nearly everybody for releasing half a dozen ballot-box stuffers who had been jailed for illegal registration. Whether Judge Love had the legal right to accept bail for the "stuffers," seeing that they had been arrested by United States officers, or whether it was in good taste for him to get out of his bed at midnight and visit the noisome hole in Dunbar Alley called the City Prison, for the purpose of delivering a lot of drunken loafers who, if justice were done, ought to be hanged, is not the question that interests me at this time. The moral aspect of Judge Love's present situation strikes me somewhat forcibly, for I have no doubt the exposure of his connection with Phil Crimmins and his "stuffers" will cost him the place he covets on the Superior bench.

* * *

There is an ancient Spanish proverb that a man cannot lie down with dogs without having fleas upon him when he arises. This incontestable truth, it seems to me, points the moral in Judge Love's case. Personally, John Lord Love is an honest man. This statement may seem paradoxical to those who are now judging him by his late intercession in favor of ballot-box stuffers, but I know whereof I speak when I make it. As Attorney-General of the State from 1871 to 1875 he made an upright and incorruptible official. This is matter of history. As City and County Attorney he was an able and conscientious officer. No scandals ever attached to the office while he held it. Were he a boodling politician and lawyer, he might now be possessed of bushels of money, but instead he is a poor man dependent on his salary for his daily bread.

* * *

Moreover, Judge Love has a most pleasing and amiable character. He is intelligent, brave, sentimental, and benevolent—a combination of which great men are sometimes made. He is, in fact, almost too soft-hearted to survive in this harsh and selfish world. In the domain of the law his ability is beyond question. If he spent as much time in study as he spends in assisting unworthy friends—if he were a trifle selfish, in fact—he would be one of the foremost lawyers and publicists of his time. If he were to be elected Judge of the Superior Court I believe he would make an able, conscientious, and upright officer. The depth of his benevolence and the gentleness of his heart would never permit him to hazard the infliction of injustice, and his sense of duty would make him indefatigable in the search for truth.

* * *

But it seems that this easy-going, kind-hearted intelligent man, who might be of vast service to the State, is to be sacrificed without hesitation by the rascally gang of politicians who surround him. Any magistrate might have bailed the ballot-box stuffers, but Judge Love must be selected because he (good-natured ass), knowing that he was acting within the law, does not hesitate to perform his duty promptly. He would get out of his bed at midnight to bail the most miserable creature who might apply to him, and why not the ballot-box stuffers?

* * *

Of course, Judge Love will be defeated. He cannot hope to succeed with the stain upon him of intimate association with Kelly and Crimmins. The people will not elect a man Judge who maintains the calm amiability of the law when it deals with ballot-box stuf-

fers. His fate, however, will illustrate the cold-blooded selfishness of the political bosses. They do not hesitate to destroy whoever is foolish enough to accept their favors. If Judge Love, having lain down with the mangy curs of Third Street, now arises covered with bugs, he has, perhaps, only himself to blame. Nevertheless I am sorry that so good a man should become their victim.

* * *

AS WITS the Chinese do not shine. Their humor is a good deal like the English article, and their nearest approach to a joke consists in sending to a widow a box of fragrant tea, in which the recently severed head of her late husband is neatly and artistically packed. Sometimes, though, they overcome giants in intellect like Dan O'Connell, and deliver in wobbly English a sarcasm that quivers like an arrow when it hits the mark. Of course, Dan is a wit; a few days ago he proved this to the intense delight of a lot of Mill Valleyans. His victim was a Chinese, a sober, gray, spectacled, owl-like personage, who smoked a pestilential cigar, and maintained his dignity during Mr. O'Connell's attack on him.

* * *

Dan was very savage. "Your economy," said he to the old Chinese, "is such that ye won't sit for your pictures, fearing that you'll break the camera, even if it is a white man's. But you'll have to get out of the country; we don't need ye here even as guano. The deserving immigrants of the earth are looking to this glorious country as a place on which they may rest their weary feet, but you elbow them into the poorhouse."

The heathen never said a word; but the other passengers shrieked with joy.

* * *

"You're as silent as an owl, but I bet you're thinking up some mean revenge," continued Dan. "You are too numerous here, altogether, and your presence is a constant menace to law and order. Go back to China, where ye belong, and leave decent citizens to run the country in peace." This evoked applause. The Caucasians on the train gave Mr. O'Connell an ovation, at the end of which the Chinese removed his cigar, looked sadly at Dan, and spoke:

"Chinaman all lightee," he said softly, "when Ilishman put him out countly, he have countly to go to, he go back to China. But when Ilishman put 'Melican man out of 'Melica, where will pool 'Melican man go to? He has no countly then. You sabe?"

There was a pause while this bit of wisdom filtered itself through the intellect of Mill Valley. Then someone said, "We sabe," but Dan never said a word.

* * *

WHAT WILL DR. ANDERSON do with the *Medical Journal* now that President Harrison has robbed him of Dr. Sundberg. This latter worthy is going to represent in a consular capacity our glorious country at Bagdad, and the task of maintaining professional etiquette devolves on the distinguished traveler alone. I am told that the new Consul is a very learned man, a native of Norway and master of fourteen languages. He has had three matrimonial experiences, in costume, is rigorously unconventional, and in whisker, opulent and shaggy. He is liable to wear anything from a cooly's head covering up, but most commonly rejoices in a high black hat of the "pot" variety, short yellow silk coat, and pants of a type that may have been fashionable in Christiana æons ago.

* * *

In spite of his philological acquirements, Dr. Sundberg has never acquired much of a practice in San Francisco. A variety of reasons are adduced in explanation. Some assert if he knew less languages and more medicine he would have a greater variety of cures to his credit, but even Dr. Anderson will not claim that mere knowledge has aught to do with professional success. If Dr. Sundberg had only known how to clothe himself, if he had but the knack of appearing profound, had he but the enterprise to hire a brougham, then the world would insist on licking his feet, and no thought of Bagdad would ever have entered his mind any more than it does that of Dr. Hertzstein, Dr. Payne or other savants of the same type.

* * *

However, Dr. Sundberg will doubtless find Bagdad more amusing than the *Medical Journal*, and at least he will be released from Dr. Anderson, who, if I am to judge him by his correspondence, must be as interesting as a flat-iron. There is no accounting for journalistic taste, but I should imagine Mr. De Young must be tired of allowing peripatetic physicians to transcribe guide books for his Sunday supplement. The idea that because a man happens to go to Europe or India he should write up his impressions is quite out of date, especially as said impressions are the reverse of entertaining. I don't imagine Dr. Anderson is stupider than the ordinary run of physicians, but in his hebdomadal illiterary exhibitions he takes tremendous chances with a reputation that rests on the tremendous foundation of a catalogue of the mineral springs of California.

* * *

THE POLITICAL AGENT was a large quality in the present campaign; every candidate had one before the conventions met. His duty was to see that his friend or employer was endorsed by the clubs and nominated by the party. After nomination the agent becomes manager, handles the "sack," stands between importunate voters and candidates, and disburses coin where it will do the most good. The duties of the manager are hard; but they are easy and delightful compared with those of the agent. The latter has to prove the "availability" of his man; more, he has to show that his name on the ticket would be a tower of strength in—I was about to say Israel, but will say Ireland; and that he will draw votes to the party where possible rivals would lose them.

* * *

Mr. Willis Polk, the well-known politician, journalist, and architect, had charge of Gaston Ashe's fight for the nomination of District Attorney. As agent, Mr. Polk saw the advisability of having his candidate endorsed by the voters of the Twenty-fifth Senatorial District, whose dominant club is that fine aggregation of statesmen, the Mohawks. It was necessary to become acquainted with the warhorses, and Mr. Polk applied for admission. When the Secretary saw the agent, his fine Hibernian nose turned up.

"Gintlemin," he said, "Misther Polk has made a misthake; shure it is not the fine owld Mohawks he's wantin' to jine, but the Bohamian Club."

The speech was received with applause, and Mr. Polk would have been badly blackballed had he not retained his self-possession.

"Boys," he said softly (there were about eighty-five members present), "let us all go and take a drink."

"The meetin's adjourned," cried the President.

* * *

Mr. Polk's health was drunk a dozen times, and he was unanimously voted an honorary member of the Mohawks. Whenever he opened his mouth to make a speech, his remarks were drowned in the enthusiastic applause of his admirers. He tried a dozen times to address the Club on the subject of Mr. Ashe's endorsement; but his fellow-members thought he was inviting them to drink, and acted accordingly.

"I want to say a few words," cried Mr. Polk, "in favor of a friend of mine, a gentleman——"

"Shure, ain't we all frinds av yours, an gintlemin?" asked the Secretary, who had referred to Mr. Polk as a "jude."

"You are," was the response, "but I have a friend who is deserving of every honor, of every kindness, of——"

"Bring him out, and have a drink," cried a member, and the Club adjourned again.

When Mr. Polk awoke next morning he found he had been nominated for State Senator! As a matter of course, Gaston Ashe was never mentioned.

* * *

EX-CHIEF JUSTICE NILES SEARLES has a few really good stories which, with a certain degree of encouragement, he is prone to tell. One is about a broken-down lawyer named Dunn, a man of real capacity and legal learning whom the liquor habit had so debased that he was tolerated only because of a certain grim humor and the memory of his former position. Trying a case one Saturday morning before Judge Searles, he lost his temper and became so outrageously impertinent that he was fined fifty dollars for contempt. He dug into the pockets of his greasy linen duster, and, to the surprise of the Court, produced the coin. The noon recess came

and the Judge, desiring to deal as gently as possible with the unfortunate, said to him:

* * *

"Mr. Dunn, the Court saw fit to fine you this morning. During recess I have considered your case, and believing that I myself was perhaps a little hasty and impatient and may have provoked you, and recognizing that we are all human and likely to forget ourselves at times, I have concluded to remit the fine. Mr. Clerk, you will return the money to Mr. Dunn."

Thereupon Dunn arose, threw back his shoulders, and, with a nasal twang of the most pronounced character, spoke:

"May it please your Honor, I do not want the fifty dollars." He paused. "But, sir, there are two men of God in this town, sir, a Methodist preacher and a Presbyterian minister. I request that you instruct the clerk to divide this money into two equal parts and give twenty-five dollars to the Methodist and twenty-five dollars to the Presbyterian with the request that each of these pious men on to-morrow, the holy Sabbath day, offer up to the Throne of Mercy an earnest petition that in future your Honor may be enabled to restrain your dreadful temper."

* * *

Out of the repertory of Judge Wallace comes another story on Dunn. He had lost a case before Judge Searles and had taken an appeal, pending the hearing of which he had abused that jurist with incredible virulence. The Supreme Court affirmed Searles' verdict, whereupon Dunn filed what was, perhaps, the most impertinent petition for a rehearing that august tribunal was ever called on to deal with. It was ordered stricken from the files. A few days later Dunn met Justices Baldwin and Wallace, and he accosted them.

"I see," he said sorrowfully, "you have stricken my petition from the record."

"Yes, sir," returned Judge Baldwin with severity. "It was an outrageous thing for you to file, and we should have fined you for contempt."

"Yes, Judge," said the attorney. "I agree with you, but," he added confidentially, "I was drunk when I wrote that petition."

"Oh," said Baldwin, "we knew that, but you forgot to make that point."

* * *

I LIVE IN CONFIDENT expectation of hearing that Edgar Peixotto has shared the fate of Elijah. This young gentleman is not prominent in social and political circles, but he has come to the front in religion in a manner that surprises all his friends. The local crown of versatility has so long been worn by Mr. Redding that I would be loath to suggest a successor. Still, Mr. Peixotto has claims if his extreme modesty would only permit him to assert them. That Mr. Redding does admirably a variety of things is very true, but he has never occupied a pulpit. There is Mr. Peixotto's advantage. The Rabbi who so eloquently presided over the Synagogue at Stockton sought, some time ago, another field for his theological endeavors, and up to date his congregation has not found a successor.

* * *

As a matter of fact a rabbi is not a *sine qua non* in a Synagogue, unless it is at holiday times, and Stockton continued to exist in a state of comparative grace until the New Year and its attendant fasts and festivities came on. Then it was that Mr. Peixotto, who had dedicated the occasion to the enunciation of Republican doctrines at Gilroy, was called on. He came up there and actually delivered three sermons which two millionaires say are the best they have listened to in years. No one suspected the President of the Calliopean Club of theological talent, but it seems he exhibited a degree of piety and latent holiness that would not have discredited Dr. Voorsanger. The Stockton *Mail* published Mr. Peixotto's discourse in full, together with his portrait and admiring comments. Of course I am unable to tell Gilroy what it missed, but I am sure the versatile attorney could not have made in that stronghold the success he achieved in Stockton.

* * *

A MEETING of the Young Men's Democratic Club of the Thirteenth Ward was held at Comerfordville one night last week for the purpose of devising ways and means of breaking into the camp of Messrs. Sullivan and Dwyer. These bosses, it was stated, had shut the Club out of all participation at the primary, and now decline to recognize the right of its members to even vote the straight Democratic ticket. Mr. Larry McFadden, President, and Mr. Terence O'Shaughnessy, Secretary, appointed at the last meeting to interview the candidates and ascertain whether the Club—should they conclude to do so—could, without jeopardizing their personal safety, vote the ticket on election day, made their report. Mr. McFadden, being the abler orator of the two, became the mouthpiece of the committee. There were visible signs of agitation about him as he arose to address the Club, which became more apparent as the applause, caused by his appearance, died away.

* * *

"Fellow Democrats and gentlemen," began Mr. McFadden.

"Don't be afther calling us gintlemin, Larry," said an old fellow on a front seat, "Jimmycrats be good enough for us."

"I am glad to report," continued Mr. McFadden, without noticing this interruption, "that the rumor that Sullivan and Dwyer do not intend to let any body vote the Democratic ticket on election day is unfounded. This, I am sure, will be cheerful news to you. A great many people all over the city, I have no doubt, will refrain from voting the ticket, thinking it may displease those gentlemen, but *you* may rest easy. I am authorized to state positively that if any one desires to vote that ticket he will not suffer violence at the hands of either Judge Sullivan or Mr. Dwyer. The Judge personally assured me that his refusal to let us vote at the primary was for our own good. The rule then established does not apply to the general election."

* * *

Faint applause greeted this gratifying announcement.

"But how about the places, Larry?" asked a tall, red-faced man, who answered to the name of Branigan.

"Oh, we don't get any places. Judge Sullivan said if we didn't want to vote the ticket we needn't. He will elect his men if nobody votes for them."

A long period of silence ensued, during which Mr. McFadden sneezed and Mr. O'Shaughnessy blew his nose violently. Then a stout man in the rear of the hall shouted:

"But I say, Larry, did ye see Haley?"

This reminded Mr. McFadden that he had forgotten something. "Oh, yes," he said, "I saw Haley."

"An' who the divil is he?" demanded Branigan.

"Well," returned McFadden, "his name is Michael Conniff Haley, and he keeps a little cigar stand at Eddy and Market Streets. How he got the nomination for County Clerk he couldn't tell me. He says he thinks a friend of his went to Judge Sullivan and fixed it. I asked him how about the places, in case we voted for him, and he wanted to know how many of us there were. I told him 300, but we didn't all want a place. He said he could take care of about 100 of us."

* * *

A roar of applause that nearly raised the roof greeted this announcement; but just as Branigan proposed three cheers for Haley, Mr. McFadden raised his hand.

"Hold on," he said, "I ain't done."

The noise subsided instantly, and he continued: "Subsequently, however, I ascertained that Haley's middle name is taken from the Conniffs, of County Monoghan, on his mother's side, and that in the family in this city there are twenty-three men able to hold office. I also found that he has four uncles and three aunts on his father's side, and that between them they muster forty-five able-bodied men. This makes sixty-eight relatives who can vote. The County Clerk's office only provides employment for fifty-three men, so you can see for yourself that Mr. Haley's immediate family will more than fill it up. I am sorry to say that in my opinion Mr. Haley's promise to provide for us must have been buncombe."

* * *

This was received in dead silence. Every man knew at once that Haley was a hopeless case, and Mr. Branigan moved to adjourn. The motion was carried, and as Mr. O'Shaughnessy turned out the lights, the crowd reflectively lingered on the sidewalk.

"Great Pat," exclaimed Branigan, "sixty-eight relatives to take care of. Just think of it!"

The Club then dispersed.

* * *

The best thing said at the Press Club reception must be credited to Willis Polk. This

versatile young gentleman and his brother Dan were down on the programme for a banjo duet, and were on hand in good time to perform. However, brother Dan wore a dress suit and the shiniest of shirt fronts, whereas Willis appeared in a very informal *mélange* of a series of tweed costumes. The latter appreciated the contrast, and, on ascending the platform, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I wish to deny a statement that certain malicious persons are giving currency to. It is not true that my brother got home first and captured the dress suit."

Of course, the explanation was received with applause, though Mr. Polk omitted to state the whereabouts of his own garment.

* * *

APROPOS OF THE FAIR at the Pavilion, one might do worse than call attention to the personality of Mr. Henri Wigger, its Secretary, to whose indefatigable industry its success has, in a great measure, been due. Mr. Wigger is at present, and has for many years back been, a Notary Public here, and his clients include all manner of persons who speak strange and alien tongues, from Parisian French to true Gypsy Hungarian. Here is a simple narrative he told the other day—a quiet, equine tale of blood, gore, and terror—which is half worth immortalization:

* * *

"It was away back in the early 'Seventies," says the Notary, "before I had as little leisure time as I have to-day, when myself and two other ex-cavalry officers decided to spend our summer vacation on a horseback trip to Oregon. One night, as we rode through the redwood forests of Northern California, with no moon to light the trail, the horse I rode—a beautiful dark sorrel—stopped suddenly, and his violent trembling nearly threw me from the saddle. There was danger ahead, I knew, and I threw my Winchester to my shoulder. A growl, almost at my side, drew my attention; I fired; there was a yell, and a huge ball projected itself against me. Again I fired, and again; then all was still. Dismounting, I found a huge mountain lion. I cut off one of his paws, got into my saddle, and spurred up my horse. He refused to move, at first, but I sunk the rowels into his flanks, when he broke into a gallop that carried me to camp very rapidly. In the morning my horse was dead, and his coat was white as snow. The fright had changed his color and broken his heart."

This is the simple tale that Mr. Wigger tells.

* * *

ENERGETIC MR. HYDE seems quite determined to make a record for himself. A few days ago, I am told, he went to the trouble of taking the time of carpenters employed in the Board of Education's workshop. Without any warning he made his appearance there at 8 A. M. and waited, with a memorandum card in hand, the arrival of the employés. Punctuality, it must be admitted, is not their strong point, but it seems strange that Hyde should imagine this duty devolved on himself while the Chairman of the Supply Committee is capable of attending to it. The episode has created a great deal of amusement in the Department, and the President is being unmercifully chaffed for his timing proclivities.

* * *

Hyde, it seems, is much chagrined over his failure to secure a nomination on the regular Republican ticket. By reason of his autocratic demeanor, however, he has made any number of enemies, and his associates on the Board are as tired of him as the Department. Rather an amusing trait of the man's, and one that exhibits his extreme short-sightedness, is his disinclination to keep the pledges he makes to his colleagues. Rumor alleges that to secure the concurrence of members, he promised to obtain them a certain acreage of government land of which he himself possesses several large holdings. Allured, perhaps, by the promise, they voted as he asked, and now are wondering why they have never received the promised half sections.

* * *

Bribery will out, sooner or later, but there is no safer way of obtaining unwelcome notoriety than by the method Mr. Hyde follows. The idea of promising a man land, and then not giving him it after he has made an idiot of himself by voting the Hyde way, is scandalous, and goes to show that virtue is its own reward, unless one happens to be a Supervisor. But, to quote the President on himself, "Everything is possible to a man who owns 10,000 acres."

* * *

BEHIND THE SUSPENSION of the transfer system between the Hyde and Union Street lines there is an interesting little story, the hero of which is William B. Clift. This gentleman occupies the presidency of the Union Street Railroad, and he possesses the profound regard for a nickel that inevitably develops a man into a millionaire. Some time ago I commented on the objection the California Street people made to cashing unused transfers which Mr. Clift's associates presented. It appeared as if the Hyde Street road was being run for the mere advantage of Union. Heaven knows where all the tickets the Secretary of the California Street concern paid two and one-half cents for came from, but there they were.

* * *

President Stetson, who is not as childlike and bland as his conversation, began to entertain suspicions, and the consequences of the entertainment was that a brace of officials, stationed at Hyde and Union Streets, counted the passengers emerging from the several cars. No transfers were given. Said officials simply presented the conductors with a certificate for so many persons. Amicable feeling between the two institutions has faded into a reminiscence. Here is where President Clift comes in. As I have explained, he is economical. He finds himself quite frequently at the engine house of the California Street line, and on deciding to continue his journey along Hyde it is customary for him to request Superintendent Harris to pass him to destination.

* * *

Of course, President Clift is not asked for a beloved nickel on Union Street. That, however, did not prevent him accepting a transfer from the Hyde Street conductor. His gentle custom then was to ride free to the engine house, quietly turn in the unused ticket to the Secretary, and retire in the consciousness that the Company was just two and one-half cents richer by his cleverness. That he exhibited commendable thrift must be admitted, but the California Street Directors spoke of his action as a bit of petty meanness, and the result is that relations are suspended. I am inclined to agree with the California Street people.

* * *

THE SUTTER STREET DIRECTORS pocketed an extra dividend this month on account of the new transfer system they inaugurated some weeks ago. On this line the traffic is extraordinarily large, in spite of competition. The number of passengers who take transfers at the junction of Polk and Sutter would surprise the managers of rival lines, if the statistics were only available. But Secretary Stevens is muter than the Sphinx on the subject. Half the Western Addition does its marketing on Polk Street, and the gentle dealers along there formed the habit of presenting their customers with transfers, which brought them home or down town as circumstances required. In the barber shops and in the cigar stores the *habitués* had only to ask to be provided with transportation, and the result was a decided drain on the receipts of the corporation.

* * *

Now, however, the time system is in full

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vogue. Possessors of transfers must utilize them within a given punched time, or expend an additional five cents. It is no longer possible for the dealers to give their lady friends tickets, because a variety of punches of peculiar make are used by the conductors, and the consequences of detection might be exceedingly unpleasant. In the barber shops a shave no longer includes a return ride to Gough or Laguna Streets. In fact, Polk Street is very much upset over the new rule, and I am informed the business of certain printing offices that obtained excellent rates for reproducing transfers to the orders of vegetable dealers, grocers, and others, has fallen off quite materially. What a grasping corporation this Sutter Street Railroad is. This new system is an outrage.

* * *

AS A STORY TELLER, Senator Fair is inimitable. With that delightfully rich voice of his he can interpret all shades of sentiment, and his fertile imagination affords an infinite choice not only of situations but of climaxes. Here is a reminiscence of the old Nevada days he told to a party of friends the other evening. Dreaming of new achievements he was sauntering through the sagebrush when the rattle of a snake startled him. Turning quickly to defend himself he discovered the reptile imprisoned under a huge stone. With the tenderness of heart which has ever characterized the man he released it, and stood ready to kill should it attempt the usual manifestation of gratitude. To his surprise the snake did not glide off, but stretched itself in a manner almost human, and gave evidences of relief and even of gratitude.

* * *

Here is where the interest deepens. A year later Senator Fair happened in the same neighborhood. Sauntering along, one gentle summer's eve, a sharp rattle again startled him. Quickly turning he saw, a few feet behind, a huge snake that appeared to be following his footsteps. Grasping his stick he was about to strike, when certain scars on the skin of the reptile attracted his attention. Then he knew it for the serpent whose life he had saved twelve months before. Continuing his walk he became aware of the fact that the snake was following him, and on reaching his room it allowed itself to be placed in a glass case. A few weeks later the Senator returned to San Francisco accompanied by the rattler, which he exhibited to all his friends as a proof of the existence of gratitude in reptiles.

* * *

The achievements of this snake, as related by the Senator, would certainly strain the credulity of the most religious. Some other time, however, I may be tempted to tell how it saved its preserver's life, how it killed a burglar, signaled for a policeman, and did other things which, if Senator Fair did not personally vouch for, might seem incredible.

The Witness.

MINING AND FINANCIAL.

The effect of the activity in the stock market has already had its influence in other lines of business. The money that has been made in the last few weeks by operators is being turned into other channels, and the clothier, hatter, and dry goods merchant are happy that once again the stock market is moving; for, with stocks dull, all business is dull.

The volume of business now being done is as great, if not greater, than in the bonanza days of 1876, that is, in the number of shares dealt in. One by one, old operators are beginning to frequent the Exchange, and many who would not a month ago have even mentioned the word stocks, are now ardent and enthusiastic dealers. From the present outlook it seems as though the market had come to stay, and, while the fluctuations will not be extreme, still the rise and fall will be sufficient and of such frequent occurrence as to satisfy the average dealer. Stock dealers must sell as well as buy; if a stock advances rapidly and too fast, it is only reasonable to expect it to recede some; this, then, is the chance to sell a few shares, not too many, and when the decline comes, which in most cases is the next day, buy them in, and wait for another chance; one transaction a day; it is better and surer than making four or five, with little or no profit; "taking a flyer" now and then is the advice of the best operators on the New York Exchange, many of whom buy in the summer when trade is dull, leave the street, and return in the fall or spring when the crops come in, take their profits and wait for the wheel to turn again. As I told the readers of THE WAVE to act cautiously and not be in a hurry to buy, as the market would recede and all shares could be purchased at lower figures, this has occurred. At the time the words were written the market was booming, Belcher was selling at $6; Crown Point, $2.40; Overman, $1.40; Hale & Norcross, $3.50; Savage, $2.40; Best & Belcher $3.15; Con. Virginia @ $4.50. From the figures there was reaction along the whole line from 20 to 50 per cent, and many of the smaller stocks selling under $1 sold down to very near the figures they started from. On Tuesday Belcher sold down to $3, Overman 75 cents, Hale & Norcross $2.10, Savage $1.50, Best & Belcher $2, Con. Virginia @ $3.60. Of Belcher, Con. Virginia, and Hale & Norcross, the principal seller in the Pacific Board was Barney Barnett (who is said to be loses the last week of over $5000). At this time it looked to a man up the tree as if the jig was up, when a new Roman came on the field in the shape of William Wright, who started to buy Con. Cal. & Virginia @ $3.60; on Tuesday and Wednesday he must have bought 1500 shares, paying from $3.60 to $4.50, the stock selling up to $4.80. From these figures it receded to $4.20. The rise in this stock had its effect on the other North End stocks and they all advanced in proportion. Now, while there is no news from Con. Virginia, still as I said in my previous letters this stock is an old favorite, and, of all the mines on the Comstock is the best producer, and has done wonders. No one need be surprised at any time to see the stock advance and on merit, although this month the chances are the mine will run behind from $8000 to $12,000. Nothing new to report from Belcher since our last, and from the way the stock is being handled, no great change will take place, and unless more favorable news arrive the stock will recede still further.

In Hale & Norcross the cross-cuts, although of a favorable character, still are not such as would warrant the purchase of the stock, and from the quantity of stock Stauf and Schmitt are selling, somebody seems to be leaking.

According to the Superintendent's report the Con. Virginia last week extracted and shipped to the Morgan Mill 1001 tons of ore, assay value $23.64 per ton; bullion shipped to Carson Mint, $17,492. This makes a total on the September account of $47,522. The Bulwer, of Bodie, made a shipment of bullion valued at $7632. Silver is firmer in the market; the price is 83⅝ cents per ounce. According to the reports of the various secretaries on October 1st, the following mines had balances: Ophir, $10,515; Bodie, $13,810; Best & Belcher, $16,465; Belcher, $9369; Con. Virginia $7492 in unsold bullion with further shipments to come; overdraft at Nevada Bank $1045; overdraft at Virginia City $7559. Among those that report an indebtedness are Overman, $19 917; Savage, $19,793 with bullion to come; Crown Point, $7232; Potosi, $8230.

The annual election of the Con. Virginia has been called for October 17th, Bank of California October 11th, and for Nevada Bank October 12th.

J. C. Flood, Nat Messer, President of the Hale & Norcross, and R. E. Kelley, Secretary of the Justice, have returned from a visit to the Comstock. A. C. Hamilton, Superintendent of the Chollar and Potosi, and H. M. Levy left last week for Virginia City.

Assessments have been levied on Kentuck of 10 cents, and Overman 30 cents per share. Dividends have been declared by the following incorporations: Capitol Gas, $1 per share quar.; Pacific Coast Borax, $1.

The miners of California gained a victory this week in the United States Circuit Court where Judge Gilbert decided in favor of hydraulic mining in the case of the N. Bloomfield Gravel M. Co. At the Stock and Bond Exchange local securities were quiet; some California Electric and Spring Valley changed hands. There was a demand for N. Beach and Mission R. R. shares on account of the rumored purchases by the Omnibus Cable of the controlling interest in the former. On account of the Hawaiian Com which has defaulted in the payment of the interest on its bonds the stock was offered down to 15 cents. We note the sale of the following bonds: 4000 U. S. 4 per cent @ 114¼; S. Valley W. 15,000 of 4's @ 92; of 5000 S. P. Bch. C. @ 107.25.

SURETY.

FASHIONS IN STATIONERY.

The fashions in stationery have become as rigorous as those in dress, and those who make them have announced that Society shall write on tinted paper, and it is possible that some persons whose letters on the old white paper were delayed in the mails, will be cut by their swell acquaintances for the breach of etiquette. The stationery is in all sorts of delicate shades and tints, and the most fastidious taste should be satisfied with the large stock shown by Sanborn, Vail & Co. Some of the tints have never been seen in letter paper before, and it is probable that they will become popular at once.

Among the handsome and useful articles that Sanborn, Vail & Co. are showing are gold pens, manufactured by Mabie, Todd & Co. They are beautifully designed, and as the pens are of different sorts, they make a welcome addition to my lady's desk. The unique designs in blotting pads should be seen.

The latest decree of fashion in leather goods says that they should be trimmed in silver, and the pretty designs that Sanborn, Vail & Co. have in their card cases will insure a speedy concurrence to the edict.

Baseball is a noisy game, but the noise is nothing to compare with the law tennis racquet.—*New York Truth.*

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BOOK TALK.

LITERARY INFALLIBILITY.

"I am under the impression," said the Constant Reader, with disquieting tranquility, "that you, my dear Oracle, are much impressed with your literary acumen. You express your criticisms with an air of conscious infallibility that would be amusing if it were not tiresome. But tell me," she continued, with a most sarcastic smile, "do you really regard your literary impressions as of value?"

Just what had occurred to put this most interesting of widows in a mood so dangerous, I am unable to say. About her appearance there was nothing the wariest could construe into a danger signal. Charmingly gowned, she seemed overflowing with urbanity until I had settled myself in the accustomed armchair, and then she spoke. Even in the careers of personages with two thousand a month there are crumpled rose-leaves, I believe, and perhaps it was one of these that had precipitated this most unpalatable eruption.

"Because we fail to agree about the demerits of certain books, it does not follow that my opinion is necessarily wrong," I said, as mildly as possible.

"Not necessarily," she agreed, ironically.

"You know, too, that I have no ambition, if I had the ability, to set up as your literary rival," I continued, with the utmost deference.

"I have no claims—but—" she said, bridling up.

"If you will admit the absence of rivalry, the charge of infallibility, I think, is disposed of," I interrupted. "That is a prerogative that but one of us can enjoy at a time."

"It is I, then, who am infallible, not you," she exclaimed. "Are you not a trifle audacious?" The Constant Reader's eyes shot fire. Her anger was most becoming.

"Perhaps. It is your own inference, you know. But if I said too much I may be allowed to offer the same apology that I am sure you yourself are about to make—it was more than I meant." I smiled as sweetly as circumstances would allow.

"Well, you should not be so positive," she said. "It is a dangerous habit to cultivate. My husband used to."

Just at at that moment my teacup slipped from my fingers and fell on the carpet. I was compelled to pick it up, thus interrupting a narrative that might have proved instructive, but would certainly have been interminable. I have found it an effective method of turning the conversation.

"Tell me," she said, when she had replenished my cup, "if you have read Hamlin Garland's latest?"

"'A Spoil of Office?' Yes, and was alternately bored and interested. If he would but write of farm life alone, his would be one of the greatest literary reputations in the country."

"There it is," she interrupted. "One would think by your manner that Garland was damned irrevocably. Now I found Bradley vastly interesting. To follow the career of an able young man who does everything for himself affords me pleasure. And really Miss Wilbur is fascinating. I do so admire strong-minded women who are also handsome."

"But do you like fiction that is scarred and slashed with purpose; fiction knobby with moral reflections, with economical lessons? If you care to regard novel-writing as an art, do you think it is artistic to subordinate characters to lessons, making the *dramatis personæ* merely the mediums of inculcating your theories of reform?"

"If Hamlin Garland desires to do so, why object?" she said, defiantly.

"But it is not art, and it is not right for a man who writes like this to trouble himself about female emancipation. Listen: 'Only the lovers lingering on the road till the moon rose and the witchery of night came to make the girlish eyes more brilliant, softening their gayety into a wistful tenderness, only to those did the close of the day seem as sweet and momentous as the morning. While the trusty horse jogged on, impatient of the slow pace set by his driver, the lovers sat with little to say, but with hearts lit by the light that can glorify for a few moons, at least, even the life of ceaseless toil.' However, tell me about 'Charming to Her Last Day.'"

"Rather a peculiar charm that of Mrs. Barbera Temple, was it not? She was autocratic and active. She was utterly worldly and had excellent taste. She firmly believed that the only solid basis of marital happiness is a good income, and the fate of her pupils who were also her daughters seemed to prove her contention." She it was who spoke positively, this time.

"But the daughters, were they not just a trifle too beautiful? Mr. Alan Muir exhausts his vocabulary describing them. Had he the three goddesses who petitioned Paris for the golden apple to paint in words, he must have used the same terms. But it is a pretty story, unconventional in style and form, unaffected. In fact it is rather more natural than clever, but Sophia is really charming. But as one whose opinion on the subject is authoritative, tell me what you think of Mrs. Temple's recipe—how to be charming forever."

"Very true," she decided, after refreshing her memory, "but hard to live up to. That a woman's power in the world is measured by her power to please is a fact—if she desires power, but think of the self-restraint one must practice, the languors, the tempers one must resist. It means being on one's good behavior constantly, and, at that rate, life is not worth living. Unless, of course, one is born with an angelic disposition like Sophia had, and then one has no temptations to resist. However, have you seen 'Black Beetles in Amber,' Bierce's new book? It is really awful."

"I have already read most of the poems several times, and am positive the volume is without a replica in literature. Never has anyone written such scathing satire; he exhausts the verbal possibilities of vituperation, and does so in verse that has the crystalline polish of Pope's. Think of being gibbeted for posterity. That is what he has done for a handful of venial millionaires and corrupt officials. The form and style of these verses is so polished, so graceful, that they must live, and the day will come when they will form a commentary to the history of this State."

"Shall I tell you what I think of the book?" she asked. "I see you are an admirer of the satirist."

"Do, please," I petitioned.

"Had Jonathan Swift been exiled in Cork, with no income," she continued, "he might, instead of giving us 'Gulliver's Travels,' have written just such a book. That there is genius in the poems admits of no contradiction, but why immortalize pygmies? One might as well shoot at a mouse with a Winchester."

To all this I offered my objections, but we discussed the Beetles for half an hour, passed on then to speak of Mrs. Davis' clever "Silhouettes of American Life" and finally to "Our Lady of Laughter," a readable story about Nell Gwynne and Charles II, and all the wild rakes and characters of the period.

I shall know next time whether I stayed too long or not. ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"A Spoil of Office," by Hamlin Garland. The Arena Publishing Company, publishers, Boston. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Charming to Her Latest Day," by Alan Muir. Harper & Brothers, publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Black Beetles in Amber," by Ambrose Bierce. Western Authors' Publishing Company, publishers. For sale by all booksellers.

"Our Lady of Laughter," by A. D. Hall and R. L. Downing Edgemore Publishing Company, publishers. For sale by S. F. News Company.

"Silhouettes of American Life," by Rebecca Harding Davis. Chas. Scribner's Sons, publishers. For sale by S. F. News Company.

EXILED.

I got the rose you sent to-day, at two,
It pined and could not live when exiled, dear, from you;
It sobbed its perfume out in sighs, its color fled;
Its flaming heart grew cold—it reached me dead.

—WILL G. TAFFENDER.

—THE—
Delbeck Champagnes

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The Perfection of a Dry Wine

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Our Renting Department is under the management of experienced hands and is one of the best equipped in the City. Our terms for Collecting Rents, Placing Insurance and Renting Houses are moderate and we Guarantee Satisfaction.
BALDWIN & HAMMOND
MONTGOMERY STREET

The Wave

A Society, Literary and Political Journal.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, October 8, 1892.

THE SITUATION.

The electors of San Francisco have never had a better opportunity of showing their preference for the city's rulers; the candidates of nine different parties ask their votes. The choice is certainly a large one and "mixes" the political situation more than it has ever been before.

Yet the remarkable conditions afford the honest and conscientious citizen a better chance of exercising his franchise in the interest of good government and in the destruction of boss rule than he would have had had the contest been between the two old parties.

There are three Democratic parties in the field; the Reorganizers, with Judge Sullivan at their head and a place on the "straight" ticket; the Reformed Democracy, whose sponsor is Charles J. Swift, also on the "straight" ticket, and the Regular Democracy, Mr. James Long, leading, but without a heading. Then there is the Republican party, under command of Messrs. Kelly and Crimmins, entitled to a head. The Non-Partisans, an immensely popular body, sprung from the desire of the people to beat the bosses, and wrest the city government from the hands of the public enemies, ask the votes of electors. The Republican Board of Election Commissioners decided that they had no right to a heading, but the decision will be overruled by the Supreme Court. The Property-Owners' Independent Improvement party, headed by that despicable old man, O'Donnell (whose card The Wave refused to publish at any price), the United Labor party, the People's party, and the Prohibition party will all ask the suffrage of the people.

The fact that there are so many factions in the field proves conclusively that the citizens of San Francisco are tired of what is known as boss-rule; they have asked relief at the hand of the leaders a dozen times, and each succeeding yoke has been heavier than the last; they have acted for themselves this time, and will meet their masters at the polls.

It appears to The Wave that the chances for Democratic success are small; united, it was strong, but split into three, its weakness is apparent. The local Republican party is also torn asunder; and Mr. Easton and Mr. Ellert will divide the votes that should have gone to only one. The little "side-show" piece-parties may not be mentioned.

The indications are that the Non-Partisans will win. They represent the advanced, intelligent people of the city, those who are honestly and ardently in favor of good government; the candidates are absolutely unpledged to do aught but work for the city's interest; no promises of offices have been made to "heelers" and "rounders" for influence, and if elected the candidates will take their seats wholly free of the gang of loafers and toughs who have lived off the city and brought disgrace and dishonor on it. The Non-Partisans have been endorsed by the Reformed and Regular Democracy; they will draw largely from the thinking men of the city; they have the backing of the conservative element; their strength lies in the incorruptible men who formed the convention and named the ticket. Under such auspices, the Non-Partisans should carry the day.

IT SHOULD BE PROTECTED.

In enumerating the manufacturing industries of San Francisco, none of our local statisticians have ever mentioned the industry of manufacturing voters. Yet, judging from the proceedings that are now being had in the Police and Superior Courts, this is one of the leading industries of the town. Thus far the extent of the industry and the prime factors which enter into it—the cost per voter and the resultant profit—have only been obscurely brought out; but I presume that later on we shall be placed in possession of all the facts.

It seems that the manufacture of electors is principally confined to saloons, opium joints, and cheap lodging-houses. I judge that Mr. Mike Dunn, Mr. Phil Crimmins, Mr. Martin Kelly, Mr. Barney Dougherty, and the other gentlemen engaged in developing this industry, proceed about this way: Some thirty days before the election they gather up all the loafers and bummers to be found in Oakland, Sacramento, San Jose, and San Francisco and pay them a small fee to take up lodgings in the districts they desire to carry.

I presume they are located in blocks of five or ten, registered at the City Hall and supplied with beer and bread until election day. Then they are used to vote dead men, absentees and such false names as may have been smuggled into the registers. This is what the gentlemen engaged in the business call "stuffing." The profit of the industry varies. Sometimes, when a Senatorial contest is pending and a legislative district is close, the "stuffers" bring $50 apiece. In such a case the margin of profit is quite satisfactory.

Now that herding bummers and loafers for election purposes has been tacitly approved by such eminent Republicans as Judge Love, Mr. Dunn, Mr. Dorn, and their coadjutors, I see no reason why the industry should not be elevated into one of those entitled to the consideration of Brother McKinley. It is an American industry. It is certainly young and struggling, for it is receiving an unmerciful thumping all along the line, and why should it not have protection?

An *ad valorem* rate of fifty per cent on bummers and loafers might concentrate the business in the hands of a few capitalists like Mr. Kelly. Then it might stand a small assessment for the campaign fund. By all means let us protect the American industry of "stuffing."

SAN FRANCISCO'S ENEMIES.

In the school of bitter experience the people of California, and especially of San Francisco, are learning what some of the blatant newspapers have cost them. The senseless attacks on invested capital; the bitter onslaughts on corporate property that did not protect itself by paying the price demanded for immunity; and the constant references to the lack of prosperity here, have had their inevitable results. California has suffered; San Francisco does not enjoy the confidence of Eastern capitalists, and home capital is not safe. Money that should have been invested here has been taken elsewhere; industries that should have been founded by the Golden Gate are making other cities rich and great. In their desire for revenge on corporations that would not be blackmailed, the journals have not hesitated to injure the city, if they could hurt the men who defied them. Oakland has discovered this, and has those papers to thank for driving the Fulton Iron Works away. It would have served the purpose of the editorial highwaymen better had the Fulton people gone to Los Angeles or Portland. Business men should give their attention to the journals that are destroying the city; they should refuse ammunition to an enemy that will use it on themselves.

While sincerely regretting the fact that the Alcazar has deceased, I cannot refrain from stating that it was the only theatre that did not advertise in The Wave.

* * *

When Mr. Huntington said the railroad was out of politics, he meant it. Whenever you see an unusually venomous article in the *Daily Evening Gas Retort* about the Southern Pacific, you can rest assured that the editorial highwayman remembers the fact.

* * *

The *Post* editorially supplicates the Throne of Grace to bestow immortality on the poets. None of that, Mr. Heazleton; you'll have to die like the rest of us.

I have said this so often that I'm not surprised that *Kate Field's Washington* publishes it now: "California can produce five times as much wine per acre as France in her best years. The result is that our wine goes round the Horn to France, is there mixed with the native product, and comes back here with all sorts of grand labels, which Americans pay for with great satisfaction. Barnum was right. People like to be humbugged. When others won't undertake the office they humbug themselves."

MUSIC

"MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

Mendelssohn, had he left nothing more pregnant with the spirit of descriptions than his music to the summer night fantasia of Shakespeare, would still have had a large claim to the title of greatness as a landscape painter. In the main the joyous ebullitions of youth rise with a ringing sincerity from the whole score, despite the fact of its having been finished many years after the inception of the orchestra. No happier phase of the genius of Mendelssohn exists than the music to this summer night's fantasia. Musical realism, which is, fortunately, anything but the corresponding quality to stage-play or novel-writing realism, is best suited to such a subject as the Shakesperian creation deals with, where fairy land, real life, historic color, rusticity, and every kind of impossibility blend, magically independent of the stern laws of life as it is. A musical atmosphere is, in the technique of terms, out of drawing, but is in actual fact appreciable to the mass of people possessed of the ordinary powers of hearing. Illustrations to the point have come up with civilization from the ages of unrestrained savagery; indeed, the ability of music among rude peoples to excite emotional states of rage, joy, and sorrow is incomparably greater than that of any other art, especially when aided by action or dance. In general, ordinary, civilized peoples have a slighter feeling for rhythm than the savages, and rhythm, if not music's self, is at least its second self. Mendelssohn's choice of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," as a subject for illustration above other creations and plays of Shakespeare, was as characteristic of him as his genius in fitting the subject with a tone world of its own. Tender fancy touched with dainty grotesque humor, jocund playfulness, the inevitable domestic turn, mock mystery, human loving-kindness, and wholesome gayety, the world of emotions, which has been dubbed Mendelssohnian, is felt in every phase in the score. The rugged intensity of emotion which creates colossal monuments to its glory was denied Mendelssohn, and his impetus came from an amiable subtlety of character which is not capable of the fine frenzy of pure heroism in art or life. The militating compensations against unimpeachable correctness make themselves apparent after performances of Mendelssohn's music, especially of his works for the pianoforte, which, though no less finished, perfect in form, or wanting in interest than his larger creations, fail to retain their one-time extraordinary hold upon the public. Of a composer having unlimited mastery over all forms of composition the deepest depths and the highest heaven are demanded by the inexorable spirit of inquiry which is at the root of all development, and whether given the cue thro' printed criticisms or left to its own sense of the eternal fitness of things the public decides its own standards. Mendelssohn's songs are seldom sung, his pianoforte works are with exceptions left to the caprices of amateurs for the most part, and of all his works, if the test of public performance is taken, his orchestral and choral music sustains his name with the same splendor that all his compositions carried with them twenty years since.

As usual, in San Francisco, the musical public was not alive to the merits of an evening devoted to Shakespeare and Mendelssohn until the morning after, nor, for that matter, did the intelligent public either show itself aware of the attractions of Mr. Riddle's reading of Shakespeare. Though there were spots of various dimensions upon the orchestral performance, amongst them something suggesting midsummer madness in the shape of horn playing in variegated intonation, and other defects attributable to limited rehearsal, the band, under the direction of Mr. H. J. Stewart, gave the numbers with sufficient enthusiasm, at least sufficient to call for a re-demand of the wedding march. Mr. Riddle's head voice, somewhat light at best, was not given the best opportunities with the heavy band accompaniments. Of the solo numbers the overture, probably the best known to the players, gave most satisfaction. The success of the performance, largely due to Mr. Riddle's clever reading, betokens signs of a revival of interest in the highest forms of art.

Paderewski is yet to fulfill his American engagements and particularly his promised season in San Francisco. It appears Messrs. Sherman, Clay & Co., agents of the Steinway Company, have received a telegram stating that the artist is rapidly recovering from his recent illness and will positively open here on December 8th. The gratification of the public, as well as the ladies of the Women's Exchange, should be commensurate at the prospect.

For Friday evening, October 14th, Mr. W. J. Maffey, tenor, announces a concert at the Palace Hotel assisted by Mrs. Brechemin, Mrs. Westwater, Messrs. Landsberger, Bendix, and others in an interesting programme.

LESLEY MARTIN.

NOTES.

No better entertainment will be found in the city next week than that which will be given at the New California Theatre, when John T. Kelly and his clever company will present, for the first time here, the new comedy written by Charles T. Vincent and Mr. Kelly, entitled, "McFee of Dublin." The new play, it is asserted, is even funnier than his old piece "U and I," and that Kelly never appeared to better advantage, nor has he ever had better support. As Lord McFee he is fully at home in a new character, and, as he has always done with all previous characters, makes a big hit with it. His brogue is unexcelled, while his facial expressions and make-up are true to life. His supporting company is one of the strongest seen here lately.

* * *

A joint meeting of the Boards of Lady Managers of the Maria Kip Orphanage and Hahnemann Hospital was held Monday afternoon to perfect the arrangements for the combined benefit to be given for these two worthy charities at the Grand Opera House, Tuesday night, November 1st. The Young Ladies' Saturday Morning Orchestra, with a number of the brightest and most popular vocalists of this city, will be the attraction offered.

* * *

There is a possibility that "His Majesty," the new opera which H. J. Stewart and Peter Robertson are at work on, may have its initial performance in New York. The Polyclinic, it will be remembered, was to have had the benefit of the piece; indeed, I believe the idea of its composition came from Mrs. De Young. Amateurs who have gained prominence in Art Association productions were to assume the characters, and something of exceeding interest was promised for the first night. However, no contract was entered into by either composer or librettist, whose point of view is that their work is a business undertaking and that they are justified in making the most of it.

* * *

While Manager French, of the Lillian Russell Company, was in town, he heard the three acts of the opera which Mr. Stewart has completed and expressed himself in complimentary terms in regards to both plot and music. Some of the solos and concerted pieces are decidedly catchy, and he seemed to think that in proper hands the opera would be a great popular success. The blonde and beautiful prima-donna re-echoed the sentiments of her impresario. French's idea is to get some clever comedian to create the part of "His Majesty," and then to form a company round him. The conception is full of the most ludicrous possibilities, and in the hands of a capable actor like Wilson or De Wolf Hopper could hardly fail to score a success.

* * *

Mr. Stewart is also at work on an opera for Miss Huntington. Of this he has completed one act, and for the rest is waiting on Clay Green, who has promised to forward the rest of the libretto on his arrival in England, where he has gone to supervise the production of "The New South."

IRVING HALL

Twenty-Second Carr-Beel

SATURDAY ✦ POP ✦ CONCERT

Takes place to-day, Oct. 8th, 1892, at 3 o'clock P. M.

PROGRAMME

1. Trio for Piano, Violin, 'Cello, Op. 26, G minor, Anton. Dvorak
Mrs. Carr, Messrs. Beel and Heine
2. Song, - - - - - - - - Cowen
Mrs. Sunderland
3. 'Cello Soli, { - - - - - - - - Hugel / - - - - - - - - Herbert
Mr. Louis Heine
4. Song, { - - - - - - - - Goring Thomas / - - - - - - - - Chadwick
Mrs. Sunderland
5. Sonate for Piano and Violin, Op. 13, - - Paderewski
Mrs. Carr and Mr. Sigmund Beel

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Graduate Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass. ✦ Dramatic Reader

Under the Patronage of Several Society Ladies

Mrs. A. L. Gutterson pianiste — Alfred Wilkie, tenor

J. T. Richardson, baritone — A Male Quartette

Senors J. Sancho and J Lombardero, guitar and mandolin

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—AT—
ROBERTSON'S 126 POST ST.

THE MUMMERS.

"NIOBE" AT THE BALDWIN.

Niobe of old was all tears; Niobe at the Baldwin is all laughter. And yet the late Queen of Thebes and the fair heroine of Abbot & Teal's comedy are the same. The introduction of the mate of Amphion into a modern household, under the guise of a governess, is calculated to cause complications that must be exceedingly humorous; and if the unfortunate man who is responsible for her appearance is the hen-pecked husband of a sister-ridden wife, much fun may properly be expected. Whatever opportunities the play affords for merry-making are taken advantage of, and after the statue has awakened to life, through the instrumentality of a carelessly-used electric wire, there "is not," as the daily papers say (in the advertising columns) "a dull moment in the play."

Of course, no one, not even the merry brothers Paulton, will say that "Niobe" is original. It smacks of the past as much as does the queen herself; Mr. Anstey in his "Tinted Venus," and that splendid plagairist, Mark Twain, in "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," exhausted whatever was new from situations or incidents of the character of those in plays like "Niobe." If one were disposed to be kind to the piece, one might say that "Niobe" was sister to these others, and as they were sent forth to encourage healthy laughter, which is the handmaiden of a good conscience, so also was the fair one of Thebes, whose authors claim nothing else for her. Aside from the humor of the play, there is nothing to it. But as criticism should not deal with what is a palpably purposed omission, it would hardly be fair to find fault with "Niobe" for what is not there.

"Niobe" is just so much unlike Anstey's "Tinted Venus" as to encourage the belief that that was the fount from which its inspiration was gained. Had the play and the book been produced simultaneously, there would have been more points of resemblance; it seems impossible that two presentations of the same idea could have differed so materially if some pains had not been taken to mark the lines of dissimilarity. I was not a little surprised to note the amount of fun that the authors got out of the play. The dull opening, relieved merely by the opportunity it gave Miss Monk to do excellent work in a rather hard character, certainly did not presage the feast of humor to which the audience had been invited, and the act was half over before the piece showed even a german-cousinly relationship to a comedy. But with the resuscitation of "Niobe" the comedy element was introduced, and incidents, situations, complications, climaxes, and all the other pyrotechnics of successful playwriting, followed each other in bewildering and mirth-provoking confusion. Miss Coe did all that could have been expected of her in the title role; it is just possible that the mangled condition of her English was due to her foreign birth; it may have been traced, however, to the fault of the lines.

I cannot refrain from speaking of the manner in which the mummers dressed their parts. Aside from Miss Monk, who in the austerity of advanced life sought to conceal the secret of a dark sin committed in youth, the ladies were far from artistically robed, and some wore dresses that were as suitable to their years as a widow's weeds are to a maid. The charming young person who assisted in the colonization scheme that made poor Peter Amos Dunn's life a burden should have been in short clothes truly; but the abbreviation should not have been at both ends. But, all in all, "Niobe" is the best play of the kind seen at the Baldwin in several seasons, and as it goes on next week it should amuse many people.——

A SCENE FROM "NIOBE": At the Baldwin.

The J. C. Duff Opera Company, thoroughly organized, will shortly present at the Baldwin Theatre, among other things, that great Eastern success "Miss Helyett." The Company has been reconstructed, and many new names will be found on the bill. It has been stated that the changes are improvements. For the most part the principals have been retained, and those who were such favorites with the people of San Francisco when the Company was here before will be heard again.

The Bush Street has had no reason to complain this week, as De Lange and Rising have done a good business in "Tangled Up." As I said before, the play has all the elements of a laugh-provoker, and the people in the cast are clever enough to make the most of their chances. "Tangled Up" will be continued next week.——

Mrs. Pacheco's play, "Nothing But Money," must be regarded as the success of the season. It has done an excellent business at Stockwell's, and could have run a week longer. The curtain-raiser, "Victims of Science," by Mrs. Verdenal, scored a hit. Mr. Lederer's Company is a thoroughly competent one, and it would be a most unfortunate thing if it should go to peices. Next Monday "Divorce Day" will be produced at Stockwell's. It is a comedy from the German, adapted by Kirk La Shelle.

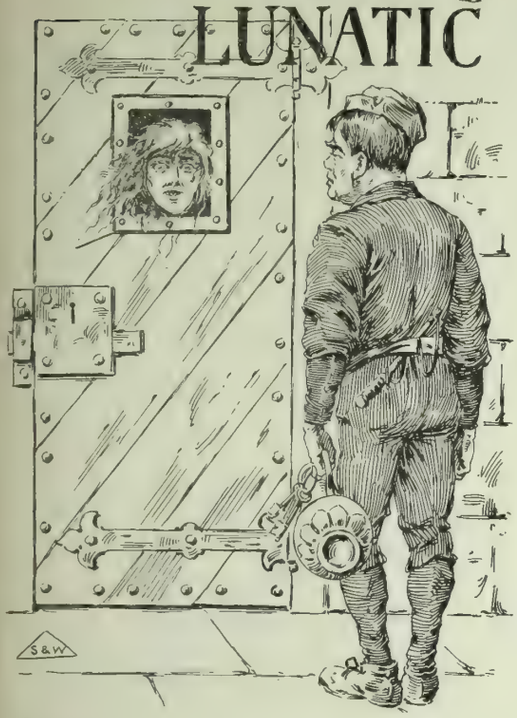
BALDWIN THEATRE
AL. HAYMAN & Co., - - - - - Proprietors
ALFRED BOUVIER, - - - - - - Manager
NEXT WEEK, - - OCTOBER 10th
POSITIVELY THE FAREWELL OF
Abbott & Teal's Perfect Comedy Company
IN THE LAUGHING SUCCESS
NIOBE
MONDAY, OCTOBER 17TH
J. C. DUFF COMIC OPERA COMPANY
75 Artists, Grand Chorus and Orchestra,
Elaborate Costumes and Accessories
PRESENTING
CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA —AND— A TRIAL BY JURY
Also a repertoire of "A Trip to Africa," "The Gondoliers," and the unparalleled success of London, Paris and New York, "Miss Helyett."

NEW CALIFORNIA THEATRE
Handsomest Theatre in the World.
AL HAYMAN & Co... .. .. .Proprietors
J. J. GOTTLOB..... .. ..Manager
ONLY ONE WEEK SATURDAY MATINEE
Commencing Monday, October 10th
THE ESTABLISHED COMEDIAN
JOHN T. KELLY
AIDED BY HIS FUNNY COMPANY
IN THE MERRY ECCENTRICITY
McFEE OF DUBLIN
Hear the New Songs See Kelly Dance
MONDAY, OCT. 17th The Romantic Actor ALEXANDER SALVINI

STOCKWELL'S THEATRE
L. R. STOCKWELL ....Lessee and Proprietor
ALF ELLINGHOUSE..... .....Business Manager
Monday, October 10th One Week
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
GEO. W. LEDERER'S STOCK COMEDIANS
IN A ROARING FARCE FROM THE GERMAN
ENTITLED
DIVORCE DAY
By Benj. F. Roeder and Kirke La Shelle
SEATS NOW ON SALE
EXT
Augustin Daly's Great Success "The Passing Regiment"

BUSH STREET THEATRE
M. B. LEAVITT, - - - - - - Proprietor
CHAS. P. HALL, - - - - - - - Manager
MONDAY, OCT. 10th LAST WEEK
DE LANGE & RISING
—IN—
TANGLED UP
Next Week, October 17th
THE STOWAWAY

Mr Danzig LUNATIC



THEY were in the Café du Cardinal.

There were four of them: Whitford, the broker; Manning, the journalist; Fenilworth' the promoter; and Crossweight, the traveler, just from the shores of the Hoang-Ho.

While they were talking, passing post-prandial converse from lip to lip, a tall man, with an evasive, roving look in his eyes, came in and sat down at a table not far away. While he scanned the *carte du jour* his eyes made sudden starts upwards, flashed upon the occupants of neighboring tables, and back upon the cardboard again. When he bent his head down over the table you could see, just over his nose, two deep, shadowed furrows on his brow, perpetual frowns.

Manning looked at the man with an inexplicable smile. Then he turned his gaze upon Crossweight, with the look of one trying to remember something. "H'm," he said, reflectively, tapping the carpet lightly with his heel, "Crossweight, you've been away—how long?"

"Ten years."

"Then, of course, you don't know who that is?" He bent his head toward the man with the roving eyes.

Crossweight shook his head. "No," he said, "and I was beginning to get curious. He's so—spasmodic. Anything queer about him?"

"Queer? He's—positively—unique." Manning paused between each word, swinging his head a little, as if to give each syllable the force of a bell stroke. "That man is absolutely insane upon one point. For the rest, and, indeed, for as much as really matters, he is as sane as you or I. But he has one overpowering hallucination."

"And that is?"

"He imagines himself to be hopelessly insane!"

Crossweight's eyes took on a widening interest. "That *is* rather curious," he assented. "He must be the very sanest man of us all, if he knows himself to be a lunatic. Do you know him to talk to? I wish you'd ask him over here; I suppose he has no objection to that, eh?"

"Oh, no; not for himself. But for you! You will see. You must pretend you are a physician; then he will tell you, oh, the strangest things. Well——" He walked over to the other table, and returned presently with the tall man. The latter nodded absently to Whitford and Fenilworth; he had met them before, they belonged to a vast, indistinguishable army. But on Crossweight his eyes darted about luminously. "Dr. Crossweight," said Manning, "a very famous physician, lately returned from China. Dr. Crossweight, this is Mr. Danzig. Mr. Danzig has expressed a hope," he said this as if it were really so, "that you would talk with him concerning some—peculiarities—of his mentality."

"Yes," said Danzig eagerly, looking at Crossweight, "but aren't you afraid? Hasn't he told you? Do you know that you are, perhaps, in imminent danger? That I am likely—at any moment—to become violent, murderous, raving?" He ignored all the others, his eyes dancing up and down Crossweight's face and form.

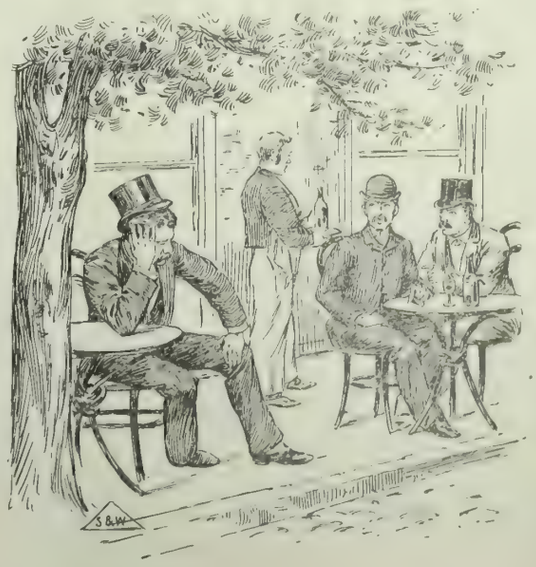
"Oh," said Crossweight, in the tone one might use to a frightened child, "I am not at all afraid. No, no; never mind that. Tell me about yourself. From the beginning; everything. I will listen, and——yes, and think."

"Ah, you are brave! Remember, I have warned you. If——! But there, you are sacrificing yourself upon the altar of your profession. Oh, I know that spirit! Yet, if I should suddenly kill you, of what use to science——?"

"There, there! I am listening, my dear sir; never mind why, but——I am listening. At the beginning, remember!"

Danzig shrugged his shoulders and blinked gayly, as who should say, "Ah, imbecile, if you will run into the trap!" Then he began:

"You see, there was an ancestor of mine who died in a lunatic asylum. When I was quite a boy I discovered this. So I knew the taint was there. It might lie hid for two or three generations, but it was bound to appear, at the last, and claim its victim. And I knew, from the very first, that I was the one. I could feel the poison in my veins, corroding like an acid. But though I knew always,



deep down, that this horrible monster was pent within me, I tried, at first, and for a while, to struggle against it, against myself, and—the truth. I told myself it was merely a fancy; that there was no such thing as hereditary insanity, and that two generations were enough to put the statute of limitation upon disease. But the moments would come to me at times, those terrible moments when I shouted to my companions, in all the fervor of conviction, 'Ha, ha! I am going mad; do you know that? I am going mad! Some day I will rave; do you know that?' But they only jeered.

"As I grew to manhood the conviction stood clear before me; the recognition of the inevitable was complete; all struggle against my fate was over. I knew—so certainly that no reasons were capable of formation—that I was to go mad; that I should do many frightful things. You can fancy that it has spoilt

my life not a little! The knowledge that one is liable to turn suddenly and kill one's nearest friends—how do I know? instantly, perhaps, I may throttle you, for instance!—is likely to, well, embitter one's life a little, eh? It makes it seem such a venturesome thing!

"But I always try to warn people. Oh yes; always. So, if anything happens, a man who consorts with a madman is a fool, eh? Besides, you know, I should be perfectly safe. If the cord should suddenly snap in sixty seconds from now, do you know what would happen? No? Well——I; I do! I would strangle you, as easily as you would strangle a kitten; then I would take you by the boot heel and run over the cobble stones with you, letting your head crash horribly upon the stones. And do you think I would suffer for it? Oh, no; I am mad; no one can question that; so I would merely be put into an asylum, as was my ancestor, the one who died insane. Oh, the picture is quite vivid to me; the quick struggle, the gasp, the eyes bulging, then glazing, and the body stiffening; then the refreshing, glad laughter-pregnant scamper through the streets, with blood and brains splashing behind! Ah—h!" He stopped and smacked his lips. "Yes, I can see that; I have seen it for years. Now, don't you think—you're a doctor—don't you think that it's dangerous, criminal, even, for me to be allowed about, at large?" A venturesome fly tried suicide in his glass of water. He lifted the struggling insect out very carefully and released it, watching its shakes, flutters, and final achievement of free flight with undisguised satisfaction in his vacillating eyes. "Because, you know," he went on, blinking at Crossweight, "I'm so infernally on a hair-trigger, as you might say. It's got to come pretty soon. That poison's getting stronger every day; it's been eating out all my saneness all my life, and I know I shall do fearful bloodshed before I die, if something isn't done to prevent it. Now, won't you see to it that I——"

"But, my dear fellow," put in Crossweight, "I don't really believe that——"

"Ah, don't say that! You must believe!

It is too awful to trifle with. You can't fancy the horror of it! I have been a madman all my life, and I tell you it is terrible to be left so, away from my kind, my fellow mad men, out here, in the world and whirl with all you sane ones. To know that I shall kill many, certainly one, of you, and go unscathed! That is the *cruelty* of it. Yet, I ask you to protect yourselves, and you won't!" He looked about appealingly.

Crossweight was affecting a most professional air. "How old were you when you first heard of the insanity in your family?"

"Ten years old."

"And who told you this?"

"A second cousin of mine, a schoolfellow. He had discovered it in that valuable document, the pedigree of our family."

"And you made no more specific inquiries?"

"Oh, no. I was assured of the truth of the taint so soon, why should I thirst for the details of the malady's origin? No; it came to me; I was the chosen one. In the veins of my grandfather, and of my father, the poison lay dormant; in me it awoke."

"Do you know," said Crossweight, quite earnestly, "I think I can, perhaps, do something. Will you come and see me to-morrow?" He gave Danzig a card, after scrawling a word and a number on it. Danzig beamed, furtively. "Ah," he said, "you have courage, great courage. I shall doubtless kill you to-morrow in this house you name. But I will go now. To-morrow then!" He rose and left the café, walking swiftly, and moving his head from side to side, as if watching for some one.

"It is really very strange," said Crossweight, musingly.

"H'm," said Manning, "but you don't know the strangest part yet. He traces his supposed madness back to a certain ancestor, you remember, who died in an asylum? Well, investigation has shown that this ancestor was—what do you suppose?"

"H'm, a lunatic, of course!"

"No; he was the warden of the Asylum, and was perfectly sane."

J. PERCIVAL POLLARD.

MATTER FOR GRATITUDE.

[Especially should we be thankful for having escaped the ravages of the yellow scourge by which our neighbors have been so sorely afflicted.—*Governor Stoneman's Thanksgiving Proclamation.*]

Be pleased, O Lord, to take a people's thanks
That Thine avenging sword has spared our ranks—
That Thou hast parted from our lips the cup
And forced our neighbors' lips to drink it up.
Father of Mercies, with a heart contrite
We thank Thee that Thou goest south to smite,
And sparest San Francisco's loins to crack
Thy lash on Hermosillo's bleeding back—
That o'er our homes Thine awful angel spread
His wings in vain, and Guaymas weeps instead.

We praise Thee, God, that Yellow Fever here
His horrid banner has not dared to rear,
Consumption's jurisdiction to contest,
Her dagger deep in every second breast!
Catarrh and Asthma and Congestive Chill
Attest Thy bounty and perform Thy will.
These native messengers obey Thy call—
They summon singly, but they summon all.
Not, as in Mexico's impested clime,
Can Yellow Jack commit recurring crime.
We thank Thee that Thou killest all the time.

Thy tender mercies, Father, never end:
Upon all heads Thy blessings still descend,
Though their forms vary. Here the sown seeds yield
Abundant grain that whitens all the field—
There the smit corn stands barren on the plain,
Thrift reaps the straw and Famine gleans in vain.
Here the fat priest to the contented king
Points out the contrast and the people sing—
There mothers eat their offspring. Well, at least
Thou hast provided offspring for the feast.
An earthquake here rolls harmless through the land,
And Thou art good because the chimneys stand—
There templed cities sink into the sea,
And damp survivors, howling as they flee,
Skip to the hills and hold a celebration
In honor of Thy wise discrimination.

O God, forgive them all, from Stoneman down,
Thy smile who construe and expound Thy frown,
And fall with saintly grace upon their knees
To render thanks when Thou dost only sneeze.

—*From Ambrose Bierce's new book of poems, "Black Beetles in Amber."*

JOHN BURNS, JOURNALIST.

John Burns was the model man of the *Catechiser*. His virtues would have made him famous in any newspaper office, but compared with the *Catechiser's* notorious staff, he fairly shone.

Burns didn't smoke, didn't like beer, didn't care to stay out late, and never missed a dinner at home, where a fond little wife and two admiring children played satellites to his sun. Such a virtuous man was John! Why, there never was a time in all the history of the *Catechiser* when one of the boys struck Burns for a loan that he didn't have the money in his pocket, though pay day was six days in the rear. And every woman who knew of John Burns cited him as a shining example to her men folks, and besought them to follow in his footsteps. Wonderful John Burns!

After one of the many cyclones that rocked the office from devil to managing editor, the *Catechiser's* policy underwent a change. It decided to become the foremost paper in the city, and to that end, disregarding any unworthiness in means, began to publish sensations—in other words, it "appealed to the masses." The astute managing editor, bearing in mind the future of the paper, looked about him for a man who could so handle these stories that they would attract the desired attention without impairing the prospects of a phœnix-like rise from the ashes of lower things.

Such a man must be so pure-minded that gross material would be refined. There must be no levity in the treatment of the subject, no extravagance in the use of words, but a wise and lofty tolerance solely for the sake of the lesson to be learned—and the consequent increase in the *Catechiser's* circulation. John Burns! The answer came like an inspiration. The very man. In fact, the only man. Burns was detailed for the work, and so great was his chief's confidence in him, that no instructions were given except to go ahead and increase the circulation of the paper.

Burns went ahead, and the result was a mass of copy so zola-esque that even the *Catechiser* dared not publish it.

The Chief read the copy, gave a gasp, looked once or twice at Burns, whose blushing face and uncomfortable smile revealed his embarrassment, and then detailed Robinson, the wickedest reporter that ever breathed, to go and write up the Clermont affair.

Poor Burns! He had only tried—with how much effort only those who know his modest, virtuous temperament can imagine—to get down to the *Catechiser's* level. But do you suppose any one could believe that? It began to be whispered about the office that Burns was not in favor, and one day he was not at his desk. He was no longer on the *Catechiser*.

None of us saw Burns for some time, but one day he was at the Police Court reporting for the *News*. That did not last long, for his story leaked out, and no paper could afford to employ a man so depraved.

I run across him once in a while, and each time see him shabbier.

Not long ago there was a notice of a divorce in the papers.

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ROOMS TO LET.

Tranquil and happy, M. Flanelle lived for eighteen years in one quiet house. On the first floor was an old lady who was afraid of robbers, and who never made any noise lest some one might be picking the lock. Then came a literary household; the wife made verses, and the husband toiled on a tremendous volume for a provincial academy—The Influence of Tobacco on the Development of Commerce, or something of that sort. On the third floor there was M. Flanelle, a small stockholder, who breakfasted at a neighboring café, who promenaded all day, and who went to bed at nine o'clock without any candle, fearing he might set fire to his domicile. And that was all; nobody else; one could have heard the theft of a fly. It was charming for a quiet person who liked to sleep all day; but, unluckily, the old lady died. She was replaced by a family that loved poultry, and who, lacking a garden, raised ducks in the house. M. Flanelle did not dislike music; When young he had even executed several difficult pieces on the harmonica, but he did not enjoy the chant of a duck. Of a peaceful character, he made no complaint, but gave notice that his rooms would be vacated, and we find him at the moment when he was seeking another roof.

M. Flanelle was a man of great propriety, fifty years, a sufferer from catarrh, and the possessor of a small income. His property nobody ever saw, but one saw plainly his age and easily heard his catarrh.

M. Flanelle had lost much money in "wax in stick," a magnificent product which found no sale until an Englishman bought out the company at a sum far less then they had expended. This trouble had shriveled M. Flanelle up, but left him an air of simplicity and good-nature. During his search for new quarters, he saw a sign: "Rooms to rent" hanging at the door of a quiet-looking house.

The janitor, grumbling, conducted him to the fourth floor, occupied entirely by one family. Breathless, panting, M. Flanelle coughed furiously, and leaned on the furniture as he passed along, half suffocating. The man and woman — the tenants — exchanged glances, eloquent without doubt, for they appeared to be understood. They made M. Flanelle sit down, they offered him brandy and water and sugar which he accepted. Gradually he recovered himself, he warmly thanked his benefactors as he called them, he told them about the ducks, avowed that he did not like trouble and that to avoid having words he would do anything in the world, etc.

They listened with an air of being occupied by an idea which they hesitated to mention. At last the woman rose with a joyful light in her eyes. She exchanged an imperceptible sign with her husband when M. Flanelle did not find that their room to let suited him. In showing him out she managed to slip the spoon he had just used into his coat pocket.

"What did you do that for?" her husband asked when they were alone.

"You can leave me to accomplish anything," she answered. "We have got him. We had to have him. Run after him, catch him; at the moment you see a policeman ask him what he has in his pocket, and when he finds the little spoon, tell him you will have him arrested if he does not come up and help us to search for the sugar-tongs."

Ten minutes later, the tranquil old gentleman climbed again the four flights of stairs with an absolutely stupified air and haggard eyes. "Madame, I—hou! hou! hou!—I—you—hou! hou!—assure you, indeed—hou! hou!"

His catarrh seized him, and before he could regain his breath they held the following amiable discourse with him.

"Monsieur does not like poultry, no; but he is fond of teaspoons, that is plain."

"I assure you—hou! hou!"

"Monsieur is an old rascal, a pickpocket, an old scamp."

"But good gracious! I—hou! hou!

"Charming! Monsieur is offended! Admirable, really!"

"Now," cried Madame, "yes or no, have you got our valuables in your pocket?"

"Alas!"

"Alas! yes, we shall find that out, old blackguard! We'll have you arrested."

M. Flanelle saw himself upon the scaffold, ready to be guillotined under the eyes of his neighbor with the ducks around him.

"No," said the husband, "we will pardon this old wretch, but on one condition."

"Yes, upon one condition," said the woman.

"What is it, sir—speak, madam."

"Well, it is that you will dine with us, you Ali-Baba, you!' said the husband severely.

"Yes, dine with us, old burglar," said the man, "attend to me now, the police or dinner, choose."

"Bless my soul! I much prefer the dinner!" replied the unhappy Ali-Baba.

"Then it is agreed. We will say no more of your villainy, but talk of other things."

"We have a daughter, Ernestine, you will see her presently; we want to marry her."

"I am no longer very—very young," timidly observed Ali-Baba, musing.

"That has nothing to do with the affair. We want to marry her but we have no property."

"That is not the way to talk," said the mother, prudently.

"No, it is not," replied the father, "for Ernestine is a very fine match; she ought to inherit from an uncle who has 300,000 francs to leave her, but at present we don't want to plunder ourselves."

"Then, sir—I—I don't see——"

"Listen to us, Ali-Baba! Ernestine is courted by a fine young man, who has also an uncle in ill health who is likely to leave him a large fortune. He is smitten——"

"Oh! very much smitten," said the mother, compressing her lips and tossing her head. "Much smitten, yes; but he hesitates, fearing that Ernestine's uncle has a long time to live."

"Now, that uncle—there isn't any; and it is necessary for us to have one."

"But I haven't got one on me."

"How not on you? But you are going to serve us."

"How do you mean?"

"It is very simple. The young man comes every Thursday to dine with us; it is Thursday to-day; he will come; you happen to be here, you dine with us, you act as if you adored Ernestine; we shall allow you to speak familiarly to her, but you can have no pure wine for fear you will talk foolishly at dessert. All through dinner you must have the air of being one of the family, and you must not stop complaining of pains in your stomach, and you will say that your liver is wrong, and that you suffer in the kidneys."

"Allow me—that would not—how shall I say it? That would not—be quite delicate."

"Lord! ah! delicacy becomes you! Take your choice then—prison or uncle—decide."

The scaffold and the ducks reappeared before his eyes, M. Flanelle, his brow covered with perspiration and half dead, took the family side.

It was time, the lover was ringing at the door.

They cleverly hurried Ali-Baba into Ernestine's room; the mother taught the girl her lesson while the father prepared the lover to meet their rich relative, but when they all met in the dining-room, judge of the general surprise at seeing the future son-in-law approach M. Flanelle, and say to him in a tone of the most profound astonishment:

"Hullo! my uncle! how does this happen?"

—*Translated from French of C. Leroy for* THE WAVE *by* E. F. DAWSON.

FOOTBALL.

The football outlook is bright. The champion Olympics have reorganized, and if present indications be correct, are in a fair way to maintain their position against all opponents. J. B. Sherrard has been chosen Captain, and is daily training his men, and by the twenty-ninth inst., the day set for the first match with Berkeley, expects to have his team in perfect condition.

The Olympics are strengthened by several officers from the Presidio, and despite the fact of Berkeley's hired coach, and Stanford's assiduous team practice, will undoubtedly sweep all before them. Upon pretty good authority I learn that the *personnel* of the team will be about as follows: Basil Ricketts will be in his old position at full back; Lieutenants Capron and Wilcox, from Benicia, and Captain Wood and Lieutenant Flagler, from the Presidio, will occupy respectively right and left half and right and left guards; Fred Howard, late from Harvard, centre; Pugh, quarter; Porter, from Princeton, and Frick, tackle, and Morse and Sherrard ends. With such an array of men as this the Olympics will give Stanford a chance to prove their claim to the championship in a more substantial manner than by publications in obscure papers. We advise that the Olympics work with a will and they will surely be successful.

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OAKLAND GOSSIP.

Oakland, October 5th. Dear Wave:—We are, without exception, the most quarrelsome burg on this Coast, as, at the present time, there are four exceedingly unpleasant discussions taking place. Dreamy-eyed Adolph Uhl and Jim Breck, of the Assembly, are putting themselves and their followers against George McNear and George Wheaton, of Cotillion fame, and the result will doubtless be that Oakland will be deprived the exquisite pleasure of any dancing parties this winter. What the quarrel is all about we can't quite make out, as, were an investigation made, we would find that not one of George's 99 families is without its family skeleton, and it is a question if any member of either club knows his or her grandmother's maiden name. By right of association I belong to the Cotillion set, but *sub rosa*, dear, many members of that same exclusive Club are snobs and toadies of the first degree, and if George and Rhodes Borden, who are authority on all subjects, would only not be one-sided, they would admit the same. Fortunately, our Club has the name, and there is everything in that. Papa never would allow me to associate with the Assembly members, although Harry Melvin, Adolph Uhl, and one or two others are catches. When it comes to a matter of our aristocrats they are not to be found in either the Cotillion or Assembly, nor are their names to be found in the papers on all occasions. A few I know at the present who have a social standing by right of inheritance and wealth, are the Soulés, Kirkhams, Bacons, Fillmores, Standefords, Sathers, and the Alexanders, of Kanaka fame. None of their mothers were button-hole makers, boarding-house keepers, nor washwomen, and I can tell you truly that many of the belles and beaux on this side have no better ancestry than the above; but I must let the leaders of the different clubs settle their own affairs.

The tennis fiends, especially the Haights and Adolph Uhl, are enraged because they are accused of rudeness. Well, I am a member of the Club, and must admit that many of our set were not the most polite creatures in the world. Any way Harry was vexed because he was beaten by two youngsters. Poor little man! Frou-Frou is sorry for his wounded honor, but why don't he seek consolation from your side? There is a certain girl there who is in raptures over his many charms. Another source of contention is the fact that Dr. Melvin and another faultfinder have not championed Ina Coolbrith's cause. You know, dear, she is the most talented woman on this side, and had it not been her misfortune to have several orphan children thrust upon her, she might have made a name for herself.

Last evening was the wedding of Mary Fox and Mr. Pierson. It was a most beautiful affair, and the groom is quite a charming fellow. In my next you shall hear all about the nuptials of Lou Breck and Fred Hathaway.

The engagements still pour in upon us. The latest announced are those of Miss Ella Wall, Lillie Everson and a Los Angeles man, and Nannie Prather and Harrison Clay, of Fruitvale.

If you thought Hettie Tubbs-Henshaw's tea a crush, you should have come over to the one given by Mrs. Fred Stratton. It was a perfect jam. I thought how entranced the men would have been if they could only have heard our gabble. Jessie Coleman was a perfect picture in a red corduroy gown, and Ettie Chabot Knight was as beautiful as ever, and as full of *diablerie*. Mrs. Stratton sent out 600 invitations—rather a good way to pay one's debts and be assured of invitations to all the coming entertainments. This wholesale entertaining is a bore, and I hear that we are threatened with cards to several others. Mrs. Stratton is a pretty and accomplished little woman, and we will forgive her this time, but she must never do it again.

Miss Minnie Campbell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Campbell, of 1120 Twelfth Street, will make her *debut* as a dramatic reader at the First Unitarian Church on Friday evening, October 14th, under the management of H. A. Redfield. She will be assisted by Mrs. A. L. Gutterson, pianist; Dr. T. B. Richardson, basso cantante; Senor Sancho, guitarist, and an amateur male quartette.

"The Russian Honeymoon" comes off on the twentieth and twenty-first. There is to be a drinking scene, in which Harry Melvin, Dr. Richardson, and others will sing. Doubtless it will be most true to nature.

Ye gods! defend us! The amateurs' latest proposal is to produce "Julius Cæsar" at the new theatre. Can you imagine a more horrible suggestion? It must be that they want to kill Frou Frou.

The San Bernardino *Courier* has made a discovery: "Honor and narrow-mindedness are two different things."

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FASHIONS BY LETTER.

FOR THE LADIES.

ANNE, DEAR:—After all, is there for the average girl a more absorbingly interesting topic than new frocks? I confess for myself there is a delight in every detail, from the first collection of samples to the delightful opening of the oil-cloth covered box—if it be such a covering—though I don t know but that, after all, there is more interest taken in the little gown, the construction of which we superintend in some remote corner of the house; why, the dreams that one demure girl will weave into the most unpretentious of evening gowns are sufficient to form the entire backbone for the summer novel. We may look bored and talk learnedly on the benefit of dress reform in the abstract, but I sincerely believe that an agonized wail would extend throughout the land if ever we are denied our frills and hair-pins; but how I'm boring you, when you are dying to have me come down to facts and the latest fads. It is undeniable that nearly every fashion of last winter is to be retained during the coming season, only in exaggerated form in nearly every instance excepting, possibly, the long skirt; thank Fortune, that is to be curtailed, not lengthened, but our girdles are to be deeper, sleeves larger, broad-brimmed hats broader, narrow ones narrower, and so through the entire fashion list. To be sure the Russian blouse of last winter was, in the summer, remodeled into a Figaro jacket, and is now worn out and consequently forgotten, but the Russian model has not yet gone into oblivion, and for usefulness and comfort its present form is delightful. Jennie wrote me of one she had made in London for traveling, though, to tell you the truth, I think only tall, slight girls can wear them gracefully. The blouse is of heavy navy blue serge; it buttons at one side to the collar without the old yoke effect, and falls within a foot of the bottom of the skirt which is of heavy woolen tartan plaid (blue and green with a line of red). This skirt is short and perfectly plain. The blouse has a narrow serge belt, and a large Russian hood lined, as is the entire garment, in silk plaid in exactly the same colors as the woolen skirt. The hat accompanying is simply a round crown of blue felt twisted about with a soft fold of changeable blue and green velvet, and they do say that the knack of placing this fold properly is possessed by but few milliners; the fold is finished by a pheasant's head. Certainly some good Samaritan has set the kindly fashion of replacing the patent leather walking shoe by less exquisite, though infinitely more sensible, calf Blucher; they are laced, of course, and blacked like a man's, and the soles are so that overshoes in damp weather are unnecessary—that in itself is recommendation enough. Of course, with the Blucher shoe (and, by the way, it may be as well to explain that the name designates the cut, the long vamp and tongue being all one, the sides coming high and lacing over. I'm told that in New York you are positively a nobody unless you wear these shoes with your tailor gown), I'll wager you a box of candy that I'll not be able to buy a pair at present in San Francisco, we are so far behind the times in some things, but I shall make the effort to-morrow, and will write you the result.

Of course, accompanying the calf shoes must be worn the russet leather glove with its distinctive odor and Dent fastening, but for dress, fawn and pearl suede are correct. There has been a recent craze here for navy blue dressed kid gloves for walking, and I was told at one of the stores last week that the demand far exceeded the supply, but I can't find the authority for the fad, and believe it will last as long as did the red suede some months since

The correct wrap to be worn with silk calling dresses will be a deep full cape of the same color and material, with a "petite abbe" hood of velvet, and now that the Empire style is so popular there is an effort to revive the snug pelisse trimmed with fur that was really worn in Josephine's time, and the cozy long muff that conceals the hands and half the arms, but it would have to be a girl of the Julia Bissell type to carry this fashion out gracefully. Yours, NANCY.

Mrs. M. H. Ober
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1236 San Pablo Avenue
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REGULAR REPUBLICAN

MUNICIPAL TICKET.

Mayor—WENDELL EASTON.
Auditor—T. J. L. SMILEY.
Sheriff—WILLIAM BLAUTNER.
Tax Collector—THOMAS O'BRIEN.
Treasurer—J. H. WIDBER.
Recorder—E. B. READ.
County Clerk—GEORGE W. LEE.
District Attorney—WILLIAM S. BARNES.
City and County Attorney—MYER JACOBS.
Coroner—DR. WILLIAM T. GARWOOD.
Public Administrator—WALTER B. BLAIR.
Surveyor—CHARLES S. TILTON.
Superintendent of Streets—CHARLES GREEN.
Judge of Superior Court (long term)—CHARLES W. SLACK.
Judge of Superior Court (long term)—JAMES M. TROUTT.
Judge of Superior Court (long term)—GEORGE BAHRS.
Judge of Superior Court (long term)—JOHN LORD LOVE.
Judge of Superior Court (for unexpired term ending January, 1895)—WILLIAM G. BRITTAN.
Judge of Police Court (long term)—H. L. JOACHIMSEN.
Judge of Police Court (long term)—W. A. S. NICHOLSON.
Judge of Police Court (long term)—JAMES A. CAMPBELL.
Judge of Police Court (for unexpired term ending January, 1893)—JAMES A. CAMPBELL.
Justice of the Peace (long term)—FRANK GRAY.
Justice of the Peace (long term)—JOHN P. GOUGH.
Justice of the Peace (long term)—JOHN F. MULLEN.
Justice of the Peace (long term)—ARTHUR M. WILLETTS.
Justice of the Peace (long term)—J. E. BARRY.
Justice of the Peace (for unexpired term ending January, 1893)—J. E. BARRY.
Supervisor First ward—EDWARD HOLLAND.
Supervisor Second ward—DR. R. C. MEYERS.
Supervisor Third ward—COLLIS G. YOUNG.
Supervisor Fourth ward—HENRY H. STEFFENS.
Supervisor Fifth ward—H. R. ROBBINS.
Supervisor Sixth ward—W. E. LANE.
Supervisor Seventh ward—VICTOR D. DUBOCE.
Supervisor Eighth ward—P. J. COFFEE.
Supervisor Ninth ward—ALBERT HEYER.
Supervisor Tenth ward—HENRY P. SONNTAG.
Supervisor Eleventh ward—THOMAS J. PARSONS.
Supervisor Twelfth ward—AUGUST HELBING.
School Director—A. F. JOHNS.
School Director—DR. C. W. DECKER.
School Director—GEORGE PENNINGTON.
School Director—JAMES A. PARISER.
School Director—LUKE BATTLES.
School Director—J. H. CULVER.
School Director—J. J. DUNN.
School Director—PAUL BARBIERI.
School Director—WILLIAM H. EASTLAND.
School Director—C. O. SWANBERG.
School Director—HARVEY L. SANBOURN.
School Director—Z. T. WHITTEN.
School Director (for unexpired term ending January, 1893)—A. F. JOHNS.

LEGISLATIVE TICKET.

For State Senators.

Seventeenth district—JAMES CRAVEN.
Nineteenth district—JOSEPH WINDROW.
Twenty-first district—L. H. VAN SCHAICK.
Twenty-third district—CHARLES H. FANCHER.
Twenty-fifth district—JOHN F. MARTIN.

For Assemblymen.

Twenty-eighth district—PETER JOSEPH KELLY.
Twenty-ninth district—CHARLES E. COREY.
Thirtieth district—JAMES J. FALLON.
Thirty-first district—THOMAS F. GRAHAM.
Thirty-second district—JOHN A. HOEY.
Thirty third district—FREDERICK WOODS.
Thirty-fourth district—J. F. McQUAID.
Thirty-fifth district—JOHN S. ROBINSON.
Thirty-sixth district—ALBERT B. MAHONEY.
Thirty-seventh district—JOHN F. O'BRIEN.
Thirty-eighth district—GEORGE S. MATHEWS.
Thirty-ninth district—JULIUS KAHN.
Fortieth district—LOUIS A. PHILLIPS.
Forty-first district—HENRY C. DIBBLE.
Forty-second district—GRANT ISRAEL.
Forty-third district—JOHN P. RICE.
Forty-fourth district—JAMES M. GOWAN.
Forty-fifth district—JOHN HAYES.

PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

The insurance world is steeped in blissful quietude this week. Of course, it is comparative this current tranquility. There is always the possibility of change, the probability that all is not right at headquarters, the chance that some gaudy and ambitious corporation has swallowed the one you happen to represent with a degree of success you flatter yourself is unimpeachable. The latest story that disturbs the salubrity of certain agents affects an Irish company that rumor says is soon to be absorbed by an English concern. This time the lying dame does not descend to names, and the result is that the agents of two Irish concerns represented here are on pins and needles to learn whether or not they are affected. Now when an insurance person has carefully built round his corporation an elegant little reputation and some risks, it is mighty hard to have another gentleman reap the benefit.

* * *

The English manager whom the same rumor represents as interested already gloats over the risks he believes are to fall into his hands. There is an imperial air of satisfaction about his demeanor that strikes even the inattentive. Would it not be very strange if the lightning did not strike after all?

* * *

The credit evil again engages the attention of the P. I. U., and a plan that has characteristics of value is suggested for adoption. The point is made that the insurer could compel the payment of the premium to the company. Under the rule now in vogue the property owner gives a check for the premium to his broker, who settles with the corporation whenever he pleases. If, instead of this, they were to insist on seeing the receipt for the amount they had paid, the credit evil would immediately become a thing of the past. If to-day, for instance, a few Battery Street merchants were to demand from the interesting and clever gentlemen who keep track of their policies an accounting of their standing with the concerns whose names are emblazoned on said policies, there would be a grand settling up on California Street. But they don't ask, and until the matter is put before them in very positive terms by the Compact, they won't. If only their co-operation can be assured the credit evil will go out of existence.

* * *

So the Schwabacher case is settled on the basis of a reduction of 15 per cent on the face of the policies. It was a total loss, and to the assured their entire assurance, less said 15 per cent, will be paid immediately. Considering the circumstances, the fact that the conditions of the policies expressly stipulated that only a certain amount of powder should be kept in stock, and that some twelve cases were in the store, I am of opinion that better terms might have been obtained. Unfortunately there was not unanimity of action. Some of the interested companies entered into negotiations with the assured, disregarding the committee that had been appointed. A few settled for 5 per cent off, and the result was largely influenced, I regret to hear, by their action.

* * *

L. L. Bromwell, of the firm of Bromwell, Fowler & Co., is on a six-week trip through the Southern country establishing agencies for the People's, United States, and New York Bowery. Tom Miller is off on a three months' tour through the Northwest on behalf of the Southern, of New Orleans. He and Major Otey are determined to spread the influence of their Company far and wide. "William Clark & Co., a packing concern of this city, brought suit against several insurance companies to recover on policies issued or assigned to them by the Brown-Steel Packing Company, which sold out to Clark & Co. Clark was burned out on November 25, 1891, and lost in all over $26,000. On the statement of the agent, J. R. Garniss, that he need not submit proof of loss within sixty days, he neglected to do so, and for this omission the defendants demurred to his complaint. Judge Hunt held that the companies were responsible for their agent's statements, particularly as they continued negotiations, and he therefore overruled the demurrer yesterday." This is from the *Chronicle*. I commented before on Mr. Garniss' conduct in this case, and it is unnecessary for me to repeat my former strictures. The facts speak for themselves and I am of opinion that the lesson will not be lost either on this adjuster nor on the people who employ him.

LOCAL.

WHAT?

If at high noon with love she play,
And from your twilight whisper shrink,
Yet sing you love's own roundelay,
What shall you think?

If she find words to make men rue
Her soft dismissal, yet delay,
Rose-flushed and mute, when your eyes woo,
What shall you say?

If from the feast where glasses clink
To hail her queen, she stray with you
Night's summer-scented kiss to drink,
What shall you do?—*Figaro.*

FALSE ECONOMY

Is practiced by people who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

A PAIR OF EVILS.

Men drink liquor. Women use morphine. Our children suffer thereby and we are becoming an inferior race. These evils are not only corrected but permanently cured by the Monroe Improved Gold Cure Company, Haywards, Alameda County, Cal. Write for circulars and testimonials. San Francisco Office, 111 Grant Avenue.

DORFLINGER'S AMERICAN CUT GLASS

Is shown in every requisite for the table. Beautiful pieces for Wedding and Holiday Gifts. Genuine pieces have trade mark label.

Best quality Visiting Cards from plate $1.00 per hundred. Pierson Bros., 225 Kearny Street.

Mr. Sam Davis, the talented editor of the *Appeal*, says: "The *Tribune* calls it the 'Sam Davis party.' Whatever the party may be named, the people of Ormsby can be assured that there will be no known petty larceny thieves submitted to the consideration of the voters on the Silver Party county ticket."

THAT VERY ENERGETIC personage, Mrs. Theall, who presides over an organization of busybodies, called the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, is devoting a portion of her abundant leisure and eminent conversational powers to the soul of Murderer McNulty. She, and a delegation of her associates, visit the gentle assassin each day in the County Jail, and pour into his capacious ears the flagrant platitudes the holy of both sexes have familiarized most of us with. With spiritual consolation, however, comes physical refreshments. Fragrant roses are afforded his sense of smell, and ticklish dainties his condemned palate. He can well afford to listen with due patience to the mournful exhortations of these vaporizing females who are too wise in their degeneration to come to him empty handed.

* * *

Mrs. Theall and her devoted band are doubtless excellent ladies in their way, but it is a way that is most admirable in seclusion. Retirement is alien to their natures, however, and they force themselves before the public with a zeal that is the offspring of an ambition for notoriety rather than of a desire to aid the afflicted.

HAPPY IDEAS.

Passenger (on sleeper, looking between curtains)—What place is this, porter?

Porter—Chicago, sah.

Passenger—Why didn't you wake me? I get off there.

Porter—Bress you, sah, we don't get into de station till dis afternoon!—*New York Truth.*

Ethel—I heard last night that George was head over heels in love with me.

Mrs. Knox—You can't believe all you hear.

Ethel—No, but I shouldn't wonder if there was something in it.

Mrs. Knox—Who told you?

Ethel—He did.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

SACRAMENTO AFFAIRS.

SACRAMENTO, October 5th. DEAR WAVE:—You may prepare yourself for a very dull letter this week, as things are simply at a stand-still. The schools have re-opened; all the girls have returned from summer vacations, and everyone is wishing that "somebody" would only give "something" for us to go to. The young married set are simply beside themselves for the want of amusement, and are trying their best to get up a whist club, which will only contain their own members, but find it hard work to keep it sufficiently select without offending some one.

Maye C—— has returned, so have the Upsons; too bad, their house burning during their absence. They are occupying the Russell place until their's is repaired. Mr. and Mrs. Spratt have returned, and will spend the winter with her parents. By the way, John is trying to console himself with the pretty Miss J——. How awfully like her aunt she is; saw them one evening at the pavilion; every one was remarking on the resemblance. One of the Steffens girls has gone East; the other has returned to the Stanford University, so papa and mamma are alone in their glory, and the big house looks more gloomy than ever. Gertrude Miller has come home to remain, and is at last a full-fledged young lady. Minnie Clark is also at home once more. With all these girls, many of them living in large houses, and the most perfect moonlight nights, we are all left in peace, not the smallest "affair" occurring to disturb the tranquility. We shall have to wait another month before any winter gayeties commence. Our one and only amusement is driving; I went down "the road" one evening and it really presented quite a gay appearance. Wilbur was driving that pretty horse of his, and was, as usual, alone; he seems very fond of his own society. Then there were the George Clarks, Al Harts, Garfields, McKay with a girl, our genial County Assessor with his wife and two fair maidens, and the usual number whom one always meets. It is really a very pretty drive at any time, but especially so on moonlight evenings. I am thankful to say that there is one large house in town which presents a cheerful appearance after dark. Young Mrs. Smith has a light in the windows which does good to the heart of the passer-by. May some of the others follow suit. The concert last Sunday evening was a treat; there may be better bands than the First Artillery, and better leaders than Mr. Neale, but they are hard to find.

Mr. and Mrs. McLean have returned from their wedding tour, and are living with her sister for the present. Leila has left us to spend the winter in your city. Lulu T—— has gone again, and Mame D—— is at Monterey. Ella is still visiting her friend at Petaluma. So we have a number of our girls still away, though so many have returned. And until they join forces we cannot look for any amusement. Yours, in anticipation of better times, NINA.

FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

FRESNO, October 5th. DEAR WAVE:—Should this frightful dearth of social news continue another month Imp will, Othello-like, be occupationless. I have searched in the most sacred folds of the immaculate 150, as well as among the 400, for one small item of social importance, but Society maintains a stolid silence, and refuses to discuss past events, and is noncommittal on future. I am reserving my superfluous energy and flowery vocabulary in anticipation of those long-promised weddings. Webster's and the Century dictionaries will be taxed to the limit for suitable adjectives for these swagger affairs, while I now fairly gloat over the slightest morsel of gossip I hear relative to them. Then, too, the election! Will has promised several of us girls and boys a very *wide* dinner party should his aspirations be fulfilled on the eventful eighth. Politics have become so corrupt down here lately that Jack says, "A man with any pride or honor about him can't possibly meddle in them." Corrupt or not, I know they possess interest paramount to all else just at present.

W. W. Phillips entertained at a stag dinner Thursday evening eleven prominent politicians. The elegant *menu* was discussed and enjoyed for over two hours, while the witty speeches grew brighter still after the champagne and dessert. Wonder why the Colonel gave as a toast Scott's words,

"Oh! what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive,"

And with such sorrowful relish, too! Jack says 'twas given as a sort of "silent toast" to an absent statesman.

The Fair last week was a dismal failure. Arsenic needn't wonder at the unpopularity of the Driving Club. I solved that problem ages ago. The Club is decidedly *mixed* and many objectionable characters make the clubhouse their stamping grounds. Then, too, some of the men in the Driving Club are sports and gamblers, whose proximity on occasions like that of last week is disagreeable in the extreme. So, all in all, the grand stand is the safer and more respectable situation for our 150 during the races.

It's quite time the '89-'90 Club bestirred itself if it intends contributing its mite to Society's entertainment this season. I propose Johnny McA-Colson as President, Will S—— as Vice, and Stony as Secretary. I know my ticket will meet with Society's approval.

More anon, IMP.

SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, October 5th. DEAR WAVE:—We have had just the jolliest time on record during the last week—racing, revivals, romances in real life, weddings galore, abductions, parties. Oh, my, it would look just like a catalogue, if I were to tell you half.

I have been in a constant whirl, a perfect "Merry-Go-Round," but I have observed with some surprise and more pain, that my friends among the married men aren't half so entertaining as formerly. I wonder why. They all seem to have a troubled look and are nervous in manner. They seem to be expecting some misfortune to befall them. Guess they imagine Sontag and Evans are coming this way.

Tom says he and Sam and Dave are awfully glad they're single. Then he told me to look at Jim (not the carpet man) and see how nervous he is.

The matrimonial fever is raging, and all the pretty young creatures are being captured—two of the very choicest going off next Wednesday. The ceremonies to be celebrated at the aristocratic church, corner St. John and Second.

Miss Lusson is decidedly of the *haute ton*, has a pedigree a mile long, and yet she is as unassuming a girl as you ever saw. One of the Kipps was pretty hard hit by her at Santa Cruz, and all the old gossips predicted a match there, but they were way off.

Miss Daisy Thompson, the other bride, is one of the prettiest girls in this town, dresses in perfect taste, and could have her pick here.

Clarence and his choir-boys are in a fervor of preparation. They are going to sing the "Wedding Song;" won't that be sweet?

The Ramonas have put on their war-paint and started on a ghost-dance. Some of them better be looked after pretty closely.

Milton L—— is caught at last by a grass widow, but Mrs. A—— says she don't care, "There's as good fish in the sea as ever yet was caught."

The "Cushion Party" was a perfect success, and now that Mrs. D—— has dropped the schoolmarmy ways and has branched out as an entertainer, we hope she will keep it up. They have a big house and plenty of money, and can afford to do things in style.

There's a big fuss brewing; particulars in my next.

BABBLER.

STOCKTON LIFE.

STOCKTON, October 5th. DEAR WAVE:—'Tis well that I did not promise you a letter for last week as I have been too overcome to think, much less write. Frank Stewart has at last succumbed to the inevitable, and next month shares his fortune with Grace Cutting! We will miss her much as he is going to spirit her away to Bakersfield where he is King of the bank. Then, besides, Eugene Bartholemew has "been, gone, and done it," but I rather expected *that* for no one can long withstand Hattie Stevens' beautiful, pleading eyes. Worse yet—Eugene Southworth, from appearances, has been playing a losing game—he has not been as devoted to Idah as of old, yet she has not seemed to notice his neglect and has been happy with Millard Sanders. *On dit* that they will make a match, but I cannot approve her choice, a horseman's life is not an easy one by any means.

The fever has even affected our elderly beaux, one of the most charming, John Herd, Jr., took unto himself another better half last week and carried desolation into the ranks of spinsters of which *I* am presiding elder.

One good has resulted from the Fair at all events. Charles H—— has seen the error of his ways and has ceased his attentions to West Stockton. Several nights I watched him as he plodded his weary way *in* from the Homestead, but I thought to myself, "Who wouldn't miss the last car home for just one more glance from Mae's dark eyes."

Matie Sargent has been breaking hearts right and left in Fresno. I expect to have the same experience soon, for Mary Woods Allen has given me the same invitation to visit her.

O. K—— seemed rather downcast the past week and when I inquired the reason, I think it was Frank who said that Lida had gone to San Francisco for a whole month to visit her sister, sweet Bessie Williams.

Mrs. Meiggs, of Elko, Nev., *née* Delia Wolf, seems as loath to tear herself away from home as we are to have her go; how gay the big house would be if *she* lived here.

Grace Gage is at present the guest of the Wilhoits, I believe she will reside with the Clayes family during the winter: they will be *so* lonesome when Lola embarks on matrimony's rough sea.

Maud Bourland, the Ladd's charming cousin, electrified everyone by making her *début* as an actress on the stage of the Avon in "A Celebrated Case." No one ever even imagined that she had any leaning towards such things, but, still waters run deep they say. Maude is very sweet and natural and no one wishes her more success than THE SPINISTER,

ANOTHER FAD.

It is seldom a new craze meets with universal approval so thoroughly as has the new writing paper, "Royal Gray." It's origin lies 'midst the aristocracy of England and was seized with delight on this side the water by Fashion's eager followers, who appreciated its quiet, but elegant simplicity, a truly happy medium between the sombre white and the dazzling array of colors so recently in vogue. With the monogram or crest stamped in white or silver, this makes an effect seldom attained, and great credit is due the firm of J. K. Cooper & Co., better known as Cooper's, 746 Market Street, for being the first to place this new creation within the reach of San Francisco's 400. This new importation together with recent shipments of a bewildering variety of fashionable papers has brought this house to the front rank in the line of art stationery, and we wish them much success. In their show window is displayed a full line of new "Royal Gray" in all the fashionable shapes.

LIMES KILL CHOLERA GERMS.

Dr. Christmas, of the Pasteur Institute of Paris, found that nine grains of the acid of limes killed the germ of the bacillus in the Paris aqueduct in fifteen minutes, and that two grains of acid of limes in a quart of water would render the same perfectly harmless. It is utterly absurd for people to fear limes when they are really a disinfectant.

The Brooklyn Board of Health, in a pamphlet issued to the public, say:

"During an epidemic the water used for drinking purposes should be boiled, and, to render it more palatable, it may be placed in bottles on ice, or may be slightly acidulated by the addition of limes.

"L. G. SHRESOVICH."

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE	FROM SEPT. 3, 1892.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*12.15 p m
.....	Niles and San Jose	†6.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6 15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
*9 00 a m	Stockton and Milton	*6 45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Martinez	12.45 p m
3 00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4 00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced and Fresno	9 45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4 30 p m	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento	10 45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10 45 a m
*4 30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8 45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	8 45 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	8.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
*6.00 p m	Sacramento Livermore	.....
6 00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	9.15 a m
†7.00 p m	Vallejo	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡7.45 a. m.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p. m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.38 p m
†7.30 a m	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excur'n	†8 28 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
‡9.30 a m	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations	‡2.45 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.03 p m
12 15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.30 p m
*2 30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.37 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, Gilroy and Principal Way Stations	*9.47 a m
*4.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7.30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

San Francisco and North Pacific Railway.

San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 30, 3:30, 5.05, 6:20 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, :30, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		In effect Apr. 24, 1892.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5.00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

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VIA SAUSALITO FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12.30, 1:30, 2:30, 4:00, 5:25, 6:45 P. M.

Extra Trips on Sunday for Sausalito at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO to MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A.M.; 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P.M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 2:30, 4:00, 5:25 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 6:45, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:45, 11:00, 11:50 A. M.; 1:10, 2:25, 3:40, 5:15, 6:05, 7:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 6:25 P. M. Fare, 50 cents round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:25, 6:55, 7:58, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:05, 11:20 A. M.; 1:20, 2:45, 4:00, 5:30, 6:30 P. M. Fare, 40 cents round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 7:15, 8:15, 9:50, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:45 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:20, 11:40 A. M.; 12:35, 1:45, 3:10, 4:25, 6:00, 6:50, 7:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7:00 P. M. Fare, 25 cents round trip.

Leave San Francisco.	Through Trains. Destination.	Arrive San Francisco.
7:30 A. M. } Week 5:00 P. M. } days. 8:00 A. M Sundays	Camp Taylor, Tocaloma, Point Reyes and Way Stations.	8:45 A. M. } Week 6:15 P. M. } days. 8:15 P. M. Sundays
7:30 A. M. Week days 8:00 A. M. Sundays 5:00 P. M. Saturdays	Tomales, Howards, Duncan Mills, Cazadero and Way Stations.	8:45 A. M. Mondays 6:15 P. M. Week days 8:15 P. M. Sundays

Thirty-day Excursion—Round trip, 25 per cent reduction.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round trip tickets: Tocaloma and Point Reyes, $1.25; Tomales, $2; Howards, $2.50; Cazadero, $3.
Sunday Excursion—Round trip tickets: Point Reyes, $1; Tomales, $1.50; Howards, $2; Duncan's Mills and Cazadero, $2.50.

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Through line sailings—October 5th, S. S. "San Blas," October 15th, S. S. "City of Sydney," October 25th, S. S. "San Jose."

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at NOON 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San Jose de Guatemala, Acajutla La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—October 18th, 1892, S. S. "Colima."

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.: S. S. "Peru," Saturday, October 15, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "City of Rio de Janeiro," Saturday, Nov. 5, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "City of Peking," Saturday, November 26, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "China," via Honolulu, Tuesday, December 6, at 3 P. M.

Round trip tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

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SURPLUS TO POLICY HOLDERS, - 8,980,251.00

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ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

BEST & BELCHER MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the seventeenth (17th) day of August, 1892, an assessment (No. 52) of twenty-five (25) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Thursday, the twenty-second day of September, 1892, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the thirteenth (13th) day of October, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

L. OSBORN, Secretary.

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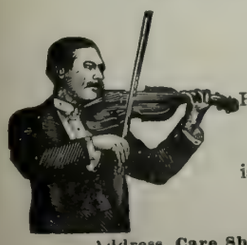

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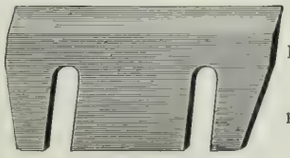

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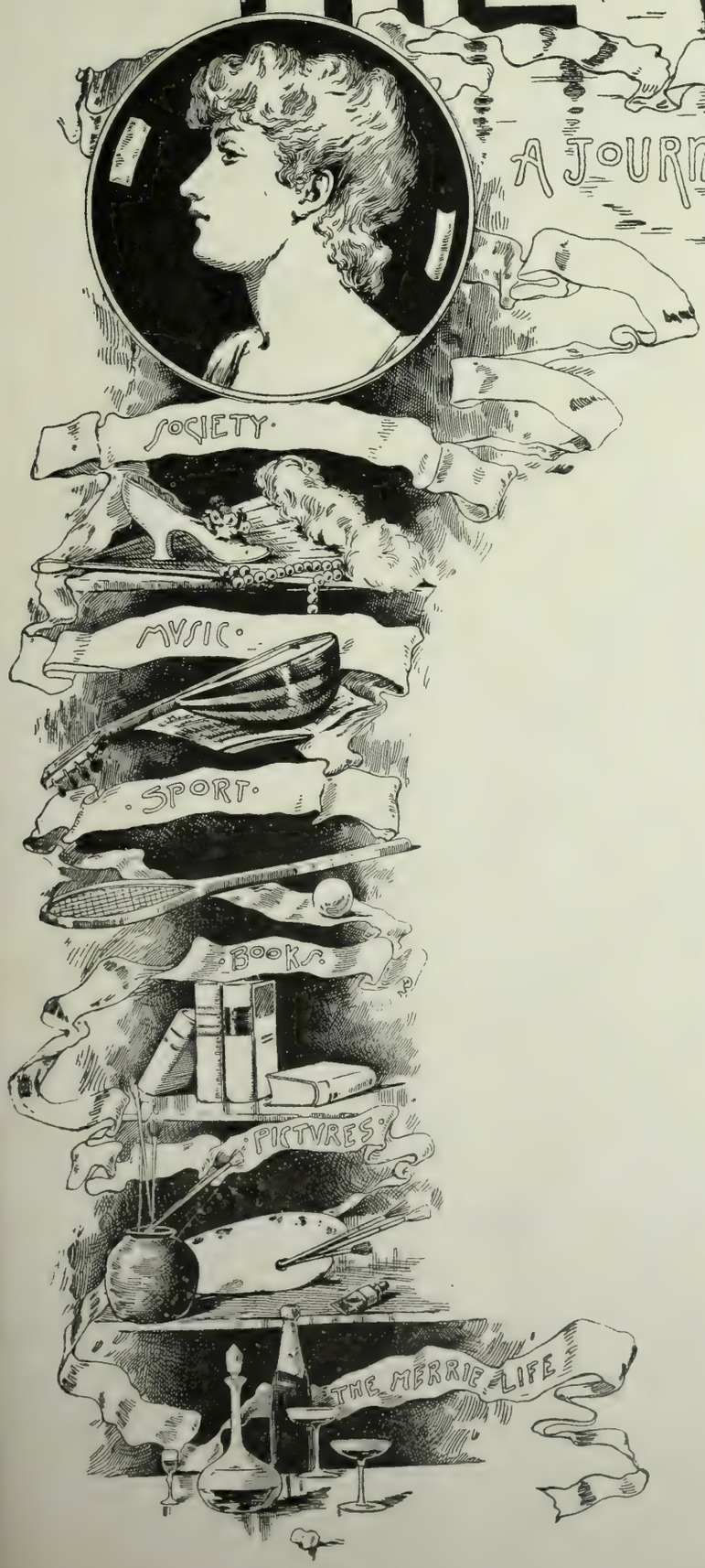

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HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

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IN THE WORLD

GEO. SCHONEWALD, Manager.

THE WAVE

Vol. IX. No. 16 San Francisco, October 15, 1892. 10 Cents

The Wave

A Society, Literary and Political Journal,

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

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SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 15, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

Much pleasure is taken in presenting to the readers of THE WAVE this week, the picture of Henry Bigelow, who discovered and interviewed Evans and Sontag for the *Examiner*. This feat has generally been acknowledged to be the best piece of newspaper work done in this State for many years, and it will be referred to in days to come as a worthy rival of the "scoops" obtained by journalists of National repute. Of course, Mr. Bigelow's reputation does not rest on this alone; he has proved himself to be a bright writer, a splendid news-getter, and a capital newspaper maker. He has executed some difficult commissions for the *Examiner*, but this was the most difficult; he succeeded, after a number of clever journalists had ignominiously failed.

SPLASHES.

FROM AN INTERESTING summer resort, not a thousand miles from Shasta, comes a single story which is too good to let die. The Heroine, a fascinating milliner, whose home is in Oakland, possesses the type of loveliness one speaks of as seductive. The Hero is a prominent hotel-owner, a widower, and a huge catch from the point of view matrimonial. The third member of the *dramatis personæ* is a Maiden of High Degree, bent on marriage with the hotel-owner, a very handsome, supercilious, ambitious young personage with lorgnettes. Her cousins, the other guests, and his grandmother form the rest of the cast. It was at intervals only that the Hero shed on the hotel the golden light of his presence, but at these periods the Maiden of High Degree was happiest.

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Never once did the beauteous Heroine, drowsing languidly on the veranda, dream of herself as the Maiden of High Degree's rival. But that damsel, canvassing the contingencies, and knowing how quick an eye for form and face the Hero had, determined to brook no rival. He was due the following Saturday, and on Tuesday she mobilized forces and commenced a lorgnette campaign. In the armory of femininity there is no weapon so deadly as this. With it one can insult, scathe, deride, contemn. It expresses disdain, detestation, and superiority. She would await the milliner's retirement from the dining-room each day, and, following with her forces, would gaze contemptuously at her and retire. What did not that swift lorgnetted glance say? "Who is the woman?—How dare such people come here?—What right has she on the veranda where I sit?" And so on.

* * *

The first stare of the campaign sent blushes chasing one another over the Heroine's face, so cruelly contemptuous it was. And they suited her dark beauty to perfection. When the process was repeated two or three times she began to tire. Instead of shame it was then rage made her red. She spoke of it to a lady seated beside her at table and found a sympathetic listener. The story of the war spread over the hotel. Then the encounters had witnesses, and sympathy surged up strong for the Heroine. But her triumph was to come. Her attendant, gossiping with the abigail of the Hero's grandmother, told her this history of persecution. She told the story with original trimmings to her mistress. When the great man arrived, at the end of the week, the first news his relative poured into his ears was the tale of the Maiden's campaign. He said nothing.

* * *

She looked very sweet did the Heroine that sunny Sunday morning. The creamy tints of her pretty rustic costume just relieved the olive lucidity of her complexion. He, emerging from breakfast, saw her and bowed.

"You are enjoying yourself?" he interrogated, respectfully.

"Yes," she hesitated slightly. "But it seems," she continued with a sob, "that some young ladies here consider me an intruder. They stare so."

"Believe me," the Hero assured her sympathetically, "you have as much right here as anyone. If you find aught to complain of, let the management know and I think you will not again be troubled."

All he said was distinctly audible to a listening group of guests gathered near by, and only a few minutes later the whole hotel knew all. Later on, the Hero and the Heroine strolled out together, and the discomfiture of the Maiden of High Degree was complete.

* * *

WONDROUS STRANGE are the usages of this world. At a recent wedding I saw among the guests a young married couple, whose nuptials were celebrated with due *éclat* but a few moons ago. He is by several winters the junior of his wife, and, besides this advantage in age, has untold gold, innumerable twenty-dollar pieces, the sheen of which, alas, no one ever sees. Even his bride is not favored with a glimpse of their yellow radiance. Can it be that his economy preys on her mind, and accounts for the sad paleness of her face? She was not a beauty when the minister made them one, but health, hope, and happiness glowed in her cheeks and beamed from her eyes. But now. I asked a girl who sat beside me the reason of it all.

* * *

Turning a pair of very lovely eyes innocently upon me, she said, in a gentle, caressing way:

"Oh, tired of her job, I suppose."

And every one had proclaimed her a favorite of fortune when the engagement was announced. It is as well to remember that a million and a mean disposition often go together.

* * *

THE LADIES' ORCHESTRA is to go to Chicago. That this is important news I am well aware, but I give it without fear. Not all, perhaps, but most of the pretty and clever young women who compose it will be at the World's Fair, and, by their playing, reflect infinite glory on this Pacific metropolis. Will they not prove to the effete East that we produce musicians as well as pugilists—maidens whose charms of face, eyes, and form are re-enforced by artistic talent and training? The managers of the Woman's Building, I am told, have made to the President of the Orchestra, Mrs. Selden S. Wright, a most liberal offer. There is to be a chaperon for each girl, and during the two weeks of their stay in the windy city they are to enjoy every imaginable luxury.

* * *

Of course, traveling to and fro is to cost them nothing, and I believe the contract provides for the best accommodation available in Chicago. In return they are to give a certain number of concerts which Director Rosewald will conduct. The arrangements have all been conducted by Mrs. Wright, who has certainly exacted favorable terms for her charges. Apart from the infinite satisfaction of impressing the crowds gathered at the Fair, the girls will enjoy a most interesting excursion under auspices the most agreeable imaginable.

* * *

That the Owl's Nest is dead most of the projected membership believes. I am under the impression that the organization has considerable vitality left. Nat Brittan and

Theodore Payne are hardly the men to be frightened out of a scheme because certain commercial Bohemians find nothing in it for themselves. Of course, the lack of support has discouraged them, but, when times improve, the Owl's Nest will become a living entity. Never did a club start with fairer prospects. The location is one of the most picturesque in San Mateo County, the fishing and shooting privileges are of the most generous character. The facilities are all the most exacting could desire, but still the Club is, so far, not a success. But I have hopes.

* * *

SO FAR THIS SEASON Society is not a promising subject. There is little to look forward to, less to hope for. That any number of the hundreds of mansions that border Western Addition boulevards will open their doors is unlikely. The wealth of artistic *portières*, the harmonious arrangements of æsthetic draperies, the charming *bric-a-brac*—all are for the delectation of owners only. Society is held aloof. The chances, I fear, are for an "off" season. During the last nine months weddings have been numerous. The ranks of eligible men and eligible girls, Hymen has sadly disintegrated. Of the damsels who ruled "the swim" but few remain in the condition of single blessedness, and the fact is the debutantes of the last two or three seasons have not yet acquired that confidence which encourages individual effort in the cause of entertainment.

* * *

There are no leaders among them, none more prominent than the rest who would come forward and dare forming a dancing club or a social organization of some kind to relieve the prospective tedium. I am sure concerted action would induce a series of dances similar to those given by the Cricket Club, so called, three years ago. Comparatively informal, they did not prove expensive, were well attended and served to fill in gaps. I know there are a dozen matrons who would gladly accommodate such an organization in ballrooms long disused. However, this is but a suggestion.

* * *

The season's debutantes are but a handful. Among them are a few bright and pretty girls who will add fresh faces to the cotillion *ensemble*. That they will celebrate their coming out with aught more formal than a tea does not seem probable, alas. However, there is a little light among all the shadows One matron who introduces two buds into "the swim" talks of giving a dance. Her spacious and richly furnished home will afford ample dancing space and the regulation allowance of cozy corners for those who have soft nothings to whisper. Another lady purposes gathering around her daughter a group of pleasant friends for whom she will give informal little parties.

* * *

The Roseleaf Social, etc., Club has, through the agency of Joe Redding, settled its contention with Commodore Harrison. This entertaining organization, it seems, failed to pay rent for the "Frolic" and the result was a law suit, from which interesting disclosures were anticipated. Alas, there will be none, the Commodore has abated his demands, agrees to accept $175, and the thirty-three defendants have compromised. To pay this amount and the legal costs will compel each member of the gallant band to mulct himself $5.90—not very much considering everything. I am told, however, that certain of said thirty-three are disappointed, and claim that though they gave Mr. Redding power to act for them, he was not authorized to compromise. This may open the controversy, but I fear the chances are against it. Imagine how exciting it would be to have the gifted thirty-three in the Justices' Court, answering interesting questions about the organization.

* * *

THE HOOKER-LENT WEDDING, says everyone who saw it, was a brilliant affair. Papa Hooker, who has never enjoyed a reputation for philanthropy, is declared to have vanquished the possibility of competition in decorations, breakfast, and presents. This is claiming a great deal, I know, but the testimony is unanimous. The bride, everyone in Society knows and likes. She is a pretty girl, refined, a graceful and enthusiastic dancer. Mr. Lent is a handsome young man, quiet, of agreeable manners, whom considerable attention has not spoilt. That General Lent and Papa Hooker are millionaires every mining man and real estate dealer is aware.

* * *

If the bride did look a little pallid in the very handsome wedding gown she wore, her bridesmaids never appeared to better advantage. The pretty costumes, white silk, and what milliners call La Tosca hats, trimmed with yellow, seemed specially suitable. Opinions are divided as to whether Miss Bates, Miss Reynolds, or Miss Holbrook looked best. I presume they will continue divided, too. In selecting a best man Mr. Lent disregarded conventionality, for he was supported by Ed. L. Eyre, who, years ago, retired from bachelor ranks. Perhaps his point of view is, however, that the best men are always married.

* * *

The Hooker house, on Bush Street, was handsomely decorated in honor of the event. After congratulations the breakfast followed and proved a success. Ludwig served a delicious *menu* and the Hungarian band discoursed all manner of sweet melodies. The presents were really fine, among them being a handsome chest of silverware from the bride's father.

* * *

An interesting wedding was that of Miss Catalina Acosta and Dr. Maldonado at the Catholic Cathedral Wednesday evening last. The bride is Spanish, a brunette, of course, and in her white silk bridal robe looked decidedly handsome. Dr. Maldonado is a good-looking and very popular young man, besides being a dentist with quite a considerable practice. Mrs. Leocadia Acosta, the bride's mother, is from Central America, and is very wealthy—owns plantations, gold mines in Mexico, and other assets of a valuable character. Father Prendergast performed the ceremony. It was rather past the appointed time when the bridal party appeared. Following her sister came the maid of honor, Miss Clotilda Acosta, a veritable beauty of the Spanish type.

* * *

Indeed, in a ravishing gown of pale green and lilies of the valley, she was the sensation of the occasion, and sent the congregation into raptures. After her the bridesmaids followed, but her pronounced loveliness rather detracted from their charms. Their gowns blended very beautifully, however, and the general effect of the cortege was admirable. A reception at Mrs. Acosta's residence, 1307 Taylor Street, followed. There was dancing, good music, and an excellent supper. The happy pair departed at three in the morning, and will spend their honeymoon at Castle Crags.

* * *

The marriage of Dr. Selfridge and Miss Lolita Monteverde will take place at St. Mary's Cathedral on the evening of November 3d. Miss Genie Masten will be maid of honor, and Miss Edna Robinson, Miss Meta Thompson, Miss Reis, Miss Lillie Reis, Miss Salie Huie, Miss McGeoghegan, and two small cousins are to be bridesmaids. As ushers, Allen Bowie, Milton Latham, Harry Wadsworth, James Archibald, Sam Knight, and Frank Owen will act. Mr. George James will be Dr. Selfridge's best man. There are to be no cards for the house, as the bridal party and relatives will alone return to the reception.

* * *

THE CONCORDIA CLUB'S ball to-night opens the season. It promises to be a very brilliant affair and will be the occasion of several interesting debuts. I wish I had space to describe the styles and characteristics of the many charming damsels who will enter "the swim." As I have not, I can only give their names. They are Miss Florence Meyer, Miss Rose Frankel, Miss Ida Fisher, Miss Clemence Reiss, Miss Florine Bachman, Miss Florence Lippitt, Miss Jennie Seller. Miss Meyer resembles her sister, Mrs. Stern, who so long reigned an undisputed belle; she is exceptionally pretty, with fine eyes and features. Miss Frankel is tall, of superb figure, and was one of the prettiest girls at the Altenheim Fair. Miss Reiss is a blonde, really a beautiful girl. Miss Lippett is tall and stately, Miss Seller has lustrous and rather dreamy eyes. Miss Fisher is bright and has an adorable complexion.

* * *

Two very pretty maidens, Miss May Kutz and Miss Lucie Simon, also debutantes, have determined to reserve their coming out for the Verein. "Columbus," I am told, bids fair

Richardson & Robbins' Plum Pudding—A Delicious Dessert.

to be the most successful amateur performance given in San Francisco in years.

* * *

COUNT FESTETICS is going in for navigation. Not only is he studying the subject at Captain McNeven's school on the waterfront but he has given orders for the construction of a 120 ton yacht to be launched not later than sixty days hence. It is to be a charming pleasure boat, this yacht, schooner rigged, with a cabin luxuriously fitted with every imaginable convenience. Though it has not yet been finally decided, I believe Turner is to build her, and doubtless the Count will insist on the latest model so that his craft may be expected to show a clean pair of heels to all the other boats on the bay. I am told this new yacht is to have the latest improvement in rudders—quite a clever invention which promises great things.

* * *

Next time the young Austrian is becalmed, it will be in his own yacht. His experience in the "Frolic" has by no means cured him of his taste, but he will take no further chances. The craft will cost $25,000, and is not a bridal present from any member of the Haggin family, as the Count has his own resources to draw from. They, I believe, are considerable.

* * *

Miss Hager gives, this afternoon, a tea in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hicks, who are visiting Mrs. Hager at her Franklin Street residence. Miss Ames gives an informal tea on Sunday afternoon. Mrs. John Vance Cheney gives a reception on Sunday evening, at 900 O'Farrell Street, in honor of Edmund Russell. There will be a very interesting gathering of people locally identified with art, literature, and music.

* * *

On Sunday night last Mrs. Louis Haggin and Countess Festetics gave a dinner to Mrs. Fred Sharon. Pink roses decorated the table and a string band supplied digestive harmonies. Afterwards there was music. Mrs. Sharon, who is an unusually clever executant, played several piano solos, Mrs. McGavin rendered a number of the French songs she sings so charmingly, and Miss Ames gave some beautiful melodies on the violin.

* * *

Mrs. Hastings is expected to return here ere long for a short stay, before settling in New York for the winter, where she will probably make her permanent home hereafter, visiting California only as her business interests require. It is now stated that her engagement with Mr. Johnson was terminated before her departure for Europe some months ago.

* * *

Miss Laura McKinstry has arrived in New York, and is to be in San Francisco after a brief stay there. She is enthusiastic over Europe. Miss Jennie Catherwood has also arrived. She came over on the "Majestic," with Senator and Mrs. Stanford, and will come directly on to San Francisco. She spent the month prior to her departure from Paris as the guest of Prince and Princess Hatzfeldt. Like her sister, Mrs. La Montagne, Miss Catherwood is a very charming and accomplished girl who is sure to make many friends here.

* * *

C. H. Waterlow, the eldest hope of Sir Sydney of that ilk, is in town. He arrived here from London some days ago with his bride, is quartered at the Palace, and is enjoying the sights with the industry and vigor of a young man on his first excursion into the new world. One can imagine that Mr. Waterlow finds life rather attractive. Sir Sydney, his father, is an exceedingly wealthy man and a philanthropist. It seems an age ago that he married Mrs. Nellie Hamilton here in San Francisco. Young Waterlow is being entertained here by the Crockers and by the many friends of his mother. He is a nice-looking young Englishman of the typical build, style, and manner.

* * *

Jack Follansbee is accepting congratulations from his friends. A most fortunate year this has been for him. His horses have won a series of races and it is alleged that he retires with a profit of something in the neighborhood of $50,000. This is rather good for a single twelve months of horse racing. Nor is it all luck, though, of course, the blind goddess is a salient factor. One deserves success in horse racing as in other pursuits, by care and sagacity, and Mr. Follansbee has been devoting time and attention to his equine favorites.

* * *

I am afraid the Bazaar in aid of the Home for the Sisters of the Holy Family cannot be called a success. Though a more deserving object could not be found, the patronage has not been adequate. I was in there one night last week and was surprised at the beauty of the booths and the variety of articles offered for sale. Some of them are exceedingly artistic in arrangement and decoration, notably that of St. Anthony, which Mrs. Dr. Luke Robinson has in charge. Besides, there are dozens of pretty girls whom, if the opportunity was given them, could sell anything in the world. To-night and Monday evening the Fair will remain open.

* * *

Mr. Otto Bendix will give a piano recital at Irving Hall on October 20th, which, with the attractions of the pianist's talent and an interesting programme should draw a full house. Among the numbers of special interest to be given are Bach's Organ Prelude and Fugue in *G minor*, Beethoven's *C sharp, minor*, Sonata (Moonlight), Capriccio and Rhapsodie of Brahms, as well as excerpts from the works of Chopin, Moszkowski, Tausig, and Liszt.

The forthcoming Philharmonic concert will be made more than usually attractive by the appearance of Mrs. Nicholson, vocalist, and Mr. Theo. Martens, pianist, both of whom are strangers to Philharmonic audiences.

* * *

The California State Floral Society is making arrangements for its fall show, which will take place at the Pavilion in the near future. It is promised that this will be the most notable in the history of the Association, and it is hoped that the public will take the interest in the affair that it deserves.

* * *

The twenty-third Carr-Beel "Pop" will be given Saturday afternoon, October 22d, at Irving Hall. The new features to be introduced will be Benjamin Godard's latest trio for piano, violin, and 'cello; Frank Mitchell and Miss Bessie Wall, vocalists.

* * *

I SHOULD LIKE to predict a brilliant success for Fred Sharon's Tuxedo scheme. The Burlinghame tract is most felicitously situated. There is no part of San Mateo County that offers such opportunities for landscape gardening. With the immense financial resources at his command, he can so improve on nature as to make the region an earthly paradise. He has excellent taste, which insures the architectural beauty of the clubhouse and its surrounding buildings. Altogether the scheme offers a unique array of advantages, but—will it be a success? That Mr. Sharon would care to preside in solitary grandeur over his Tuxedo, I cannot believe. That he would be likely to lay out a vast sum of money in gardening without some certainty of return, seems unlikely. No one has accused him of a lack of shrewdness.

* * *

In California, Society is not large enough to support a Tuxedo. Nor has it a sufficiency of cash. The select few who can afford country residences are already installed at San Mateo, Menlo, or Mountain View. There they have establishments and surroundings of considerable beauty which they would hardly care to abandon for the sake of a Tuxedo, however attractive. The patronage secured by Del Monte, Castle Crags and other resorts is not permanent. The set one finds at San Rafael is nearly sure to seek another locality next season. A few families, it is true, are regular patrons of Del Monte, whose gardens are among the most beautiful in the world, but the chances are against their selection of the vicinity of Belmont in preference.

* * *

The scheme is premature. It might succeed fifteen years hence when the young married set of to-day is thinking of introducing its offspring into Society, when the Pioneers have all passed on to Lone Mountain and the Blythe estate is settled, when the accumulations of our millionaires are divided among their descendants, and the Coast is enjoying a season of prosperity for which these days of adversity are the preparation. Then, if someone will start a Tuxedo he may meet with a measure of financial reward, but not now.

* * *

THERE IS ONE PROMINENT Republican in this town who is traveling around with a knife in his boot. I do not desire to be understood as intimating that he is the only Republican at the present time who is going about thus armed, but I happen to

Richardson & Robbins' Potted Ham for Picnics and Teas.

know positively that this gentleman has a knife in his boot, because he has shown it to me himself. Indeed, he makes no concealment of the fact, but, on the contrary, he is anxious for everybody to know not only the dimensions of the deadly instrument and the name of the maker, but for whom it is intended on election day. That he means murder is shown by every movement he has made for two weeks past, and after the votes are counted, on the ninth of next month, there will be no difficulty in fastening the offense upon him. The man to whom I refer is Mr. H. H. Lynch, Superintendent of the Powell Street Cable Railway.

* * *

Mr. Lynch is a robust, middle-aged man who has come up from the ranks. He knows all about ward politics and the tricks of the bosses. He has acquired an ample fortune in managing corporations, building railways, and handling his fellow-men. He is one of the kind of men admired of Bonaparte. His heart is in his head In fact, he is a smart fellow, whom any one ought to know better than to fool with. But it seems that Mr. Johnny Wilson, Mr. Martin Kelly, and Mr. Phil Crimmins have been fooling with him. Hence the knife.

* * *

The story is not without interest. Some months ago Mr. Lynch took it into his head to run for "Cheriff," as the boys south of Market Street pronounce it. Being a Republican, he naturally sought the suffrages of that party. He opened proceedings in the usual way. He began staying out nights and running with the "boys." As Mr. Lynch possesses an iron constitution, however, this bore on him very lightly. Two years ago Dan Burns gave the Republicans $6000 with which to build the Eddy Street Wigwam. Thinking to emulate this, and thus, at one bound, leap into the popularity that men without boodle consume years in building up, Mr. Lynch gave the Republican Alliance a loan of $1500. The Alliance bosses were then in high feather. It was generally believed that they would, eventually, rule the political roost. When the primary for the election of delegates to the Stockton Convention came along, Mr. Lynch contributed liberally to the expenses. At Stockton, however, the bosses fell out, and when they returned to this city they were sadly at loggerheads. In the effort that was subsequently made to expel Quinn from the Alliance Mr. Lynch did not take part, but while the bosses were quarreling he paid the rent of the quarters on Powell Street, and kept the bar supplied with liquid refreshments.

* * *

During the period that followed, when the Alliance, like Mahomet's coffin, hung between Heaven and earth, Mr. Lynch contributed with others to keep it feet down, until, at the termination of the factional career of that famous organization, he was out about $6000 All this, I may here interject, had been loaned upon promises to assess the members and repay it, but finally, when the Alliance went into the camp of Kelly and Crimmins, neither those bosses nor its members were willing to refund the money. Moreover, they were not even willing to gratify Mr. Lynch's ambition to become Sheriff. In fact, when the Convention met, the Alliance delegates as well as those of the Third Street bosses coolly nominated Mr. Blattner by acclamation, without ever mentioning Mr. Lynch's name. "In short," remarks Mr. Lynch, in summing up, "I was a rank sucker."

* * *

I do not know what a "rank sucker" is, nor in what respect he differs from a plain, ordinary "sucker," which, I believe, is a foolish fish that bites at anything; but I do know that Mr. Lynch at the present moment is the maddest man in town. He is out working like a beaver for Henry H. Scott, the Non-Partisan nominee for Sheriff. On election day he purposes drawing the knife in his boot and scalping Mr. Blattner—not by taking his top-knot, as the Indians do, but by skinning his entire head. Lynch is very popular among the cable car men, and the gripmen and conductors all over town are talking about his case. Not one of them will vote for Blattner. Mr. Lynch has probably relinquished all hope of recovering that $6000, but he is now spending nearly as much more in an effort to break Martin Kelly's back, because, next to the money, revenge is the thing he most desires.

* * *

Once in the Sheriff's office Scott, no longer an Elisor, will be qualified to summon a legal Grand Jury, that will make the welkin ring. Lynch solemnly declares that he and Scott will land Martin Kelly and Phil Crimmins in the County Jail sixty days after the election. If I were those two gentlemen I would not wait sixty days; I would join Mr. Buckley in Carlsbad at once.

* * *

I HAVE HEARD A RUMOR recently affecting the integrity of Supervisor Pat Coffee, of the Eighth Ward, which I credit with great reluctance. For many years I have known Mr. Coffee by that fine old Irish name of Patrick Joseph Coffee, and, in common with most other people, I have thought that he was a native of the Emerald Isle. Indeed, at the last election, in accordance with my time-honored practice of voting for every Irishman on the ticket, I conscientiously cast my ballot for him. His first name was printed "Patrick," and that was *prima facie* evidence sufficient to catch my vote. I was also much gratified recently to observe that, out of the twelve members of the present Board of Supervisors, he and Heyer were the only ones considered worthy of renomination. Mr. Heyer is a German, which explains his case. Mr. Coffee's first name is Pat, and that to me explained his case.

* * *

But it seems that this latter assumption is all a mistake. Mr. Coffee's name, I am now told, is not "Pat" at all. He is calling himself "Pat" purely for election purposes, and prior to his appearance on the political stage (I have this on unquestionable authority) his name was plain James Plutarch Coffee. The fact that Mr. Coffee is a Republican and a friend of Martin Kelly ought to entitle him to a great deal of consideration, but nothing will excuse him in my estimation for practicing this fraud upon the voters. The desire of the people to elect all Simon-pure Irishmen to fat offices should not be made the means of defrauding them of their votes, and I shall take revenge on Mr. Coffee at the coming election by casting my ballot against him. It is said that nothing equals the wrath of the suddenly enlightened dupe, and I will show Mr. Coffee on election day that he cannot trifle with me with impunity.

* * *

Furthermore, between now and November 8th I shall industriously circulate the story not only that Mr. Coffee's name is James Plutarch, but that he was born in Italy and never saw the Green Isle in his life. If this does not compromise him south of Market Street, then I shall solemnly affirm that his ancestors were Scotch Presbyterians, and that he was named James in honor of King James the First, and Plutarch after the Grecian historian. If this combination does not lay him out south of Market Street, then he is fire proof, and I shall cheerfully live under his administration another two years. I shall, however, try to knock him out two years hence. I never will forgive a man who palms himself off on me for an Irishman.

* * *

IN SPEAKING of the stuffers, accounts of whose exploits are now filling the newspapers, I do not intend to inflict on the public attention anything more than a passing comment. For several reasons I shall not join with my loathsome contemporaries in abusing the stuffers. In my judgment, these gentlemen are serving a useful purpose. Their efforts to make an honest dollar by selling their votes, is forcing us rapidly toward the ultimate disfranchisement, not only of the bummers and vagrants who sell, but of the political bosses who buy, and that, when it comes, will be a good thing. I have another reason, however, for not heaping abuse upon the stuffers. Their advent has served to thoroughly unmask the system invented by the politicians for carrying elections by fraud. This exposure is worth all the degradation and depravity it has revealed.

* * *

But this is not the comment for which I began this article. The stuffers and the stuffees in their frantic efforts to escape the rigor of the law have waylaid the virtue of five Republican Judges. The first application to Judge Love met with flattering success. Not only did that jurist release half a dozen of them, but he visited the jail and deposited the bail himself. The attempt on Judge Joachimsen was only partially successful. He

held on to the stuffers until it became evident that the prosecution had been abandoned, when he let them go. The attempt on another Judge was also only a partial success. He was caught in the law office of Marcellus Aurelius Dorn signing bonds for the release of the stuffees, to which the names of some of the stuffers were attached. When he found himself detected, he quickly took the back track. But it was too late. Like the sable poultry marauder, who was caught with a pullet under his vest, it is now useless for him to exclaim, "Fo' de Lawd, I dunno how dat chicken got dar." The people have their eye on him. They know how the chicken got there.

* * *

There was no assault on Judge Coffey. The stuffers know him too well to risk an appearance in his Court. They were forced before him, and have been compelled to make the best of it. The attempt on Judge Hebbard, however, proved a dismal failure. This young jurist is still fresh from the purlieus. He was elected only two years ago, and the stuffers naturally thought his pulse might still beat in unison with them. But they were mistaken. Hebbard was too smart to be caught. He declined to jeopardize the reputation he has already made on the Bench by doing the dirty work of a foul lot of ballot-box stuffers, and he remanded the stuffees back to jail. When the votes are counted next month, and the besmirched Judges discover what effect their conduct has had on the public, they will be reminded of the old adage that he who handles pitch is sure to be defiled. By the way, Judge Hebbard must have a very high forehead. I shall go out to the City Hall and ascertain its exact altitude at the first opportunity.

* * *

THAT JUDGE JOACHIMSEN is consistently witty I will not attempt to prove, but he occasionally delivers himself of a *bon mot* not unworthy of the great Coffey. His latest victim is John Lord Love, who presides over Police Court No. 2, and the tale is being told with many guffaws round the Old City Hall. Here is how the story goes: With Bert Hecht, Joachimsen was wending his way up Sutter Street, when the quick eye of the former was caught by a novel in Philan's window.

"That might be worth reading," he remarked, pointing out the volume to his companion—"Love Knows no Law."

"Why," said the Judge, "that is a book I have been trying to get for months." He immediately purchased it.

* * *

Next morning, as Judge Love ascended the Bench, his attention was caught by a small parcel addressed to himself.

"What's this?" he said to his clerk.

"Don't know," responded that worthy. "Boy brought it in."

The Judge tore off the wrapper. "Love Knows no Law," heavily underscored, met his eye.

"Whose foolish joke is this?" he demanded, indignantly.

"What joke?" innocently inquired the clerk. The bailiff stared curiously at the volume, and the drunks in the pen pricked up their ears.

"Never mind, sir. Call the first case," snapped the jurist, swallowing his wrath.

Just how he discovered Joachimsen's complicity I don't know, but he taxed that functionary with the joke, and very gracefully put up the consequences.

* * *

THE SERVICE the *Examiner* has rendered journalism by its exposure of the *Call's* lumpy-jaw circulation statements will not readily be understood by the laymen. To newspaper proprietors who are too honest to quote aught but facts against the notoriously untruthful assertions of their rivals, it appeals strongly, and has been received with no more favor than it deserves. No disinterested person will doubt the figures of the *Examiner*; they are not guess work; they were obtained with considerable trouble, and are accurate; if anything they will show the *Call's* circulation a trifle larger than it is. No effort was made by the Monarch to injure the *Call*; the last-named paper alleged that its circulation was the largest in the city; it stated in its editorial columns that a canvass had been made of San Francisco, and that the result showed its sales to be infinitely greater than those of the *Examiner*. The Monarch simply desired to prove the accuracy of the statement, and with that object in view sent out a number of men with instructions to learn the *Call's* actual circulation.

* * *

The result will be astonishing to those who put faith in the *Call's* assertions. Buoyed up by the statements of circulation prevaricators, the sales were reported to be from 50,000 to 60,000 a day; reduced to the dull reality of copies printed and circulated, the *Call's* daily output is never more than 27,000. What a nauseating concussion there was when the *Examiner* removed from the *Call's* circulation thermometer the hot breath of the affidavit editor, and permitted the mercury to fall to its normal position! There was no proof lacking to show the extraordinary faculty for misrepresentation that the *Call* has; figure was piled on figure, tables were compiled, affidavits were made, and the poor old *Call* was stripped of its tremendous circulation, and was left like a dismantled balloon, torn and tattered, and with none to do it reverence.

* * *

There is a wide difference between 27,000 and 60,000, and as if to offer balm to its sorely-tried victim's wounds, the *Examiner* agreed to pay $15,000 if its statements were incorrect. Among other things, the Monarch said it would place to the credit of the *Call* $5000 if its actual circulation was not as great as the *Call's* claimed circulation. But the Clay Street journal refused; it would not touch the money; it would not be drawn into a controversy on a question of this kind; Mr. Pickering, like the old man in the swamp who threw stones at every passer-by, when he was aimed at, yelled out, "All I want is to be let alone." He sorrowfully deprecates the lack of faith in the people who will not accept his statements as truthful; he grows red-eyed and yells foghornwise at those who prefer the *Examiner* to the *Call*, and refuses to be comforted because his advertisements are not. No one doubts the *Examiner's* circulation. When publishers open their books to the people the figures have got to be there; and Mr. Palmer and Mr. Ritchie have them.

* * *

It is about time that some honest paper bade the highwaymen of journalism halt. The habit of lying regarding circulation is becoming very serious, and if the *Call* and a weekly newspaper that I might name were prosecuted for obtaining money by false pretenses, their conviction might have a good effect on others. As a matter of fact, it is just as much a crime for a dying paper to gain advertisements by overstating its circulation as it is for a bankrupt business man to gain a stock of goods on credit by saying he is solvent. Advertisers must, in great part, rely on the honesty of the newspapers for the truth regarding circulation, but if more of them would devote some time to learning exactly how the journals they patronize stood, they would save money. The *Examiner* has done the public a service, and if in showing that the *Call* has less than half the circulation it claims, the Monarch seized the opportunity of making its own great success prominent, no one will blame it.

* * *

THE DETECTIVE ABILITY of Edward Pollitz has so astonished his friends that they talk of sending him in pursuit of Evans and Sontag. No one imagined he had the instincts of a Lecoq; indeed, he did not suspect it of himself. At the Altenheim Fair it was that this latent talent suddenly blazed forth. It seems that a certain young blood presented a counterfeit Canadian bill to a charming flower maiden in exchange for a *boutonniere*. Its face value was $10, and she turned over to him $9 50 in silver and gold of the realm. The same night the fraud was discovered, much to the consternation of the maiden and the anger of the lady managers. Mr. Pollitz vowed to find the miscreant, and this is how he went about it.

* * *

He made the round of the money brokers who deal in foreign bills, and one of them recognized the counterfeit as having been offered him a few days before. "You can see the fellow who tried to sell it to me," he remarked. "He passes here every noon."

Next day the amateur detective and the Shylock kept watch. Their prey appeared, and Pollitz following him to an adjoining

restaurant, learned that he was the son of a well-known down-town merchant, an intimate friend of the budding Lecoq's. Here was a quandary. He staightway repaired to the papa's office and explained the condition of affairs. The parent, much enraged, started after the youth. Confronted with the evidence of his guilt, he confessed. The ten dollars were returned, and Pollitz, successful, departed, and made the ladies happy by presenting them with the recovered coin.

* * *

EDMUND RUSSELL, apostle of Delsarte, high art, and kindred topics, is a capital talker, with an admirable collection of reminiscences of interesting people. He seems to have met everyone worth knowing, including Oscar Wilde, his mother, and Madame Blavatsky, and the stories he tells about them are excellent both in matter and manner. With such wonderful mobility of expression as Mr. Russell possesses, however, to infuse vivacity into a very ordinary romance is easy. He purposes making quite a long stay in San Francisco, and I am sure will be a success. His personality is charming, he is full of his subject, and his lectures have the merit of being both instructive and entertaining.

* * *

On the subject of Delsarte, Mr. Russell is refreshing. The waving of arms and the inane posing—the accepted versions of the theory—he ridicules. According to him it is the natural mode of physical development. Delsarte was a philosopher who devoted his life to the study of motion and expression. The exercises he prescribes are the results of an analysis of the most profound character. I do hope some of the local exponents will obtain points from Mr. Russell, for really the willowy maiden with her acute grace is becoming too numerous for pleasure. He hopes to have an opportunity of addressing the Olympic Club on the subject, if for no other purpose, to explain the inutility of dumb-bells.

* * *

ABOUT SAN FRANCISCO GIRLS who have developed histrionic ability a great deal has been written, but I do not remember that the remarkable success of Miss Margaret Craven has been alluded to. This young lady is the daughter of Mrs. N. R. Craven, of the Mission Grammar School, and only sixteen months ago she joined one of Frohman's traveling companies. Clever, vivacious, and full of natural ability, she learned rapidly what was expected of her and developed so that the astute manager has decided to keep her in New York. At the beginning of the season he gave her a further trial in Brooklyn, and then selected her to fill a vacancy in his premier comedy company. There were three girls from whom the choice had to be made—all possessing decided ability. Miss Craven's claims, however, were considered best.

* * *

With talent and energy and good looks this young San Franciscan can hardly fail to win a leading place for herself. She has learned that the only way to the top of the ladder is the bottom, and she has really set about her work in an exemplary manner. I am told that Miss Irene Everett, who left here to join Roland Reed's Company, has scored quite a brilliant success. She has developed decided ability in her new role, and, I think, will surprise her friends here when she appears at the California in the autumn.

* * *

HARRY BIGELOW has covered himself and the *Examiner* with glory. Both are to be congratulated on the possession of the other, for if no one but Mr. Bigelow could have interviewed the robbers, no paper but the Monarch had the enterprise to send him. From every point of view it was an achievement. Half a dozen bright journalists had tried to accomplish the task and for one reason or other failed. Charles Michelson and Alan Kelly were commissioned to see the bandits and were in communication with them. Then the story came of their traveling with a posse of sheriffs and negotiations were broken off. Mrs. James, a clever lady reporter on the staff, essayed the task and failed; two Los Angeles men tried very hard with the same success, and then came "Pete." Indeed, these several expeditions have cost the *Examiner* almost as much as the robbery did Wells-Fargo. As everyone knows, Mr. Bigelow has endless eccentricities, but in journalism, there are only a few men more gifted than he.

* * *

He is smooth, shrewd, adroit, the subtlest of flatterers, with a smattering in his head of every imaginable subject. His appetite for news is voracious, his patience Job-like, and his tenacity unique. The mere physical difficulties of that interview were tremendous, and imagine overcoming the prejudices, the fears of these two men, hunted by half the sheriffs in the San Joaquin. The literary merit of the great "scoop" was hardly up to Bigelow's best form, but that was owing to his extreme fatigue. As a matter of fact his writing has an elegance one rarely finds in newspaper work. But, then, Pete is more or less of a genius. The *Examiner's* congratulations have taken the substantial form of a gold cigarette case, beautifully jeweled, besides a valuable contribution of almighty dollars. To-night a number of newspapermen give a dinner in his honor, which will certainly be an interesting affair.

* * *

JOAQUIN MILLER has written verse that even his enemies admit is poetry. His friends, however, are not in ecstasies over the lines on Tennyson which garnished last Sunday's *Examiner*. Among the most eccentric of geniuses, he but rarely exhibits his lengthy and well-bleached locks in San Francisco. He appears occasionally, however, just to buy a special brand of lead pencil and to talk old times with a few cronies whose names he still seems to remember. To appreciate Joaquin's ability, however, one must see him at home on "The Heights," Oakland. There the unconventionalities of hair and costume blend graciously into the landscape, and one instinctively realizes his greatness—which often saves considerable explanation.

* * *

The latest achievement of the Sierran bard is a poem on "Christ." It is innumerable stanzas in length, and portrays an original conception of the Nazarene's personality which a certain critic goes so far as to pronounce irreverently autobiographical. However, one does not associate Joaquin with religious subjects, and the poem is still unpublished. Some one asked him, the other day, if he had yet disposed of the manuscript.

"Judas could sell his Christ," he said, mournfully, "but no one seems to want to buy mine."

* * *

The list of stories about Joaquin Miller should always include this one, for which Charles Warren Stoddard is responsible. In days gone by he dined and supped in a Commercial Street restaurant, among whose employés was a half-breed maiden called Miller. Her resemblance to the poet was marked, in fact she was one of the numerous offspring entitled by nature, if not by law, to style him father. This was a very independent young person, however, by no means impressed with her parent's greatness or magnanimity. One day Stoddard received from Joaquin a pathetic letter full of ardent solicitude and yearnings. The great man longed to have around him all his children, that he might embrace and pour forth for them an ocean of love. So tender an epistle awoke all Stoddard's sympathies, and he determined that the girl should know how devoted her father really was.

* * *

"I had a letter from your father to-day, Miss Miller," he said in caressing tones.

"Yes, sir," she answered, without betraying a trace of interest.

"Such a kind letter, just full of tenderness," continued Stoddard.

The maiden paid no attention, but went off with a ham and eggs order.

A few minutes later she was by his table again.

"Miss Miller," he said, surprised at her apathy, "that letter I had from the poet concerns you. I knew you would be interested in it."

"Yes, sir," she said without even a symptom of concern, as she moved away to bring someone else's dinner. Surprised at her indifference, he finally called her to him:

"Read this, Miss Miller," he said, giving her the note.

"Yes, sir," she acquiesced. Returning in a few moments she handed it to him without a word of comment.

"Well," he exclaimed, impatiently, "is not that a kind letter? See what your father would do if he had the means."

* * *

"Yes, sir," she said, in a most dignified

way. "Mr. Miller has a very good heart for a man who writes such poor poetry."

This is the same daughter who, on seeing a portrait of the poet, taken in his early days, depicting him with long, soft hair curling down over his shoulders, wrote underneath:

"Joaquin Miller when a girl."

* * *

AS AN ADMIRER of energy I am constrained to felicitate Miss Kuhne Beveridge on her ability at getting into the paper. How many hundred San Francisco maidens have gone on to New York and not in years have they had their heads above the surface. But what a fortunate star is Miss Beveridge's. Veritably hers is a case of *veni, vidi, vici.* With shrewd tact she pitches camp beside the Democratic headquarters, and before she is a week in Gotham, Grover Cleveland is posing for her. Think of the distinction. After conferring a dubious quality of immortality on President Greer Harrison and Uncle Fair for the Olympic Club, she has now modeled herself into the *World* and the *Herald*, and her reputation from being San Franciscan has become National.

* * *

Miss Kuhne, besides being very pretty, is really sweet and as innocent as girls go nowadays. A clever woman who took the trouble of studying the young sculptress, described her to me as quite devoid of passion, and really devoted to modeling for which she has, I believe, some little talent. Of herself, she is quite incapable of taking the steps that secured the degree of notoriety she has already achieved. The push and energy is all supplied by her mother, Baroness Von Wrede. This lady has had what people are fond of calling a career, and after spending, I forget how many fortunes she said, in Europe, came to San Francisco and opened up a dressmakery. By no means an ordinary one, mind, for the Baroness was no common person. She united a variety of branches, including china painting, and heaven alone knows what else. "*La Frascatie*" was what she called her enterprise.

* * *

In the course of events, there occurred a divorce which was followed by the marriage of the accomplished dressmaker to Baron Von Wrede, whom Rumor says, made all sorts and conditions of sacrifices, and for her sake lost family, rank, and fortune. However, that is another story. Kuhne in the meantime grew up beautiful. She was educated according to a system that is not in vogue in schools or academies. It developed her in a variety of ways—she was taught fencing and modeling and how to dress herself in the most picturesque way possible. Just how her journalistic career was inaugurated I forget, but she was not very old before her name was as agreeably familiar as her face, and certainly it was a familiarity that bred admiration rather than contempt.

* * *

Adolph Sutro was one victim of her talent for sculpture, and the result of her efforts was so excellent that Rupert Schmidt, her teacher, forgot to be silent in regard to his share of the achievement. That precipitated a most entertaining verbal controversy, the worst of which Miss Beveridge did not get. Given a mother whose estimation of herself is so high that her children are of necessity geniuses, and if said offspring are gifted with a liberal amount of loveliness she will establish them geniuses or die in the attempt. The Baroness is very much alive. In the Cleveland bust, in the Corbett model, one recognizes the work of the devoted mother scheming and slaving for her daughter's fame. Yet, I wonder how long would the apostle of "Innocuous Desuetude" or the Conqueror of Sullivan sit before a sculptress devoid of the loveliness that really distinguishes Miss Kuhne Beveridge from most of her sex.

* * *

S. & G. Gump have at last got into their new store, 113 Geary Street, where the firm shows some splendid examples of foreign and American painters. Now that the Gumps have an opportunity of displaying their art goods, theirs should be one of the most popular shops in town.

* * *

THE INTEREST the voters are taking in the nominees for Sheriff show plainly that there will be a big vote for this office. Some of the Republican war-horses are after Mr. Blattner's scalp, and it is more than likely that he will lose it. J. J. McDade is pursuing the ever tenor of his canvass, and is winning many votes. Aside from the fact that Mr. McDade has been successful in his own affairs (the only gauge by which you can judge of the abilities of a candidate to conduct an office) is the vote-making fact that he is a young man, and this is a campaign of youth. He has a large following among the men who are coming to the front, and who will eventually take the place of their fathers in the politics of the city. He has energy, shrewdness, business ability, and tact, and if one may judge from ante-election talk he will have an easy victory.

* * *

There are many good men on the Democratic ticket. The nominees for the School Directors are, with a few exceptions, excellent There is no salary attached to the office, and care should be taken to elect no men who cannot afford to be honest. Arthur F. Carmody is one of the nominees who should receive the votes of all classes. He is thoroughly honest, an excellent business man, has had experience in school affairs, and can afford to conduct the schools properly with merely the reward of knowing that this important branch of the city Government is run in the interest of the people. Alexander Vogelsang is another of the nomineess who should be elected. He is young, bright, and ambitious, too careful of his future to do aught that would be likely to injure him in the future. Mr. Vogelsang has been a school teacher, and knows what is needed in the department. No mistake will be made in voting for these gentlemen.

* * *

SOCIETY is full of strange characters. At intervals one meets at prominent church weddings an ancient dame, whose name has figured in Blue Books for ages past. Her husband is a noted professional man, and in the *beau monde* they always speak of her as Mr. Soandso's wife—painful distinction, alas. Years—I was about to say æons—have left unmistakable traces on her face, but in her mind she is younger than on her wedding day, and dresses accordingly. Ruffles and flounces of lace, light colored silks and satins, bleached and frizzed hair and toupees in unknown quantities she affects, and, what is worse, wears them all at once. But her jewels—you should see them—they are marvelous. No comic opera queen had ever gems to compare with the diamonds, rubies, and opals that flash in the caskets of this old lady. To her they are more than husband or offspring, and, loving them as she does, she wears all of them at once. At a wedding the other evening she swept majestically down the middle aisle to a seat near mine. Laces, silks, hair, jewels—all were represented in marvelous disarray.

* * *

A captious dowager who sat next to me gazed rapturously at her for a moment, and then, leaning forward, said to a friend in the pew in front:

"Goodness, Susie, I never in my life saw Mrs. B—— look so much like Pocahontas as she does to-night."

If the far-famed Indian damsel had resembled her *fin de siècle* prototype, even in a modified degree, I fear that Captain John Smith would have died ere he had married her. I would have, I know.

The Witness.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

DEFEAT OF W. E. DARGIE.

EXPLAINED BY FRANK J. MOFFITT

Henry Vrooman was, for many years, the political Cæsar of Alameda County. In 1888 W. E. Dargie assumed the role of Brutus, and the dictator was dethroned. The result of that memorable campaign was a Dargie victory but the defeat overshadowed the victory, and the dragon's teeth that were sown in that year bore bitter fruit four years later, raising up enemies against the victor that he could not, with all his resources, overcome.

It might almost be imagined that the ghost of Vrooman marshaled his followers in the recent Senatorial contest, and that his directing spirit organized the opposition that so successfully overthrew the anti-Vrooman element in Alameda County.

Among those who were prominent in accomplishing this second overthrow was Stephen T. Gage, of the Southern Pacific Railroad, whose fealty to Vrooman survived his leader, even after that leader had long ceased to exert living influence among men.

The Twenty-seventh District is intensely Republican. It is also intensely religious. It contains more churches, probably, and more members of churches, than any other district in California. It is also largely peopled by temperance fanatics and prohibition cranks. Dargie is broad gauge; the district is distinctly narrow gauge; consequently, at the outset, Dargie was seriously handicapped in his fight this year. The war began when the County Committee divided the convention and decided to hold one convention to nominate county officers and another to nominate candidates for the district offices. This arrangement gave Dargie's opponent every opportunity to attack him on all sides at the same time. Dargie made a strenuous effort to unite the conventions, but after three or four meetings of the County Committee had been called the plan failed, although at each meeting a majority of the committee was pledged in writing to support the one convention proposition.

But the power that beat Dargie was money. That this sort of influence was freely used is notorious. In fact, the opposition made no pretense of concealing the fact that they were corrupting everything within reach.

Another element that Dargie had to encounter was animated by an antipathy to M. H. DeYoung. Notwithstanding the fact that Dargie declared explicitly and unequivocally for George C. Perkins as his preference for United States Senator, the Perkins adherents gave their support to his opponent.

Dargie was a member of the last Legislature, and that fact did not operate in his favor, although the opposition could find nothing in his personal record to urge against him. The trail of the serpent was over them all.

Dargie is the publisher of a newspaper, and every newspaperman can understand what sort of enemies such a business invokes. It was asserted that Dargie was spending vast sums of money in his canvass, when, as a matter of fact, he used but very little; on the other hand his opponent was credited with absolute poverty, if voters were selling for ten dollars a dozen he couldn't buy a promise; whereas, he had unlimited funds at his command which were used with "judicious discretion."

By a peculiar juggling of public sentiment Dargie was accused of having the support of the poolroom contingent, a very unpopular element in local politics. As a matter of fact, the poolrooms were opposed to him. Dargie was believed to be a candidate of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company; every influence that could be controlled by the agents of the corporation in the district was against him. The Federal brigade of San Francisco, many of whom hold their positions under the recommendation of Dargie, worked industriously to defeat him. Every State officer in the district was "knifing" him at every opportunity. And, in addition to all this, was the natural desire of certain feather-weight politicians to "do" a stronger man. By reason of his personal popularity Dargie had the goodwill of many Democrats, myself among the number, none of whom had reason to expect strength or popularity in the Republican circuit, and this also was worked for all it might be worth against him.

The fact that in the course of a legitimate business career, extending over many years, Dargie had been paid considerable sums of money out of the County Treasury was used as an argument against him, and the circumstance that he spends $10,000 a year in sustaining his business in Oakland did him no good.

A secret political organization known as the Municipal League, which proscribes candidates for office because of their religious affiliations and their personal views when those opinions do not accord with the desires of the members, was solid against Dargie and very active in its endeavor. The Municipal League masquerades as a sort of Diogenes hunting for an honest man by the light of a dark lantern. It is a mugwump in politics and prays with both eyes shut. It is holier than thou, and goes about "purifying politics" with the breath of its nostrils. The bulk of its membership was formerly oath-bound against the Pope and his works in the Patriotic Order of Sons of America, and the more ancient of the mossbacks were ranting Know-Nothings in the days when "the water came up to Montgomery Street."

George C. Perkins exercised his personal, and, I am told, his financial influence on behalf of Dargie's opponent. I am also informed, on good authority, that Senator Felton contributed to the fund that was banked to defeat Dargie. Railroad money was also flung into the pool, and it is no exaggeration to say that at least $10,000 was used in the primary election to prevent Dargie from securing the nomination for State Senator.

Dargie's fight was poorly organized. On election day, long after the polls were opened, Dargie tickets were lacking and Dargie workers absent.

The opposition was thoroughly organized, and used every political appliance with unscrupulous persistency. They brought men from San Francisco to vote and work against Dargie, and then charged that these heelers and strikers were in the employ of Dargie. Since the election I have heard the exultant voices of Eddie Farrell, the Banjo Eyed Kid, and other Tar-Flat Statesmen rejoicing over the defeat of Dargie and claiming the credit of it, and it did not take a very sharp ear to catch the metallic ring in their tone—like bogus silver jingling on a barroom counter.

One reason why Dargie allowed himself to be snarled in such a complication of errors may be attributed to his indifference and his personal neglect of his fight. The candidate nominated cuts but a small figure. I firmly believe that any other man in the district could have beaten Dargie just as easily.

This district is for Perkins for United States Senator, and while Dargie had declared for the ex-Governor, and was the first to do so, still, the fact that he was not an avowed enemy of DeYoung was construed unfavorably to him.

These are the plain facts in the matter, and they cannot be successfully controverted. It was the ghost of Vrooman that stood by the banquet board and, in a measure, it was an instance of retribution from the grave. The wounds are not healed, and the knives of the Vrooman vassals are whetted with a keen edge. The defeat of Dargie was decided upon four years ago, and an organization that works four years for a single purpose should not experience much difficulty in accomplishing its intent.

A TALK IN PRIVATE.

Some drinking men dislike the idea of going to a gold cure institute. There is no publicity at Haywards, Cal., where the Monroe Improved Gold Cure Institute is located. Write for circulars or if you prefer, an agent of the company will visit you at your home, and talk the matter over. San Francisco Office, 111 Grant Avenue.

GOOD COOKING

Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist.

THE DOOM OF THESEUS.

"To sit forever is unending rest;"
This was the doom of Theseus, the bold.
To sit inactive, like the weak, the cold,
He whose hot blood had tingled strife to taste.
Nothing to hope, to fear, to shun, to test;
Nor to command, nor yet to be controlled,
Nor penalty to bear, nor prize to hold.

Madness itself would be a welcomer guest;
Or sorrow one would sooner choose, or moil,
Yet many a one shares Theseus' fate to-day;
To watch afar life, with its varied coil,
Yet with no part therein of work or play.
The very slaves who in the quarries toil
Than he who must do naught—more blest are they!
—M. HELEN FRASER LOVETT, *in Kate Field's Washington.*

UNSELFISHNESS.

Pluck the flowers that bloom at thy door
Cherish the love that the day may send;
Cometh an hour when all thy store
Vainly were offered for flower or friend.
Gratefully take what life offereth;
Look to heaven, nor seek a reward.
So shalt thou find, come life, come death,
Earth and sky are in sweet accord.
—*Louise M. Hodgkins, in Figaro.*

Armour's Extract of BEEF.

Used by All Good Cooks the Year Round.

Send to ARMOUR & CO., Chicago, for Cook Book showing use of Armour's Extract in Soups and Sauces. Mailed free.

BOOK TALK.

The most charming view in the world the Constant Reader commands from the windows of her boudoir. Sweeping Tamalpais and the bay, her eyes can range at will across the bare expanse of the Presidio to where the surf dashes in snowy splendor against the sheer cliffs of Marin. At sunset this panorama glows and blazes, a coruscation of dazzling hues fading from deepest red to palest gold, then, by subtle transitions, to the dark azure of night. She was watching an especially clever effort of the declining luminary when I entered, disturbing meditations that may have been interesting. Whether or not to consider myself welcome, I could hardly guess from her salutation.

"Ah, you?" she said, her tone blending interrogation, surprise—perhaps a little annoyance.

To be compelled to ascribe an object to one's presence is the most painful of social situations. There is a rebuke in the mere suggestion that explanation is needed. I felt I had broken a train of reminiscences. Perhaps the Constant Reader had been thinking.

"You have certainly chosen for your boudoir the most delightful of rooms," said I, intending to be complimentary.

"But this is not a boudoir," she insisted in tones of unmistakable pique. "This is my study. Look at those book shelves, that desk," pointing to a species of literary dado composed of standard works in fine leather bindings, and to a graceful gimcrack of a table laden with the silver accessories of polite letter writing. On it lay a familiar looking yellow-covered book suggestive of Gunther.

"You have not been reading 'Miss Dividends,'" I exclaimed.

"Indeed, why not? Every one else seems to have. You, too, I am sure. The man prints a first edition of 60,000, and they must be consumed somehow. But you have read it, have you not?"

"The soft impeachment is admitted," I said dolorously. "The book might be worse. It is readable, and rather entertaining, and absolutely valueless. Gunther cannot write as well as a reporter, but, instinctively, knows more of construction than George Meredith. The secret of interest, you know, is in incident. One runs on from this thrilling situation to the next startling one, and then to the end, just to see what happens the Captain ere he captures the heiress."

"Imagine a swell New York girl acting as Erma Travenion did," said the Constant Reader, laughing. "What strange manners she had. I knew a San Jose girl whose father had made a million in real estate, and this Newport belle is an exact replica of her. Heavens, how gorgeous her gowns were, and how entrancingly dignified she used to get when the familiarities of her admirers became too obvious. I am almost certain Gunther must have encountered her at the Vendome."

"Someone spoke of the book as literature in the raw. It is quite possible to imagine Gunther writing a novel if he would only learn English and the habits of the great people he has for *dramatis personæ*."

"With such an imagination you should become a romancer yourself," she interrupted. "But surely you have seen a little story by a San Francisco girl, Miss Emma Wolf. If from no other than patriotic motives, I always run through local literary productions."

"'Other Things Being Equal,' you mean? Yes, a very respectable and worthy story of a Jewish maiden who marries a Christian physician. The plot is laid here, the *dramatis personæ* figure in Jewish Society here, and the book has not a trace of local color in it. If this Miss Wolf had but the ability to describe the people she sees every day, if she would study to characterize their peculiarities and the phases which differentiate them from others, she could have made a book worth having. Of course, the lesson of faith, and love and universal brotherhood which make the moral of the tale are unimpeachable, but who cares whether Ruth Levice was Dr. Kemp's ideal, and that in spite of opposition they were married? Had she but told of a Concordia ball as it really is, she would have done service to literature."

"Could you fall in love with a Jewess?" asked the Constant Reader, who, like other people of her set, are very prejudiced on the subject. "I don't like them."

"Don't you think that is rather an antiquated point of view?" I asked. "With less pretensions, they are the most cultivated people in the community. It is they who render concerts and the theatres possible, who support the music teachers, and the art schools. Then, in a Jewish girl, you can always expect intelligence and quickness of apprehension, characteristics which you must admit are not common in the 400."

"Yes," she assented. "I should not wonder but that you are partially right. At school I remember the Jewish girls were always at the head of the class. Then it is not modern to be prejudiced against any race, so, henceforth, I abjure mine save against the sticky type and those who wear jewelry and tell you the cost of things."

"So far as that is concerned, I know a Society leader, noted for her hospitality and her generous entertainments, who regaled a tableful of guests with the prices of her damask, her napery, her dinner service, and her silver. And her position is unimpeachable."

"My cousin was there," laughed the Constant Reader. "She told me all about it. If the conversation had not been switched off, she said the price of her family's costumes would have emerged from secrecy. However, let us not be scandalous—have you seen a little book by Poultney Bigelow, 'Down the Danube.'"

"No, is it clever?" I asked.

"It is exceedingly entertaining—done in a rather graceful style; no pretensions to fine writing you know—clever."

"Does he tell much about the Hungarian women?" I asked. "That is my test for good travel writing. If a man describes picturesquely the females he encounters, endowing them, of course, with the necessary degree of good looks, he is sure to be interesting."

"You must read, then, the chapter about the accomplishments of a Buda-Pesth miss. According to Bigelow she knows far more than any Boston woman and is absolutely fascinating. Indeed, he goes so far as to indicate a belief that heaven is a region peopled by Magyar maidens."

Then I took my leave. ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Miss Dividend," by Arch. Clavering Gunther. The Home Publishing Company, publishers. For sale by S. F. News-Company.

"Other Things Being Equal," by Emma Wolf. A. C. McClurg, publisher. For sale at all book stores.

"Down the Danube," by Poultney Bigelow. Chas. L. Webster & Co., publishers. For sale by William Doxey.

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The Wave

A Society, Literary and Political Journal.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, October 15, 1892.

IN THE NAME OF POLITICS.

More crimes are committed in the name of politics than ever were covered by the cloak of Liberty. From petty larceny to murder, politicians run the gamut of offenses against the moral, civil, and criminal laws. In the struggle for supremacy the leaders and camp-followers of the two parties meet on the battle field of deceit and fight with the weapons of fraud and chicanery. They lie and steal and cheat; they kill the characters of their opponents; they debauch the honest, and deliver into the hands of the Evil One those who have barely escaped his clutches before. What crime is there that a candidate will not commit in the name of politics?

It would seem that every recurring election sees a more desperate set of men fighting for power; sees inventions in despicable methods for gaining supremacy. In all this there is a serious menace to peace. Putting aside the reports that come from the East of the crimes committed in the name of politics, the thinking citizen will find cause for grave alarm in the condition of affairs existing here. A journal that circulates extensively in the city and State and throughout the East charges that the Election Commissioners are leagued together to disfranchise a large number of voters. The paper warns the Commissioners in the most serious manner against their proposed crime; hints at riot and bloodshed if they carry out their purpose, and prints a cartoon of a scaffold with five empty nooses dangling from it, with the following legend: "Let the Election Commission Beware; an exasperated community may resort to extreme measures."

This must be regarded as the local political sensation of the decade. It matters little what the Election Commissioners may do in the premises, the threat is too plain to be misunderstood. If The Wave reads the signs aright this terrible picture of the *Examiner* is a plain statement that the people are growing tired of the men who, in the name of politics, are willing to commit any crime that will give them office, and that the honest citizens, patient and long suffering, will turn at last, and fill the empty nooses that dangle from the ghastly gibbet with the thrawn necks of those who dare to steal from them their birth-right. That cartoon is a serious matter, and plainly indicates that since so many crimes have been committed in the name of politics, the awful one of lynching may be added to the number. But is just possible that this is going too far. It may be that the Election Commissioners are doing their duty as they see it; if they are their hands should be supported.

In the meantime there is no fighting among the Non-Partisans. That body received its answer from the Commissioners, and at once went before the Supreme Court. There the justice of its cause will be seen, and it will be given a heading.

THE CROWNED POETS.

Now that Lord Tennyson is dead, it is quite appropriate for the English newspapers to discuss and advocate the abolishment of the decoration of Poet Laureate. Not only has Tennyson no worthy successor, but the decoration itself, during the four or five hundred years of its existence, has a history that can now fitly be brought to a conclusion. In that period many writers of English verse have been crowned with the laurel, but only six out of the whole batch have left anything behind them worth remembering. The greater number reveled in sycophantic verses on the doings of royalty, and but for the fact that their names appear in the list of Laureates they would now be buried in well-merited oblivion.

Samuel Daniel, beginning with 1599, held the office for twenty years. He has left scarcely a line behind him that is now read by anybody. Nahum Tate, beginning in 1692, held the laurel for twenty-three years. William Whitehead, beginning in 1757, held it for twenty-eight years, and Lawrence Eusden (1718) and Thomas Warton (1785) clerks, held it for long periods. Henry James Pye, the last of this illustrious collection of literary blanks, beginning in 1790, wore it for twenty-three years. Where are these names to be found in English literature?

Indeed, Mr. Pye, but for Lord Byron's jibes would be found nowhere outside the list of Laureates. Twice Byron immortalized him. Once when he wrote "Better err with Pope than shine with Pye," and again in his "Vision of Judgment," when the ghost of King George, on hearing Southey's version of *his* "Vision," exclaims:

> "What! What!
> Pye come again? No more—no more of that!"

Spenser, Ben Jonson, Dryden, Southey, Wordsworth, and Tennyson were crowned with that laurel, but John Milton, Alexander Pope, and the immortal Shakespeare, whose names can scarcely be mentioned without taking one's breath away, did not have sufficient political "pull" to secure the place.

It is quite evident from the discussion in the English papers that the political "pull" is again at work, and that eventually the decoration will be conferred on some sapient tuft-hunter who is solid with the "party in power." Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia" is sacrilegious, and he is not in line. John Milton was ineligible, because he was an officer under the Commonwealth. Swinburne may get it if he happens to belong to the party of the ruling politicians, but I doubt if he does. The best way out of the difficulty is to abolish the office. Royalty does not need to have its praises sung in these degenerate days.

Some time ago the *Chronicle* made a desperate fight against Dr. Titus, then Superintendent of St. Luke's Hospital. When he was proposed for Superintendent of the City and County Hospital, Mr. DeYoung made no objection to him. If there isn't some lovely political scheme in this I'll nominate Mr. DeYoung for the United States Senate, and will agree to get for him the endorsement of the *Call* and *Bulletin*. In the meantime, I predict that Titus will be at the head of the County Hospital for less than seven months.

* * *

Candidates seem reluctant about taking places on notoriously purchasable tickets. This will account for the inconvenience to which Mr. Pixley has been put in preparing what will be known as the *Argonaut* ticket. I understand that the Sage of Dupont Street has a lot of unassorted places for sale yet. Applications must be accompanied by money.

* * *

The forbearance manifested by the *Daily Evening Gas Retort* in refraining from charging the Southern Pacific Railroad with introducing cholera into this country, proves that the editor's virulent hatred for that corporation is dying out.

* * *

The sooner a new law is formed for the especial guidance of the Election Commissioners the earlier will we have comparative honesty in politics. The Wave favors a law that will prohibit any man on the Commission from accepting a nomination from any party while he is yet in office.

* * *

The *Post's* statement to the effect that the Prince of Wales is insane will not be accepted as correct at once. However strong the testimony is in favor of the charge, it must be remembered that in rebuttal is the evidence that he went on a shooting trip instead of going to Tennyson's funeral.

* * *

Since it seemed likely that the Long and the Sullivan-Dwyer branches of the party will get a "straight" place on the ticket, a number of my Republican contemporaries have begun the preparation of editorials on "the Hydra-Headed Democracy of San Francisco."

* * *

While suffering from fits of a peculiarly violent character a lady in the East bit off half her tongue. Although this is much more than she could chew, the incident proves quite conclusively that fits are not a failure.

A good deal is heard from time to time about our "strained foreign relations;" and yet, the number and quality of emigrants would lead one to believe that there must be some very large holes in the strainer. —*G. H. Kerr.*

MEN WE KNOW.

JAMES M. TROUTT.

A NOMINATION FOR SUPERIOR JUDGE THAT GIVES SATISFACTION.

At the coming election the people of San Francisco, irrespective of party or faction, will be given an opportunity of endorsing one who has served them faithfully on the Bench—Judge Jaems M. Troutt. Since his appointment to the Bench Judge Troutt has been called on to decide cases of vast importance, and his decisions have invariably met with the approval of the Supreme Court. As Presiding Judge, which place of honor he was elected to by his associates some time ago, he has given great satisfaction, and it was due to this, as much as to anything else, that the Republican Convention, unsolicited, tendered him the nomination for another term as Judge of the Superior Court.

Judge Troutt has had the benefit of a splendid legal education, and during the eighteen years that have elapsed since his admission to the Bar, he has been as close a student of law as he was while studying for that honor. Judge Troutt is practically a Native Son, as he came to this city when he was five years of age. He was born in Massachusetts in 1848, and shortly after his arrival in San Francisco began attendance at the public schools. His education was finished in Harvard, where he graduated in 1871. After having read law for three years, he was admitted to practice by the Supreme Court, and was recognized as one of the bright men of the Bar when he was made Judge.

His nomination by the Republican Convention was unanimous, and it is quite probable that he will receive a large vote, as his popularity with the members of his profession is very great.

WILLIAM G. BRITTAN.

A DESERVED HONOR TO A WORTHY LAWYER.

The Republicans paid a graceful tribute to Justice William G. Brittan when they placed him in nomination for Judge of the Superior Court. During the term that Mr. Brittan has served as Justice of the Peace he has shown a marked ability and thorough knowledge of the law, and possession of a keen judicial faculty, that have recommended him strongly for the honor which he has received, and there is no doubt that his name will add strength to the ticket. Justice Brittan, although a very young man, is a clever lawyer, a close and indefatigable student, honest, and in every way qualified to fill the position for which he is nominated. When he ran, two years ago, for Justice of the Peace, he was practically unknown, but the vote he polled showed the confidence the people had in one of his family. He comes of pioneer stock, being the son of J. W. Brittan, founder of the firm of Holbrook, Merrill, & Stetson. Justice Brittan gained his education here, was admitted to the University where he made an excellent class record. He attended the Hastings Law College, and in 1886 graduated with honors. He was already assured of an excellent practice when friends prevailed upon him to go into politics, and four years after his graduation he was nominated and elected Justice of the Peace, where his decisions have invariably been just. Although he did not seek the nomination for Superior Judge, yet he was the unanimous choice, and that he will be elected for the short term there seems to be no doubt. During the time that he has sat as Justice of the Peace, Mr. Brittan has been a close student, and few of the young men of to-day are better equipped for a position on the Bench than he is.

W. F. GOAD.

A PROMINENT ATTORNEY WHO IS CONTENTED IN PRIVATE LIFE.

Few men are better known in the city or State than W. F. Goad, whose abilities as a lawyer have raised him to the front rank of his profession. As a private citizen he has won the admiration of thousands of friends; as a public officer he made politics honorable and himself respected. Mr. Goad is one of the few really honest and incorruptible men who have devoted much time to politics; he was above the temptations of bribery, and left public life without a stain.

Mr. Goad was born in Kentucky, of an old and honored family, whose head was one of the State's founders. He comes of a race of pioneers who went forward to build a new commonwealth in the forests of the Virginias, and who founded a State that has produced many noted men. Mr. Goad gained his education in the schools of Kentucky, and advanced so rapidly that at an age when boys are just about beginning college he had graduated with honors. He was naturally a student, and this probably induced him to take up law, which he studied with great success.

Mr. Goad has resided in San Francisco for many years, and has gained a practice that is very lucrative. Although rarely appearing in court, he has an office business that is worth a great deal of money every year. He is adviser to many wealthy people, who never invest without seeking his advice. In civil cases he has been exceedingly successful.

Although he has never sought political preferment, Mr. Goad has obeyed the wishes of the people, and has stood for office when nominated, and he did much to redeem Democratic politics in this city some years ago. As a candidate for Mayor in a year when the Republicans had purchased every venal vote in San Francisco, Mr. Goad made a splendid race, and had the will of the people been obeyed he would have been elected. Mr. Goad is a scholar, a genial, clever man, whose friends are legion.

"OUR SOCIETY"

Blue Book containing the names, addresses, and reception days of the leading Society people of San Francisco, and the principal social centres of the State, is now in a state of preparation for the opening of the Society season of 1892–93, and will be issued November 1st. We will be particularly careful in the selection of names to grace the pages of the Blue Book, and will eliminate many which have appeared in former publications. It will be kept on file exclusively at all the clubs, fashionable hotels, theatres, summer resorts, etc. The arrangement of names will be alphabetically and numerically by streets, similar to the Chicago, New York, and Philadelphia Blue Books. It has become the accepted fashionable private address directory of California Society people.

Address all communications and changes to Charles C. Hoag, publisher, 175 and 176 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

LAWN TENNIS.

This winter coming promises to be one of the liveliest that tennis has experienced for some time. The California Lawn Tennis Club, since the recent doubles championship in which their pet team, Stetson and De Long, were defeated, have been giving especial attention to the doubles playing, and with great success.

The Whitney brothers, Tobin and Taylor, Stetson and Field, McGavin and Wilberforce, and many other teams are in constant practice, and playing the game of their lives, and it is to be hoped by the members of the California Club that a series of league matches be arranged between the different clubs, as they are anxious to fly another pennant.

Harry Stetson and A. B. Wilberforce played off the finals of the California Club's quarterly tournament for the Club's championship cup on Sunday, October 2, 1892, the former winning very cleverly from his more experienced opponent. Score: 7-5; 5-7; 8-6; 6-4. The first and second sets were productive of some very brilliant tennis, hard, swift driving being the feature of the set on both sides, but during the remainder of the match both players played in the most cautious manner, neither player running up to the net unless a favorable occasion was offered, nor hitting the balls as hard as in the two previous sets. Stetson led in the third set five games to two, when Wilberforce, making a plucky brace, and aided somewhat by good fortune, succeeded in bringing the score to five games all, only to be beaten out 8 6 by the patient, persistent strokes of Mr. Stetson. This last effort seemed to have tired Wilberforce out completely, for he lost the last set and match mainly through his exhausted condition, but it is in justice to the latter to say that he never decreased his efforts until the last point had been played.

The cup which has to be won five times has at present four names inscribed upon it, namely: C. P. Hubbard twice, George De Long, and H. Stetson.

The California Club has voted fifty dollars to be expended for prizes for a ladies' singles tournament to be decided the last Saturday in November. Miss Morgan, Miss Mason, and Miss Gibbs are the committee in charge of the affair, a fact which insures its success.

The Army and Navy addition to the California Club increases its membership to 250 members which makes it the strongest tennis organization west of the Rocky Mountains.

Miss Lord, Miss Gibbs, Miss Roberts, Miss Williams, Miss Clark, and Miss Morgan had been practicing on this side of the Bay during the past week.

A mixed doubles event, to be decided at Alameda during November, promises to be very interesting.

Miss Crouch has returned from the East and will play with Thomas Driscoll in the above event.

THE SCORER.

THE MUMMERS.

Among the many plays that the American public could dispense with "Divorce Day" will always hold a foremost place. It has unique qualities that recommend it for oblivion, and in the storeroom of the Unnecessary, that has a capacity like the yawning street car that will always hold one more, there is a space waiting for it. The San Francisco critic is the most fallible creature on earth; a thousand times have I seen his opinion of a play or player reversed; but the San Francisco audience is a Supreme Court from which there is no appeal. What the dramatic writer says of "Divorce Day" will weigh nothing against the judgment of the public. Monday night there gathered at Stockwell's a surprisingly fashionable audience; had it been the first night of Lederer's stock comedians the management must have felt flattered at the appearance and temper of the house; the long wait before the rising of the curtain was not remarked; the mummers were greeted as favorites, and the apparent disposition was to accept with kindness whatever was offered. There was not a laugh in the first act, notwithstanding the fact that the bills and the programmes plainly stated that the play was a comedy.

Of course, "Divorce Day" is not a comedy. It lacks the first essential; it is barren of humor. The paucity of mirth-creating lines or situations did not assert itself until the curtain fell on the third act, when some among the surprised and disappointed audience left the theatre. I would not rashly condemn the whole of "Divorce Day;" the fourth act may be uproariously funny, it may produce laughter enough to cause a land slide on the Stanislaus, and I will give it the benefit of the doubt and say it is; but I did not have the heart to wait for it. My bump of curiosity is well-developed; oftentimes armed with a pair of jacks, I have boldly demanded a "sight" of what turned out to be three aces; but I had not the courage "to call" the fourth act of "Divorce Day." It could easily have been the funniest, brightest part of all the play, and it will always remain in my memory as the cheeriest act of the lot.

Aside from its lack of humor "Divorce Day" is decidedly vulgar. It does not attain the wickedness of the ordinary French play, but contents itself with being disagreeably low and coarse. Of course, that fourth act may have redeemed it. I seriously doubt the propriety of trying to make merry with the brawling of man and wife; the despicable role in which the prima-donna was depicted precluded the possibility of laughter; and the utterly improbable scene in the courtroom, and the disagreeable iteration of the cause of the judge's absentmindedness, were not calculated to cause merriment. If the fourth act could have redeemed its predecessors—but there is no use speaking of it.

I sincerely hope that Miss Berg will seek to have cut out of her part the business that makes it necessary to come on the stage in the green tights. That display is very vulgar; the efforts she makes should not be directed *there*, but farther up. Aside from the coarseness of the thing, it is done with infinitely better effect in "All the Comforts of Home." Next week, the company will appear in "The Passing Regiment."——

"Niobe" leaves us this week, and her place at the Baldwin will be taken by the Duff Opera Company, which opens on Monday in "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "A Trial by Jury." The first-named opera has been heard here before, but its presentation by the present company will attract a large audience, as the highest praise has been accorded it by the critics. The repertoire of the Duff Opera Company for the week will include a "Trip to Africa" and "The Gondoliers." Mr. Duff is keeping his most important piece for the second week of his engagement—the much-talked-of "Miss Helyett."——

The California Theatre did a good business with "Mr. McFee of Dublin" this week. On Monday the patrons of the theatre will have an opportunity of witnessing one of the stars of the day—Alexander Salvini, in a series of artistic and elaborate revivals of the plays of the old time romance and chivalry. Salvini is the only actor of to-day who holds any prominence in this field, and is one of the few mummers who has awakened an interest in the romantic drama. It is quite probable that his season here will be a successful one. The opening play will be D'Ennery's romance, "Don Cæsar De Bazan."——

Margaret Mather, the star who will follow "The Stowaway" at the Bush Street Theatre, is too well known and too generally admired to need any commendation at this time. Her Juliet, her Leah, her Juliana, and her Gretchen have long held warm places of esteem in the minds of the theatre-goers, and there is nothing but pleasure in the memory of her last visit some four years ago. This year she brings a new tragedy, "The Egyptian," and her new curtain-raiser, "Nance Oldfind," for the opening of her season. Her company is said to be very capable.

TINTS IN STATIONERY.

Now that Society has returned from its summer haunts, the mails will be loaded with correspondence, as the members of the 400 will let their friends in distant cities know how they enjoyed the season at the seaside and among the mountains. The newest and most fashionable styles of stationery will be employed, and Sanborn, Vail & Co. will do an excellent trade in writing material. Since moving to its new store, on Market, opposite Grant Avenue, this firm has made a specialty of the very finest letter paper, and the latest styles in tint and shape are to be found here. A late shipment from the East contains the newest in fashionable shades. The Russian Blue, a pretty color that has many admirers, is in use in New York. Royal Purple is another very stylish tint, but there is no lack of choice as the Royal Gray offers many advantages because of its neutral shade. Fashion has decreed that one of these colors shall be used.

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ALEXANDER SALVINI
ACCOMPANIED BY
Wm. Redmund and his Company of Players under the Direction of Mr. W. M. Wilkison in an adequate production of D'Ennery's famous romance
DON CAESAR DE BAZAN
PLAYS IN PREPARATION
"The Three Guardsmen," and the dramatic versions of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "L'Amico Fritz."

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And a Splendid Repertoire

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MONDAY, OCTOBER 17th
LAST WEEK — MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY
Geo. W. Lederer's Stock Comedians
IN A GREAT PRODUCTION OF
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By Kind Permission of Augustin Daly
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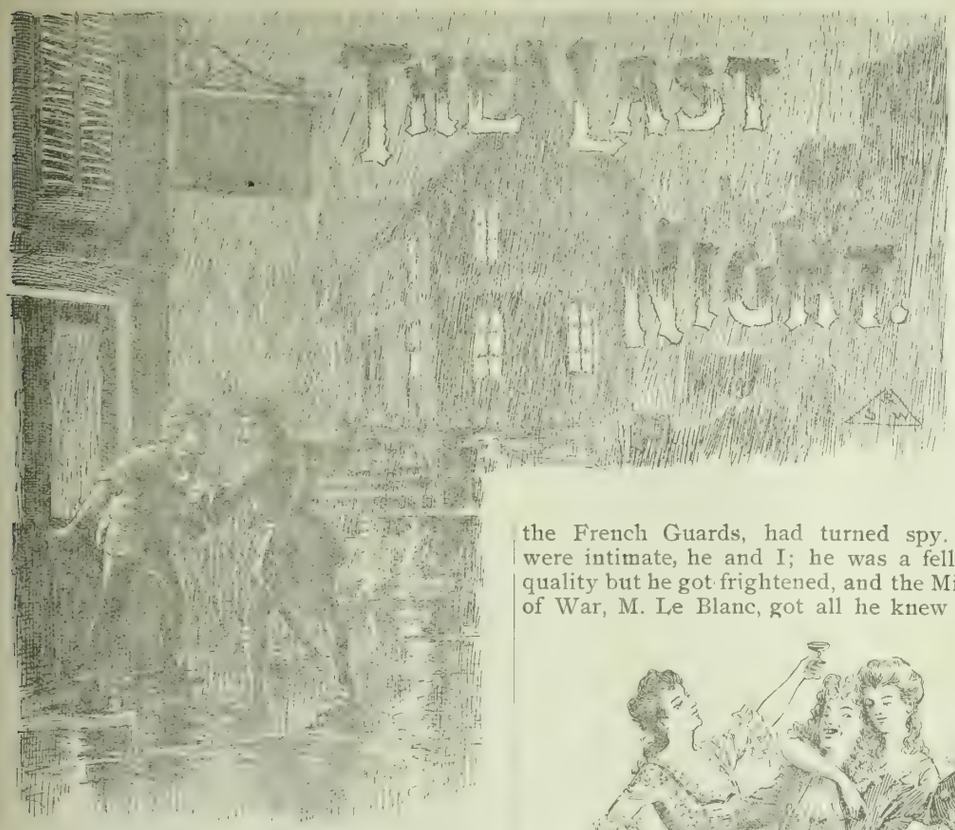

IN his old age Jean Notairy du Bourguet lived near Aix. He had retired from business after an adventurous life, half of it passed in the galleys. Always dressed in black breeches and maroon-colored coat, he wrinkled his dry, deeply-lined face over a silver snuff-box richly chased. The woman always with him was as withered as he was.

Nobody knew whether they were married. He never addressed her except as "Madame Bourguignon," and showed her the greatest respect. She still had fine black eyes and looked fiercely at the peasant-women. Both lived entirely withdrawn from society. Jean Notairy du Bourguet had been accused of complicity in the assassinations by the band under Cartouche; but they had been unable to condemn him except for robbery. He never owned to all of his doings, but between two glasses of *blanquette* he willingly told, in a cracked voice, the story of the end.

"He was a terrible man, that Cartouche!" he would say. "By day, he had a large, pale face; he was superbly built, and always wore a light gray coat with silver buttons, with a sword in a satin sheath. But at night, in the chase, he was small, dark, supple as a ferret and dangerous as a tempest. It was he who cooled off Lefèvre who had hotly denounced him; he cut his throat, sliced off his nose, and disembowelled him. *Charlot le Chanteur* had a bad idea. He fastened a well-written card to the body. These were its words: 'Here lies Jean the Rebuilt, who has had the treatment he merited: those who do as he did may expect the same fate.' After that everything went wrong. Previously one could rove anywhere, his face masked with soot; Balagny and Limousin shook the people who were too rich—if anyone objected his face was washed in aqua fortis. But now we had to grope about like blind men fleeing from place to place; it was not easy; Cartouche was gallant: Madame Bourguignon knows. He had always at least two ladies, one on each arm, with beautiful brocade gowns. This was troublesome; they had to be treated: and the tavern-keepers were always urging us to leave. Then Du Châtelet, who belonged to the French Guards, had turned spy. We were intimate, he and I; he was a fellow of quality but he got frightened, and the Minister of War, M. Le Blanc, got all he knew out of

him. At that time I was extremely sharp, and Cartouche would listen to me. He loved two women, the little brunette, who was broken on the wheel, and *la Chevalière*. I said to him: 'Dominique, we can never escape with both of those women.' 'Don't be uneasy,' said Cartouche, 'we are not taken yet, and if the moment comes, Little Gascon, you shall save one of them for me.' "Nobody knew where to go. All our haunts, all our taverns, were watched. It was impossible to go to *Les Porcherons*. Savard, of the *Haute Borne de la Courtille*, had invited soldiers, who once surprised us at his neighbor's house, Madame Ory's, to come and eat a turkey supper with Cartouche. Savard was an ugly man and a coward; he had been wild; but he liked to have two strings to his bow. In spite of that, it was our safest refuge.

"It was still left to us to assemble there in an upper chamber and live on crusts and good wine. Some remained there altogether. We shut ourselves up to drink and play cards. Cartouche had the two ladies to amuse him; Blanchard, Balagny, and Limousin gnawed their fingers for lack of something to do.

"Sunday, the thirteenth of October,—how well I remember the evil day—we went upstairs at Savard's house. Cartouche had hidden his brunette in a house on the *Rue de la Maubert*. He expected to meet *la Chevalière* in the upper room. It was a dark, rainy night.

"'Where is Du Châtelet?' asked Cartouche, brusquely.

"Nobody answered.

"'Savard, where is Du Châtelet?' repeated Cartouche as we entered the tavern.

"Savard, the wretch, smiled, then drew down his big, yellow face. 'He has to be on guard to-night,' said he.

"'On guard? There is no more guard for him!' cried Cartouche. 'He has taken our oath; you know, Savard, if you join with him to trick us, I have six pistols here; there will be always one for you.'

"'There, there,' said Savard, 'don't vex yourself, Master Dominique. Go up and see *la Chevalière*; she is waiting for you.'

"We went up; *la Chevalière* was there. Cartouche cheered up. Drinks were ordered; we closed the curtains, we lighted the candles. Savard sung while he set the tables for our supper. What a traitor! Under that careless mien he had an understanding with the Lieutenant-*Criminel* and the Minister. Cartouche had menaced him to make him afraid, but he did not think to be so soon betrayed.

"So we ate all night and drank tremendously, Cartouche and *la Chevalière* saying gallant things, saluting each other and drinking together.

"Suddenly Messiè Flamand rushed in, his fat face white with terror.

"'You know, do you?' said he. 'Du Châtelet is taken. His captain knows all. He has told that we disembowelled Jean Le Fèvre. Master Dominique, you are caught!'

"'Bah! bah!' said Cartouche, 'if Du Châtelet has failed us we will attend to his case. Run, if you like, Flamand, we have seen rougher times. At the *hôtel de Soissons* I might be taken. I have laughed at the spies. God Almighty! shall we let ourselves be surrounded at *la Courtille*? Get out! Leave! Flamand, go and hide; the rest of us will stay here.'

"We drank again but with less heart for it. We spread the cards on the greasy tables; I had scarcely the head for play. Cartouche grew excited. Someone knocked at the door. It was Saint-Guillain, red and tipsy and his hair on end. Hiccoughing, he told how the spies were all astir, and a company of soldiers was on the way with orders from the Minister. We looked out; nobody could see soldiers anywhere. With one kick Cartouche threw Saint-Guillain down the stairs and went back, raging,

to the cards. But his eyes strayed to the fire, and he looked often at *la Chevalière*.

"The night wore on; Savard sent up rum. The small window-panes set in lead tinkled under the rain, and gusts of wind whistled through the cracks of the doors. *Charlot le Chanteur* rolled himself up in his cloak and went to sleep. Balagny and Limousin were drinking their pints near the fire. Cartouche stopped kissing his *Chevalière* and turned toward them.

"'Ho! friends,' said he, 'what shall we do? Those devils will not dare to come here to take us.'

"'On my word, Captain,' said the others, 'it is for you to take the responsibility. We will drink while we wait your decision.'

"Savard let Ferrond come up. He was the right hand of Cartouche. He said positively that Du Châtelet headed a troupe in grey uniform with the sergeants de Bernac, la Palme and Languedoc—but that they would not come before nine o'clock in the morning. It was now about half past eight.

"'Well,' said Cartouche, 'this time it is serious. Ferrond, you can get off through the *Rue Blanche*. Balagny and Limousin, you are drunk; you would be good for nothing. Stay and drink by the fire and prepare your legs.'

"Then, turning to me and putting his arm round the waist of his mistress:

"'Little Gascon,' said Cartouche, 'Little *Chevalier*, I know you to be noble and generous; here is *la Chevalière*, I confide her to you; take the greatest care of her, if you please—and remember to give her to me when I come after her. But first, beautiful *Chevalière*, I want to mark you as my slave. You shall be mine only. I am going to set a seal to keep you faithful.'

"He drew his knife and marked the first letters of his name on her shoulder. The blood spouted, *la Chevalière* bit her lip, the tears in her eyes, but said not a word."

When Jean Notairy du Bourguet reached this point there would flash a sudden sparkle in the glance of Madame Bourguignon; then she would begin to sob in her dainty, fine handkerchief.

"Then, he would continue, "I took *la Chevalière* and promptly descended. Savard was at the front door as if waiting. As we threaded our way through back passages I heard the heavy step and the voice of Du Châtelet.

"'Is anyone up stairs?' he asked.

"'No,' said Savard.

"'Little Gascon there?'

"'No,' said Savard.

"'The four women are there are they?'

"'Yes, they are there,' responded the traitor.

"The same instant there was a noise of muskets beating up each stair and I knew that the four women were Blanchard, Balagny, Limousin and Louis-Dominique Bourguignon, whose false name was Cartouche; it was the watch-word and they were caught. *La Chevalière* uttered a cry and I carried her away.

"I put her in a place of safety. I was arrested afterward and sentenced to the galleys. They say that Cartouche was broken on the wheel; I cannot believe it—a man like that cannot die. He must have escaped and will return some day to demand his mistress from me. And I, Little Gascon, on the word of a *chevalier*, I have faithfully guarded his *Chevalière*—is it not so, Madame Bourguignon?"

Then that little, withered, old lady would lift her fine eyes yet bathed in tears, would take off her collar and show her left shoulder, very white. Just above her breast one saw two pale scars outlining the large contours of a D and a C. She bore the last cut of the knife of Cartouche.—*Translated from the French of Marcel Schwob, for* THE WAVE, *by* E. F. DAWSON.

PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

In the underwriting world there is nothing of interest to chronicle. The week has hardly furnished an event. In the Compact, things are looking up. The Executive Committee meets every day, and the various amendments to the Constitution, of which I spoke recently, are being discussed and, in most cases, adopted. The chances are that the additions will materially strengthen the organization and enable the officers to check the rebate evil. It is curious, considering the opposition that these amendments met, when first enunciated, that there seems so much desire now to put them in operation. The truth is, however, that local underwriting sentiment has recently undergone a change. The suggestion that the Compact was on the verge of rupture alarmed general agents and convinced the erring ones that continuing in their present course meant disaster. Then the newspaper reports, which were of a sensational character, alarmed headquarters, and there is no doubt but that the amenity of certain very pronounced obstructionists is due to letters from headquarters warning against too radical steps.

* * *

The prevailing sentiment in the Union is such that this ought to be a good time to take up the question of uniform commissions. Some time or other the situation will have to be faced, and it seems that the present offers an excellent opportunity. There is no reason why agents should receive 20 per cent there and only 15 somewhere else. It seems, however, that the Committee hesitates to take action, and has shelved that proposition for the time being.

* * *

The latest rumor worrying the street is a story that the Liverpool and London and Globe has swallowed the Lancashire. I should be sorry if it were true, for the Lancashire is Mann & Wilson's star company, and they have put a great deal of good business on its books. However, opposed to the story are denials without number, but in insurance they are almost as worthless as assertions. One can only wait and watch.

* * *

Positive denials from the two Irish companies implicated have made happy the hearts of interested agents. Neither the Patriotic nor the National is the Imperial to gobble. In fact, the head office cablegrams are quite explicit in stating the story without foundation save in imagination. The Newhalls and Okell, Donnell & Co. are consequently relieved.

* * *

What is the matter with Butte, Montana? Congregated there is a tremendous agglomeration of local underwriting talent, and one wonders what is going to occur. Nothing very marvelous has loomed up there of late, and I don't anticipate a fire. Here are a few of the visitors: Belden, Watt, Miller, Neibling, Morrison, Boker, Fogarty, Edwards, Niles, Speyer, Matthews, Morris, Folger, and Mr. Warren, the Chicago Manager of the L. L. and Globe. Down at Los Angeles there is a similar aggregation. The result is that "the street" is not as lively as usual.

* * *

Manager Clunes, of the London Assurance Corporation, is expected here very soon, and George Grant will see to it that he sees everything San Francisco has to show. LOCAL.

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Berkeley trains connecting with the 12:00, 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, and 2 o'clock boats make special stop at the Entrance to Track. The Oakland Track and Grounds have been put in splendid condition especially for this Meeting, and the races will be conducted so as to be over each day at as early an hour as possible.

See daily papers for each day's programme.

Races commence at 12:30 o'clock.

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HOMEOPATHY.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE NEW SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.

It would seem that homeopathy is destined to supersede all other systems of medicines; it was the stone that the builders rejected, and now it is becoming the corner-stone in the science of healing. Homeopathy was regarded as a "reform" in medicine not so many years ago, much as the idea of the circulation of the blood, when first announced, was, and it met with as much opposition. The old-school practitioners were strongly opposed to it; the sick were not encouraged to seek relief from the new system, and the well did not require it; yet homeopathy had friends, and the reform in medicine spread and grew in favor, until now it is practiced with growing success everywhere. With the knowledge that comes with years, the "reform" became popular; the splendid principle on which it was founded was understood and appreciated; the sick room was robbed of its terrors; children were treated successfully, youth found relief, and age was restored to health through the instrumentality of the homeopathists.

To Samuel Hahnemann, the German physician, the world is indebted for homeopathy. He was a student who delved to the root of a subject; he had a thorough University training, a large hospital experience, and the riper knowledge that comes of a large and general practice, before he discovered the law that underlie the science of healing nearly 100 years ago. He found that like cures like; that drugs will cure the conditions in disease that they will produce in a healthy body; that ipecac, for instance, which produces nausea and vomiting, will also cure nausea and vomiting if taken in a smaller quantity. By a series of experiments he learned that this was nature's law for healing, and he enunciated his belief to the unspeakable good of countless thousands. Experiment followed experiment, disciples were found who believed the new science; the sick whose cases were believed to be hopeless were induced to submit to the treatment, and homeopathy took a hold on the world that has grown with the years.

The practice of homeopathy is not confined to any State or country. In all the several countries of the world, regularly educated physicians and surgeons, numbering thousands on thousands, have adopted the new science and are meeting with a success that is thoroughly justified. In the United States alone there are 15,000 homeopathic physicians, and the number is constantly growing. In every large city there has been founded a medical college, where the science of homeopathy is taught, and in all a three years' graded study is required. A short time ago, the Boston University School of Medicine —a homeopathic college—inaugurated a four years' course of study, and it is more than probable that before long this will be adopted as the standard in all the medical schools in the country. Aside from these colleges, there are about 80 hospitals and as many dispensarie, where homeopathy is exclusively practiced, and for the enlightenment of the layman, the homeopathists have 40 journals and magazines printed in all languages. Aside from all these, there are some 150 medical societies and clubs whose object is the encouragement of the new science and the spreading of its teachings. This will show generally the growth of homeopathy, the science of medicine that sprang into being when Hahnemann discovered the law of cure. Its inward development has kept pace with its outward growth. It can never be finished, but is constantly perfecting itself as the student learns the effect of every medical substance upon the healthy body, and obtain thereby the basis for intelligent and unerring applications in diseases.

The record of these experiments and observation, what are termed the drug effects, comprises the Materia medica, and forms the chief object of the homeopathic study. This is the homeopathist's own field of research. It forms a distinctive work of the new school, and while all the other branches of healing are cultivated by him, yet he devotes to this the time that must be given to a great principle.

One need not look further than the Pacific Coast to learn what a hold homeopathy has taken on the public. It is just twenty-two years since the first homeopathic pharmacy was established in California. It was an experiment. The people had not yet begun to show the confidence in homeopathy that its success deserved, and there were hardly more than 40 physicians practicing it. The number of doctors using the homeopathic method is over 300 to-day, and instead of a few thousand adherents, there are several hundred thousand.

It is a subject of congratulation among the physicians that the homeopathic laity are of the more intelligent classes; this was to be expected. Reforms gain adherents from those who think, and the mass is always last to exercise its judgment in taking up anything that is distinctly for the benefit of all. The Hahnemann Hospital, now in its eighth year, has been a successful institution from the start. Its students are among the brightest and most successful of our city physicians. The training received there is of the very best, and the graduate can show something more than a diploma for the years that he has spent at the college. In connection with the institution is a large dispensary where thousands are treated gratuitously every year. Aside from this dispensary there are others equally prosperous in different parts of the city, among them the Homeopathic Polyclinic, the Pacific Homeopathic Dispensary, and the Southern Dispensary, all in successful operation.

The advantages that homeopathy has over all other systems of medicine are very great. That it is more successful than the old system is proved by the statistics of other institutions and by those converts from the old practice who have tried it long enough to be able to compare with each other the results of the two methods. It ignores all nauseous drugs, and painful and debilitating applications. This advantage is especially appreciated by parents. The suffering spared to children is immense, and calls forth the grateful feelings of all who have the care of little ones in illness. Of late the old school is imitating the pleasanter mode of administering medicine, disguising to a large extent the nauseous character of the drugs, but the practitioners have never been able to take away their inward effect. This only renders the preparations of the old school even more dangerous, and apparently harmless exteriors often cover insidiously destructive drugs. To even the dullest, the more rational method of homeopathy will appeal. Poisons are never used, and only the medicinal virtues of a drug are administered. Homeopathy is much more economical than the other methods, as it achieves the best results by the simplest means. It cures diseases more rapidly than the old school, as statistics from the best hospitals of Vienna, Munich and Leipsic, show that similar cases in allopathic hospitals of Paris, Berlin, Gottingen, and Stuttgart take from eight to ten days longer in their treatment.

Diseases hitherto deemed incurable have been treated successfully by homeopathic methods. The most persistent maladies, whose only cure in the past has been considered the knife, have been successfully treated by the softer and kindlier method of homeopathy.

The new school has worked many reforms in practice. It was instituted at a time when the lancet, the leech, the cautery, and the blister constituted the main outfit of the physician, but, before the mild power of homeopathy, one after the other of these drastic measures disappeared, until, to-day, medicine comes to us in a kindlier form. Hahnemann was the first to practice non-restraint in insane patients, and did away with cruel measures.

Every objection that has ever been urged against the use of homeopathy has been met and refuted, and some of the most conservative of the old school physicians have begun prescribing according to its laws. It is not unlikely that before a great while the science of healing, as practiced by the disciples of homeopathy, will be accepted by those who now follow the old methods. All genuine advance in the use of medicine for healing purposes can only be accomplished by employing drugs according to the laws of selection discovered by Hahnemann. Disciples of the new school are growing in numbers everywhere; colleges are being built for inculcation of its doctrines; intelligent people are seeking the advice and assistance of homeopathists, and, before long, the followers of Hahnemann will be numerically as strong as those of the old school.

LIMES KILL CHOLERA GERMS.

Dr. Christmas, of the Pasteur Institute of Paris, found that nine grains of the acid of limes killed the germ of the bacillus in the Paris aqueduct in fifteen minutes, and that two grains of acid of limes, in a quart of water would render the same perfectly harmless. It is utterly absurd for people to fear limes when they are really a disinfectant.

The Brooklyn Board of Health, in a pamphlet issued to the public, says:

"During an epidemic the water used for drinking purposes should be boiled, and to render it more palatable, it may be placed in bottles on ice, or may be slightly acidulated by the addition of limes.

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REGULAR REPUBLICAN

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Tax Collector—THOMAS O'BRIEN.
Treasurer—J. H. WIDBER.
Recorder—E. B. READ.
County Clerk—GEORGE W. LEE.
District Attorney—WILLIAM S. BARNES.
City and County Attorney—MYER JACOBS.
Coroner—DR. WILLIAM T. GARWOOD.
Public Administrator—WALTER B. BLAIR.
Surveyor—CHARLES S. HILTON.
Superintendent of Streets—CHARLES GRIFFEN.
Judge of Superior Court (long term)—CHARLES W. SLACK.
Judge of Superior Court (long term)—JAMES M. TROUTT.
Judge of Superior Court (long term)—GEORGE BAHRS.
Judge of Superior Court (long term)—JOHN LORD LOVE.
Judge of Superior Court (for unexpired term ending January, 1895)—WILLIAM G. BRITTAN.
Judge of Police Court (long term)—H. L. JOACHIMSEN.
Judge of Police Court (long term)—W. A. S. NICHOLSON.
Judge of Police Court (long term)—JAMES A. CAMPBELL.
Judge of Police Court (for unexpired term ending January, 1893)—JAMES A. CAMPBELL.
Justice of the Peace (long term)—FRANK GRAY.
Justice of the Peace (long term)—JOHN P. GOUGH.
Justice of the Peace (long term)—JOHN F. MULLEN.
Justice of the Peace (long term)—ARTHUR M. WILLETTS.
Justice of the Peace (long term)—J. E. BARRY.
Justice of the Peace (for unexpired term ending January, 1893)—J. E. BARRY.
Supervisor First ward—EDWARD HOLLAND.
Supervisor Second ward—DR. R. C. MEYERS.
Supervisor Third ward—COLLIS G. YOUNG.
Supervisor Fourth ward—HENRY H. STEFFENS.
Supervisor Fifth ward—H. R. ROBBINS.
Supervisor Sixth ward—W. E. LANE.
Supervisor Seventh ward—VICTOR D. DUBOCE.
Supervisor Eighth ward—P. J. COFFEE.
Supervisor Ninth ward—ALBERT HEYER.
Supervisor Tenth ward—HENRY P. SONNTAG.
Supervisor Eleventh ward—THOMAS J. PARSONS.
Supervisor Twelfth ward—AUGUST HELBING.
School Director—A. F. JOHNS.
School Director—DR. C. W. DECKER.
School Director—GEORGE PENNINGTON.
School Director—JAMES A. PARISER.
School Director—LUKE BATTLES.
School Director—J. H. CULVER.
School Director—J. J. DUNN.
School Director—PAUL BARBIERI.
School Director—WILLIAM H. EASTLAND.
School Director—C. O. SWANBERG.
School Director—HARVEY L. SANBOURN.
School Director—Z. T. WHITTEN.
School Director (for unexpired term ending January, 1893)—A. F. JOHNS.

LEGISLATIVE TICKET.

For State Senators.

Seventeenth district—JAMES CRAVEN.
Nineteenth district—JOSEPH WINDROW.
Twenty-first district—L. H. VAN SCHAICK.
Twenty-third district—CHARLES H. FANCHER.
Twenty-fifth district—JOHN F. MARTIN.

For Assemblymen.

Twenty-eighth district—PETER JOSEPH KELLY.
Twenty-ninth district—CHARLES E. CORLEY.
Thirtieth district—JAMES J. FALLON.
Thirty-first district—THOMAS F. GRAHAM.
Thirty-second district—JOHN A. HOEY.
Thirty-third district—FREDERICK WOODS.
Thirty-fourth district—J. F. McQUAID.
Thirty-fifth district—JOHN S. ROBINSON.
Thirty-sixth district—ALBERT B. MAHONEY.
Thirty-seventh district—JOHN F. O'BRIEN.
Thirty-eighth district—GEORGE S. MATHEWS.
Thirty-ninth district—JULIUS KAHN.
Fortieth district—LOUIS A. PHILLIPS.
Forty-first district—HENRY C. DIBBLE.
Forty-second district—GRANT ISRAEL.
Forty-third district—JOHN P. RICE.
Forty-fourth district—JAMES M. GOWAN.
Forty-fifth district—JOHN HAYES.

MUSIC.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT.

The public are indebted to the givers of the Saturday afternoon concerts for the opportunity of hearing two compositions new here. Paderewski's name is probably more generally used than that of any living artist, and, independent of their own worth, works by him attract the interest of musicians generally and the curiosity of that portion of the public which is desirous of becoming acquainted with his individual attitude toward composition. Dvôrák, whose original musical personality has made a strong impression on the world of music at a time when the average style is going far afield in the search after richness of color, piquant novelty of rhythm, and intensity of emotional effect, is expected to be at least interesting in works of the smallest form.

A trio for piano, violin, and 'cello, *Op. 26*, by the Slavonic composer, at a first hearing did not fulfill the expected in interest or power. In four movements, of which the most satisfying was a short and meditative *largo*, the work, written in a vein similar to other compositions by the same master recently heard here, wants nothing in variety of rhythm, much of it, however, being meretricious in design and effect. Melodic beauty or breadth of conception were not made manifest, nor was there the customary piquancy of color usually the composer's first quality. Paderewski's Sonata for Piano and Violin, *Op. 13*, gave a finer impression. Its thematic interest and the range of emotion touched, as well as an original charm of melody, made the composition generally attractive.

In the form of a sonata in three movements, the piece partakes of the character of a fantasia with a recurrence of ideas. The phases of emotion are restlessly impassioned for the most part, and of the modern style which inclines to fluidity and a wide gamut in preference to the calm intensity of the classic style. The first movement, a difficult *allegro*, contains themes suggestive of Chopin in characteristic; one in particular, given to the piano, without being reminiscent has the same spirit of plaintive tenderness common to almost every work of Chopin. The opening number had a superiority in sustained quantity throughout, and somewhat dwarfed the *intermezzo* and *finale*. It is to be hoped this interesting work will be heard again during the season. Beyond a song of some grace though of an effeminate kind, "My Love is Late," by Cowen, the rest of the programme supplied the popular element and was measurably attractive.

Mrs. Sunderland made a debut as vocalist. Independent of voice or method the lady has hardly arrived at the stage where vocalism for itself alone is a thing of interest; indeed, we have few singers who can come within the category, despite the numbers of agreeable voices to be heard in church and concert. Concert audiences accept two things in singing, voice or art; of the two, voice is preferred, providing there is enough in quantity and quality thereof. Only the minority appreciate the purely artistic efforts, which escape the notice of the general audience unless allied to a wonderful vocal organ. Mrs. Sunderland has a limited voice, very generally called a contralto from an ability to produce low tones, but without the quality of that voice. A conscientious singer, the lady is not at present mistress of sufficient art to be interesting, nor apparently of sufficient volume of voice to give due gratification to the public. After having given twenty-two Saturday popular concerts, wherein they have borne the principal share of the programme in each, severally and separately, and have given every possible exhibition of their talents, it is impossible to find points of interest which have not become patent to the concert-going public at large in the performances of Mrs. Carmichael-Carr and Messrs. Beel and Heine. Familiarity with their public has given the players full confidence, and, though varying in merit from time to time, there is never less than a sufficiency of applause. Mr. Heine's 'cello *soli* received the usual encore, and the playing of the exacting Paderewski sonata, by Mrs. Carr and Mr. Beel, called for the usual demonstrations.

Next Saturday's concert has for chief interest a trio of Rubinstein, sonata for piano and 'cello by Mendelssohn, and interesting piano *soli*, to be played by Miss Bessie Wall. Mr. Frank Mitchell will sing with his well-known agreeable tenor voice, songs from modern composers.

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FASHIONS: BY LETTER.

FOR THE LADIES.

ANNE, DEAR:—It is a crying shame in my opinion that we must either go about clad in a garment that has about as much shape to it as our drawing-room draperies have or else be out of the fashion this season, for it is undeniable that there are strong efforts being made to hold in favor the terrible coats that hang full and straight from the shoulders, to say nothing of the ball gowns that have for a special feature a double box plait falling in the front from a shallow neck yoke to the hem of the skirt. Poor Worth is credited with this last horror, but I refuse to believe it of him or any one who has the slightest claim to the knowledge of the beauty of the female form divine. When tight lacing was declared to be no longer good taste, I fondly imagined a new era of comfort and beauty was opening before us, but, alas, we have bounded off to another extreme; but, fortunately, there is an alternative for the girl who has no desire to be ultra in her winter wrap. There are really stunning new top coats which the Eastern tailors are making, and could be almost as easily procured here, as they are copied exactly from the conventional men's winter overcoat, usually dark blue or black woolly cloth, double-breasted, bone buttons, velvet collar, and all. Then, of course, we have the cape, which, fortunately, is both fashionable, and, if properly made, beautiful. I have, however, told you how exquisiiely these are gotten up in velvet and fur, and now that they are made falling straight and full from the shoulder without those terrible raised shoulder caps, nothing more graceful could be imagined. But now, having been both warned and advised, I can do no more; but to clear my own conscience and be unbiased, I will describe one of the startling new wraps that await the opening of the gay season. Imagine a long jacket of elaborate maroon and white brocade, fitting closely over the hips, and opening in the front over a vest of black, maroon and gold embroidery; deep-rolling reveres of maroon velvet fall back over velvet sleeves the same shade, and suspended from sleeve to sleeve in the back is a flowing mantle of the velvet lined in satin and edged with a narrow band of the gorgeous embroidery. Of course this is a gorgeous affair, but where in San Francisco could you imagine it worn? Possibly at one of the slowly though surely coming teas, which, like the poor, we always have with us.

We have been kept quite long enough in suspense regarding new skirts. A relief from the tiresome bell affair has been promised us for several months, but until now nothing definite has been offered to take its place; but at last I can give you a correct description of what we are to wear. They are to be short—indeed, intended to escape the ground; and, as it requires four breadths of thirty-inch material, these breadths being merely plaited and sloped over on the band, the effect will be much fuller, a fact that should console nine-tenths of the women. In the new skirts the front breadth is gored at the top, fitting without darts. The sides are slightly sloped, the back breadth is plain; from the side breadths plaits begin folding forward and end in a small box plait in the center of the back. Of course, these skirts are lined throughout with silk or some other material more durable, yet doing away with the much desired frou-frou, and are finished with the usual silk rouche inside. I forgot to say these skirts will be worn as muc withhout trimming as with, but when a dressy effect is desired a band of fur or fold of velvet will be used, and that reminds me that mink is to be as much used as last season, especially in a trimming formed of the tails sewed together.

There is a lovely idea for evening dresses recently carried out in some of the new French evening costumes. The especially pretty effect is given by placing one sheer material, usually silk muslin of a delicate shade, over a silk slip of a harmonious yet contrasting color; this color scheme is sometimes even carried out in three tones, as a white *mousseline* over pale violet of the same material, both made up over a pale apple green lining. the effect is really quite fairy like; pale yellow over violet, and white with rose color lining; and garlands of pink roses for trimming, all make delightful gowns, especially when the Empire style is employed, with its short low waist and full flowing skirt. Yours, NANCY.

Mrs. M. H. Ober

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MINING AND FINANCIAL.

The stock market during the past week has not been a profitable one to operators, the fluctuations on the leading stocks being at the most about 50 cents, and it would take a shrewd dealer to catch the turn. I told the readers of THE WAVE to be cautious and go slow, and this advice is reiterated. The tendency of stocks from the present outlook is downward, and though, at times, there was a disposition to advance the market, still the supply was greater than the demand. The North Enders, embracing Con. California and Virginia, Ophir, Mexican, and Sierra Nevada were freely supplied to the brokers, each session, at a small fraction lower than the previous day, though Union Con. on the purchases of Scmidt and Coffin advanced to $1.85; but this advance was short lived, and it declined with the rest. One of the large sellers of North Ends was Hirshfield; on Tuesday alone he sold 1000 shares at about $3.20, and as he does business for Virginia dealers, it is a pretty sure sign to get out. About the best looking stock at the present is Bullion; this, with Potosi, has been bought in large quantities by Schmitt and Epstein; at present there is nothing new from the mine, but as Epstein does business for Haywood & Co., there may be a little flurry in the stock so they will both bear watching. Belcher has been a disappointment both to the bears and bulls; the latter, expecting after the sharp decline that there would be a reaction, and the former were wondering why it did not decline still more. The bears have at the present a little the better of it, as the stock has a heavy look, and is freely supplied whenever it advances 25 or 30 cents. If, as I learn, the cross-cuts, run between 300 and 400 foot levels the first of the week, don't get into ore, it will look as if this level is a failure, and I believe, although the stock may advance again, it should be a sell, as the prospects of a decline are greatest. With the outlook as at present in Belcher, none of the other Gold Hill mines, Overman, Crown Point, and Yellow Jacket, are buys; they should be let alone. The Superintendent's latest report on Belcher, received on Wednesday, is not very flattering. The North drift on the 400 foot level has been advanced to a distance of 52 feet north of the vertical raise. The face is in soft porphyry with seams of low grade quartz through it. An East cross-cut has been started from the north drift on the 300 foot level; it is out 20 feet and the face is in a vein formation composed of porphyry and low grade quartz. As regards Con. Virginia the prospects are not very flattering, and as the mine is in debt about $11,000 and will be still more the coming month, the stock at present is not a buy; and though I cannot advise one to short it, still, unless something unusual turns out, the stock will decline.

The Nevada Bank held its annual meeting on Wednesday, at which I. W. Hellman was elected President, P. B. Davidson, Cashier. The amount due depositors is $3,464,000, and the net earnings of the year was $247,689. At private sales the shares sold at $130. The amount of assessments falling due in October is $109,000. The following assessments were levied: Savage, 50 cents; Kentuck, 10 cents; Overman, 30 cents; and Omnibus Cable $10 per share.

Dividends were declared by the following incorporations: Levington M. and Mine, 1 cent; Bulwer, 10 cents; Enterprise, 10 cents; Pacific Gas, 50 cents; Fireman's Fund quar., $3; Bank of California quar., $3.75; Nevada Bank quar., 1½ per cent; Pacific Surety quar., 2 per cent; and San Francisco Stock Exchange, $50 on each seat.

At the Stock and Bond Board, business was light; the sales made were 160 Spring Valley at 100.25 @ 75; Pac. Gas, 50 at 81.50 @ 81.25; San Fran. Gas, 110 at 73 @ 72; Cal. Elec. 450 at 19¾ @ 19½; First National Bank, 20 at 185; Omnibus Cable, 55 at 52 @ 51. Also the following bonds: 8000 U. S. 4's at 114½; 1000 Ferries 101.25, of S. P. Branch 6's, 5000 at 110.50; N. P. C. R. R. 5000 at 105.

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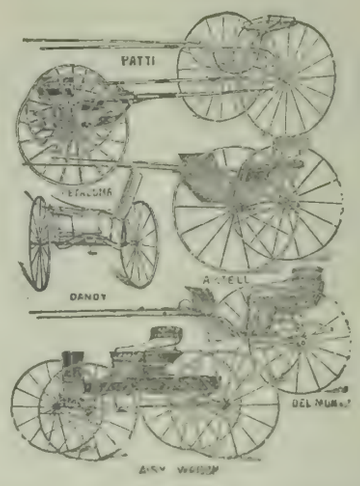

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Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the thirteenth day of October, 1892, an assessment (No. 46) of twenty-five cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the seventeenth (17th) day of November, 1892, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the seventh (7th) day of December, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

SAVAGE MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the seventh day of October, 1892, an assessment (No. 79) of fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 4, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the ninth day of November, 1892, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the twenty-ninth day of November, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.

Office—Room 4, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

ON RUSSIAN HILL, the artists are gathering in numbers. They are coming from the lowlands and ensconcing themselves in cottages commanding the panorama of bay and mountain that the eminence affords. From there one sees the sunsets in all their radiant glory, and, on clear nights, when the full moon swims in starless depths of dark azure, the beauty of the prospect is something to dream of. Then, the chaos of houses and warehouses at one's feet is a picturesque jumble of mysterious shapes, dotted with yellow and white sparks. Mission Bay is a vast sheet of silver; the Potrero chimneys are the hundred turrets of enchanted castles, and Oakland drowses in an iridescent mist, pierced here and there by the pale brightness of a thousand arc lights.

Four simple houses crown the hill; they are landmarks from all the suburbs. One is occupied by Mr. Wooster. A second Mrs. Richardson resides in; a third is the home of a handful of artists and decorators whose apartments are furnished with a charming disregard of conventionality. Willis Polk has just erected a house on the very edge of the hill, whose windows command a peerless view. On the top story his studio is located. Below are the sleeping rooms, and on the first floor proper is a large *salon* to be paneled in redwood with artistic decorations. Here he purposes giving Bohemian gatherings which will surely be worth looking forward to. Half of this house Mrs. Virgil Williams will occupy. After a time, one will hear of Joullin, Matthews, Keith, and Yelland locating themselves there. Then will the neighborhood be famous.

SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, October 12th. DEAR WAVE:—A great reformation has struck this town, the like of which is unknown even to "the oldest inhabitant." Sinners are the most interesting creatures to be met, and if you chance to spy a lady earnestly talking to some other woman's husband, she is simply urging him to go to church and be converted. If you find a man driving his neighbor's wife along some shady rural road, he, too, is laboring for the good of her soul, and these miserable tale-bearers are all wrong.

Even "The Westminster" has become sanctified. We had a "Mid-Sunday" here to give the bankers a chance to repent. If half the stories that are told are true, they need a whole week of Sundays. However, they improved this opportunity.

Edward, being of the faith, could not attend the meeting, but he spent the afternoon in St. Joseph's, contemplating his great altar, and his tender soul melted under the memory of the sins he had failed to commit when he had opportunity.

His devoted son-in-law was at the same time investigating the flour business—trying to determine the best brand—all for the sake of his auntie.

But Jim Finley, Mr. Nesmith and Mr. Murphy were on "the mourner's bench," right up in front of the great preacher, and it was truly edifying to see their countenances. It is to be hoped that great good will result. Jim Singletary was at the baseball game.

The Cushion Party realized a fine sum for the ladies—financially, they are way ahead. Of course, much of their success was due to the very valuable aid of their coadjutors of the "Pratt Home."

Didn't they turn out in force? Mrs. Syer donated the loveliest of cushions, which Mrs. Rinaldo immediately purchased. Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. Boring, Mrs. Andrews and Mrs. McCracken just put their shoulders to the wheel and helped grind out the coin.

You see they were obliged to do this out of gratitude for the assistance they had received for their pet from Mrs. Murphy. Perhaps in their next venture they will receive equal kindness.

"Let us have peace."

Isn't it funny that L—— has gone back to school? Well, it is all right, but I think she must have started out as a teacher too soon, for she was one of my instructors at the old Gates School. She can afford to go now, and a number of others ought to. Wouldn't it be jolly if Mary and some others would become Freshies, in the same class? Candidly speaking, Stanford's is a god-send to many of us whose early education has been neglected.

The last "old man's darling" should have been content with all he gave her. But "what's bred in the bone," etc. Yours, BABBLER.

SACRAMENTO AFFAIRS.

SACRAMENTO, October 12th. DEAR WAVE:—If I had not been aware of the disappointment I would cause your many readers, this letter would not have been written this week; as it is, there is nothing of any interest among Society people, so I shall take a new departure and send some of them a word of friendly advice in the form of a few *don'ts*. Commencing with some of the elderly married ladies, who shall be nameless, I would say: Don't persuade your husbands to buy large houses to gratify your own foolish pride, and shut them up without even so much as one light in the window. To the middle-aged my hint is: Don't be content to sit with folded hands through the coming winter and wish something would "turn up;" it never will unless you assist. To the mothers of sons let me whisper: Don't leave all the entertaining for the girls' mothers; it is just as much your place to throw your house open, and more so, especially if your son is placed in a position which makes it impossible for him to return his obligations. To our young men, and this is a most prolific subject as far as don'ts are concerned: Don't be so condescending in your manner. Don't get two seats when a good opera and play come to our city and ask another fellow, or, what is still worse, don't get one seat and stalk in by yourself. Don't keep a buggy and fast horse simply for your own amusement, but try once and a while to give some one else a little pleasure; even if you do prefer your own society to any one else it would probably be equally agreeable to give some one else a chance to try it. Don't laugh at your own remarks; they may seem very witty and amusing to you, but that is no reason why you should burst into merriment; leave that for your listener to do. Don't be forever accepting invitations which you have no idea of returning; remember that in Society you will be expected to give as well as take; if you are not prepared to meet its obligations, better never enter its precincts, but remain at home and study; it really won't harm you to know a little more than you do. Don't boast of your conquests, or your attentions, it is not manly. Finally, don't forget to be courteous, kind-hearted, and attentive, and all the girls will vote you splendid. To our gentle maidens I must send a few don'ts as well. Don't be too gushing in your eagerness to receive attentions from men; the lords of creation like best what is difficult to obtain; you may think I don't know, but just try it. Don't run down the place where you live, and don't make disparaging remarks regarding the young men. Don't go away from home, but try and make things better, so others will wish to visit us. And now I will cease this prosy list, and promise never again to bore you in like manner.

We are all jubilant over the prospect of two electric roads. Our young married set will be more intimate than ever. Mrs. B—— says she is just delighted to have one line go so near her house, but adds with regret: "Too bad we did not have it when Mrs. H—— was in her old place; I could have seen so much more of her."

Mr. and Mrs. Cowan are at their home in Victoria. Contrary to our expectations, they did not stop over. It was really unkind of Delia, for we were all wild to see the young man. The Jack Wrights leave this evening for the East, to be gone about a month. Mrs. Hurd has returned from Portland, and is looking very well, indeed.

Ruth is with us once more, as is also "that sweet singer." My prediction regarding him and "the other girl" has come true. You may all try, but will find it difficult to hide anything from NINA.

OAKLAND GOSSIP.

OAKLAND, October 11th. DEAR WAVE:—It was my misfortune to be out of town last week, but Tom says that the Assembly contingent turned out in full regalia to witness the nuptials of Lou Breck and Fred Hathaway, and that Lou never looked more queenly than in her wedding gown, which was of white brocade, and that he never saw so happy a wedding party, for, with the exception of the groom, who is a dear little man, there was not a member of the bridal procession whose face was not wreathed in smiles. It is whispered that Jim's latest is a womanly Madison Street girl who has loads of money. Only the relatives and most intimate friends were invited to the house, among the number being Mabel Craft, of University fame. She knows more about our 150 than any one on this side, only it was unkind of her, with her superior intellect and attainments, to write that letter for the *Examiner*, in which she left the impression that she was a resident of your side. Don't you think, dear, that it was the act of a traitor to tell all about the neglect of our boys, the mockery of our Society and ancestors? I do, and hope that I will never be guilty of such an act. Have you ever met Mabel? She is a law-student; is most man-like in her dress, and has at least a dozen pockets in which she bestows various text-books and manuscripts. We all feel that she will be the head of the future firm of "Craft & Morley."

Have you heard the latest *on dit?* It is that George Wheaton and Allie are at last engaged, and I am disappointed, as I was positive that Harry would be the winning man; he is a much more suitable *parti*, that is, from a financial standpoint. Well, happy, good-natured Bessie, after Harry's return from Arizona, may yet be able to charm him, and, as I have said before, "Mamma would be pleased." If it is really true that Allie is engaged, Floy, Emma, and Mamie will hurry up and take the first men that offer their hands and fortunes. Have two certified engagements to announce soon. One of the ladies is a Jackson Street beauty. More than that I dare not tell this week.

Dear, dear WAVE, I'm in most terrible trouble, as George McNear, Adolph Uhl, Jim Breck, and George Wheaton have given me the snub, because they take that remark about the maiden names of some of our grandmothers as personal, and, if there happens to be a cotillion or Assembly, they will not give me the extreme pleasure of sending my regrets. For the life of me, I can't see why Jim should care; his grandmother is living, and in Oakland, too. She is as well known as Jim. We are just weary of the Oakland boys, and Mabel was right when she called them "sticks," as they do nothing but go to their clubs, play poker, and indulge in dinners, etc. The Athenian and Reliance Clubs are preparing to give a "chirps" and entertainment, and, as usual, the girls are not to be invited. Oh, the selfishness of our men!

Just received a letter from an unknown admirer of handsome Bob M——'s and it strikes me that the writer is no other than the gentleman himself. Anyway, were it not that my friend, "The Meddler," had already told about those dinners, "the serenades of our gay Athenians," their giddiness, and the surrender of Bob's heart to a little girl, whose name we have failed to discover, I would be more than delighted to write you about it. If my friend will carry his thoughts back a few weeks, he, or she, will remember that I announced Harry Melvin's engagement when he took that Portland trip, and as to Harry Coleman's actions, well, he is not half so bad as many of his Athenian companions, whose attentions are *never* confined to members of "our 90," as he has been known to be more than devoted to two of our most attractive butterflies. I thank the person who took the trouble to send me that letter, and hope they will repeat the kindness when they have some new gossip. In fact, it would be delightful to receive contributions at any time from my admirers and detractors.

"The Russian Honeymoon" is going to be perfectly lovely, even if they do say that handsome Jack Wilson is to be the "Honeymoon" and all else that is good in the play. Every one is scrambling for invitations, notwithstanding the price of admittance. But, dear, you cannot imagine the jealousy, petty spite, and back-biting that is going on about the affair. It is positively scandalous.

The Colemans and Josie Pierce are at Shasta this week. *Adios*, FROU-FROU.

STOCKTON LIFE.

STOCKTON, October 12th. DEAR WAVE:—Everybody who makes any pretensions of being somebody was at "La Cigale" Friday evening. Such a jam, and, verily, there were almost "some in rags and some in velvet gowns," for our local 150 were in full dress, while the others——! Estelle and Mamie were, of course, for they occupied one of the boxes with Henry Earl and Frank West. Rob Oullahan took Miss Creanor; it's the first time I have seen her at anything of the kind for months. Geo. Earle escorted Alice Thompson, Otto Koppitz had beautiful Bessie Williams, and Marsh Ladd was there with Miss Swayne. The Sam Crosses had another box, and Arthur Wilhoit managed to forsake his position as doorkeeper to occupy a seat next Miss Hill.

Chas. Smith stole a march on all of us. I was almost overcome when his marriage to an English girl was announced, but I'll not show it, and shall be among the first to call on her when they return from their honeymoon, which will be spent in Victoria.

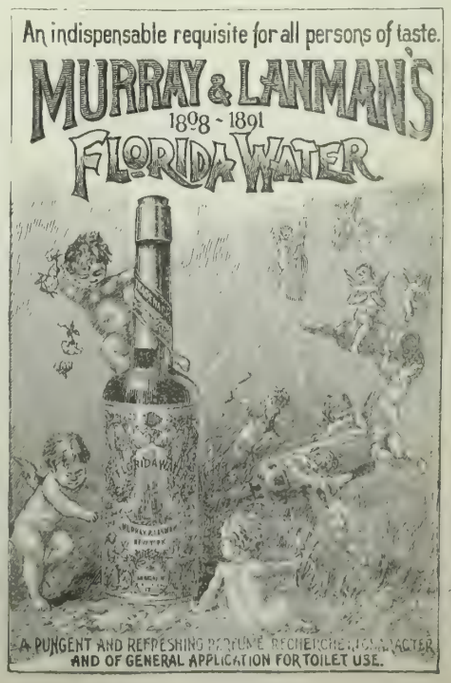
Mrs. Chalmers and Anna have returned from a two months' visit in Santa Cruz. Anna was quite a favorite there—her violin playing, if nothing else, would make her so, and from what Bessie Reid said in her letter to the *Independent* from Santa Cruz, I should judge Anna was ever ready to amuse others with delightful melodies. Hattie has had a six months' extension granted on her ticket. Newport must be a charming place to visit, and then, too, California buds are *always* attractive to Eastern men.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker left for their home in Beloit, Wis., after a long visit to the Dudleys, and Estelle Simpson departed Sunday for Bangor, Me.

THE SPINSTER.

MR. S. STROZYNSKI,

Corner of Ellis and Leavenworth Streets, the leading ladies' hair dresser, has returned from abroad and is again superintending all work personally, and has reduced all his prices.



SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE	FROM SEPT. 3, 1892.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*12.15 p m
.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton	*5.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Martinez	11.45 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced and Fresno	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga and Veredo and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.30 p m	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, atlantic Express for Mojave and East	8.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
*6.00 p m	Sacramento River	.....
6.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	9.45 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo	‡8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡7.45 a. m.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p. m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.38 p m
‡7.30 a m	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excur'n	‡8.28 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Jolon, Lockwood and Santa Margarita, San Luis Obispo and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
‡9.30 a m	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations	‡2.45 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.03 p m
12.15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.30 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.37 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, Gilroy and Principal Way Stations	*9.47 a m
*4.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
‡11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	‡7.30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

San Francisco and North Pacific Railway

San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 30, 3:30, 5.05, 6.20 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, :30, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days	Leave San Francisco. Sundays	In effect Apr. 24, 1892. DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco. Sundays.	Arrive San Francisco. Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5.00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

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Extra Trips on Sunday for Sausalito at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO to MILL VALLEY (week days) 7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9.00, 10:00 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 2:30, 4:00, 5:25 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 6:45, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:45, 11:00, 11:50 A. M.; 1:10, 2:25, 3:40, 5:15, 6:05, 7:20 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 6:25 P. M. Fare, 50 cents round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days) 6:25, 6:55, 7:58, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:05, 11:20 A. M.; 1:20, 2:45, 4:00, 5:30, 6:30 P. M. Fare, 40 cents round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 7:15, 8:15, 9:50, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:45 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:20, 11:40 A. M.; 12:35, 1:45, 3:10, 4:25, 6:00, 6:50, 7:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7:00 P. M. Fare, 25 cents round trip.

Leave San Francisco.	Through Trains. Destination.	Arrive San Francisco.
7:30 A. M. } Week 5:00 P. M. } days.	Camp Taylor, Tocaloma, Point Reyes and Way Stations.	8:45 A. M. } Week 6:15 P. M. } days
8:00 A. M. Sundays		8:45 A. M. Sundays
7:30 A. M. Week days 8:00 A. M. Sundays 5:00 P. M. Saturdays	Tomales, Howards, Duncan Mills, Cazadero and Way Stations.	8:45 A. M. Mondays 6:15 P. M. Week days 8:45 P. M. Saturdays

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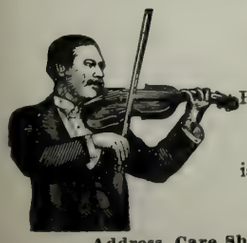

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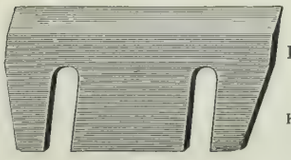

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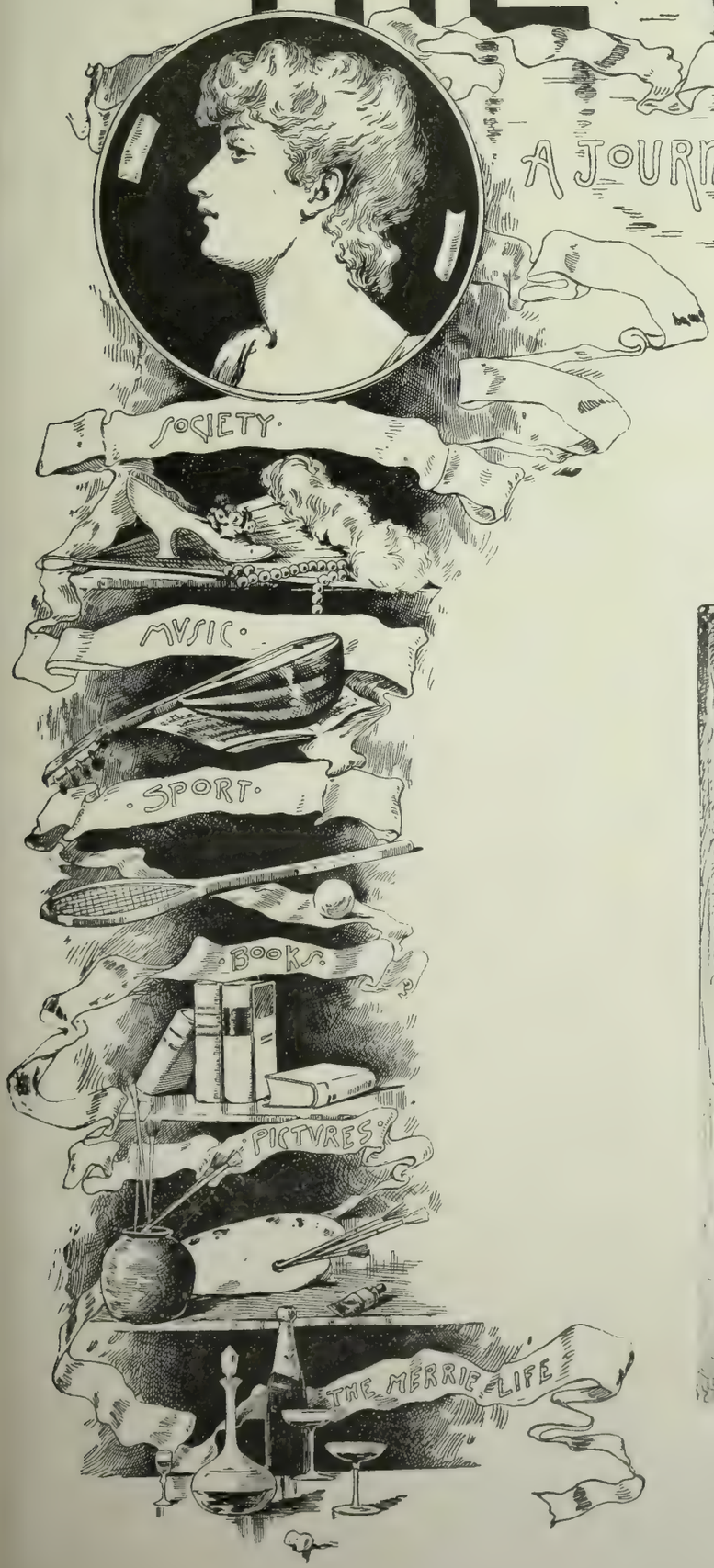

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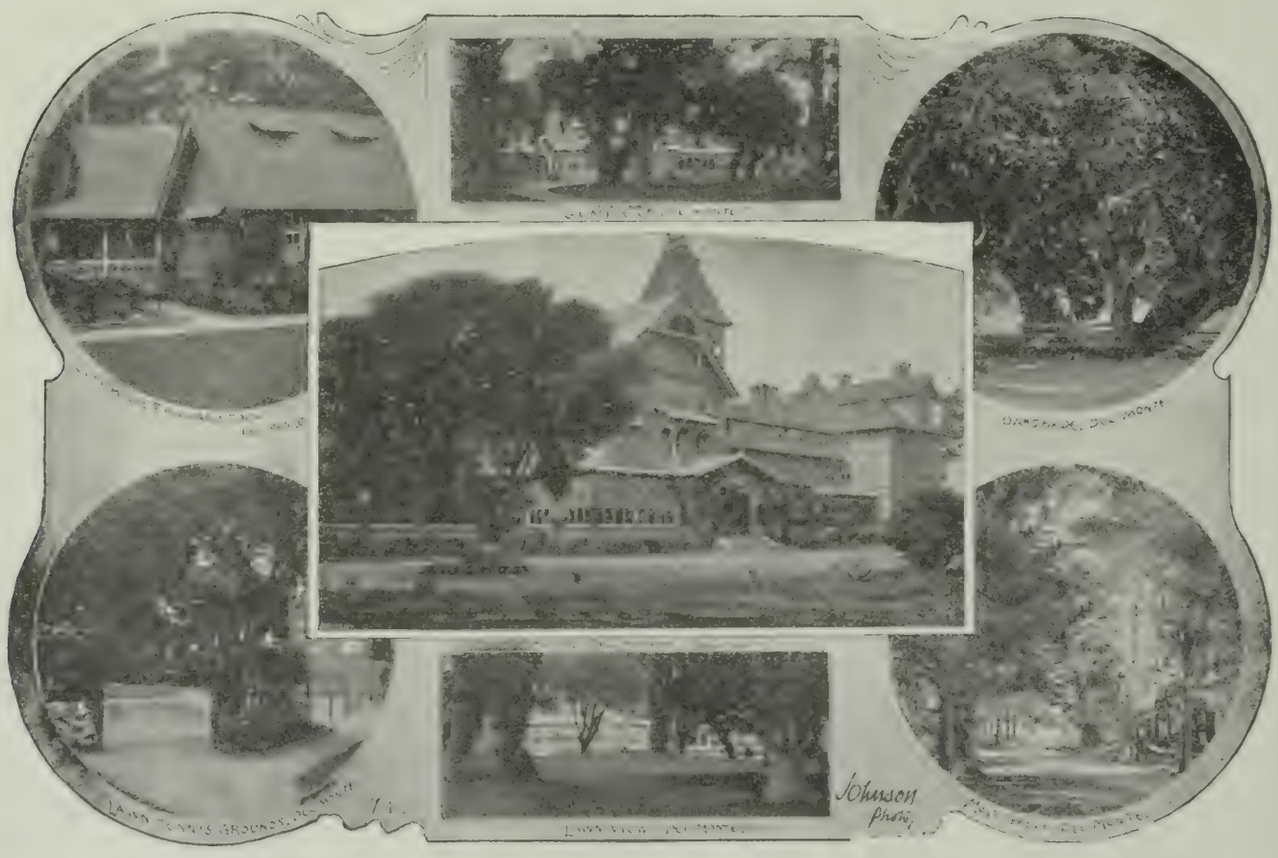
And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flowers."

HOTEL DEL MONTE



MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

THE MOST ELEGANT SEASIDE ESTABLISHMENT
IN THE WORLD

GEO. SCHONEWALD, - - - Manager.

THE WAVE

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The Wave

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SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 22, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

In presenting to the readers of THE WAVE the portrait of Mr. Wendell Easton, I desire to introduce to the few who do not know him the man rather than the Republican candidate for Mayor. Mr. Easton holds a warm place in the esteem of the business men of this community. He is a big-brained, broad-minded man, away above the pettinesses of politics and beyond the criticism of boss rule. He has been successful in his private affairs, has the confidence of those who have had dealings with him, and owns no man his master.

SPLASHES.

A BRILLIANT AFFAIR, indeed, was the Concordia Club's opening ball last Saturday night. Never have I seen such an array of magnificent gowns. Each toilette was a *chef d'œuvre*. To this Club falls the duty of inaugurating fitly the season's festivities. On its manner of executing the responsibility it is certainly to be congratulated. No ballroom in town compares with the spacious and beautifully-decorated hall which occupies the centre of the clubhouse on Van Ness Avenue. Around it are wide, cool corridors and with drawing-rooms hung with draperies in æsthetic tones and furnished with the most luxurious of arm-chairs and couches, an ideal place for a dance it is with its admirably appointed supper-room, approached by wide, broad stairs which half a dozen couples might mount abreast.

* * *

Though quite a number of girls made their debut and most of the belles were present, the young married people were supreme in numbers. Everyone danced. The full-blown blossoms entered into the spirit of the occasion with as much zest as the buds. The music, by Ballenberg, was excellent. It is about time, however, he abandoned that painful custom he has of discharging pistols in the lancers. Not only is it out of date, but decidedly *outré*. During the square dances I thought the ballroom presented a brilliant spectacle. The effect of such an array of beautiful gowns was rich in the extreme. Their soft, delicate shades blended into the most exquisite color harmonies, accentuated here and there by the tones of some darker fabric.

* * *

But one forgot the costumes gazing at the charming dancers. Perhaps it is true that the handsomest girls are not in the Concordia set, but for all that there was no lack of beauties. Of the debutantes, I think the prettiest is Miss Florence Meyer whose pink satin costume displayed her type of dainty, brunette beauty to perfection. Decidedly the most graceful is Miss Florence Lippitt, a tall, slender maiden, whose clear-cut, interesting face is full of distinction. Her soft black hair fell over her eyes and was coiled in a knot behind her head as one sees in pictures of Rowena. Miss Henrietta Meyer was superb in a confection in which a silk, delicately green in shade, predominated. Perhaps the most artistic costume in the room was that of Miss Lewis which was in the highest degree artistic.

* * *

There were scores of exceedingly effective combinations. Miss Sutro, who has an admirably rounded figure, wore pale yellow accentuated by a touch of Ceriese velvet at the shoulders, and looked like a figure out of a Parisian canvas. Among the prettiest girls present were Miss Lucy Cohen, who I think wore pale blue, and Miss Armer in pink. Of the young married women, I am inclined to think Mrs. Kline in white and Mrs. Davis in pink appeared to the best advantage. Mrs. Henry Mannheim and Mrs. Koch also looked charming. These ladies did not display too great a profusion of jewelry—a fault many of the others had fallen into. Mrs. Henry Ach was superb in a very swell dress. Mrs. Neustadter looked her best, Mrs. Rotschild was charmingly vivacious as usual, and I could not but admire the refined taste exhibited in Mrs. Ackerman's costume.

* * *

OVER A SCORE of beauteous maidens are to represent cards in the living whist game which will be played at the Grand Opera House next month. An equal number of good-looking young gentlemen are as deeply interested. Twice a week they rehearse all manner of shuffles, deals, and cuts, besides a graceful waltz movement in which to move from one position to another. It is to be an interesting affair, this game. Between rubbers, fancy dances will be given—complicated maneuvers full of sinuous posing and undulatory turnings. What chances there are for the beauteous maidens to show the lines of their figures, and for the nice young men to exhibit their suppleness and elegance.

* * *

Hearts are trumps, and Miss Mabel Love enacts the queen of that denomination. She is to wear a regal costume gorgeously trimmed. Ben Dean takes the part of king in a robe of brilliant texture. Miss Ermentine Poole is queen of diamonds, Miss Cook, of clubs, and Miss Cohen, of spades. Others of the twenty-six will wear evening dress with the card they represent pinned to the corsage, or stuck amid their hair. The men are to be in full dress, save those who do knaves or monarchs. The privilege is theirs to exercise their own or anyone's else fancy in the matter of costuming. Four players direct the movements of these living cards. That it will be an exciting game is hardly probable, as the results are all determined beforehand.

* * *

To the aid of Rev. Thomas Van Ness' church at the Mission the funds realized from the performance are to be devoted. The possibilities are great, and if a tithe of them are realized, it will be a memorable game of whist.

* * *

WOULD IT NOT BE INTERESTING to learn when the crop of engagements that have ripened into announcement these months past are to be harvested by Hymen? In a mild way I have kept track of most of them and am rather curious on the subject. Some, I presume, are annulled, others are in process of dissolution. The majority seem in no hurry about naming the day. There are just a few that serve to indicate a future matrimonial period of great brilliancy: Miss Florence E. Harrison and Otis L. Swett, Miss Grace Loring and Chester Williams, Miss Pauline Williamson and Roy Jones, Miss Addie Wegener and Colonel John A. Koster, Miss Helen Otis and Fred B. Lake.

* * *

But I have not finished yet. Here are still more: Miss Adah Richards and Clarence T. Windell, Miss Meta McAllister and William Janeway, Miss Marie Naglee and Harvey Robbins, Miss Anna Head and Lieutenant A. J. M. Jephson, Miss Helen Smedberg and Lieutenant G. W. McIver, Miss Stella Walthall and Colonel E. A. Belcher, Miss Aileen Ivers and Edward M. Robinson, Miss Florence Weihe and Albert W. Stone, Miss Agnes Macdonough and John Agar, Miss Chew and Lieutenant E. F. McGlachlin, Miss Helen Bosqui and Archibald Treat, Miss Alice Scott and James N. Brown. There are others one might easily add, but here are

enough to speculate on. If they were all to decide on marrying at once what an interesting time the clergy would have.

* * *

An interesting announcement is the engagement of Miss Roberta Wright and George Hellman. The nuptials are set for the latter part of November. Miss Wright is a very interesting-looking girl, a brunette with hair of raven hue, fine eyes, and features that are almost classic. She is quite a clever violinist, and was one of the organizers of the Saturday Morning Orchestra—a distinction by itself. Miss Wright is the daughter of ex-Judge and Mrs. Seldon S. Wright. Mr. Hellman is associated with his two brothers in the commission house of Hellman Brothers. He is an Englishman, and has strong musical leanings, and possesses a well-trained barytone voice, which he uses to decided advantage.

* * *

The Leap Year Cotillion will be the event of the season. It is really to be a swell affair. Fancy dress is *en regle*. Even the dowagers must come with powdered hair. Miss Hager has been chosen by the Committee of the Club to lead, and will, I am sure, do so even more acceptably than at the *bal poudre*. The date set is December 23d, and the decorations of the hall are to be suggestive of Christmas. The Hungarian Band will play.

* * *

The Oakland Cotillion Club is to be reorganized in spite of opposition in certain quarters. If it were suffered to die there would be reason for sincere regret, for its germans were thoroughly successful and gathered a number of very pretty girls from both sides of the bay. The same Committee will have the club in charge.

* * *

Interest in the Columbus performance at the San Francisco Verein is up to fever pitch. The rehearsals indicate a delightful entertainment. There are a number of very catchy and pretty melodies. The libretto is said to abound in bright lines, and the maidens who take part in the chorus are undeniably beautiful. Besides, they wear costumes that are highly artistic and effective. There will certainly be a brilliant audience, and the dance that is to follow will surely be as successful as Verein dances invariably are.

* * *

The next interesting social event is the Calliopean Club's ball on the nineteenth of November. That is a young people's affair exclusively, and is notable as being a gathering of the most beautiful women in town. The following week the Concordia Club gives its "Night in Venice." That will be an event. The great ballroom will be transformed into a Venetian scene. Over the stage will hang a picture of the Doge's Palace. There will be a representation of the Rialto, the Campanile tower, the Bridge of Sighs. In the specialties to be introduced all the members of the Club and their wives and daughters are expected to take part. Everyone must appear in Venetian costume. Ernest Peixotto is engaged on the scenery.

* * *

Girls' teas are to be as popular as ever this winter—at least the indications are in that direction. Several have already been given and more are to come. On Tuesday afternoon Miss Lily Lawlor gave a tea at her pretty home on Broadway. There were about thirty girls present and they passed the afternoon very agreeably.

* * *

The rose tea given by Mrs. Hager in honor of Mrs. Frank Hicks was a very pretty affair. A profusion of lovely roses decorated the parlors and halls, and were massed with charming effect on the mantles and in the windows. The guests were received by Miss Hager, who wore a very rich costume of pink, and by Mrs. Hicks, whose gown was in similar tones. During the afternoon quite a large number of men and girls called and partook of tea or chocolate, as the case might be. Altogether it was a very successful affair, as Mrs. Hager's entertainments invariably are.

* * *

I am tired of seeing reiterated that story about Mrs. Will Tevis' intention to get up a private theatrical performance this winter. There was never any basis for the story. She expects to spend most of the season at Bakersfield at her villa there.

* * *

The "School for Scandal" is the sole social club yet organized within the precincts of Society. A preliminary meeting has been had, and the chances are that Mrs. Williams will score quite a brilliant success with her venture. Already the membership numbers sixty girls, and more are to come in. The features of the organization are the fortnightly gatherings, private theatricals, and the dances. If the first of these goes off with the requisite degree of "snap," I shall predict great things from the "School for Scandal."

* * *

The Club gives its first entertainment on Thursday next, and invitations are already out. There are to be theatricals followed by dancing, and a very interesting evening is promised. Mrs. Henry Williams and Mrs. H. A. Williams are conducting the affair which is to be given in their spacious residence, 1925 Octavia Street.

* * *

Senator and Mrs. Stanford and Miss Jennie Catherwood arrived here on Thursday morning, and were met at Oakland by Mrs. Clara Catherwood and Colonel C. F. Crocker. The Senator is distinctly improved in health, but has not regained his old vigor. Mrs. Stanford, however, is not well. The atmosphere of Aix-les-Bains, where she has been most of the summer, failed to agree with her. However, it is to be hoped the air of Menlo will restore her. She does not intend, I hear, to entertain during the winter.

* * *

Miss Jennie Blair is not to return home as early as she anticipated. She is enjoying her trip exceedingly, and Mrs. Blair is now preparing to join her. Agreeable tidings come to her friends of the success she made in New York. Miss Blair was Mrs. Oelrich's guest and saw a good deal of Society there. She became quite a decided favorite, and at Newport, later, had a great deal of attention. She purposes, when joined by her mother, to go to London for the winter.

* * *

The interesting Mrs. Hastings is again the subject of matrimonial gossip. This time rumor engages her to a Mr. Bacon, a New Yorker of considerable wealth. They met at Homburg, I believe, and they traveled together across the Atlantic. On arrival both announced, so the story goes, the interesting fact of their betrothal. I am told the baths have not contributed any to reduce the widow's *embonpoint* but that she is just as pretty as ever.

* * *

C. D. O'Sullivan is in Florence for steady work, and is installed as a pupil of Vanuchini. The old *maestro*—he must be at least ninety—is impressed with the vocal prowess of our "Neally," and predicts a brilliant future if he will work hard. This he purposes doing, and I have no doubt that he will carry his threat into execution. Mr. O'Sullivan is living at the home of Cooper, the well-known sculptor.

* * *

Mrs. John Vance Cheney's reception in honor of Edmund Russell gathered many interesting people at her residence, 900 O'Farrell Street, on Sunday night. There were present quite a number of men and women identified with literature, journalism, and education, who found plenty to say to one another and to the guest of the evening, who has interesting opinions and theories on most serious subjects. During the evening Mr. Russell recited "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" with a degree of artistic expression. The verbal beauty of the poem his cultivated voice conveyed perfectly. His specialty, however, is Swinburne, from whose poems he is to read at the second lecture of his course.

* * *

Returned tourists speak of the fears that eminent physicians in Europe entertain of the cholera. It is confidently predicted that the pestilence will break out all over Europe with terrible virulence next spring, and that nothing can prevent its spread to this country. I imagine the fear of it will keep at home most of the people who spend the summer months on the far side of the pond, and that there will be a splendid harvest for the hostelries in California. I believe Dr. Rosenstirn and other capable and far-sighted physicians here regard the chances of San Francisco escaping

Richardson & Robbins' Potted Ham for Picnics and Teas.

as rather good. The trade winds are admirable scavengers.

* * *

An interesting gathering of newspapermen and Bohemians met on Wednesday night, at Norman's, to celebrate Harry Bigelow's achievement in interviewing the train robbers. The crowd assembled about midnight, and immediately settled down to the first business on hand—the consumption of beef, ham, tongue, and beer. There were large quantities of these and other delicacies dear to the journalistic palate. After the inner men were satisfied the speech and story period was inaugurated. Mr. Bigelow was toasted and "taffied." Colonel Kowalsky told how he came to aid Willis Polk write the *Examiner's* scoop. Will Hart told a Water Front story, and Mr. Polk sang a long poem descriptive of "Pete's" exploit, written for the occasion by F. L. H. Noble, who acted as Master of the Unceremonials. Each stanza was a deadly sin or an infraction of the Commandments, but everyone joined in the chorus.

* * *

The visit of the "Dubordieu" to San Francisco has been a most enjoyable one. Admiral Parrayon and his officers have gone into Society a great deal, and have made friends in all quarters. This afternoon they propose to reciprocate the hospitality they have experienced, and have invited their friends to visit the warship. Capital entertainers are these sailors, and ample preparations have been made for the event. There is to be dancing, of course; music by the band, and refreshments prepared by the Admiral's *chef*, who is a *cordon bleu.*

* * *

IF SOMEONE does not come forward with a lucid explanation of the $500 check episode, a wrong interpretation may possibly be put on President Gerberding's actions. So far, the several tales published have had but few details in common, and those of us who read all are wondering which is right. Besides being a Bohemian and bank commissioner, Mr. Gerberding is a pleasant gentleman and owes it to himself to clear up misunderstandings. The current assumption is that Harry Gillig owns the new jinks grounds, moved to a purchasing mood by the arguments of the President, who, for his efforts, received the fatal check. Now, the club has refused to buy the property, which is, therefore, left on Mr. Gillig's hands. In what manner was the transaction consummated that Mr. Eastland and his associates thought it desirable to present Mr. Gerberding with so handsome a *doceur*?

* * *

In the meantime, however, Charles Foster is organizing a species of Country Club for the purpose of utilizing the fifty acres of redwood. Something on old Roseleaf lines is this new institution. The lights of the "Frolic" are being pressed to come in, and doubtless the environment of Fred Somers' Buddha will ring with the classic ditties favored by the interesting young gentlemen who are to come in. Log huts, erected in secluded glades, will protect them at night from magnificent sea fogs which roll up the cañon and hang festoons of salt white mist from the branches of laurels and spread oaks. I am sure, though, such trifling drawbacks will cut no especial figure.

* * *

IN THE BOHEMIAN CLUB they are having a great deal of fun over Porter Ashe's latest acquisition. He has just purchased a new ranch, the physical configuration of which is of the most unpromising character. It is in the foothills, near the Yosemite, and three-fourths the acreage is on an angle of 45°. The place is called Grant's Springs because of a fine sulphur spring on the property which, it is said, was bathed in by Ulysses of that ilk before he became famous. In its proximity, the new owner talks of erecting a hotel for summer visitors and invalids, and he proposes it shall be conducted on an unparalleled scale of exclusiveness. No one who is not a member of the Friday Night Club will be allowed to engage rooms, and, even then, the line will be drawn at certain cliques.

* * *

Considering the elevation of the situation, I have no doubt Mr. Ashe will make his venture a success. He has arranged to have a committee composed of gentlemen of unimpeachable position pass on the names of applicants for accommodation. After that Mr. Augustus Casserly will *visé* them. There is some talk of Lansing Mizner undertaking the management of this interesting caravansary, but I am told he has so far persisted in refusing.

* * *

That Mrs. Hinckley would feel flattered could she but hear half the comments her marriage has evoked, I am not inclined to believe. I am sure her young husband would be vastly indignant. It is hard, even if one is heiress to four millions, to have the entire community know all the offensive details of one's history. Still, there's nothing like gold for gilding tarnished escutcheons, and I'll wager, twenty years hence, that the entire story is tradition, and the happy pair, living in a mansion, will drive the swellest team in town and go to the Cotillions. They were discussing the *pros* and *cons* of the alliance in the Athenian Club, the other night, and after a vain effort to settle how much a man can forget for a million, someone thus capped the conversational climax:

"It seems to me the Hinckleys might be proud of the alliance; it is the first marriage in the Blythe family for five generations."

* * *

One half of Oakland would like to know, but has not the faintest idea, how the other half lives. Interesting people abound there, but they are not given to display. Quietly they live, silently die, and even Frank Moffitt does not suspect their existence as entities with histories. I have been struck by a curious characteristic of two comparatively well-known families, the Jeffreys and Pagets. John Jeffrey married Miss Susie several years ago; a little later James Jeffrey became the husband of Miss Lulu Paget, and about a week ago Alexander Jeffrey and Miss Georgie Paget were wedded. No more brothers nor sisters in either family are there left, or the combinations might be strung out to interminable lengths. However, one sad feature rather lessened their joy over the last nuptials—the wife of James Jeffrey died before her younger sister was married.

* * *

The medical profession is not happy over the cavalier manner in which Judge Levy cut down Dr. Ellinwood's bill against the Hobart estate. The deceased millionaire usurped, for almost an entire year, the greater portion of the physician's time. He accompanied his patient to Southern California, and up to the time of death was with him constantly. When a man is prominent in his profession, as Dr. Ellinwood is, he naturally expects a large fee for such attention as he gave Hobart. He brought a bill against the estate for $30,000. That amount the executors and the family thought he had earned, but Judge Levy disagreed with them. He fixed the fee at $10,000. That is no great reward for the work, considering the patient was a millionaire, but Levy was inexorable.

* * *

In his way, Attorney Pat Reddy is doubtless quite a good lawyer. He has that vehemence of style which is supposed to indicate sincerity and character, and he frowns terribly on witnesses whose testimony bears hard on his clients. Indeed, his attitude is oftentimes that of the court-room bully—a low type which is rather out of date. It seems to me Mr. Reddy would have advanced his client's cause better had he been less personal in the lengthy argument he delivered. Here are certain gentlemen who act for the good of the community, a part that certainly required exertion and trouble, and for their pains they are abused in the rawest and most brutal manner. Mr. Henley, Mr. Lynch, Mr. Sheldon, Mr. Holbrook, are all honorable men, and because they desire to send Assemblyman Bruner to jail for barefaced bribery, they subject themselves to Mr. Reddy's vituperation. Of course, it is the duty of a lawyer to do the best he can for his clients, but it is not necessary he show himself any less of a gentleman in so doing.

* * *

A literary and musical entertainment will be given for the benefit of the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children, in the banquet hall of the Hotel California, Bush Street, on Saturday the twenty-ninth inst.

* * *

OF ONE THING I am morally certain. My old friend, Samuel Rainey, has had nothing to do with managing the present campaign for either the Republican or Democratic parties. Early in the season it was alleged by someone

Richardson & Robbins' Plum Pudding—A Delicious Dessert.

connected with the Reorganized Democracy that Rainey had been engaged as adviser-in-chief to Martin Kelly and Phil Crimmins. The allegation was launched partially to induce the public to believe that he was out of the Democratic camp, and partially to throw some discredit upon the Third Street bosses. I am, however, now certain that this statement was untrue. If Sam ever did furnish Kelly with any advice, which he may have done, he has long since abdicated that function.

* * *

In the first place, it is quite evident that the "politics" of both the old parties have not been guided by an experienced hand. For example, take the Republicans. In re-nominating nearly all of his old office-holders, Kelly made a mistake which a novice in politics would scarcely have fallen into. The "outs," who are always numerous, usually combine against such candidates and defeat them. If Kelly were as familiar with the tactics of the late Boss Buckley as he ought to be, he would have noticed that that really great political manager never made this mistake. If Buckley ever re-nominated an official it was because the public either demanded the man or the minor office-holders were willing to enthusiastically support him.

* * *

Furthermore, in his treatment of the present Board of Supervisors, Kelly again showed that he was not acting under the advice of a competent politician. There are at least four men in the Board whom it would be dangerous for any boss to ignore, and in throwing them overboard Kelly has inflicted much damage on his ticket. Two of the Supervisors, Burling (Third Ward) and Taber (Eleventh Ward) are preparing petitions and will run as independent candidates. As both are popular and well-known men, they will undoubtedly cost the Republican nominees for Supervisor in their wards many hundreds if not thousands of votes. Among the Non-Partisans, the regular Republicans, and Taber and Burling, the Republican vote of the city on those two offices will be divided into three fragments. Such a split can result in nothing except the election of the Democrats, William Montgomery and Jefferson C. James, both of whom are popular and influential men.

* * *

This is saying nothing about the bad management which resulted in the Non-Partisan split. Under Buckley no such a movement as that would have been possible. Once apprised of it, that sagacious boss would have searched out the leaders and offered them his own machine with which to effect their desired reforms. No matter what concessions might have been necessary to prevent the break, he would have made them. There are many other reasons for the belief that Sam Rainey has not counseled the Republican bosses in this campaign; but it is not necessary to now mention them. I am certain, however, that if anybody ever again alleges that Sam Rainey is responsible, even in part, for the Republican mess which now confronts Kelly and Crimmins, I shall simply inform him that he is in my opinion—mistaken.

* * *

On the other hand, there is no reason to suspect that Mr. Rainey has been the adviser of Judge Sullivan and Mr. Dwyer. Of course, those gentlemen have often repudiated the suspicion, but that would not prove of itself that it was baseless. Politicians often make assertions for public effect. But Sullivan and Dwyer need not repudiate Rainey in order to convince me that he has had nothing to do with the management of the Democratic party this year. The management itself is all the witness that need be called to establish the fact. Starting out with a prospect such as never confronted a local organization anywhere, they have botched the primary, botched the convention, and botched the ticket. Some of the Democratic candidates, I have no doubt, will be elected, but it is plain already that many of the best places will go to the Non-Partisans. Had Sam Rainey been consulted at any stage of the game, he would have planned to win everything. With his hand on the helm, the Democrats could not have lost. Every man on the ticket would have had the necessary personal following to elect him.

* * *

Now that Judge Sullivan and Mr. Dwyer are enabled to observe the effect—as they must by this time observe it—of setting aside men like Colin M. Boyd and Henry H. Scott and substituting their friends, Barry Baldwin and others, I presume they will admit that here at least they have made a serious mistake. Weeks ago I predicted that if they ignored the Democratic demand for Boyd as Mayor it would cost them half their ticket. Events are now rapidly conspiring, it seems, to make this prediction true. I doubt whether with Boyd for Mayor, and Scott for Sheriff, the local Democratic ticket could have been broken in a single place. Their names would have given it a character almost invincible. But Judge Sullivan and Mr. Dwyer have had their way, and whatever the result they will be responsible for it. I shall, however, never cease to believe that secretive, sagacious Sam Rainey has had nothing to do with either of the old parties in this campaign. If he has been "advising" anybody it is the Non-Partisans.

* * *

WHEN SCHOOL DIRECTORS fall ou- what happens? Had I the pen of a Stevent son I should despair of doing justice to that exquisite little duel between Directors Frank J. French and Woodward. It happened over a week ago at a meeting of the Finance Committee, and the story has, thus far, escaped the dailies. Everyone in town knows that Mr. French is a lawyer, and those who read politics are aware that Attorney Ruef is a dear friend of Mr. Woodward. Indeed, he had proposed conferring the public administratorship on the School Director but was "pulled down," as they say on Third Street. As a mild measure of reciprocity, Woodward had Ruef appointed legal adviser to the Board at a retainer of $500. He was to receive that and no more even if tremendous litigation supervened. Of this little arrangement French knew nothing until the attorney's bill was presented for his signature. He frowned. Of course, he did not say he thought all such work should come to him, but his expression gave that meaning to his objection.

* * *

"There seems to be a neat bit of thievery in this," he remarked, holding up the document.

"Indeed," said Woodward. "I'm responsible for that, and I'll dare you to repeat your remark."

This in a voice thrilling with passion.

You might have heard the silence that followed.

"Thievery," repeated French, coolly. "Where is the receipt for $100, paid on account some weeks ago?"

* * *

Just then Woodward rose in his wrath and, advancing, smote French a neat blow in the jaw. No fancy slap, but a left-hander well-knuckled. Then was there confusion. Everyone jumped up. French seized a chair. He dashed at Woodward, who did not retreat. To the surprise of the audience he awaited the onslaught. The assailant paused. The assailed jumped at him, and French, jumping aside, dropped chair and fled. Between the dashing Woodward and himself he put a table. Then friends rushed in. The combat ceased to have possibilities.

* * *

Of the demerits of the controversy I know nothing. Someone had sinned, of course. But about the fight there is no question. Woodward won, if Ruef's bill is still unsigned by Director French. When so interesting a controversy is given me to write about I am not inclined to moralize. Still, Director French might have insinuated the full force of his commentary on Attorney Ruef's bill and Director Woodward would have exhibited more dignity by being less sensitive. Fighting is such a vulgar way of settling one's little differences of opinion.

* * *

THE IPECAC CLUB'S dinners are becoming famous in Bohemia. Its members gather every week at one of a half-dozen restaurants and discuss a *menu* whose artistic charms their cultivated palates correctly appreciate. No ordinary dishes are offered for the delectation of this organization. Only the rarest dainties are served, and to apprehend their superiority one must have a trained taste and supreme discrimination. At table the topics of the day are let severely alone—the conversation turns on cookery. As each *plat* is served, the Ipecac *chefs*, Warren Payne, Pierre Bergez, and Ned Palmer, are called, explain its composition and the correct manner of eating; they prescribe the type of wine which will evoke its mysterious flavors. They are

bound by the by-laws to furnish for each feast one dish they have cooked themselves.

* * *

Sometimes it is terrapin—female terrapin, mind you—which Ned Palmer prepares better than any other man or cook in San Francisco. The dish would be in the nature of a revelation to people accustomed to mud turtle. His recipe is a secret one, and after partaking connoisseurs always go into an ecstasy. Warren Payne's *chef d'œuvre* is an *entrée* of cock's combs. It is something to dream over. Mr. Bergez has a dainty hand for fricassees, and for pastry, indeed, his versatility is remarkable. With the black coffee talk is switched from culinary to general subjects, and then it is that Dan O'Connell, who, by the way, always dresses the salad, General Barnes and George Bromley are brought into evidence. They are expected to furnish at least one new story each, Nat Brittan, Theodore Payne, and John Lord Love, the remaining members, acting as a jury to decide on the novelty of the tale.

* * *

The Ipecac Club, despite its curious name, is, therefore, an important organization. One has to be an epicure of experience to become a member. Applicants for admission are not voted for. They are merely invited to dinner, and are asked to tell the ingredients of a certain *entrée*. If they can do so they are accepted with open arms. It is a terrible test, though; and, so far, but one man has survived the ordeal.

* * *

THE LATE JUDGE HAGER was a man of an infinity of prejudices. Of a critical temperament, he seldom troubled about concealing his aversions, but characterized their subjects in sentences that stung. Here is a story ex-Governor Perkins tells with considerable skill. When the Alameda County Statesman represented Butte in the Senate, Judge Hager was there from San Francisco. Seated at adjoining desks, between them arose a certain degree of intimacy. Among their colleagues were two very brilliant men, Wirt Prendergast and Ned Lewis, who took quite a fancy to Perkins and were most vehemently detested by the Judge. He darted all manner of barbed epigrams at them, and they retorted by opposing all Hager's pet measures, at which they were very successful.

* * *

One day during the session an excursion to Folsom was projected, and Prendergast and Lewis asked Perkins to go with them.

"Cannot," he said. "I have promised Senator Hager to help him put through a bill, and I must be on hand."

All their persuasive eloquence being vain to entice him away, Prendergast acquiesced, and then declared he would make Hager vote against his own bill.

"Nonsense," laughed Perkins. "Why, it's a pet measure of his, and it would be impossible to change him."

"All right," retorted Lewis. "Will you bet a champagne supper we don't?"

Perkins agreed, and next day in the Senate the bill was introduced. I forget what it was about, but the Judge made an eloquent appeal for its immediate adoption.

* * *

No sooner had he finished than Prendergast rose:

"It is not often I have the pleasure of agreeing with the Senater from San Francisco, but on this occasion I can endorse every word he has said. Had he not forestalled me, I should have asked the honor of introducing so useful a measure myself."

Lewis followed in the same strain. The bill was the best introduced during the session, and he eulogized Hager for presenting it.

The Judge rubbed his glasses, looked doubtful, and commenced to re-read the bill. After the others had finished, he asked that consideration be postponed until the following day.

"A friend of mine asked me to introduce this measure," he explained, "and I am not thoroughly acquainted with its character. I ask that the matter be laid on the table for a day or two." He glared at his erstwhile opponents.

* * *

Prendergast and Lewis would not hear of delay. They indignantly demanded a roll call, and the result was that Senator Hager voted in the negative, and the measure was carried by an overwhelming majority, much to the amusement of Perkins, though he did have to put up for the supper.

* * *

FOOTBALL promises plenty of entertainment this season. The Olympic Club has a capital team organized and great things are promised. Sherrard is to captain it in place of Joe Tobin, who, in deference to the wishes of his family, has retired from active service. Basil Ricketts has his old place of full back, and Dr. Wood, of the Presidio, will play guard. Then, the grounds at Central Park have been ploughed, harrowed and sown with grass, so as to be in good condition for the twenty-ninth inst., when the State University team tries conclusions with the clubmen. Between them there are to be three matches, and I am sure the struggle for supremacy will prove exciting. The Berkeleyans are captained by Hunt, who is a strong player and a good general, and I am told the faculty will offer a cup to be awarded the winning team.

* * *

The Stanfords are still holding off. Their object is to have Adams, who led them to victory last year, take his old place with the rush line. He is East, it appears, but is soon to return. At Berkeley, they are very anxious to have the inter-collegiate match come off on Thanksgiving Day, contemporaneous with the great contest between Harvard and Yale, but at Palo Alto they say no, and now a decision has been come to, that if the rival institutions cannot come together before December 10th their chance to win the cup will be forfeited.

* * *

The Olympic Directors are jubilant over the number of men who have applied for admission during the month. On the list are some 125 names, with promise of ample additions. The Club will positively have a strong roll by the time it gets into its Post Street quarters. Its prospects never were brighter, and President Harrison's energy has not abated a particle even by reason of his success.

* * *

AS IF THE Mercantile Library had not troubles enough without a female controversy! That is just what the Trustees are now involved in. Without entering into the merits of the controversy between the librarian and Miss McCullough, the necessity of dismissing one party or the other seems obvious. On moving into the Van Ness Avenue building, it was decided to add to the library staff a young woman who would wait on lady subscribers. Instead of finding someone with a slight knowledge of books, a relative of the Secretary, Bert McNulty, was put in after an interesting contest, conducted on political lines, between her and the step-daughter of Librarian Whittaker.

* * *

Miss McCullough proved of little use to the *menage*, and was not even obedient. It is quite possible that a good deal was exacted of her. After a series of rows the attention of the Trustees was directed to their dissensions. President Molera, after a careful investigation, reported in favor of a change. Then the Board declared Miss McCullough's position vacant. This action, at a special meeting, it was decided to reconsider on the strength, I presume, of petitions and personal appeals. The most interesting phase of the affair is that it reveals in a new light a Society personage by no means unknown to fame. It is not customary to think of T. Cary Friedlander as interested in literature, but in the most emphatic way possible has he endorsed Miss McCullough's proficiency for the place she occupied.

* * *

Mr. Friedlander undoubtedly spends in the library sufficient time to give value to his conclusions. That is why he felt impelled to tell the Trustees how satisfied he was of her capabilities. She is to be congratulated on having convinced him of her talents, and he on his modesty in concealing from all his friends the interesting fact that he is an authority on librarianesses.

* * *

A good story goeth the rounds about a prominent organization of female personages who meet once a week to express their appreciation of each other's ability, and exchange opinions about the latest fashions. The literary movements of the day are discussed in the afternoon tea style, and the death of the poet Whittier was taken as a kind of personal injury to the institution. They are not all clever, these ladies, and in the midst of a proposition to express the Club's deep regret over the loss literature had sustained in the great man's demise, one dear old stupid

arose, and, gazing all round herself, blandly said:

"Ladies, of course you are speaking of the poet Whittier, are you not?"

"Why, yes," came a chorus of voices.

"I thought you must mean him for it was only the other day I met Mr. W. F. Whittier down town and I never saw him looking better."

* * *

FAR MORE ROMANTIC than the dailies dare indicate was the career of Thomas Bell. A canny Scot, shrewd above the average, he had that genuine contempt for humanity in general which banking begets in most men. He was charitable in a mild way, played poker for big sums, and never turned an eyelid if he lost or won. However, a man whose assets have been in the millions for nearly two score years can laugh at mere minor fluctuations of fortune. It was as an associate of the Barrons, a rich Scottish firm located at Tepic, Mexico, that Bell began his career. They controlled the Almaden Mines and had large interests in the sister Republic which, when troublous times commenced, were subjected to heavy assessments.

* * *

When submission ceased being a virtue they gathered up all the gold and silver available and started a commission and banking business in San Francisco. About that same time John Parrott left Mexico for Colorado, coming subsequently to this city. Then, indeed, revolution blazed out. To the Barrons and Parrott, rich Mexicans sent their money. They had millions deposited with them and not only charged the unfortunates for the care of them but loaned vast sums at one per cent a month—a rate of interest by no means impossible in the good old days of yore. It is no wonder they amassed great wealth with such opportunities.

* * *

As years rolled by the Barrons died or retired, and all their interests became Bell's own. Into mining he went and associated with himself William Sharon and Charles Bonner. A strong combination truly, and during the Comstock excitement they managed to keep on the right side of the market. That, too, without assistance from Mackay or Fair. But Bonner found very soon the danger of doing business with the Nevada Senator and they split up. Then the firm had offices over the California Bank and Thomas Bell was the autocrat of that institution. For years everything was referred to him; he was the authority until Sharon succeeded in gathering enough stock to oust him from the Directory. The Thomas Brown era was then begun.

* * *

More entertaining far than his business career is the history of Thomas Bell's domestic life. In those early days propriety was a false quantity, and women were scarce. For his exclusive devotion he secured a handsome French girl, who, installed in comfortable quarters, helped him find life worth living. The years rolled onward, and, as Society became more settled, Bell's friends, one by one, dropped into matrimony. Unmoved by their defection, he declined to change his habits until one day he found himself, fifty years old, sitting with one of his oldest cronies over a poker game.

* * *

The talk turned on marriage, and to the capitalist his *vis à vis* addressed himself:

"Bell, you have no right to live in the way you do. It is setting a bad example to the community."

That set him thinking, and soon afterward, cynically indifferent to the opinion of the world, he led to the altar the partner of his early joys and sorrows. Mind, he professed no fine motives; having decided to marry, he did so with as little trouble as possible. For his wife he built the mansion on Octavia Street, and, I believe, gave her a great deal of fine jewelry. Between claims and rights what a huge difference is there. The capitalist found Mrs. Bell more exacting far than his *chère amie* ever dared to be. After sundry squabbles, they quarreled actively, and she, packing up the diamonds he had given her, started for New York. He telegraphed to police headquarters and had her arrested for theft. Back she came to San Francisco, escorted by the most suave of detectives.

* * *

Then it was they divided the mansion. He had one half and she the other. The medium of intercourse between them was Mammy Pleasant, to whom Bell allowed $2000 a month for household expenses. In his rooms he gave the most luxurious of dinners, followed by interesting card games which often lasted into the small hours. His cook and the wines he served were unimpeachable. Rich and comfortable, living to suit himself, he realized, one day, that he had no offspring. Just exactly how he communicated to his wife this new ambition to become a father no one will ever know. His point of view being a financial one, however, he made a business proposition to Mrs. Bell.

* * *

To be brief, he told her the sum of $50,000 was hers on the day she became a mother. That was all. A baby came in due course of time, and Thomas Bell, smiling in his grim, peculiar way, said, as he turned over the deeds of a fine piece of property, that on the same provocation he would repeat the gift. It is quite an expensive family he has. It cost him $300,000, and a very simple effort in arithmetic will disclose its dimensions. I am sure there never was a more devoted parent. About Mammy Pleasant more mystery is made than is necessary. A very wonderful woman is she, with strongly marked characteristics and a masculine intelligence. Exceedingly generous, impulsive, aggressive, she has been the most faithful of friends, and in her the dead capitalist had a servant whom he could depend on.

* * *

However, Thomas Bell was a man. He had a fine sense of his own dignity, and his courtesy was delightful. For young fellows he had a great fondness, and many a successful man "down-town" or in the professions must admit he got the push that started him in life from the late millionaire. He was exceedingly tender-hearted, but hid it under an exterior of extreme impassiveness. Ostentation he detested and publicity he feared. He did more than anyone else to save the Bank of California, pledging his credit to the extent of $2,000,000 for its solvency, and no man worked harder than he to put this great institution on its feet. Of his children he was vastly fond, and for Mammy Pleasant, his old servant, he sacrificed the friendship of Senator Sharon.

* * *

THE RESIDENTS of Belvedere, the new Tuxedo that has sprung into a beautiful existence within the past eighteen months, have every reason to regret the departure of Mr. and Mrs. George Bargate. Mr. Bargate was President of the Belvedere Company, and to the splendid enterprise that has given a new community the most delightful suburb about San Francisco he devoted all his attention. The efforts he made for the people of Belvedere made the place a success, and now that his work is done he purposes returning to his home in England. It will be a pleasure to his friends to know that he carries with him a testimonial of regret and esteem signed by every gentleman on the island.

* * *

I am informed that the *Report*, an evening paper of this city, published a childish attack on Mr. Bargate, which was instigated by a person who owns property on the road leading from Tiburon to Belvedere. That it was a spiteful and mendacious assault goes without saying; its author boasts that it cost him the enormous sum of $12.50; although the editor of the *Report* had his attention called to the fact that the item was false and malicious, he refused to correct it. Mr. Morgan has been elected to the Presidency in place of Mr. Bargate, and, while the residents of Belvedere regret the departure of his predecessor, they are prepared to give him a hearty welcome.

* * *

HAS EVERYONE READ "Black Beetles in Amber," Ambrose Bierce's new book? It is full of deliciously clever verse about local celebrities, and in a positive degree is entertaining. It is true, perhaps, that the manner is superior to the matter and that one forgets the subject in admiring the marvelously dextrous workmanship. The possibilities of sarcasm, of irony, of denunciation Bierce exhausts. To write aught more cutting, more severe, than he has of certain public men is impossible in English. Perhaps it is not a great consolation to certain individuals to know that though rich and powerful they are handed down in this book to posterity branded with immortal infamy. Who but Bierce would think of ex-Governor Stoneman in Hades praying for a respite, his body charred to an ash. "If I did one good action in life grant me a moment's release," he prays. He

is freed because he did not sign a certain pardon. Reflecting, he remembers he intended to do so but had lost the paper behind his desk.

* * *

Miss Geraldine Bonner has returned to San Francisco, after an absence in New York of nearly twelve months. She has been the guest there of her sister, Mrs. Boardman. Miss Bonner, I understand, resumes her former position as dramatic critic of the *Argonaut.*

* * *

Ed. Townsend is acquiring a fair degree of journalistic prominence in New York. His work on the *Sun* has been appreciated and has earned him the kind of assignments that give a writer a chance. During the cholera scare he did the Fire Island insurrection and much of the "Normannia" trouble—quite the most important work going. Raoul Martinez is also getting his head above the literary waters. Besides his place in the Coffee Exchange he has obtained the position of art and dramatic critic for the *Commercial Advertiser.* This gives him the opportunity he desired, and already his writing is attracting attention. The Townsends and the Martinezs have just moved into a very cozy flat in the French quarter of New York.

* * *

Thomas Jauvier, the well-known literary man, occupied it previously. It is furnished artistically and their *menage* is conducted in a truly Bohemian way. With few exceptions the San Francisco journalists who have ventured their luck in the East have prospered.

* * *

Unless it be *Figaro*, no journal in the world is publishing colored plates that compare with those of *Truth*, Blakely Hall's paper. They are in the highest degree artistic. Admirable in drawing, style, and tone, it is excusable to grow enthusiastic over them. A few weeks ago the first illustration represented two shapely girls in bathing costumes seated on a rock surrounded by sea. Nothing could have been more graceful than their pose. The drawing was superb, full of *chic*—quite Parisian. With a touch of blue sky and creamy sand for a background, they made a most artistic picture. Inside was a charming twilight scene—a man and a girl rowing down a river. The coloring was extremely rich and beautiful. A paper that produces such artistic work deserves support.

* * *

IN THE REPERTOIRE of Edmund Russell is rather a good story about the Marquis de Leurville, whose courtship of Mrs. Frank Leslie created so much talk. That was some time before this interesting lady permitted Willie Wilde to merge his identity with her own. De Leurville met her in Paris, followed her to London, and thence to New York. His appearance was a solo sensation. Dressed in the extreme of fashion, he was made up like a variety actress. Painted, powdered, frizzed, curled, and padded, he moved down Broadway or up Fifth Avenue, the cynosure of all eyes and the admiration of the bevy of *gamins* that inevitably followed him. Of course he became town talk, and Dixey, then playing "Adonis," introduced a caricature of the Marquis among his imitations. His make-up was deliciously realistic, and all New York roared.

* * *

Some months afterwards Dixey was in London, and at a dinner at the Savage Club found himself beside De Leuville. In the course of the evening he gave a series of his imitations, and had the audacity to take off the Marquis before his very eyes. De Leurville, who is no sensitive plant, laughed with the rest, and later, when introduced to the comedian, felicitated him on his cleverness.

"It was the hardest part I ever undertook," said Dixey. "Will you believe it, I was an hour making up every night?"

"Let me congratulate you, me deah boy. It takes me one hour and a half." De Leurville, with admirable grace, extended his hand, which Dixey shook heartily.

* * *

This particuiar maiden about whom the following tale is told is a Crocker Auxiliary, and is fair to look upon. Not exactly a beauty, but possessed of rather an uncommon type of face, framed in pale blonde hair. She dresses so as to make the most of her contours, and if her manners have still an edge on them, it is not the fault of a trip to Europe and considerable educational effort. At the entertainment, the other evening, a very nice young man approached her, and bowing in his sweetest way, asked the honor of a dance. I am afraid he had inadvertently offended this charming young thing before her departure for Paris, for she bent on him a glance that was meant to be withering, and merely remarking with superb disdain,

"Fer God's sake."

She turned her back and meandered down the corridor. The manner of his crushing was so humorous that it gave the obnoxious admirer a delightful story for his friends that he has not failed to tell.

* * *

The Macdonald suit relieves Colonel Kowalsky and J. D. Sullivan from any painful necessity of exertion for some months at least to come. The case, of course, was taken on a contingent—that is, Claude Lee, the boy's mother, agreed to give Mr. Sullivan one-half of what he could recover. She engaged the services of Kowalsky, who was positive the case could be won. Of course, it was hard work, but the attorney's labors were crowned with success, and there will be a good deal of coin to divide. The estate is valued at nearly $180,000. A third of it awarded to the claimant will give him about $60,000, of which Mr. Sullivan takes $30,000. I suppose his efforts will net Kowalsky at least $10,000.

* * *

ONE DAY last week the *Call* published an extract from a letter written by Arthur McEwen to a Nevada newspaper, in which that eminent journalist mentioned some of the fine qualities of Supervisor Ellert and intimated that he intended to vote for him for Mayor. The *Call* preceded the excerpt with a remark which everybody knows to be a fact, namely that Mr. McEwen is a "well-known" and "prominent" journalist, and that he has been for many years a "stanch" Democrat. The morning after the publication McEwen dropped into Ellert's drug store and said cheerily:

"Ah, good morning. I see you are now certain to be the next Mayor."

* * *

"Indeed," said Ellert. "How is that?"

"Oh, I observe by the *Call* that Arthur McEwen has declared for you. Of course, that settles it."

But after a pause Arthur added:

"I also observe that a man's standing in this town, according to some of the newspapers, depends a good deal on which side he takes in politics. The last time the *Call* alluded to me it called me a vagabond scribbler."

The Witness.

STATIONERY AND LEATHER GOODS.

The display of stationery made by Sanborn, Vail & Co. is the most complete that has ever been seen here, and includes the very latest designs and shades. Every article that has a place on the writing-desk is found in this store, in shapes and at prices sufficiently graded to suit every purse. Of leather goods Sanborn, Vail & Co. have an immense stock. Purses in almost every kind of leather, plain or mounted in silver; card cases in unique designs; pocket-books in the latest fashions are to be found here.

Something new in frames is the Florentine, which make handsome settings for photographs. These are the most fashionable frames at present, and will be the style for some time to come.

The Los Angeles *Herald* wants information. It asks: "Is there an embryo Senatorial toga covered under the joint debate?"

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

HER ARMOR.

Entering the room like a rustling breeze of silk and perfume, "Come! Quick!" said Lila. "Out of bed! I have come for you. Isn't it a shame not to be up in this beautiful autumn sunshine streaming through the windows? Fie! you lazy girl! Now I have come you have got to get up. I have planned to go to the country with you and we will dine at some rustic tavern on the road."

Colette responded by a pretty gape which made her mouth resemble a red pomegranate, half open, with seeds like pearls.

"You inspire me with defiance, Lila! I know you. If you show such animation it is because you expect an adventure. Perhaps you have hinted to two young gentlemen to happen along the same road. Ah! my dear, don't expect me to join any more in such escapades. I do not pretend to be better than I am. I am far from perfection but I am making serious progress in that direction. I own to desperate flirtations—even to kissing those I like well enough. But I am faithful, unchangeably so to them. I shall no longer flirt with strangers. Surprise has a charm, never mind! Nothing can shake my sage resolutions; and I will not be unworthy, under any pretext, of the estimation of the five or six whom I prefer."

"Ah! how glad I am," said Lila, "to find you so disposed, for I, too, I have been thinking over our behavior for so long. Certainly the hour has come for honest reform. Let us be reserved! let us be constant! let us not deceive the sincere hearts who have confidence in us. Although the unexpected offer us rare delights let us resist temptation. You see you can come with me. I am going to be as discreet as you are. Ah! although there will be on the road, at the tavern, handsome, well-dressed men who will stare at us, just see the severe attitude we will keep. But you don't rise. Shan't we go?"

"Yes; I consent to follow you," said Colette, gravely, "since your praiseworthy sentiments agree so perfectly with mine. Besides, I have an infallible armor."

"Infallible?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"You shall see." Colette rose and rang for her maid. "Louison, bring me M. de Marsiac."

Louison brought an airy, exquisite lace dress.

"Now, the Vicomte d'Argeles and the Vicomte Tristan!"

These were the dainty silk stockings.

"Be quick! Ludovic, Gontrau, and Gaspard!"

Louison brought the lace-trimmed underwear, a pink satin petticoat and the black satin corsets edged with fluffy blue. Colette was soon dressed; she put on a mantle named for the Baron de Courtisols, and a hat called Valentine, took her sunshade, M. de Cléguèrec, and said to her friend:

"Well, let us go. I am ready."

You can understand Lila's astonishment. What did this signify? How long had it been the fashion to name in this way the muslins, the silks, all the gewgaws of the toilette?

"What, you do not comprehend?" said Colette. "Ah! you are not sharp! Listen, then, simpleton. To each of my garments I give the name of one of my friends, so as to be, from head to foot, enveloped in tendernesses, souvenirs, jealousies, all interested to defend me. Nobody can get into a flirtation with me in this defensive armor."

"One could not imagine anything better," cried Lila, laughing. "Forward, march! It is evident you have nothing to fear under such an armor."

II.

The most diverting and the most irreproachable of days! They flew across the fields like boarding-school girls in vacation. The fresh sunshine glided over them like smooth and gilded water, the wind, here and there, enveloped them in a cloud of red leaves. And they ran and they laughed!

There was a great shower! They found shelter under a shed on a farm; it was very amusing to see the big drops plash on the stones in the road.

The sun reappeared, they went on their way, jumping the ditches, walking with their skirts slightly raised, through the wet meadows, and in the edge of the forest picking up broken and leafless branches.

They were so occupied with their pleasure—Parisians whom the fine air intoxicated—that they paid no attention—no, neither one nor the other—to a handsome artist seated between two trees before his easel. But he saw them if they saw nothing! and, never taking his eyes off from Colette—ah! but she was far from supposing that anyone had remarked her—he hurried—leaving everything, easel, canvas, and box, to follow them to the inn, where they ordered, famished, an omelette. "Enormous!" said Lila. The dinner was charming, in a room on the first floor. What did they talk about? of their flirtations? their follies? Not at all.

The country had made them young and simple. These little wayward minxes chattered like innocent children. You would have greatly surprised them by telling them that the handsome artist, in the next room, was spying through the key-hole, and they would have been much irritated by such audacity! Colette especially, suddenly highly moral. They talked over childish adventures, pranks at school.

"Do you remember the day when they punished us because we had hung a live mouse to a thread and fastened it to the bonnet of the school-mistress?"

Briefly, these pretty monsters gabbled like young girls. But the light wines of the tavern should be distrusted. One drinks, one drinks, without taking care, and then, suddenly, one is tipsy! Was it on account of a glass too much, or the long, wild tramp across woods and fields? I know not. The fact is that Lila, at dessert, fell asleep in her chair. Night came, someone brought a lamp. She slept a long while, then a sound awoke her. Ah! good gracious! She was alone. "Colette! Colette!" Where was Colette? It was not possible that her friend had abandoned her there at the hotel so far from Paris. She was going to ask about it when a fresh sound (one would have said of a kiss!) drew her attention to the wall behind her. She opened the door, and—spectacle at which she had good right to be amazed—there was the handsome artist kissing Colette!

III.

With a stern face below her frizzes and the air of an implacable judge: "Now, then," said Lila, "how about those honest resolutions you made such a parade of?"

"Alas! my dear," sighed Colette, "how one is prone to err!"

"Faithless girl! in spite of the armor of tendernesses, of souvenirs, and of jealousies, which ought to guard you from all peril!"

"Alas!"

"In spite of Valentine and the Baron de Courtisols!"

"You know very well that I hung up my hat and mantle in the other room."

"In spite of M. de Cléguèrec!"

"But I lost him in the woods."

"In spite of Ludovic, Gontrau, and Gaspard!"

"I forgot all about them."

"And I wager, little wretch, that you never thought of the Vicomte d'Argeles and the Vicomte Tristan?"

"I trampled them under foot!"

"But at least you had your supreme guard, M. de Marsiac?"

"Yes," said Colette, after an instant of reflection, "he was there, but he is so uncertain and light and frivolous—and I always knew," she concluded in a burst of laughter, "I always knew he wasn't much of a guard!"

—*French of C. Mendes, for* THE WAVE, *by* E. F. DAWSON.

LIMES KILL CHOLERA GERMS.

Dr. Christmas, of the Pasteur Institute of Paris, found that nine grains of the acid of limes killed the germ of the bacillus in the Paris aqueduct in fifteen minutes, and that two grains of acid of limes, in a quart of water would render the same perfectly harmless. It is utterly absurd for people to fear limes when they are really a disinfectant.

The Brooklyn Board of Health, in a pamphlet issued to the public, says:

"During an epidemic the water used for drinking purposes should be boiled, and to render it more palatable, it may be placed in bottles on ice, or may be slightly acidulated by the addition of limes.

"L. G. SRESOVICH."

GOOD COOKING

Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist.

MR. S. STROZYNSKI,

Corner of Ellis and Leavenworth Streets, the leading ladies' hair dresser, has returned from abroad and is again superintending all work, personally, and has reduced all his prices.

Armour's Extract.

In the kitchen, as an aid to good cooking, Armour's Extract of Beef finds its largest field. It is greatly relished by invalids, but you should not limit its use to the sick room. Our little Cook Book explains many ways of using Armour's Extract. We mail it free.

Armour & Company, Chicago.

BOOK TALK.

"I shall have to write a novel myself, I am afraid," said the Constant Reader, yawning over a volume of new poems. "I spent the morning in town looking for at least one book worth the reading and found nothing."

"Would you imperil your position in Society by thus diving into literature?" I asked. "Remember Mrs. Atherton's fate."

"Is it possible you are so prejudiced as to imagine Society reserves its frowns for intellectual effort?" she returned. "You must recollect that point of view is quite out of date. If I were to write and publish the story now running in my head, I should immediately become a celebrity."

"Celebrity? I fear your dear friends would call your venture a freak," I put in, with all the mildness in my power. "Then, too, it would compel your retirement from the gay world, and Society has its exactions. Besides, when your book appeared, everyone would imagine its characters portraits of their friends, for, of course, you would write about San Francisco. If you should be a success, think of the jealousies aroused and carping criticism; worse than all, you might begin to regard your visiting list with contempt. Think how terrible to become impatient of afternoon teas."

"The semi-literary point of view of which yours is an excellent example," said the Constant Reader, with her most superior smile, "persists in regarding everyone outside its immediate environment as steeped in stupidity. You seem to imagine you have a monopoly of brains because you write a little. Could you afford to do nothing, I am sure you would do nothing else. The idea of suggesting I would put my friends into a book is not a bit bright, though I know one girl who would make a lovely heroine; and fancy how delightful to have Mrs. Soandso in as a Managing Mamma." She laughed gleefully.

"You might commence with the best intentions in the world, but the fascination of weaving in a dear friend or so would be irresistible. But would you not be regarded with suspicion were you to launch out?" I asked.

"No; everyone would talk a little. Some girls who dislike me would insist I had assistance. Men whom I don't know now would want to be introduced to me. I should be regarded as an authority and my opinion respectfully considered. It would be delightful, and I think, really, I'll commence to-morrow." She was becoming interested.

"You know how little reading is done 'in the swim,'" I suggested. "It is true a few novels are skimmed, but is there anyone in your circle whose opinion on a book you think worth listening to?"

"Yes, at least a dozen," she insisted, eagerly. "There's Miss ———, and Jessie ———, and—and—well, perhaps, not a dozen," she said, after a pause, in tones of disappointment, "although we have some delightful literary talks up here in the library."

"If you will remember," I gently insinuated, "I think you will find you furnished the entire conversation, and that your dear friends were merely assenting and admiring listeners. But the worst peril of authorship is that you are compelled to think. Then your friends begin, in the light of this new experience, to seem stupid. You will affect a Bohemian set and, at first, worship false idols. That is the initial step toward emancipation. In your zeal you may even join the Woman's Press Association—fatal. You will surely become sarcastic. Society dinners will become a bore. Men whom you now like you will regard as impossibles. Thinking will compel you to pierce through the thin veneer of their culture and manner, and beneath you will find an abyss of inanity. So, I beg of you, don't write a novel." I became almost pathetic.

"A proper degree of opposition is the strongest incentive to action," she returned laughing at my appealing tones. "You are to blame if I fail, for to-morrow morning I shall positively begin on Chapter I. Harris," she said to her magnificent butler, who entered with tea and wafers, "I am not at home to anyone until after lunch to-morrow."

"If Miss H—— should come," he asked with ponderous politeness, for Harris is English, heavy and smug, "will madame see her?" Miss H—— is the Constant Reader's dearest friend.

"No. She must come in the afternoon. But, yes, Harris you can admit her for just a few minutes. Tell me," she continued, lest I should comment on her inconsistency, "have you read a very pretty story, 'In Old St. Stephens.'"

"Oh, yes; a very pretty story I think, but it disappointed me. All along I had hoped that Anthony would marry Dorothy Winter, and, instead, he weds some sweet and stupid English girl. The authoress has really performed a literary feat. She has conveyed an actual idea of the loveliness of her heroine, and Trollope insisted, you know, that Beatrice Esmond was the only tangible beauty in fiction. Of course, I am not instituting comparisons, for there is but one Thackeray. But this is pretty: 'I wished to treat him to a rival surprise,' called a voice of music from the enveloping capes, on which being dropped, disclosed a face framed in its dark hood like a rose in its leaves. The rain drops glistening on the damask cheek and curling golden chestnut locks, blown about by the wind, answered for dew. The unveiling of her fair face seemed suddenly to brighten and illuminate the dreary day; the sound of her voice, like a chime of silver bells, to ring out a promise of joy and gladsome content to a dull world where the rain it raineth every day.'"

"That is clever," commented the Constant Reader. "But all through the story is charmingly written. It is delicate, old-fashioned, and it seems to me to convey the atmosphere of old Carolina and the chivalrous attitude of the period. But Anthony was a prig, and, you know, Dorothy loved him, and had he but tried I am sure they might have been married and lived happily ever afterwards."

"I fear I have half fallen in love with her myself. These people who are always resisting temptations and standing up before all the world as models of virtue and abstinence are bores. It is necessary to have fallen many times before life gets in proper perspective. Otherwise one is so stupidly strict, so painfully narrow-minded. However, 'Old St. Stephens,' if it is a first book, is very promising. At any rate it is a graceful and clever story," and I folded my hands in anticipation of denunciation on the score of dogmatism from the Constant Reader. It did not come. She was engaged in looking through "Play in Provence" a pretty volume written and charmingly illustrated by the Pennells. It tells all about the country of Alphonse Daudet, the region which Noma Roumestan called his birth-place, where Tartarin lived, and where the famous windmill is situated. It contains pretty descriptions of Arbs, of Avignon, where the Pope's mule lived, of Martigues, which is almost as good as Venice, and of Saintes Maries of whose feast Mistral sings in "Mirèio."

"I wish to read this," she said as she exhibited to me a few of the exquisitely graceful drawings. And I said good-bye to her.

——— ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"In Old St. Stephens," by Jeanie Drake. D. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Play in Provence," by Joseph and Elizabeth Pennell. The Century Company, publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

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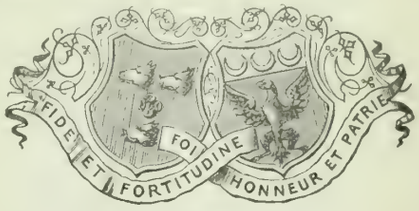

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The Wave

A Society, Literary and Political Journal.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, October 22, 1892.

CLEVELAND AND THE PARTY PRESS.

It seems as if the party press laid in wait merely to assail. No good can come from the opposite side, and the nasty, mean little rogues into whose keeping a revengeful Providence has put the newspapers of the country for the scourging of the people must be paid to speak kindly of their opponents. They yell with glee when a party manager wipes his feet, and whenever one of their faith blows his trumpet they go into a paroxysm of joy from which heaven unmercifully permits them exit. But they have no word of praise for their antagonists; they hiss them and lie about them, contemn them and cover them with obloquy to their own delight and the unspeakable disgust of honest and independent men, and all this unceasingly. Newspapers have ceased to be what they were; in the past they were the reflex of the public mind; they stood against corruption and for honesty; they told the truth. To-day they are the mules that carry to the best market the opinions of the men who own them; their editorials are assassin's daggers that may be bought by the yard; their news is printed for pay; and they would rather lie than tell the truth, because there is money in it.

One cannot avoid thinking of all this when one observes the attitude of the party press toward Mr. Cleveland. Some time ago he was invited to attend the dedicatory exercises of the World's Fair Buildings; President Harrison was to be there. The ex-President, the greatest man before the people to-day, was about to accept when he learned that Mr. Harrison's only place could be by the bedside of his sick wife; that the hand that had guided the Chief Magistrate to his high place was groping amid the Shadows, and that the gentle life that has been a benediction to the mothers of our country was nearly run. Mr. Cleveland unostentatiously sent his regrets to the Committee. The visit to Chicago of this man who has been vilified, who has been called a political trickster, meant a great political demonstration, a huge gathering of men carried away by the magnetism of his presence—meant the carrying of the State of Illinois to the Democracy. He would take no advantage of an opponent; Mr. Harrison, although opposed to him in politics, is his friend, and it may have been that the picture of his antagonist sitting in the gloom of that sick-chamber induced him to remain away from the place where votes were to be made. And at him the party press, like the coyote of the desert, howls, and howls, and howls.

WHERE IS THE BENEFIT?

Although the decision providing that no party shall have a "straight" heading on the general ballot emanates from the Supreme Court of California, it is a just and proper one. The Wave has never discussed the Australian ballot law without speaking of its probable unconstitutionality, and it is just likely that serious complications will arise after the election. Disappointed candidates may seek to overthrow the judgment of the wise Justices of the Supreme Bench, and may demand that a vote be taken according to the old plan. Of course, it does not follow that because one part of a law is unconstitutional, the whole is; yet, it is a fact that with one stone removed from the foundation of a fabric, the work of tearing down is comparatively easy.

Whether or not the Australian ballot law is illegal matters very little until after November 8th; in the meantime it is in no respects better than the old plan. It is a cumbersome, troublesome, and inadequate law. It has not prevented the birth of myriads of stuffers in the Tar Flat districts, whose names now adorn the Great Register, it has not stopped the importation of heelers and plug-uglies; it has not prevented the colonization of illegal voters. And yet it was to prevent the outrage of the ballot-box and permit the free expression of the people's will at the polls. It has not kept the dominant party from making use of its opportunities in manufacturing votes; it has not stopped this party from choosing corrupt and purchasable men as officers of election. And yet we were promised that it would do all this. It will take days to count the ballots; the result of the election will not be known inside of a week, and the poor old Storey law was no worse.

The Australian ballot law was a huge mistake. It will cost the people of the State money to elect men to office to steal from them; we furnish the ladder by which the robbers reach our orchard, and the robbers do the rest. The new law is no better than the old.

I observe that Mr. Lynch, Superintendent of the Powell Street Cable Company, scouts my averment of last week that he is traveling around with a knife in his boot. Mr. Lynch, I hope, in denying that he has a knife in his boot is not technical. Perhaps the knife is in his sleeve or under his vest. Does he mean to say that he has no knife at all? In describing Mr. Lynch's political attitude last week, I used the word "knife" in a sense calculated to cover stilettos, swords, daggers, axes, hatchets, scythe blades, and al other weapons of a cutting, stabbing, or lacerating character.

If Mr. Lynch asserts that he has nothing about his person with which he purposes inflicting certain damage on election day, then all I have to say is, that he certainly does not know what he is talking about. That he is carrying around some deadly weapon admits of no doubt. It may be a mountain howitzer, for all I know, but I thought it was a knife. Mr. Lynch, I may remark, is not like the mule Mark Twain bestrode in the Sandwich Islands. When, from the quietness of his demeanor, Mark suspected that intelligent animal of plotting mischief, he descended from his back and looked in his eye, only to discover that he was asleep. Mr. Lynch is not asleep. Anyone can look in his eye and discover that he is actually plotting mischief.

* * *

Why is it that Mr. Pixley is supporting candidates for the Legislature inimical to M. H. de Young? It is not more than six years ago since the Sage of Dupont Street was with the *Chronicle's* editor in his independent fight for Siebe. As they fought side by side, they lost. I hope they will both have better luck this time.

* * *

The *Examiner* says: "A vote against Barry Baldwin is a vote for O'Donnell." The *Chronicle* remarks: "If you want to see the city disgraced vote for Ellert; it means the election of O'Donnell." The *Call* states: "A vote for Easton means the election of the scalawag O'Donnell." It would appear from all this that the only way to defeat O'Donnell is to refrain from voting.

* * *

It seems that our old friend, the Rev. Sam Small, has reached his proper level. His signature points the moral and his portrait adorns the tale of a patent medicine advertisement.

* * *

An effort was made this week to call a mass meeting of all the gentlemen to whom offices had been promised, but as there was no hall in town large enough to hold the crowd, the project was abandoned. In this connection I I would say that if the people who have been promised easy places in the City Hall in January next will send their names to this office, they will learn something to their disadvantage.

* * *

What has become of the Walking Delegate? He has not been heard from since the Homestead strike. About that time he was seen riding Pittsburgward in a Pullman Palace sleeping car, and now that the strikers have been charged with treason, it is feared that he is riding yet.

* * *

So bitter are the *Chronicle's* attacks on some of the Non-Partisan candidates that many of that journal's readers are calling it the *Daily Cleaver*.

* * *

My friend of the Santa Cruz *Sentinel* is imitating Deacon Bartlett of the *Bulletin*: "The rains of Saturday night have laid the dust of this county in fine style. The clouds got the drop on it."

MUSIC.

"CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA."

The Duff Opera Company has not the honor of being the first organization to produce Mascagni's one-act melodrama in San Francisco, but it can take to itself the credit of being the first to give anything like an adequate production of this brilliant modern Italian conception. Music, in the form of opera, is distinctly the most popularly appreciated here, and the opera-goers deserve better treatment than they usually receive at the hands of the impresario or companies. *Passé* singers, wretched chorus, and impossible bands, are considered good enough for this public, provided there be one star with the attraction of a high-colored reputation. The Bostonians is the only company whose work is in any measure satisfactory according to the average standard. Opera companies fail here financially only when the artistic standard goes below zero, and even then the public is somewhat slow to find it so. Reasonable prices and a complete personnel never fail to have more than an ordinary measure of success during a season. The Duff Opera Company, without being perfectly unassailable in the matter of general adequacy, is quite capable of giving performances which give a truthful conception of the work, as well as more than ordinary satisfaction.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" is sufficiently dramatic and poetic in situation and sentiment to grow more interesting as it is better known, which is the highest test of intrinsic worth. Opulent with emotional force and luxuriant in color, the melodious quality of Mascagni's music lends an enchantment to the plot which might easily become a thing of vulgar realism. The musical realism is purely melodramatic in the ordinary acceptance of the term. The intensity of the action and the musical setting is all without elevation though unerringly dramatic. Mascagni, like many a composer before him and probably after him, too, owes as much to the genius of others as he does to his own power of invention, which is itself cast in a mould purely national.

Miss Bertram has a fine presence and a voice capable of expressing intense emotions; an extremely agreeable personality invests this singer's work with charm. Mr. Charles Bassett warms to his part, acting and singing with intelligence and producing in better taste than is commonly heard from tenors. The chorus has something to learn in stage business, though doing its best with what was asked of it in singing in fair volume and intonation. A reinforced orchestra holds the performance together under the direction of Mr. Maurice Gould.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

The best work done by the amateur orchestra of the city for some time was the playing of a Romanza by Reinecke, memorable for the sustained variety of shading in a number which verges upon being overlengthy and without structural contrast. Mackenzie's Scotch Rhapsodie deserved more rehearsals and hardly fulfilled the expectations of interest and brilliance. Mr. Brandt as usual did his utmost to bring the forces together. Miss Florence Fletcher gave the *andante* and *allegro* from the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto with hardly sufficient power, though with rapid execution. Mr. Theodore Martens played Liszt's "Rigoletto" paraphrase without warmth and in a method which is becoming somewhat behind the times. Mrs. Lena Carroll Nicholson sang "Elsa's Dream" and two ballads. Her voice is magnetic in quality and is itself acceptable. LESLEY MARTIN.

MINING AND FINANCIAL.

The past week has been a disastrous one to the stock market, and the bulls who, for the past two months, have had the best of the game, have now to take a back seat, as the bears took one stock after another from Con. Virginia and Utah on the North down to Overman and Justice on the South end, and sent the majority of them down to figures that prevailed before the late rise.

The decline has been a steady one. From the opening of the Boards on Monday morning till the present writing prices have depreciated. Within the past week Con. Virginia has declined from $4.05 to $3.00, Belcher from $3.80 to $2.60, Ophir from $3.20 to $2.40, Hale & Norcross from $2.10, to $1.40, and the balance of the line in proportion. I stated in the last issue of THE WAVE that shares were on the decline, especially Belcher and Con. Virginia, which stocks I advised selling, and I am glad the caution was heeded. I will say at the present, although the break has been great, still the news from the front is not such as would warrant the purchase of shares at the present figures, and although the market may react, still unless the rise is based on merit it will be short-lived. Though Morrow tried several times to stop the decline, notably last Saturday when he stood under and took all the Belcher that was offered at $3.45 and $3.40, and again on Wednesday when the stock touched $3, they bought quite a quantity; but the different brokers, headed by Walls, kept supplying the stock until it reached $2.60. Next to Belcher, Con. Virginia was made the target, and under the steady selling of Joe Marks, of the firm of Zadag, Wollberg & Co., who sold the stock each day, it declined 25 per cent or $1 per share from the previous week. It is rumored on the street that he was selling for Lyman, the Superintendent.

A reported strike has been made on the 2000 foot level of the Empire Mine, Grass Valley. This is the oldest mine in the State now working.

McSill & Standart Mine, formerly known as the Drury, has taken out during the past year $30,000. Twenty stamps are kept running steady on the ore of this mine situated in Plumas. The Oak Tree Mine at Peabody, Grass Valley, has started to work. The mine has been in operation but a little over a year. Two crushings have lately been made, the first yielded $1240 from 19 loads, the second, containing the same amount of quartz, yielded $871.

At the annual election of the Con. Virginia, held on Monday, the old officers were re-elected. The Company had an indebtedness on October 1st of $11,541, and as they had one year ago on hand $98,374, showing that during the year they lost about $109,000 over and above its net earnings.

At the Stock and Bond Board local securities were dull; this is owing partially to the election. The following were the sales: California Electric, 300 @ 19½ @ ¾; Hawaiian Commercial, 400@25 cents; Pacific Light, 25 @ 78; Omnibus Cable, 30 @ 51; Pacific Gas Improvement, 5 @ 81; Giant, 100 @ 43⅞; Spring Valley Water, 80 @ 100¼; also Bonds of Spring Valley 4's, 9000 @ 92; 15,000 @ 92½; of 6's, 16,000 @ 120; 4000 @ 19¾. SURETY.

LAWN TENNIS.

The singles championship of the Oakland Tennis Club was played yesterday before a large crowd of enthusiastic admirers. The form displayed by the youngsters of the Club was a great surprise to the older players. The consolidation of the Madison and Oakland Clubs has made the latter organization the strongest, with the exception of the California Tennis Club, of any other similar organization on the Coast, and, as a result, the entry list displayed yesterday was larger than at any previous tournament held on the other side of the bay. It is expected that a winner will be decided to-day, when, no doubt, a large crowd will be present.

The elegant silver trophy emblematic of the Club's championship has already been won by C. D. Bates, Jr., but there has been such a noticeable improvement in the playing of many other players of the Club during the past few months as to make his chances of retaining the championship on this occasion extremely doubtful.

C. P. Hubbard was expected from the East yesterday, but he will not be in good enough trim after his journey overland to take part in the tournament. Since his absence Hubbard has taken part in many of the crack events and succeeded in making a very favorable impression. Although beaten by the best men, he succeeded in disposing of many clever aspirants for championship honors, and just before leaving he succeeded in beating R. D. Wrenn for the second time. His performance at Nahant, in which he finished fifth with eight of the best Eastern cracks, certainly entitles him to a ranking with the first ten representative players of the United States, a very creditable showing and one of which the California players should have every reason to be proud, as it places Taylor, our Coast champion, decidedly in the race, a fact which many Eastern visitors were never wont to admit

A very clever match took place at the California Club courts during the past week between Harry N. Stetson and Joseph Tobin. It has been a long time since the latter has been seen at his best, and had he not played the game of his life he would never have won such a remarkably clever victory, as Stetson played with great accuracy throughout, capturing the first set six games to one, and losing the last two sets by scores of 6-3, and 6-4 respectively. Tobin's playing throughout the last two sets was remarkable for steady hard driving to the back line and his brilliant lobbing, whenever his opponent approached the service line, called forth frequent outbursts of applause from the many players present who had sacrificed an afternoon's tennis to witness the contest. Tobin is ranked as No. 2 in the continuous tournament and will play Hubbard shortly in hopes of dislodging him from the top of the list.

Miss Alice Hoffman, a recent addition to the membership of the California Club, promises to become a worthy rival of Miss Morgan for championship honors. Although a comparative novice, she plays a very strong game and seems to have a very good idea of the game.

The Executive Committee of the Pacific States' Lawn Tennis Association were at Monterey during the last week, evidently for the purpose of arranging matters for the next championship singles which may possibly go to Del Monte.

The 100 up system of counting will shortly be given a trial by the California Club members.

THE SCORER.

REASONS FOR SUCCESS.

The excellence of service and cuisine to be found at the California Hotel Café has given that hotel an enviable reputation. Before the opening of the California San Francisco was destitute of a restaurant to which a gentleman could invite his wife for luncheon, and the *bon vivants* are under an obligation to the management for inaugurating an era of good luncheons and good morals. It has been the purpose of the manager to make the Café of the California Hotel the best in the country, and this ambition has been realized. The very best the market affords is to be found there, and one has not to sacrifice dinner in order to indulge one's appetite for luncheon. The prices are just what a person expects to pay for an excellent repast. The *chef's* particular care is the dinner, in the preparation of which every art of cookery is employed. The California Hotel Café is in much favor with after theatre supper parties.

THE MUMMERS.

SALVINI AT THE CALIFORNIA.

Mr. Salvini just missed making a splendid success of "Don Cæsar de Bazan," at the California on Tuesday evening. The reception he received was flattering, and the excellence of his characterization of the happy-go-lucky, ruined, and dare-devil Count, received the reward of hearty applause. The actor shows how high above aught else he values his comedy talent, and the efforts he made to accentuate the humor or sarcasm of his lines proved how thirsty his ears were for the gallery gods' loud guffaw. And here is where his success was marred, and where what would have been a masterly presentation of an admirable character, became the ordinary work of a low comedian. Not content with the flattery of a hearty laugh from lines written to create mirth, Mr. Salvini must needs spoil the serious import of impressive scenes by the antics of a buffoon. I am not disposed to, Hessian-like, take sides in the controversy raging now on the question of Comedy *versus* The Drama; the adherents of these causes may fight it out; humor is good in its place, but is bad in the places to which Mr. Salvini brought it on Monday night. The last scene between the King and Don Cæsar, beautiful as any ever staged, excellent in its lines and admirable in its acting, was absolutely marred, when the Don, quivering yet with the unmastered passion that inspired the blow that found the heart of Don Jose, turned to Maritana, and leered and winked! If dramatic genius—and I believe that Salvini has it—was ever put to a baser use that this, I have been happy in not seeing the desecration. However, the business caught a laugh; some shallow-brained idiots—the same who would smile when Booth was smothering some Desdemona—snickered, and the Salvini ambition was glutted. It was not here, alone, that the actor showed his anxiety to please the intellectually destitute among his audience; half a dozen times he stepped aside from the royal road of humor into the bypaths of the variety actor, and always garnered his harvest of applause. Possibly Salvini is not to blame for Salvini's faults; that the public rewards what the few deprecate shows that he is following the way that will lead to fortune. If he will remember that the public will not write his history, he may do better.

As a whole the production of "Don Cæsar de Bazan" was enjoyable. There is something catching and pleasing in the panorama of romance; and the children of yesterday or of twenty years ago find the story of a Countess and a King more entrancing than the tale of Mr. Jones and Sally Smith. There is something fascinating in a shabby-genteel Count, who, with two hours to live, is dying of *ennui;* who is willing to marry, merely because the ceremony will kill time, and who asks, when his bride is brought in veiled, and he is told that he may not see her: "Well, what matters it? I have only ten minutes to live with her." And who then says, with a magnificent flourish of a gigantic hat, "Madame, I devote my *entire* existence to you." Oh, it is all very beautiful, and so unreal that one cannot help enjoying it.

The cast was not above reproach; but what matters it? Salvini is on the stage so much that almost before you can point a fault the offender is eclipsed. He will present, next Monday night, "The Three Guardsmen," a splendid drama in which, I believe, he shines to advantage. An opportunity will be given his many admirers to witness an exhibition of swordsmanship, for which Mr. Salvini is famous.——

"Miss Helyett" will be presented for the first time at the Baldwin Theatre on Wednesday evening next, by the J. C. Duff Opera Company. The necessary arrangements for its production occupied more time than was expected. "Cavalleria Rusticana" on Monday and "The Gondoliers" on Tuesday. "Miss Helyett" comes here with the record of success in Europe and the Eastern cities of this country, and is said to be a musical comedy of peculiar interest and oddity. The music, comprising some twenty numbers, solos and concerted, by Audran, is said to be in his most delightful vein. It will be produced here with all the excellence of cast and scenery that characterized its presentation in the East. "Miss Helyett" has all the elements of a comedy, and is the sprightliest opera on the boards.——

Lederer's Company leaves Stockwell's this week, and on Monday begins the Henley-Boucicault season, with Stockwell's new company of players, presenting, for the first time on any stage, Aubrey Boucicault's comedy drama, "The Favorite." The company includes Henry R. Jewett, the new leading man from Australia, who will make his first appearance in America, Victory Bateman, leading lady, Ethel Brandon, and others.——

Margaret Mather's appearance at the Bush Street Theatre, on Monday, should be greeted with pleasure by a large audience. This talented young actress has justified the promise she gave some years ago, and is probably the best Juliet on the stage. Her repertoire includes some of the most popular plays of the day, and two new ones that have never been seen before. She will open in "The Egyptian," the tragedy dramatized from Victor Hugo's "Hunchback of Notre Dame."——

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CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA · AND · TRIAL BY JURY
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2. Song - - - - -
Mr. Frank Mitchell
3. Piano Soli { a. Suite, - - - - - Jensen
{ b. Barcarolle - - - - Rubenstein
Miss Bessie Wall
4. Song - - - - - -
Mr. Mitchell
5. Sonate for Piano and 'Cello - - - Mendelssohn
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Handsomest Theatre in the World.
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Second Week Monday, Oct. 24th
THE ROMANTIC ACTOR
ALEXANDER SALVINI
ACCOMPANIED BY
Wm. Redmund and his Company of Players under the Direction of Mr. W. M. Wicksell in an elaborate scenic production of Dumas' Masterpiece
THE THREE GUARDSMEN
IN PREPARATION
The Dramatic Versions of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "L'Amico Fritz."

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Beginning Monday, October 24th
ONLY MATINEE SATURDAY
THE HENLEY-BOUCICAULT SEASON
—AND—
Stockwell's New Company of Players
CAREFULLY PRESENTING
AUBREY BOUCICAULT'S COMEDY DRAMA
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MARGARET MATHER
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NANCE OLDFIELD . . . .
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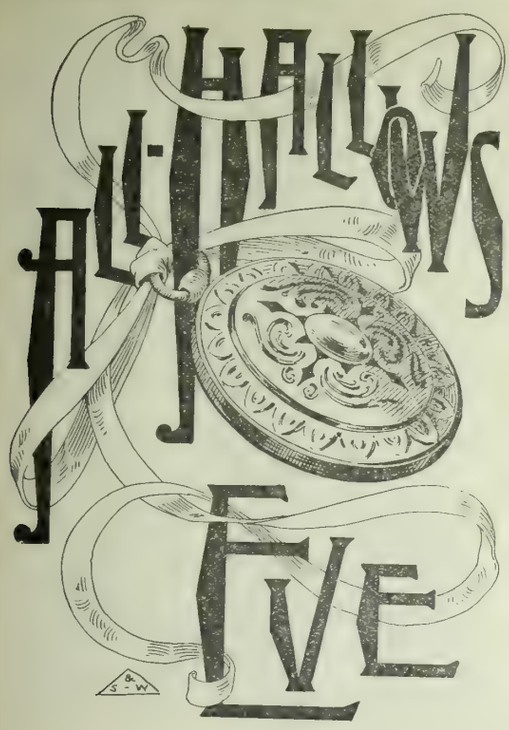

THERE is an old tradition that the man who sups alone at midnight on All-Hallows-Eve will see his future wife. It is indispensable that the man should be alone, that he should begin supper while midnight is striking from the nearest steeple, and that a cover should be laid opposite him as for an expected guest.

Lord Peregrine was a great believer in old traditions, but no believer in marriage. He was too rich and too young to care about encumbering himself with a family, too good-natured to risk breaking a pretty wife's heart by his incurable propensity for roving.

Foreign travel develops one's reverence for home traditions, and sitting outside Tortoni's on the evening of a thirty-first of October, Lord Peregrine remembered the legend of All-Hallows-Eve. The recollection made him smile. Perhaps he had lost some of his aversion for marriage, and was wondering what he should do in his own country among new faces and with no one to care for him. He felt very old after all his adventures, and the idea of a devoted wife and a bright home suggests itself in alluring colors to a man so situated, all the more so when the man in question need not worry himself about the cost of the wife or home. Lord Peregrine looked at his watch; it was near eleven, and the tide of walkers was flowing down the Boulevard as gayly as at midday. "Well," said he, rising with a laugh, "let me go to a restaurant and see whether the future holds a wife in store for me."

A restaurant was easy enough to find, but one with a church near it was not so easy, for these French are a godless people. If Lord Peregrine had been in London now, he might have met with twenty churches to one decent eating-house, but in Paris the proportion is quite the other way. His lordship strolled down the Boulevards and reached the Madeleine; but this church has no clock or steeple; nor has that of St. Augustine, discernable on the Boulevard a couple of hundred yards farther on. However, as the Englishman was standing on the pavement trying to remember whereabouts the more ancient churches lay in this strange city, he heard eleven o'clock boom out from distant Notre-Dame. It was a clear moonlit night, and the cathedral bell is at such times distinctly audible over half Paris; so Lord Peregrine entered Durand's, opposite the Madeleine, and ordered supper for two, in a private room, at midnight punctually.

The waiter was an old hand at serving midnight suppers for two. "Will monsieur require a bouquet?" he asked, setting forks on the table.

"Yes, why not?" laughed the peer. "Order me a nosegay of white flowers—rosebuds, if possible."

The waiter went out, and soon returned to say that the flower-girl attached to the establishment had no white rosebuds at this season of the year, but had gone off to the Passage de l'Opéra to see if any could be procured. He laid an evening newspaper before the Englishman, brought a glass of the traditional peppermint liqueur, and retired, saying the supper should be served precisely at five minutes to twelve.

Lord Peregrine had almost an hour before him, and as he had passed the previous night in a railway carriage, and had contracted in his travels the faculty of sleeping at odd moments, he stretched himself at length on the ottoman and began to doze. In his slumbers he, of course, saw a lady in a bridal wreath and with a white nosegay start up before him; unhappily this lady had the countenance of the waiter who had just gone out, and Lord Peregrine dreamed that he tried to run from her. He was awoke by hearing the door suddenly open, and just at that moment the stroke of midnight echoed through the open window. Lord P. had slept his hour; but remembering the condition of beginning supper while midnight was striking, he snatched at a roll, broke it, and put a piece in his mouth, then looked up and saw a girl holding out to him a large bouquet of white rosebuds. She seemed to be about fifteen, and was rather ugly than pretty, if her mere features were considered; but she had that freshness and cheerful expression which Parisians call *beauté du diable*. She smiled and said:

"It appears I startled monsieur?"

"Who are you, mademoiselle?" asked the peer, with his mouth still full of bread.

"The sister of the flower-girl. I went to several shops before I could find the rosebuds, for they are hard to get in October."

"Ah yes, I remember; well, if there is any faith in traditions you are my future wife."

These last words Lord Peregrine muttered in English, but the flower-girl smiled again, reddening a little.

"*Je ne demande pas mieux, milord.*"

"Hallo, then, you speak English?" cried the peer, in some confusion.

"I understand him better than I him speak," answered the flower-girl, with amusement, as she dipped her bouquet in the glass jar on the table.

"I believe you French young ladies understand every tongue under heaven when a man speaks it," was the Englishman's philosophical reply, and saying this it occurred to him that the vision of All-Hallows-Eve would come to naught if he supped in company. He was not anxious to live under the superstition that he should marry a French flower-girl, and so added: "I am going to be alone, missy; will you sit down and sup with me?"

"Oh, no; what would my sister say?" laughed the girl quietly.

"Ask your sister to join us—the more the merrier."

"My sister has her flowers to mind; and, besides, she wouldn't—we are not of that kind."

"I meant no harm, I assure you; but at least do me the favor to break bread with me—it's a custom of my country."

The girl advanced her hand to break off a piece of the roll which the Englishman held; but of a sudden she withdrew shyly and fixed her eyes on him.

"*Je crois que monsieur veut me jeter un sort quelconque*" (I think you want to throw a spell on me).

Lord Peregrine protested that his motives were pure; but the girl was not to be inveigled, and there was nothing for it but to desist. The Englishman drew a hundred-franc note to pay for his bouquet, and at the same time he unfastened from his watch-chain a turquoise-and-gold locket: "Do me the pleasure to accept this, mademoiselle—I shall know you by it, if we ever meet again."

"I shall know you again without any locket," murmured the girl, blushing; but she accepted the gift, and vanished just as the waiter was entering with a tray burdened with game, mayonnaise, and champagne. He was much astonished to find the Englishman alone; "I thought monsieur was expecting a lady?"

"She has come and gone," answered Lord Peregrine; and he set to work upon his solitary supper with a good will which made the waiter think that those love-crosses which so mar the appetites of Frenchmen promote extra voracity in the English.

The next day Lord Peregrine returned to his own land; but he did not find that it had improved in his absence. Never a very merry place, it had latterly cased its well-known virtues in an armor of sensitiveness prickly as the hedgehog's; and the peer was continually running against these prickles by offending respectable people and institutions with his foreign views. After a few months he grew moody, and one day set out afresh on his travels, resolving to stay away until he had educated himself to sing in tune with his countrymen, or until they all had got into harmony with him. He stayed away long, for he began with an Arctic exploration, and spent three years trying to discover a passage through some icebergs. Next, he went to

South America, and got involved in a war between two Republican factions, who neither of them knew what they wanted, but had been fighting about it with desperate determination for some seasons past. His experience among these Republicans having reconciled him to Darwin's theory of our descent from gorillas, Lord Peregrine crossed over to Africa, and sought for our primitive ancestors among deserts and jungles where he very nearly left his skin. However, by good luck, and by avoiding to chaff the savages about having no cheap newspapers, he contrived to emerge at the First Cataract, and, *via* Alexandria and Brindisi, reached Naples on his final way to England. He was verging on forty now, and had a black beard a foot long; but, consistently enough with human nature, he felt younger than ten years ago when he had last seen Europe. He was beginning to ask himself whether he had spent his manhood to good profit, and was longing to retread the paths of civilization ploddingly and submissively, like the rest of mankind. In pursuance of this desire, he asked the waiter at his hotel after dinner whether there was anything doing at the San Carlo, and was told that the celebrated songstress Rosina Filomeli was giving a series of performances there. The waiter went on to explain that "la Filomeli" was the arch-songstress of the universe, having been overwhelmed with applause, flowers, and gold in Milan, Paris, London, and St. Petersburg. She was going to play in "Lucia" that evening, and places were impossible to procure, as it was a benefit, and all the seats had been engaged a month beforehand.

Lord Peregrine soon proved that nothing is impossible to a man who will pay twenty pounds for an orche-tra stall.

So long severed from the sight of European beauty and the graces of life, the Filomeli broke upon him like a ravishing incarnation of all the charms which sweeten existence. Her beauty was equal to the melody of her voice, and her voice transported her hearers into whatever dreams of joy or pathetic melancholy she chose to lead them. At the close of the performance, when the 1500 spectators had risen in a frenzy, and were making the roof shake with their *bravas*, Lord Peregrine walked out steadily and passed his card to the manager, saying he wished to go behind the scenes and compliment the Filomeli in person.

The Filomeli was seated on a sofa in the bridal dress which she had been wearing in the last act of "Lucia." Waiting till she turned her glance towards him, Lord Peregrine approached her and made her a low bow.

"Let me thank you, signora, for the inexpressible pleasure you have afforded me."

"Ah, how do you do, milord?" exclaimed the songstress, quickly rising and extending her hand to him; "if I have given you a few hours' pleasure, then I have in part repaid my debt."

"You know me, then?" ejaculated the Englishman, trying in vain, as he gazed at the beautiful features glowing upon him, to recollect where he had seen them before.

"Oh, yes," murmured the Filomel, archly yet softly. "I warned you that I should need no locket to remember you again;" and she pointed to the trinket of gold and turquoises that hung round her neck.

It was the locket which Lord Peregrine had given ten years before to the flower-girl of Durand's.

"*Kismet*—it was written," muttered the peer after a moment's silence. "Will you allow me to call on you to-morrow, signora?"

"Yes; we will break bread," she said, smiling.

MEN WE KNOW.

CHARLES S. TILTON.

A GOOD MAN NOMINATED BY THE REPUBLICANS FOR SURVEYOR.

There are few citizens better known in this city than Charles S. Tilton, the present City and County Surveyor. Mr. Tilton was born at Lowell, Mass., August 1, 1846, and arrived here with his parents, July 7, 1852. Mr. Tilton's father S. S. Tilton, was well known here in political circles in the 50's he having served three terms in the Board of Supervisors, and was three times appointed as Harbor Commissioner. Mr. Tilton was educated in this city, and graduated with flying colors from the High School in 1863. In March, 1884, he entered the office of George C. Potter, then City and County Surveyor, and learned the art of "sighting" and "dragging chains." He performed his duties capably, and the result was his retention as Chief Clerk in the Surveyor's office until the autumn of 1884, when he received the nomination for and was elected, City and County Surveyor. At the expiration of his term of office—in 1887—Mr. Tilton went into business for himself, at 420 Montgomery Street. In 1890 he was re-elected to the office which he now holds and fills so efficiently.

Socially, as well as politically, Mr. Tilton has many warm friends, whom he attracts to him by his affability of manner and kindness of disposition. Mr. Tilton has conducted his office in a manner that entitles him to re-election.

DR. J. H. WIDBER.

THE REPUBLICAN'S CANDIDATE FOR CITY AND COUNTY TREASURER.

The candidate for Treasurer on the Republican ticket has a splendid record on which to rest his aspirations for the honor. He has held the office for two terms, and his renomination was made in deference to the desires of a large number of voters. Dr. J. H. Widber is a man of sterling integrity; his ability as a financier is unquestioned, and his personal popularity has placed him beyond the fear of defeat. He came from Portland, Maine, to California in the good old days of '49, when only twenty-one years old, and ten years later was elected to the Board of Education; in 1871 he was made Superintendent of Schools. The greater part of his life and his best efforts have been devoted to the people's interest, and he is one man who can truly say that the public is not entirely ungrateful.

Dr. Widber's candidacy can hardly result in aught but his election. He is so well known and so popular that he can count on gaining votes from all classes. Indeed, he does not seem to be a party's man, but the people's choice. The manner in which he has conducted the affairs of his trust is certainly in his favor. He has been thoroughly systematic, and the people who have had dealings with the Treasurer's office are loud in their praise of the courtesy received there. He is one of the links that bind the past of California to the present.

GEORGE W. LEE.

A GOOD RECORD AS LICENSE COLLECTOR DESERVES A TERM AS COUNTY CLERK.

The Republican candidate for County Clerk is a man whom the people have had an opportunity of trying in a public trust. In the License office, George W. Lee has shown himself a faithful servant of the people and one entitled to the suffrages of the citizens. He has succeeded in administering one office to the satisfaction of the taxpayers. His record as License Collector should bring him a support from all having business relations with him, and will add great strength to his canvass for County Clerk. Entirely independent of the large number favorably impressed with him as License Collector is the host of other friends he possesses. As County Clerk, Mr. Lee would be specially qualified for the office. He thoroughly understands its duties, and is a man of progressive ideas.

Mr. Lee is an accomplished accountant also, and hence he would be the more enabled to direct affairs and be well placed as executive head. And as to his integrity, this is beyond question. An expert himself, industrious, painstaking, he would be a County Clerk able to thoroughly handle his office, and we have not a doubt he would conduct this office to the great satisfaction of the people, as well certainly as any of his predecessors.

WILLIAM J. BLATTNER.

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR SHERIFF.

As a reward for the excellence of their service in office, the Republican Municipal Convention re-nominated many men to positions of greater responsibility and trust. Among the gentlemen so honored was William J. Blattner, the present County Clerk, who is a candidate for the Shrievalty. Mr. Blattner's record as County Clerk has been so good that he should make a splendid run for the position. He is a Native Son, having been born in San Francisco in 1857, of German parentage. Mr. Blattner attended the public schools and graduated from St. Mary's College. In 1882 he was given a position in the County Clerk's office, where he gained a vast amount of valuable experience. In 1886 he was also in the County Clerk's office, under Mr. Ruddick. For a year and half he was cashier in the Tax Collector's office during Mr. Wadham's term. He was for two years Chief Deputy in the Recorder's office under Mr. Russell. From his familiarity with the routine of work in the County Clerk's office Mr. Blattner was well

qualified for his present position of County Clerk.

As a Republican Mr. Blattner has done excellent service for his party. He was Secretary of the Republican County Committee for four years and showed every energy in properly discharging all the onerous duties of that position. He is well regarded in this community irrespective of the party question, and he merits this, for he is an honorable, straightforward man.

CAPTAIN A. C. FREESE.

THE PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR REWARDED BY A RE-NOMINATION.

The only man elected on the Democratic municipal ticket two years ago was re-nominated by his party at the late convention. This was Captain A. C. Freese, the Public Administrator, whose personal popularity gave him a majority of 3000 votes when last he ran. Captain Freese has been in California long enough to know every man and woman in the State. He was born in Denmark in 1829, served in the Danish Navy, came to this country when gold was discovered in California, and sailed through the Golden Gate to claim the title of Argonaut. To the mines he went, of course, and then to sea again, engaging in coasting trips from Puget Sound to Mexico. Then he took up the business of stevedore and contractor, and he still carries it on to his financial profit.

Captain Freese's name is inseparably identified with the history of this city. He was an active member of the first Vigilance Committee, a warm and liberal sympathizer with the Union during the war, and has been an ardent reformer of every enterprise that had for its object the advancement of the city. He belongs to many societies, some of which he founded himself.

In his public life Captain Freese has been faithful to the trusts reposed in him. As Police Commissioner he made a splendid record, and his conduct of the affairs of the Administrator's office has been above reproach.

OAKLAND GOSSIP.

OAKLAND, October 19th. DEAR WAVE:—The event of last week was one of those everlasting teas, given by Mrs. A. A. Moore, in honor of Mrs. Charles Phelps, of New York, who is a delightfully charming woman. It seems to me, since the horrid old men fail to materialize when we want them, it would be preferable to give a series of afternoon entertainments, and not try to crowd the 400 into one reception, as it always produces a crush, and our "exclusive set" are compelled to rub against some with whom we do not care to associate. Those who assisted in receiving were handsome Mrs. Charlie Comstock, Lolita Booth, Lottie Moore, Marte Hutchinson, Florence Herrick, May Tubbs, Robina Moore, Vi Martin, Nina Pringle, Violet Ransome, and Roe Vrooman. It is needless to say more about the affair, as it was simply a repetition of Hettie Henshaw's and Alice Stratton's, only the latter did manage to swell her list to 600.

Dear, I have a doleful secret to confide to you, it is that with a few more weeks' severe training we shall be able to dispense entirely with the company of the sterner sex, as, so far this season, we have had no form of entertainment at which they appeared, and in three cases we have been compelled to resort to lady ushers, and, to cap the climax, our most intellectual ladies are organizing a series of "afternoon whist" for the winter months. Those to start the lead are Mrs. Henry Taft, Mrs. James Folger, Mrs. Captain Knowles, and Mrs. Cook. Just think of the hilarity in store for us—whist, tea, and crullers. The very thought of it all makes me giddy in anticipation. Then our Jackson Street contingent have formed French and literary classes, and we fear that we are rapidly becoming too enlightened for the Oakland youth, although the "sticks" do say that our Society girls would not be compelled to remain alone so much if we were smart enough to entertain the men of the Athenian and Alliance Clubs. Well, we are now doing our best to remedy our faults, so if the "sticks" do not now fall in love with us, it might as well be given up as a hopeless case.

Isn't it a disappointment that the Peter Bowles and C. O. G. Millers intend passing the winter months on your side? Both parties are adepts in the line of entertaining.

Mrs. Wetherbee has been entertaining the Henshaws, of Boston (no, they are not relatives of our numerous Oakland Henshaws), and has persuaded Miss Henshaw to spend the winter with her, much to the chagrin of the Oakland maiden, for we fear that she will capture one of our few eligibles, especially if Mrs. W—— makes up her mind to make another match.

For my life I cannot discover why so many of our girls are "stage-struck." Now there are the Misses Wakeman, Albright, Frost, Snyder, Safford, Chapman, Russell, and Minnie Campbell. Was out of town the evening of the latter's debut, but Tom, who went, says that she was a repetition of the various girls who have studied in Chicago and Boston, but wonders what it all was about, as the girl apparently has an abundance of this world's goods, hence the public display of her accomplishment was unnecessary. Tom lost his heart long ago to modest little Maud Morrell, hence judges all others from her standard, but the comparison cannot always be fair, as she is a natural-born actress, has more than an ordinary amount of intelligence, and is not so in love with herself but that she can entirely forget her own existence when acting a part. Her face and form were made for the stage. Had the good fortune to witness a rehearsal of "The Russian Honeymoon," but promised not to give away any of the details, so will only say that I was charmed with the whole performance, and, as usual, fell a victim to Jack Wilson's love-making. I can scarcely wait until the opening night, which is Thursday. There has been such a demand for seats that they have decided to give it three evenings.

This afternoon Mrs. Ben Morgan, of Berkeley, gives garden party for charity. Isn't it strange, dear, that we never open our homes but for charity? Truly, we are a godly set. Mrs. Frank Smith may give some grand entertainments this winter, but she confided to me that the "Gothen Club," which is composed of East Oakland ladies, no longer intends entertaining, as they are weary of spending so much money and inviting all the 400 to their parties and never receiving an invitation from an Oakland dame; they also object to the severe criticisms that we have often made. *Auf wiedersehen*, FROU-FROU.

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EXCHANGE THOUGHTS.

Hooray! The San Bernardino *Courier* is crowing. Listen: "Third Street will now be paved."

Barring the typographical error in the name, the Santa Cruz *Sentinel* did fairly well with this item: "The ministers are now giving us Christopher Columbia. They used to give us Hail Columbia. Clever souls, they mean well all the time."

Mrs. Newrich (who prides herself on her knowledge of art)—To which institution do you think I ought to leave my pictures when I die?

Conscientious Artist—To the asylum for the blind. —*Kate Field's Washington.*

Answers to the following, which appeared in the Santa Cruz *Sentinel*, will be received at this office up to October 8, 1900, but no reward will be paid for a correct solution of it: "Cleveland stuck a long time in writing his letter of acceptance, is stuck on it."

Sir Andrew Clarke's experience in matters of this kind is not to be lightly regarded. The New York *Sunday Mercury* says: "Lord Alfred Tennyson passed away after midnight on Wednesday. His end was pronounced by Sir Andrew Clarke, the eminent attending physician, as the calmest, peacefulest, and most beautiful he had ever seen."

The following is from the Oakland *Tribune*, and I merely want to preface it by saying that when a Republican paper is in doubt regarding the outcome of a campaign the chances for Democratic success are away up: "Four weeks from to-day will decide the outcome of this rather dreary campaign, and it is impossible now to form any idea how things are going."

Pendragon—Here comes old Cutter. What a consummate idiot that man is!

Hackett—Oh, come! He's a good fellow. I suppose he has refused some of your stuff and you resent it.

Pendragon—Exactly so. Re-sent it to him the next week, and the chump accepted it.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

RENTS.

San Francisco, October 1, 1892.

This is doubtless a subject that interests you. Have you a house that you want a tenant for? Do you need some one to look after your property during your absence? Are you interested in the rental of lots of tenants? Are any of your tenants irregular in paying their rent? Are your plumbers' and carpenters' bills eating up your income? We may be of service to you in all these matters.

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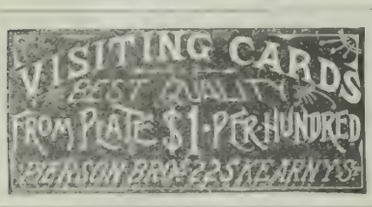

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BIGELOW AS I KNOW HIM.

BY JUNIUS.

In writing of Henry Bigelow, the *Examiner* reporter, who tracked Messrs. Evans & Sontag, a firm lately doing business in the train-robbing line in the County of Fresno and vicinity, and now engaged in the pursuit of life and liberty in the neighborhood of the King's River, it will be impossible to consider him as one of a class. It is likely that the human race is catalogued somewhere, and, if it is, Mr. Bigelow will not be found under any of the general heads; it is barely possible that he is in the work; if he is, he will stand alone as "Unclassified." He is a *rara avis* even in journalism, which is an aviary of the strangest sort of birds as to song and plumage. I might say of him that he is a gentleman with the instincts of a private detective, a dude with Bohemian tastes, and a great general with literary proclivities.

If Mr. Bigelow had done no more than find Messrs. Evans and Sontag, his professional reputation would have been made; unfortunately he had done much more. His journalistic career is as checkered as a tweed suit, and he has had as many adventures of a Sinbad-like nature as he has been able to write about. His experiences have been of a kind to permit weeds to grow on the wide fields of his imagination: he has been the warm friend of countless counts, the *bon ami* of many marquises, the boon companion of black and white princes; he has interviewed kings, and photographed queens. In many circles that whirl around the axis of a great Society leader, Mr. Bigelow is not regarded as a newspaperman; he is believed to be a social light, with a penchant for improving the literary standard of the press. As he once said to me, "Please do not refer to me, when speaking of Bohemia, as Henry; call me 'Pete.' My friends think 'Pete' is a cousin of mine; black sheep, you know." His wishes have always been respected.

Mr. Bigelow holds a unique position on the *Examiner* staff; when he joined that journal he originated a portfolio of his own, and while his position of cabinet minister has never been clearly defined, he fulfills the duties so acceptably that it would be impossible to replace him. He has never permitted a "scoop" to escape him, and would suffer almost any inconvenience rather than allow his paper to lose a sensation. I shall never forget the time when the city editor of the *Examiner* sent out a man to find a story—anything for a display head. The reporter was new, and asked Pete's advice.

"The town is dead dull," said Mr. Bigelow, accentuating his peculiar method of drawing in his breath; "not a thing—let me see. I say, write up my suicide. I'll disappear for a week."

The reporter was amazed.

"But you'll come back," he suggested.

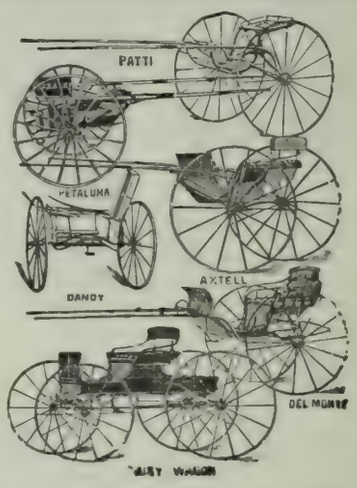
"Yes—by Jove, a capital idea. I'll come back in a couple of days, and you can write that up. This'll be a 'corking good' yarn. Now, let me see. A few points about my life—my services to the paper—foul play suspected—where last seen—kindly disposition—grief of the staff—reasons for rash act—plenty of money, considerable stress on that—no financial difficulties—dragging the bay—favorite haunts—if you work them right you won't go wrong—disposition of estate—why, it'll be a 'bung starter' of a story. Jove, I wish I could write it up myself."

"But your friends—won't they feel bad over it?"

"By Jingo, I had forgot them. But they won't care. Well, say, use some other name."

As I have said, Mr. Bigelow has never permitted a good story to get away from him.

The feat that Henry Bigelow accomplished is classic compared with some of those that have given other journalists a wide fame; I am of the opinion that he was in as much danger during any of the twenty-four hours of any day he spent in the mountains as was Mr. Stanley when carrying the torch of civilization on the point of his unsheathed sword through darkest Africa. But fear is unknown to Mr. Bigelow; he is like perfect love, which casteth that quality out. He has a contempt for the conventional; a disregard for the probable, and I have no hesitation in saying that he has now the opinion that Messrs. Evans and Sontag plied their nefarious calling for the sublime purpose of giving him a chance to interview them. And yet his faith in his fellow-man is not his brightest virtue.



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FASHIONS BY LETTER.

FOR THE LADIES.

ANNE, DEAR:—After all, there is nothing, absolutely nothing, to take the place of the tailor-made suit for street wear. One by one, as the girls come out in their new frocks, I notice the vast difference between the tailor-made girl and the one who will select a startlingly new goods, and then add if only a wee bit of silk velvet, or galloon for trimming; she may appear irreproachably well dressed, even shopping on Kearny Street in the morning, but the much-to-be-desired style and trimness of the other is lacking. You may argue that a tailor gown is an extravagance not to be thought of by the girl of moderate means, and I'll confess that the prices asked by reputable tailors are enough to cause the stoutest-hearted to grow faint, yet, considering the quality of goods, the absence of trimmings that fray and wear out easily, and the substantial stitching and pressing, all combine to give twice the service that other, though well-made, dresses do. And there is always the satisfaction of knowing, if you are truly a tailor-made girl, that you may appear anywhere from the market to—well, I might say the average tea—in the same costume, and yet be considered well dressed.

You may think me unusually eloquent on the subject at present, but a glimpse at one of these gowns, intended for the prettiest of this winter's debutantes, must be my excuse.

It was of deep-toned warm red serge. The straight skirt had for its only trimming a three inch border about the bottom, of scroll design in fine black woolen braid. There were two lengthwise slashes on either side of the front breadth near the top, with narrow braided flaps, and these (note the happy fact) concealed small, though real pockets. A double breasted vest, with a silk back and masculine strap and buckle, opened over a white linen collar and front, with a black satin four-in-hand of generous proportions (these new ties though of very heavy material have little or no lining); the vest fastens by small black bone buttons and the narrow flat reveres have a suggestion of black braiding. Over all is worn the usual coat—also double breasted—with larger bone buttons, though these are seldom called into service as this garment is usually left open. On the pocket flaps and collar more of the narrow braiding is to be seen.

A narrow brim, black velvet hat with many small black tips for trimming is to be worn with this frock. Speaking of hats, have you seen the new felts? They can be found in all the shades of the rainbow, and look very attractive in a milliner's window, but are a disappointment usually when trimmed though I did see an exquisite affair a few days ago, but, alas! it was imported, and as to price—well, further comment is unnecessary. The felt was of a pale dull pink, with a straight brim three inches deep, and was merely finished on the edge by a band of bias black velvet. The crown was straight and high and was entirely covered with a jet galloon of exquisite make, three tight rolls of black tulle were caught to the brim at irregular intervals by little rosettes of the same material, and a number were caught at one side of the crown and held in place by a full ornament and aigrette of jet.

Now that the name of Columbus is on every tongue, some enterprising manufacturer has brought out a novelty in veiling and calls it Columbian veiling. I can't see how the name is supposed to apply, but as long as the veil is a pretty one, we should not complain. It is of tulle sprinkled with jet or chenille dots, having on three sides an inch wide border pattern in the same style. These veils are usually large and are gathered up under the chin.

In these days of lamps one is always struggling to get something for shades, pretty and inexpensive. Here are some suggestions that may be useful. If you have an apparently hopeless chandelier, or side brackets with round glass or porcelain globes, get silk or cotton crêpe; if wide a yard should make six. Divide into squares, cut a circle out of the centre the size of the top opening of the globe, and lightly fasten the two edges together by means of a little paste, the four corners falling softly below the globe. Rose pink is about the most satisfactory color, though harmony with other tones of your room is first to be considered. Another dainty shade for a white or Dresden lamp is of white crinkled tissue paper, which can be bought with a narrow pink border. Fasten this in full to the top of the frame, leaving a frill of two inches above; make a wreath of small pink paper roses, place them directly under the frill, and you will see as dainty a shade as any one could wish.

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Tax Collector—THOMAS O'BRIEN.
Treasurer—J. H. WIDBER.
Recorder—E. B. READ.
County Clerk—GEORGE W. LEE.
District Attorney—WILLIAM S. BARNES.
City and County Attorney—MYER JACOBS.
Coroner—DR. WILLIAM T. GARWOOD.
Public Administrator—WALTER B. BLAIR.
Surveyor—CHARLES S. TILTON.
Superintendent of Streets—CHARLES GR EN.
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Judge of Superior Court (long term)—JAMES M. TROUTT.
Judge of Superior Court (long term)—GEORGE BAHRS.
Judge of Superior Court (long term)—JOHN LORD LOVE.
Judge of Superior Court (for unexpired term ending January, 1895)—WILLIAM G. BRITTAN.
Judge of Police Court (long term)—H. L. JOACHIMSEN.
Judge of Police Court (long term)—W. A. S. NICHOLSON.
Judge of Police Court (long term)—JAMES A. CAMPBELL.
Judge of Police Court (for unexpired term ending January, 1893)—JAMES A. CAMPBELL.
Justice of the Peace (long term)—FRANK GRAY.
Justice of the Peace (long term)—JOHN P. GOUGH.
Justice of the Peace (long term)—JOHN F. MULLEN.
Justice of the Peace (long term)—WALTER M. WILLETT.
Justice of the Peace (long term)—J. E. BARRY.
Justice of the Peace (for unexpired term ending January, 1893)—J. E. BARRY.
Supervisor First ward—EDWARD HOLLAND
Supervisor Second ward—DR. R C. MEYERS.
Supervisor Third ward—COLLIS G. YOUNG.
Supervisor Fourth ward—HENRY H. STEFFENS.
Supervisor Fifth ward—H. R. ROBBINS.
Supervisor Sixth ward—W. E. LANE.
Supervisor Seventh ward—VICTOR D. DUBOCE.
Supervisor Eighth ward—P. J. COFFEE.
Supervisor Ninth ward—ALBERT HEYER.
Supervisor Tenth ward—HENRY P. SONNTAG.
Supervisor Eleventh ward—THOMAS J. PARSONS.
Supervisor Twelfth ward—AUGUST HELBING.
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School Director—DR. C. W. DECKER.
School Director—GEORGE PENNINGTON.
School Director—JAMES A. PARISER.
School Director—LUKE BATTLES.
School Director—J. H. CULVER.
School Director—J. J. DUNN.
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School Director—WILLIAM H. EASTLAND.
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School Director—HARVEY L. SANBOURN.
School Director—Z. T. WHITTEN.
School Director (for unexpired term ending January, 1893)—A. F. JOHNS.

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Nineteenth district—JOSEPH WINDROW.
Twenty-first district—L. H. VAN SCHAICK.
Twenty-third district—CHARLES H. FANCHER.
Twenty-fifth district—JOHN F. MARTIN.

For Assemblymen.

Twenty-eighth district—PETER JOSEPH KELLY.
Twenty-ninth district—CHARLES E. COREY.
Thirtieth district—JAMES J. FALLON.
Thirty-first district—THOMAS F. GRAHAM.
Thirty-second district—JOHN A. HOEY.
Thirty third district—FREDERICK WOODS.
Thirty-fourth district—J. F. McQUAID.
Thirty-fifth district—JOHN S. ROBINSON.
Thirty-sixth district—ALBERT B. MAHONEY.
Thirty-seventh district—JOHN F. O'BRIEN.
Thirty-eighth district—GEORGE S. MATHEWS.
Thirty-ninth district—JULIUS KAHN.
Fortieth district—LOUIS A. PHILLIPS.
Forty-first district—HENRY C. DIBBLE.
Forty-second district—GRANT ISRAEL.
Forty-third district—JOHN P. RICE.
Forty-fourth district—JAMES M. GOWAN.
Forty-fifth district—JOHN HAYES.

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Recorder—THOMAS J. GLYNN.
County Clerk—M. C. HALEY.
Tax Collector—JAMES N. BLOCK.
Treasurer—CHRISTIAN H. KOEHNCKE.
District Attorney—H. S. FOOTE.
City and County Attorney—H. T. CRESWELL.
Surveyor—WM. M. FITZHUGH.
Superintendent of Streets—W. W. ACKERSON.
Coroner—JEROME A. HUGHES.
Public Administrator—A. C. FREESE.
Superior Judge (long term)—DUNCAN HAYNE.
Superior Judge (long term)—J. M. SEAWELL.
Superior Judge (long term) WM. T. WALLACE.
Superior Judge (long term)—C. L. WELLER.
Superior Judge (unexpired term ending January, 1892)—W. R. DAINGERFIELD.
Police Judge—T. J. BOWERS.
Police Judge—C. T. CONLAN,
Police Judge—JOHN T. HUMPHREYS.
Justice of the Peace—KENNETH WILLIAMS
Justice of the Peace—O. F. MELDON.
Justice of the Peace—HENRY A. TOBIN.
Justice of the Peace—SAMUEL HASKINS.
Justice of the Peace—FRANK H. DUNNE.
Supervisor First Ward—M. GOODWIN.
Supervisor First Ward (unexpired term)—M. GOODWIN.
Supervisor Second Ward—DANIEL ROGERS.
Supervisor Second Ward (unexpired term)—DANIEL ROGERS.
Supervisor Third Ward—WM. MONTGOMERY.
Supervisor Fourth Ward—P. J. KENNEDY.
Supervisor Fifth Ward—GEO. McGILLIVRAY.
Supervisor Sixth Ward—CHRISTIAN REIS.
Supervisor Seventh Ward—JAMES RYAN.
Supervisor Eighth Ward—ROBERT DAY.
Supervisor Ninth Ward—P. F. DUNDON.
Supervisor Tenth Ward—WM. M. HINTON.
Supervisor Eleventh Ward—J. G. JAMES.
Supervisor Twelfth Ward—JAMES DENMAN.
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School Director—MAYER WEIL.
School Director—A. T. VOGELSANG.
School Director—E. B YOUNG.
School Director—J. T. BURKE.
School Director—J. H. ROSEWALD.
School Director—T. R. CAREW.
School Director—J. J. DOWLING.
School Director—C. A. CLINTON.
School Director—H. J. STAFFORD.
School Director—ARTHUR F. CARMODY.
School Director—JOS. G. MORRISSEY.
Auditor (unexpired term)—WM. BRODERICK.
Police Judge (unexpired term)—T. J. BOWERS.
Justice of Peace (unexpired term)—FRANK H. DUNNE.
School Director (unexpired term)—DR. C. A. CLINTON.

LEGISLATIVE TICKET

FOR STATE SENATORS

Seventeenth district—WM. J. DUNN.
Nineteenth district—THOS. F. MITCHELL.
Twenty-first district—WM. J. BIGGY.
Twenty-third district—CHAS. S ARMS.
Twenty-fifth district—JOHN FAY.

FOR ASSEMBLYMEN

Twenty-eighth district—THOS. P. CUSICK.
Twenty-ninth district—WM. T. BOYCE.
Thirtieth district—BERNARD CONWAY.
Thirty-first district—J. J. KENNEDY.
Thirty-second district—JOHN E. BUCKLEY.
Thirty-third district—M. J. HURLEY.
Thirty-fourth district—R. J. LUTTRINGER.
Thirty-fifth district—JOSEPH G. GALLAGHER.
Thirty-sixth district—JOHN BROWNLIE.
Thirty-seventh district—ANDREW G. MAGUIRE
Thirty-eighth district—BERT SCHLESINGER.
Thirty-ninth district—JAMES W. KEYS.
Fortieth district—EDMOND GODCHAUX.
Forty-first district—JOHN M. CURTIS.
Forty-second district—WM. HENDRICKSON, JR.
Forty-third district—JOS. M. MARKS.
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MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the thirteenth day of October, 1892, an assessment (No. 46) of twenty-five cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the seventeenth (17th) day of November, 1892, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the seventh (7th) day of December, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

SAVAGE MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the seventh day of October, 1892, an assessment (No. 79) of fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 4, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the ninth day of November, 1892, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the twenty-ninth day of November, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.

Office—Room 4, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

SAN JOSE NEWS.

San Jose, October 18th. Dear Wave:—Marrying and "giving in marriage," divorces and hunting for divorce, have filled this week brimful of excitement. Every day a wedding, and every other day a divorce The Lusson-Maynard wedding just eclipsed anything in that line that has happened here, even the Murphy or the Spencer wedding. You see the bride has such a long roll of ancestry she never got her growth. You ought to read it in the *Mercury*. The Ward McAllister of that paper is a woman, and the way she gets things down to a point is marvelous. In this she has carried us clear back to the Revolutionary war. Whew! What a lot of distinguished grandfathers and grandmothers. To think of hiding all that out on the "Stevens Creek Road."

The Thompsons just pulled everyone of the decorations down and had a decorator put in fresh ones for Daisy. We all thought they would be spared the expense, but no second-hand flowers in theirs, if none of them ever fought.

Ruth is here again. She is an heir-loom in the family. She has descended from Mary to Lizzie and the prospect is good for the baby to inherit her. Grace Thorne is here, too. They were driving the other day and Grace looked like the Spirit of Mischief. If those girls don't look out they'll have to go back to school.

We are all wondering who writes dear Vergie's beautiful letters from the Islands. There is such a marked difference between those written while abroad and those published since her return. Some say that the gallant John McN—— is the one; while others give the credit to a highly accomplished lady who makes her living by dictating and correcting "misfit" manuscript.

Dr. Hervy's divorce case grows interesting. I guess the Doctor got religion, for he has stripped his wife's house and left her quite destitute. He can't abide with sinners.

The Schemmels are settled in their new home and now I am expecting an invitation to an "at home" or a dinner.

The Jewish contingent had a swell wedding Wednesday night. Miss Sophie Brown was married to Mr. Schoeline. She has been a leader in her set and will be missed.

Oh! I really marched Columbus day, with the swellest lot. I came near telling with whom, and then everybody would know Babbler.

SACRAMENTO AFFAIRS.

Sacramento, October 18th. Dear Wave:—My letter last week created quite a sensation. I thought something out of the ordinary would have that result, and I am pleased to learn that my predictions came true. It is altogether too amusing to hear the different discussions concerning certain allusions. As is customary in such cases, each one knows that it was not intended for him or her and is equally positive that it is applicable to some one else. I wish to say that everything *was intended* for some particular person, and was not written in a general way. As I have heard no hits were directed at any one, I wish simply to correct the impression.

The time draws near for church fairs and sales; they are a blessing in a certain way, for they give us something to go to, even if we are expected to empty our pockets for a lot of worthless articles. If the girls give their time the men should not hesitate to hand out the shekels, especially when they are also getting something truly handsome. A fair exchange is no robbery.

As I was moralizing last week, I neglected to tell you of the opera. Of course it was lovely, and for once we turned out *en masse*, even though the seats sold a trifle high for most of our pockets. Our young men for once must be forgiven for buying only one seat. Ethel and husband seemed happy, but I cannot say the same regarding John. Who was the fuzzy-headed girl, excuse that peculiar expression, but no other word exactly fits, with Will Douglass? We were all in a state of curiosity. And, may I ask, why was he not in his accustomed seat in the box?

Minnie C—— has been entertaining Miss Castle from your city. I wonder what they find to do; it is too cold for any more river parties, which was the chief amusement in the summer, and the men get more scarce every day; even Will C——, who was nice to have near by for Sunday dinners, runs down to San Francisco every chance he gets. Mabel and the other girls are having a fine time over in Europe since Mr. Birdsall went over. At last accounts they were in Geneva; they expect to return before very long. My, won't Et be bored with us? Mrs. S—— is getting ready for her yearly flight to Chicago, and we may soon look for Mrs. O——, as Frank tells me she is homesick and anxious to be back once more.

Yours, Nina.

STOCKTON LIFE.

Stockton, October 19th. Dear Wave:—Two entertainments in one week! Is it any wonder I positively feel faint?—for such an array of festivities has been almost unknown in Stockton for a decade past. In the first place mamma received a card for Mrs. Dohrman's luncheon; and later, when invitations came for her, father, and myself to attend Mrs. Smithy Wood's reception, I actually gasped for breath. Mrs. Dohrman's luncheon took place to-day, and was a very pleasant one, although only married ladies participated. Covers were laid for sixteen, and a most delicious *menu* was discussed. Mamma has been too much occupied with preparations for the Woods affair to-morrow night, ever since coming home, so I have no particulars to give you. The W——s will have a dancing reception; Georgie Dixon, Mrs. Elsom, and Mrs. Peters will help receive, and the porch is to be canvased to provide *tete-a-tete* corners. I am *so* glad there is *one* married lady who will entertain, although she has neither son nor daughter "in the swim," as yet.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Jerome Smith have returned from their famous buckboard trip, and once more the outlook for a decent tennis court is bright. The rain seems to have suggested covered courts, and Mr. S—— and Ogden Hofman are quite enthusiastic over a proposition to float bonds for a clubhouse, and all that sort of thing.

Frank Adams spent several days of last week in your city. During the Fair he developed a violent attack of devotion to the "bread-and-butter" girls, and will be a constant participant in the *soirees* at Miss Lake's seminary this coming winter.

The guitar club has re-organized once more, its personnel being about the same as last year. Two of the prettiest members, to my notion, are Mattie Folger and Lucy Post for, although two entirely different types, they seem more graceful and better suited to the romance always surrounding a guitar than the others.

Mrs. James, *née* Edna Orr, will spend the winter with her mother, and I hear that Nellie Gerlach Moross is coming home for the first time since her marriage, nearly two years ago.

Isn't it a burning shame that our men, instead of planning a party or two for our amusement, prefer to attend such affairs as those given Saturday nights by the "Original Jollities" composed of, goodness knows whom? Marsh, Frank, Harry Bender, and several others may plead innocence, but they will fail to hoodwink The Spinster.

LOS ANGELES LIFE.

Los Angeles, October 18th. Dear Wave:—We are going to be very gay, indeed, down here this winter. Next Thursday evening the first ball given by the ladies interested in the Woman's Industrial Exchange will take place. This Exchange has seen rather rocky times since it went out of the hands of the Flower Festival Society and into the control of a lot of women who haven't the first ideas of business, They've worn out one lady manager, and have three to fill her place. Just now the Treasurer, Mrs. F. C. H—— (who, by the way, used to live in Oakland when she was the Widow Dow,) is engaged in a quarrel with her sub, Miss F——, a somewhat antiquated and entirely soured old maid, who engineered the Riddell readings in the absence of her superior officer, who went North to escape the responsibility. The sour old maid made a poor bargain, agreeing to pay Mr. Riddle $200 and half the receipts beside. Small audiences greeted the distinguished Bostonian, and, as a consequence, the treasury was not replenished—rather depleted I think, and now those two women are having a genteel fight over it. Of course, they say nothing impolite to each other, but behind each other's backs they are talking very hard, indeed. I heard that Miss F—— went to a business man to ask him "if he thought it would be etiquette to ask Mr. Riddle to sign a receipt for the money when she paid him." The gentleman told her it might not be etiquette, but it was strictly business, and she might avoid trouble if she could show her vouchers when she was called upon to do so by her coworkers. Miss F—— prides herself upon her business ability. The above is a sample of it.

The Apollo Club last Thursday night held its last concert under the direction of Robert Paulsen, who is going to Central America to grow coffee, "to engage in a lucrative business" the daily papers here put it, but the above is the cold, cold truth. I think he will find cultivating coffee much more interesting than cultivating the voices of fifty or sixty amateur singers. The young ladies of this club always appear in Greek costumes at these concerts. "Cheesecloth with a gathering string at the neck" Tom brutally styles these picturesque gowns, and really they do look simply horrid for the majority of the girls have scrawny necks. They were rouged so freely the other night that I didn't recognize my best friend Frankie till I levelled my opera-glasses upon her and studied her features for fully ten minutes. I sat in the front seat of the middle row of the dress circle. Back of me was a German musical professor, and I heard him cautioning a newspaper musical critic who sat near him to be sure and say something nice about Paulsen.

"But what shall I say?" queried the critic. "You know the chorus singing is horrible."

Professor K—— looked perplexed, scanned his programme with a dissatisfied expression, listened to the music for a moment and looked helpless. Then he glanced at the stage, and brightening, leaned over and said, "I tell you what. Say that he designed those Greek costumes." Kit.

"OUR SOCIETY"

Blue Book, containing the names, addresses, and reception days of the leading Society people of San Francisco, and the principal social centres of the State, is now in a state of preparation for the opening of the Society season of 1892-93, and will be issued November 1st. We will be particularly careful in the selection of names to grace the pages of the Blue Book, and will eliminate many which have appeared in former publications. It will be kept on file exclusively at all the clubs, fashionable hotels, theatres, summer resorts, etc. The arrangement of names will be alphabetically and numerically by streets, similar to the Chicago, New York and Philadelphia Blue Books. It has become the accepted fashionable private address directory of California Society people.

Address all communications and changes to Charles C. Hoag, publisher, 175 and 176 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

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LEAVE	FROM SEPT. 3, 1892.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Benicia, Rimsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	†12.15 p m
	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton	*8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Martinez	12.45 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced and Fresno	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.30 p m	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	8.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
6.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	9.15 a m
17.00 p m	Vallejo	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

†7.45 a. m.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p. m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.38 p m
†7.30 a m	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excur'n	‡8.28 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita, San Luis Obispo, and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
‡9.30 a m	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations	‡2.45 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.03 p m
12.15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.30 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.37 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, Gilroy and Principal Way Stations	*9.47 a m
*4.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7.30 p m

* Sundays excepted † Saturdays only ‡ Sundays only.

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WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days	Leave San Francisco. Sundays	In effect Apr. 24, 1892. DESTINATION	Arrive San Francisco. Sundays.	Arrive San Francisco. Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:55 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville	7:25 p m	10:40 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

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From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 6:45, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:45, 11:00, 11:50 A. M.; 1:10, 2:25, 3:40, 5:15, 6:05, 7:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 6:25 P. M. Fare, 50 cents round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days) 6:25, 6:55, 7:58, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:05, 11:20 A. M.; 1:20, 2:45, 4:00, 5:30, 6:30 P. M. Fare, 40 cents round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days) 6:45, 7:15, 8:15, 9:50, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:45 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:20, 11:40 A. M.; 12:35, 1:45, 3:10, 4:25, 6:00, 6.50, 7:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7:00 P. M. Fare, 25 cents round trip.

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7:30 A. M. Week days 8:00 A. M. Sundays 5:00 P. M. Saturdays	Tomales, Howards, Duncan Mills, Cazadero and Way Stations.	8:45 A. M. Mondays 6:15 P. M. Week days 8:15 P. M. Sundays

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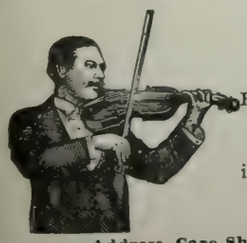

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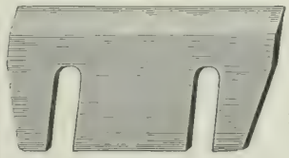

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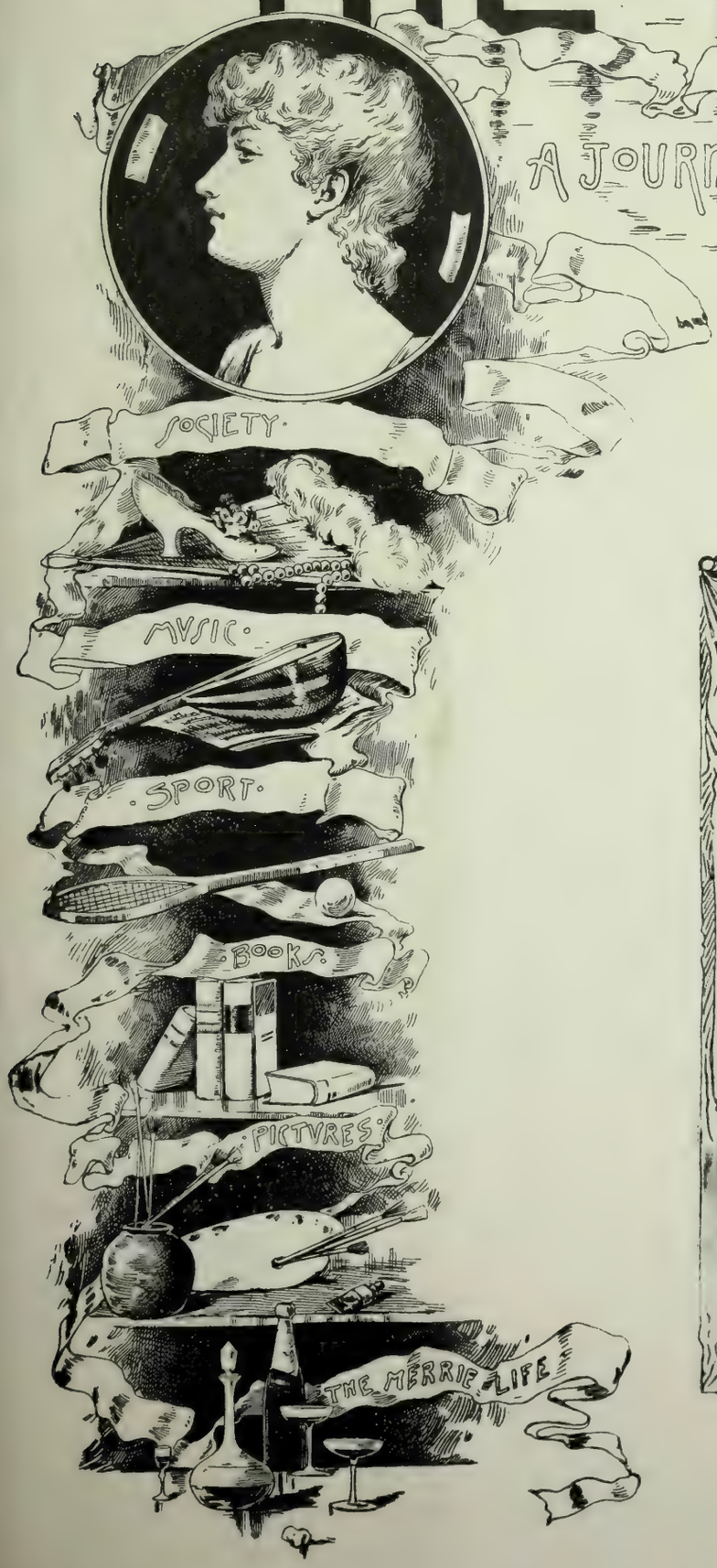

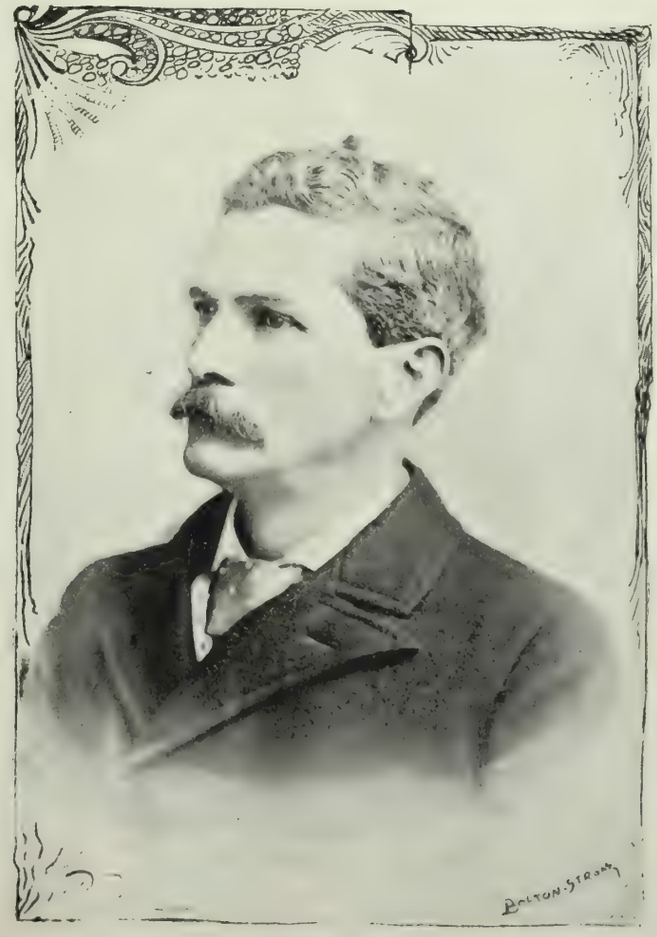

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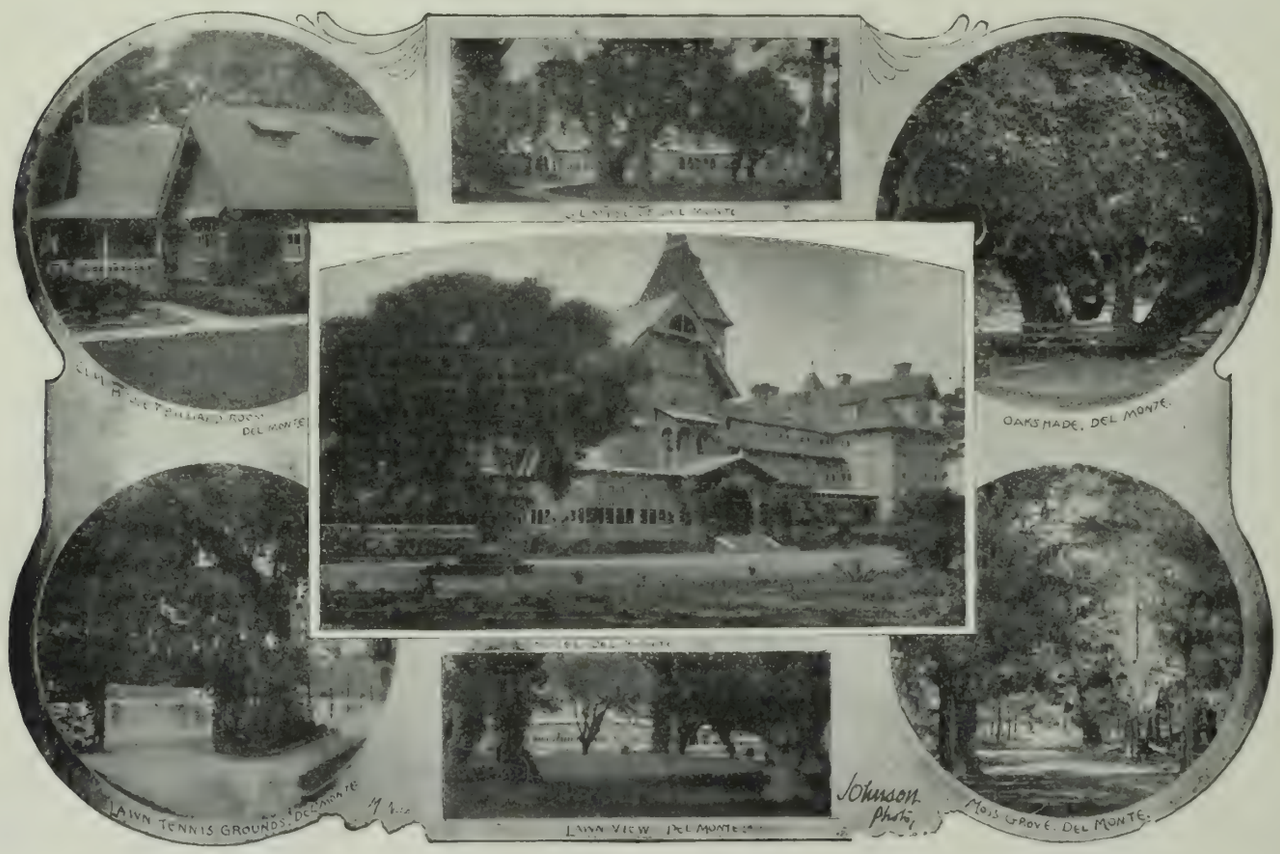

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SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 29, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

The picture on the front cover of THE WAVE this week is that of Henry H. Scott, candidate for Sheriff on the Non-Partisan ticket. Mr. Scott became famous a short time ago as Elisor of what will be known in State History as "The Wallace Grand Jury." His independence, fearless determination, faithfulness to duty, and excellent standing in the municipality, gained him the unanimous nomination for Sheriff in the Non-Partisan Convention. That he would make a splendid officer, there can be no doubt.

QUITE A BEVY of pretty maidens make their debut this season, and for them the month of November offers opportunities of entertaining which they ought surely to take advantage of. Ere the first cotillion, there are long days and nights, all unsecured and unfettered. What a chance for hops, for receptions, for gatherings of one kind or other. Parents, alive to the advantages of a proper introduction into Society, never fail to launch their daughter in her own halls. She glides into "the swim" with infinitely more *eclat* than if she were but one of a dozen other damsels appearing for the first time at a big ball. There she has a score of belles to compete with. Her budding charms are unrecognized in the blaze of their matured beauty. The battle of success is more than half won if the debutante knows a few men to start with.

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The indifference of the San Francisco youth is proverbial. That girls receive less attention here than is paid them in other cities, is a fact which lamenting improves not. Perhaps they are become oblivious to mere physical charm because of its abundance. Yet, to grace, or wit, or cleverness there is less homage paid. The social situation, I must admit, has not a promising aspect, but effort alone can improve it. Perhaps a few jolly dances during the eleventh month of a rapidly expiring Leap Year would relieve both the monotony and the men of what seems like a stern accusation against their manners. This, to the parents of debutantes.

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IN THE PACIFIC-UNION CLUB, the advent of a new *chef* would be hailed as a godsend. The chances of the cuisine undergoing redemption, however, seem slight. Some of the epicures have actually begun to haunt French restaurants. Dinner is no longer anticipated with delight, and, in spite of general dissatisfaction, the restaurant ran behind last month about $2000. This, in spite of Mr. Hubbard's skill in domestic economy. Somehow or other, he does not seem to have made the success that was expected. With the old board, the several cooks of reputation and ability resigned, and the man who now presides over the admirably equipped kitchen has done nothing more distinguished than rule the roast at the Lick. He is doubtless good enough in his way, but the Club is accustomed to skill and refinement. Altogether it seems the institution is very unlucky to have lost the services of the Rathbone board. In the President, in Mr. Crockett, and in Mr. Russell, they had men who had mastered the science of living well.

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Rather amusing are the radical changes which the present board has made in the arrangement of the rooms. It has gone further than its less fortunate predecessor dared even to suggest. The old cardroom has been converted into a library. From the reading-room the obnoxious "silence" signs have been removed. On the third floor is the new cardroom, and there the playing *coterie*, with numerous complaints, has to climb every evening. Of course, these alterations are for the best, but it was simply on account of them that the others felt bound to draw out.

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IT IS ASTONISHING what an excellent dancing floor the deck of a warship makes. With more men, the reception on the "Dubordieu," Saturday afternoon, would have been a ball. The fair sex, I was going to say, but I don't believe there were a dozen blondes on board, was tremendously in the majority. One saw the entire French colony, in which there are many very pretty girls whose faces have the charm of California with the vivacity of Paris. To do justice to the array of magnificent eyes, one would have to be a lyric poet. Besides the French, however, there were dozens of graceful San Franciscans. The officers showed themselves energetic dancers, and they continued to keep the gay throng in motion. Quite an animated scene it made, looking from the quarter-deck, half the huge vessel tented over with flags and awning. Not a breath of afternoon breeze found entrance to disturb the lightest curl.

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A wealth of foliage relieved the brilliant tints of the bunting. Palms and magnolias were massed with charming effect on both upper and lower decks. However, I must not forget the punch. Refreshments were served below decks, and proved of an interesting character. The punch, I am assured by connoisseurs, was pure rum. That to some tastes the excellence of the beverage is determined by the absence of ingredients, I am aware, but it is an uncommon requirement. Just why the officers should have served so pronounced a beverage, I cannot guess. In the best social circles here it does not enjoy the great popularity which the visitors seem to have suspected. However, the reception was otherwise a great success. The French men were not a bit disconcerted by the *embarras de riches* in the way of beauties. Very gallantly they tripped light fantastic toes with as many maidens as possible, and those who had not a good time had but themselves to blame. To say Admiral Parrayon's staff leaves scores of bleeding hearts behind, I refuse to believe. To credit such a rumor would be imputing too much power to brass buttons.

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HOW MANY CLUB ORGANIZATIONS survive their initial meeting. Some six months ago there was formed in the Athenian Club, Oakland, a *coterie* of twelve men, who bound themselves to stand one dinner every month for a year. Ned Lukens had gathered them together, and vouched in each for the existence of that spirit of good fellowship which is a redeeming masculine virtue. After discussing a *menu* that had to be interesting, they were to exchange stories and reminiscences, and to act, for at least one evening in every thirty, as though virtue were really its own reward. As the inspirer of the idea, Mr. Lukens was invited to give dinner number one. He did.

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They still talk of that *menu* in the Athenian Club. The host insisted on cooking the terrapin himself. What kind of rare fish they had I cannot remember, but the *entrées* and the claret were something to dream over. The twelve gathered, according to agreement, each with a brand new story. Imagine the strain. They were exhausted early in the evening, however, and out came some old favorites. Heaven knows when the Club adjourned, but it has never met since. Why, no one seems

to explain. The sole adequate reason offered is that Mr. Lukens had set the standard too high.

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IN SOCIETY CIRCLES the Ingleside tea is the subject of considerable discussion. The majority of people had never heard of the place, and those familiar with it seem disinclined to be communicative. Of course, the patronage is ponderously respectable—almost sufficiently so to neutralize the interesting reputation of the locality. However, it is an experiment, and innovations, however daring, should be received rapturously in San Francisco. The *beau monde* has less life, less movement every year, and, if the tendency be permitted to continue, there is no doubt positive stagnation would be upon us in no time. Rumor credits the Ingleside idea to Mrs. Louis Haggin, whose fondness for the unconventional is well known.

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Invitations to the suburban tea have been sent most members of the Friday Night Club. It is to be given on the afternoon of Saturday, the 12th prox., and the subscription is $3.00 double and $1.50 single. Colonel Fred Crocker is Secretary, and F. P. Deering Treasurer of the affair, and the patronesses are: Mrs. Parrott, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. Hager, Mrs. Easton, Mrs. Otis, Mrs. J. L. Rathbone, Mrs. Louis T. Haggin, Mrs. Louis Parrott, Mrs. W. H. Crocker, Mrs. W. S. Tevis, Mrs. H. T. Scott, and Mrs. J. A. Donohoe, Jr. Observe the order of the names. They are those of the most prominent elderly and younger matrons in the local 400. The question is, on what basis are they arranged? Why should Mrs. Parrott precede Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. Hager's name that of Mrs. Otis, or Mrs. Louis Haggin's that of Mrs. Louis Parrott or Mrs. Will Crocker? For long years opinion has yielded to Mrs. Tevis the position of leading lady at Society affairs. She should have headed the list and not Mrs. Parrott, who has never had that degree of recognition.

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Perhaps this is an effort, in the innocent guise of a suburban tea, to reconstruct the fashionable hierarchy. Of course, no one will insinuate that Mrs. Tevis' name is not as effective to conjure with as that of Mrs. Parrott, or that Mrs. Otis, who rarely sees anyone, is a lower order of being than Mrs. Hager, who entertains more than anyone else in town. Perhaps, the arrangement is made on a financial basis, but who is to say that the accumulations of the Parrott estate are greater than the mysterious wealth of Lloyd Tevis? A very nice question is involved here, but to shrewder minds than mine I leave the solution.

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From Menlo Park, the habitués are gradually returning. The latest to desert the sylvan bowers of this delightful suburb are the J. A. Donahoes and the Faxon Athertons. The last to abandon their country home will be Mr. Flood and Miss Jennie. They have decided to occupy their city home for the winter. All of us who travel on California Street will be glad to have removed from the handsomest door in the city the unsightly boarding that now conceals it.

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The dinner party that Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank gave to Mr. and Mrs. Dan Murphy on Friday night last was quite the handsomest affair of the early season. The table decorations were chrysanthemums, and the drawing-room was adorned with magnificent blossoms in a very artistic manner. On the subject of dinners I am assured the English custom of enjoying the principal meal of the day at night is becoming decidedly the vogue in New York. In London no one ever thinks of sitting down before 7:30, and eight o'clock is the usual time. Nine o'clock, I believe, is not too late, but the *menu* must not be so extended as was the rule last winter. Mr. and Mrs. Frank left for the East on Saturday night, and purpose spending at least a month shopping and sight-seeing in Gotham.

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The Society gossip which finds its way into the daily papers is conspicuous for an unique degree of inaccuracy. Of course, people pay little attention to the stupidly written stuff, but it occasionally happens that premature announcements of departures and returns occasion among the victims' friends no little trouble. Among recent movements of interest are the return of Colonel and Mrs. Smedberg and Miss Smedberg from the East; Miss Mae Dimond is back from her trip; Mr. and Mrs. George Lent are in their new house on Pacific Avenue, and Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Buckbee are expected home early the coming week.

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Mrs. Willard V. Huntington entertained Mrs. Collis P. Huntington at luncheon on Tuesday last, in the private dining-room of the Richelieu. Hangings, table decorations, even the china, were pink, a very beautiful effect being thus obtained. Fourteen ladies were present, and a delicious *menu* was served. The name cards were pretty enough to merit description, if I had space.

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The musical tea given by Mrs. Dr. R. E. Williams and her daughter, Miss Marie, on Tuesday afternoon, proved a decided success. Their residence, at 722 Bay Street, is charmingly furnished, and for the occasion was prettily decorated with flowers. During the evening, vocal selections were rendered by Mrs. McGavin, Miss Chrystal, and Miss Williams. Mr. Dan Polk gave several solos on the guitar in his inimitable way.

* * *

Mrs. Alexander Forbes and her daughters, who, since their return from Europe, have been at the Pleasanton, succeeded in finding a house to suit them on Jackson Street near Pierce. They will occupy it very shortly, and a continuation of the series of entertainments they gave the season before last may be anticipated.

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Mrs. John R. Jarboe and Miss Kate Jarboe have sent out cards for a tea on the afternoon of Saturday next.

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Though the weather has been milder than is usually vouchsafed us so near a race meeting, quite a number of people are ill. Judge Hastings has been unwell for over a fortnight past, at the residence of Mrs. Clara Cutharwood. Mrs. Fred Castle, I regret to hear, is quite seriously indisposed. Miss Sallie Maynard has also been very unwell.

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With the exception of Mrs. Henry Janin, who, with her little son, has already started for New York, the members of the Tevis house party have returned from Bakersfield. The week was passed in a series of excursions and picnics to the various points of interest on the great ranch. I believe the Sharons are to defer their departure to New York for a fortnight or more to permit Mr. Sharon to complete some important business here.

* * *

I learn with regret that Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington cannot spend as long in San Francisco as they wished. Business calls the President of the Southern Pacific back to New York about the end of November, and Mrs. Huntington expects to spend Christmas with her son who is to return from Spain about that time. Next year, however, she hopes to remain here longer. Mrs. Huntington is a very clever woman and a capital conversationalist. She is also a generous hostess, and that she cannot remain here is decidedly a subject for regret. Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntington, who have spent the last eight months at the Richelieu, have decided to go to housekeeping, and are now looking for a suitable mansion.

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George Crocker is to occupy the big Crocker mansion the entire winter, and it is by no means impossible he may be persuaded to do some entertaining. His cousin, Mrs. Stedman, better known as Birdie Deming, is to spend some months as his guest, and she would make a competent hostess. At present she is the guest of Judge and Mrs. Van Fleet, who are permanently settled in San Francisco. A dance in the Crocker house is something to anticipate with pleasure. It is admirably adapted for entertaining, for the ballroom is much larger than that in any other residence in town.

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The engagement of Mrs. Mervyn Donahue and Richard Sprague is no longer in the misty regions of doubt. Though no formal announcement has been made, the prospective groom admits the soft impeachment and is receiving congratulations. Mrs. Donahue is

Richardson & Robbins' Plum Pudding—A Delicious Dessert.

buying her trousseau in Paris, where she and Miss Wallace expect to remain another month at least. They will probably go to London before starting for home, but will be in San Francisco a little before Christmas.

* * *

Another engagement is that of Paxton Howard and Miss Taylor, a niece of Mrs. Easton. She is a very charming girl, bright, accomplished, and interesting. She spent several years as the guest of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid in New York, and has been very highly educated. Mr. Howard is in the commission business with his brother, Shafter. He is very fond of athletics, and is a graduate of Harvard. The engagement was first announced at Castle Crags some weeks ago.

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An interesting announcement is that of the engagement of Miss Hilda Hecht and Marcus Gerstle. Both families are wealthy and very well known. Miss Hecht is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. M. H. Hecht, who have but recently returned from Europe. She is quite a bright girl, besides being decidedly handsome. Mr. Gerstle is the son of the President of the Alaska Commercial Company, and the nephew of Louis Sloss. Just how rich he will be, no one, perhaps not even his father, guesses. The members of the fur company are a great deal wealthier than anyone gives them credit for being, for the reason that their accumulations are largely invested in Eastern securities through Ladenberg, Thallman & Co. Mr. Gerstle is a graduate of Harvard and of Harvard Law School. He has just returned to the city, and was recently admitted to practice at the local Bar. At present he is with Chickering, Thomas & Gregory.

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I regret to hear that Senator and Mrs. Stanford are not to be in town very long. They go to Washington early in December.

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A very jolly party assembled at San Quentin on Saturday last to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of Warden and Mrs. Hale. They found ample preparations for their entertainment had been made. In honor of the event the trustees had decorated, in a highly artistic manner, the Director's building, while the Warden's house was a regular bower of lovely flowers. A sumptuous dinner was served and after it came progressive euchre, and then a surprise. Mrs. Jarley's wax works were given. C. R. Allen was the moving spirit in these, and, with his co-conspirators, gave a most laughable entertainment. The party returned to town the following day.

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Mrs. George M. Pullman and Miss Pullman are to arrive from Chicago next week and will take up their residence with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Carolan on Franklin Street. Who knows but that another San Franciscan may succumb to the positive charms of the Chicago heiress. It is so rarely one finds beauty and great wealth combined that the inclination to consider Mr. Carolan the luckiest being in the community is irresistible whenever one sees his wife. Perhaps the fickle goddess may have in store for another Native Son a similarly agreeable fate. I am afraid Miss Pullman will agree with me that men are not the best thing we produce out here. They compare most unfavorably with our pumpkins, our grapes, even our beans.

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Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnare and Miss Jolliffe left for New York on Wednesday evening and are to spend there some months. Miss Jolliffe, later on, goes to Philadelphia as the guest of Mrs. Harding, *née* Lillie Jones, at her home in Philadelphia.

Mrs. M. E. Hooper and her two daughters are back at their San Rafael home from St. Helena, where they have resided ever since their return from Europe. The Misses Hooper are to make their debut at the first cotillion. They are nieces of Mrs. Louis Haggin and Mrs. Sidney Smith.

* * *

Edmund Russell is going to have quite a brilliant season here. His lecture at the Century Club rooms on Thursday evening was listened to by an audience of the most cultivated people in town. It was decidedly interesting and very clever. The lessons he teaches are worth learning. The recitations were charming. Mr. Russell's voice is very rich and agreeable, and he possesses the capacity to render adequately the wonderful rhythms of Swinburne's verse. He gave Faustine magnificently.

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Miss Goad gave a dinner to Mr. and Mrs Fred Sharon on Thursday evening. It was a very sumptuous affair. There were twelve at table.

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The initial performance of "The School for Scandal" went off with *eclat.* The play, "A Box of Monkeys," was rather cleverly done, the acting of Miss Hilda Castle and Frank Mathieu being noticeable. The others, for amateurs, were not so very dreadful. After the comedy came dancing. The dining-room was cleared of chairs and the spacious floor space then available was quickly utilized by the audience. Quite a number of pretty maidens made their debut. Among them Miss Alice Merry, Miss Edith Conner, and Miss Mabel Hall, all looking as pretty and as fresh as buds should. A delicious supper by Ludwig was served about midnight.

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To-morrow's football game at Central Park promises to be exciting. The teams of the State University and the Olympic Club try conclusions for the first time, and some capital play is anticipated. Both Captains have been drilling their men assiduously, and a better game than any of last year is confidently anticipated. If the Berkeley boys win, they will have the honor of defeating the strongest football eleven ever lined up on a California field. The grounds are in capital condition, and the new grand stand with its iron roof will protect spectators from rain should any fall. Nothing but a cyclone will prevent the game being played.

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As a matter of fact, I hope to see Henry Scott Sheriff of this city and county. He is the type of man for the place; fearlessly honest, brave, determined, he will surely be the best official the city has ever had. Of course, many good men have been Sheriffs, but their virtues have been negative—Mr. Scott's are all positive. There is all the difference in the world between active and passive integrity. Evil doers will find it out when they come to be tried by juries of his selection. He has many good friends who are working tooth and nail for his success, and I shall be surprised if he is not elected with a big majority.

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Attorney Ruef writes me in reference to the $100 which precipitated the amusing row in the Board of Education. The letter explains itself. Of course there was no intention of suggesting aught derogatory to either Mr. Woodward or himself. The former has been in public life long enough not to take chances with his reputation, and Mr. Ruef has too excellent a practice to worry about so small a sum.

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ABOUT CHARLEY ROLLO PETERS a most disquieting rumor has come to me. It says he has abandoned art for law, and is actually practicing the latter in the gay capital. My authority is an upright personage who has just returned, who alleges he saw Charley Rollo in his office poring over reports, complaints, and other legal documents of similar character. His office is on one of the main avenues, and over the entrance the erstwhile Bohemian has hung out his shingle. There is the story for what it is worth. I might believe it of some of the brotherhood of the brush, but not of Peters. The idea of abandoning so promising a career is preposterous; the suggestion of his slaving at law is distinctly humorous.

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If ever our Charles Rollo abandons the pallet it will be after his famous picture of Napoleon tracing his name on the sands of Brittany is painted. To reproduce that interesting scene is his ambition. He has I believe secured from Jimmy Hamilton, a promise to go to Paris and act as model for the Emperor's face and head. Besides, but a fortnight ago Willis Polk had a letter in which his studio was described, and the amount of work he had done was stated with an amplitude of detail. It would never do to have Charles Rollo a lawyer. That name was meant to be renowned.

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I HAVE LATELY HEARD a somewhat startling political secret. It was confided to me in the strictest privacy, but I shall burst if I keep it dark any longer. It is no less

Richardson & Robbins' Potted Ham for Picnics and Teas.

than the momentous fact that Colonel Creed Haymond is a candidate for United States Senator. I have not yet seen his name among the list of candidates that has been published, from time to time, in the daily press, and for a very good reason—he is a dark horse. For a long time the Colonel's health has been bad, and ever since his retirement from the active service of the Southern Pacific Company he has been attending religiously to physical recuperation. A trip to Europe and the return of health, it seems, has fired the Colonel's ambition, and he will soon enter the Senatorial race. How he purposes carrying on his campaign I do not know. No doubt he has a feasible plan, for he is a capable and brilliant strategist. Of the ultimate fact, however, that in the event of the legislature being Republican Colonel Haymond will seek the Senatorship, I have no doubt.

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Not only this, but Senator Stanford is one of his warmest supporters and will not hesitate to lend him all the assistance within his power. Already I am told he has consulted some of his old-time friends in different portions of the State, and Republican candidates for the legislature have been cautioned not to pledge themselves to either De Young or Perkins until they have received further information. This fact, it is explained, accounts for the large number of prospective legislators who, when asked for their preferences for Senator, answer that they are for the "best man." Moreover, it is also a secret that Senator Felton, at the proper time, will retire in Haymond's favor. The latter and his friends are reckoning that De Young's plans will finally fail, and when they do he will modestly step in and accept the Senatorial toga.

* * *

It has been many years since Colonel Haymond took a hand at practical politics, but that he has genius in that direction no person acquainted with him for a moment denies. In 1875 he was a State Senator from Sacramento County. During his term he made quite a reputation as an orator and legislator. With Farley, Irwin, Edgerton, and other able men, he bitterly fought the Central Pacific Railroad Company, whose chief counsel he afterward became. When he retired from the Senate, in 1877, his passion for politics had been fully developed, and, although he soon entered the employ of the Central Pacific, in a small way, he did not wholly relinquish the idea of again serving the State.

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Two years after this, in 1879, the Dolly Vardens or Independent Republicans, the Democrats, and the Workingmen or followers of Dennis Kearney, constituted three State parties. The first named, with a few anti-railroad Democrats, comprised what was called the New Constitution party. The purpose of that organization was to enforce the new constitution which had then just been adopted. Haymond conceived the brilliant idea of fusing these parties and making himself their nominee for Governor. He knew that, united, they could carry the State. The idea was worthy of Napoleon. Haymond was then an independent anti-railroad Republican and a resident of Sacramento—the very man to lead such a movement. Secret conferences were held by the leaders of the factions and one after another they agreed to the scheme. Its brilliancy transfixed the imaginations of all who considered it, for Haymond had thought out its every detail.

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But when the leaders attempted to deliver the goods they discovered that the "goods" declined to be delivered. The rank and file of the factions, by their almost open rebellion, soon made fusion impossible. When it became apparent that the plan, through mingled incompetency and treachery, could not be carried out, Haymond gave up and went about his business. And to this day no one knows that he ever cherished the idea of being Governor. He probably could have obtained the nomination from one of the factions, but he knew it was worthless. The result verified his judgment. Dr. Glenn was the nominee of two of them, and William F. White, father of Stephen, of the other. They divided the vote of the three factions so that George C. Perkins, the Republican nominee, was elected. If Colonel Haymond, in this Senatorial contest, springs anything upon us half so bold as that fusion plan, he will yet take our breath away. At all events, the candidacy of so shrewd and secretive a politician as he ought to make the other candidates look to their fences.

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A FEW DAYS, if I remember right, after the death of the late Supervisor David B. Jackson, I casually observed that the Morrow Club would soon go to smash. It seems that this observation is about to be realized. The Morrow Club, as a potential political organization, is not likely to last through the year in which Mr. Jackson shuffled off this mortal coil. On Saturday evening last, as I see by consulting my loathsome contemporaries of the daily press, forty of its members openly rebelled against the rule of R. C. Meyers and left the organization in a body. Meyers is the North Beach druggist who covets the place on the Republican ticket made vacant by the death of Supervisor Jackson.

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The Morrow Club was named after Judge Morrow by its creator and manager, Supervisor Jackson. Between Jackson and Morrow a sincere and warm friendship had existed as far back as the time when that eminent jurist was known to fame simply as "Old Bill Morrow." In the beginning, the Club was designed to elevate Mr. Morrow's position as Congressman from the Fourth District into a perpetuity, but when he became United States District Judge the organization, having lost its deity, immediately began to deify Supervisor Jackson. In the meantime the Club had gathered in pretty nearly all that was holy at North Beach, and over the social and political machine thus formed Jackson gradually developed into Supreme Pontiff. The dead Supervisor was in all respects a lovable fellow. Kind and generous, open-hearted, frank and forgiving, he was just the man to control a turbulent lot of young wire-pullers such as comprised the bone and sinew of the Morrow Club.

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It has been said that the inconvenience caused by a man's death serves to measure the importance of his presence in the world, and by that standard it would be impossible to estimate the value of Jackson to the Morrow Club. His death simply left it without a head. The puny fellows who immediately fell to quarreling over his toga, were none of them capable of filling the vacancy. When Cromwell, the Protector, passed away, the despotic power he had wielded was snuffed out like a candle. Just as his government dissolved and fell back into the hands of those whom he had held at defiance, so the Morrow Club machine will now melt away and be no more. After all, it seems the personality of some men is a tower of strength for which there is no substitute. Neither Dr. Meyers nor Major Hanson, the heads of the factions, need try to wear the dead Supervisor's mantle. It was made too large for any man now at North Beach. We are all aware of the cohesiveness of public plunder, but all the public plunder in town could not now hold the Morrow Club together. It has lost its head and, like a decapitated chicken, it can only flop its wings and flounder and die. After November 8th it will not even deserve the facetious title of the "To-Morrow Club." It will be the Dead and Gone Club.

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THE CAMPAIGN SPEECH-MAKER is but little of an orator. His efforts are all in one line. His figures have rarely any originality and his arguments are gleaned from newspaper editorials. Why people with sense enough to go in when it rains should listen to the dreary platitudinizing that is poured forth by candidates in the name of politics, is a mystery to me. Among the speakers there are, perhaps, budding Websters, but their success in concealing ability is great. Of course, one does not expect fine rhetoric from aspirants for municipal distinction. They might, at least, be patriotic in good English. Of the Republicans I have been fated to listen to, Will Barnes is quite the most capable. He never wearies by a long speech, and in his matter shows tact and discrimination, if no great warmth.

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Rather a good story is told of General Barnes, whose campaign speeches were always full of fire and earnestness. Some years ago he was down for the speech of the evening at a grand mass meeting in the Pavilion. Under the impression his voice, powerful as it is, could not penetrate the tremendous gulf between stage and door, he asked Charles Webb Howard to help him rehearse. Sta-

tioning him under the gallery, near the main entrance, he himself mounted the rostrum and commenced delivering a powerful philippic against Spring Valley. How he did denounce the water monopoly. On the heads of its officers he called down anathemas. His powerful vituperation included even the collectors.

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After speaking about ten minutes he stopped and came towards Howard.

"Well?" he interrogated. "How did you like that? Could you hear me?"

"Beautifully" was the polite reply. "I lost a word or two here and there, but that patriotic climax of yours was admirable. I have never heard so magnificent a characterization of Lincoln. Your denunciation of the Solid South was superb." And Mr. Howard smiled blandly.

Under the circumstances Barnes concluded not to disturb his tranquility, but after that he made no effort to talk to a man at the end of the hall. Tom Fitch, whose voice was peculiarly penetrating, and Samuel M. Shortridge are the only speakers in town, I believe, whose vocal capacity the Pavilion does not strain.

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WHATEVER MAY BE THE RESULT of the mud-slinging that is now going on in this town, whether it may result in the success of the Republican, Democratic, or Non-Partisan ticket, or in the election of candidates from all three, one thing is certain, none of the mud will stick to Wendell Easton, the Republican candidate for Mayor. This gentleman has conducted himself throughout with an independence and strength of character that demonstrates the possession of the qualities of the leader, and, elected or defeated, he will emerge from the contest with clean skirts and as much self-respect as when he went in.

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This much I know: Mr. Easton did not want the nomination for Mayor on the Republican ticket, and for it he is absolutely independent of Kelly and Crimmins. Two years ago circumstances so moulded the political situation that the men who were then running the party did not think it advisable to place at the head of the ticket such a man as Wendell Easton. It was supposed to be a year when an older man would be at a premium, and in selecting Mayor Sanderson it was believed that the occasion was satisfied. No doubt a mistake was made. Had Mr. Easton been given the nomination two years ago, perhaps the Republicans would now have a solid party in this city. Under his leadership the local organization never would have reached its present broken and disordered state, for Mr. Easton has shown that he not only knows how to lead but how to organize.

* * *

But he was not nominated. A promise to be fulfilled this year took the place of a nomination. When this year rolled around Mr. Easton did not care to take up the reins of the runaway Republican team and stop its headlong career downward. He plainly told the powers of the Republicans so, and asked that he be excused. As in all such cases, however, he was informed that he would render service to his party and nothing but his name could save the local ticket. Ellert had gone over to the Non-Partisan camp, Mayor Sanderson had served his term, so there was no man to lead the candidates who could, by any possibility, hope to succeed, except him, and he was asked to name his terms. Mr. Easton, unlike some of his distinguished Republican friends, is not in politics for revenue. He has never done anything except spend his money to boost other people into office and get nothing himself, and it seemed to him, when the Republicans presented the situation to him in its strongest light, that it was simply a case of the old, old story.

* * *

To his credit, be it said, he did not long hesitate. His reply was, "Nominate a clean Board of Supervisors and I will try to pull this thing through." When I add that his terms were readily acceded to, I do not wish to be understood as intimating that the late Republican Municipal Convention entirely abdicated its powers. But I mean to say that Mr Easton received his nomination after the full ticket was named and was satisfied the Board of Supervisors could be relied upon to sustain any municipal policy he might inaugurate, and that the Convention thereupon nominated them. This was the only condition on which he would accept the nomination. It was not until this was agreed to that Mr. Easton consented to the use of his name in connection with the Mayorality.

Mr. Easton has carried himself in a dignified way throughout the campaign and seems to possess an underlying calmness and confidence in his election. The strong position which he has taken in expressing his gratification at the wisdom of the Supreme Court in its recent decision has certainly been very much in his favor. Whatever the result may be, it is a satisfaction to know that none of the mud will stick to Mr. Easton, and no stain can possibly rest upon his fame for being faithful to the principles of his party.

* * *

OF RACE COURSE CHARACTERS, Porter Ashe's jockey, Monroe Johnson, is the most entertaining. No ordinary mulatto is he, but a colored gentleman of Spanish descent and much elegance of manner. Besides having the flexibility of his race he is extremely intelligent, and a sport of the first water. On a horse he fancies Monroe will stake everything he owns. Indeed, I believe, had he lived "befo de wah" he would not have hesitated even at his own liberty. Some time ago Johnson was a resident of Stockton, eking out a precarious kind of living between race meetings. Sometimes he would return to his wife —the belle of the colored population—with gold galore, again he would lack a nickel to bless himself with. He was in the latter condition when his wife said to him:

"Monroe, I want a piano."

"You shall have one to-night, my dear," said Mr. Johnson, who, by the way, is very much a gentleman of his word and a devout admirer of his better half.

* * *

He left home with a dollar in his pocket. Half an hour later he had staked himself in a game of "craps" and won $20; another game swelled his winnings to $50. Out to the races he went and put up his pile on the strength of a tip. He won and had $200. Again and again he hazarded his assets, until by the afternoon he rattled in his pockets $1250 and knew supreme happiness. Returning from the track he purchased a $700 piano, ordered it sent home to Mrs. Johnson that evening, and arrived a little later to receive the rapturous caresses of his astonished wife. By noon the following day Monroe had not a cent left and approached a colored friend, who happened to be opulent, for the loan of $50.

"Why, Mister Johnson, what's de piano foh? Give you all the coin you want on that," was the opulent friend's answer.

"Never thought of it," ejaculated Monroe, who straightway engaged an expressman to remove the instrument. Alas! at the door stood Mrs. Johnson and her mamma armed with brooms. They warned him to advance toward the instrument at his peril. Both were robust personages and—well the instrument is still an asset of the firm.

* * *

PLATONIC LOVE they deny the existence of in the Bohemian Club. Half a dozen gentlemen of irresistible fascination have told me it is a figment of the philosophic imagination utterly lacking basis in California. Even I would not venture to question the opinions of such experts. However, a regular attendant at the Bush-street Theatre during the Margaret Mather engagement might obtain tangible proof that these personages are not infallible. There, one may see young Mr. Pabst, son of the great Milwaukee brewer, devouring with his mild blue eyes the graceful outlines of the beauteous Esmeralda. He is among the nicest of young German-Americans, is this scion of the millionaire beer-maker. He has soft blonde hair and soft courteous manners. That he lacks dash is a fact, alas, but think of his resources and of his devotion. Miss Mather he first saw in Milwaukee, and by chance met at the home of a Society leader there. Instantly he fell deeply in love.

* * *

He forgot in his devotion the conventional necessities of self-repression. His passion actually blazed out, his shyness disappeared, and, abandoning his loved Milwaukee, he has followed his charmer ever since. From circuit to circuit has he pursued her. At her shrine he offers costly flowers. So infatuated is he that actually he can see her play the same part night after night, and those alone who have been to "Esmeralda" can realize the devotion this indicates. Whether in the course of time the discovered-of-J. M. Hill will succumb to such admiration and grace a

Milwaukee home, is something I leave to those who have met Mr. Pabst.

* * *

After witnessing the achievement of Margaret Mather in Act III of "The Egyptian," I have no hesitation in pronouncing her the strongest woman on the boards. Possibly others have more muscle, but I doubt if Pauline Hall, who is no lightweight, could toss head over heels as robust an actor as Mr. Powers. It is in the dungeon. Claude Frollo has just howled through that wonderful declaration of love, and admits at last he killed Phœbus. Quick as a flash she jumps for him, catches convulsively his neck and shoulders, and flings him violently to the floor. Then commences a prolonged curse in the Witch of Macbeth style. She has him cowering at her feet. I cannot confess myself an admirer of the lady's dramatic ability, but I was profoundly impressed by her strength. Still, her unutterably vociferous shrieking was clever in its way. I have seldom heard anyone sustain it so long.

* * *

There is a clever dance in the second act in which the star excelled herself. She possesses an extremely graceful figure, and every gesture and motion was instinct with poetry. Indeed, the other young women who surrounded her seemed all angles and bones in comparison.

* * *

The huge floral piece that adorned the lobby of Stockwell's Theatre last Monday evening was presented to Aubrey Boucicault by Harry Bigelow. I believe it was the largest ever made here, and in its preparation the time of three very skillful florists was occupied for two whole days. However, the effort was worth the trouble, for the design, admirably executed, was peculiarly appropriate to the occasion. I have rarely seen such a gathering as attended that opening performance Both the author and Henley have made many friends here and they all turned out. Then, there were delegations from the Italian and Spanish quarter collected in the gallery by Mr. Bigelow; the sporting world went to see Porter Ashe's horses. Altogether, it was a capital house and the audience never lost an opportunity of applauding.

* * *

THOMAS BELL'S WILL is a document so peculiar that it has set people thinking, and, what is more interesting, talking over the manner of his death. Why should he have forgotten so many of his old friends and retainers? Why did he omit the name of the nephew who was almost a son to him? The omission of Mrs. Pleasant's name is striking. In fact, an atmosphere of mystery hangs over the event in which even conjecture is at a loss. If the Bell *menage* were only a little more like others, one might comprehend, but it is strikingly different. At present everything is in suspense. John Bell is awaiting the turn of affairs to decide his course. He will enjoy the advantage of good advice, for his affairs are in the competent hands of Tom Bishop.

* * *

The phase of the situation he is most interested in is the Los Alamos ranch. For twenty years past he has virtually owned this estate. For him it was purchased by his uncle; he had complete control of its affairs; it was regarded as his property by his friends, though it stood in the old gentleman's name. According to the will, it must go in with the rest of the estate, and then John Bell will have nothing. Considering the relations existing between nephew and uncle, it seems peculiar the latter should have so disposed his affairs. It is curious, too, he should have failed to remember his old clerk Dick, who served him forty years. Half a dozen pensioners he had are left destitute, for he was actually their source of support. The question, what it all means, is difficult to answer.

* * *

John Bell was married some years ago to a daughter of the late Dr. Nicholas Den, of Santa Barbara, who, by a recent Supreme Court decision, comes into a comfortable slice of the great Hollister estate. They reside on the Los Alamos Ranch in a very beautiful villa, which Uncle Thomas built for them. This nephew is a very jolly and generous fellow, who enjoys decided popularity among his associates. Just what the Bell estate will foot up, no one is able to guess. Those who know say it will be nearer five than two millions. Nearly all the bullion shipments from Mexico come through the firm, and, besides, it handled consignments of various kinds from South and Central America. Some years ago the capitalist dropped half a million in Tuscaroras, but that did not seem to worry him hugely. He was also a large stockholder in the North Bloomfield. Now that this great gold producer is again permitted to work, the value of the assets is proportionately increased. He also owned mines in Mexico. However, *nous verrons.*

* * *

NOW THAT BOTH the principals have been gathered to their fathers, it will do no harm to relate a story that the late millionaire, Thomas Bell, used to tell on himself. It was designed to illustrate the financial persuasiveness of the late John W. Gashwiler, a noted character of by-gone days, and is a champion of its class. Gashwiler was an ancient mining speculator, who, for many years, haunted the stock boards and talked about all sorts of wild schemes. Indeed, he was a veritable Colonel Sellers. He originated any number of bold speculations, but whenever he found a man sufficiently gullible to lend him money, they nearly always resulted disastrously.

* * *

A part of Gashwiler's business was to hang around the commercial banks and ascertain the ownerships and amount of the big deposits. If he discovered that a wealthy citizen had "cleaned up" on any venture and placed his money in the bank, he would at once hunt him up and propose some gigantic money-making enterprise. As capitalists are loath to let their accumulations remain idle, this game nearly always resulted successfully. But as no one ever made money by speculating with Gashwiler, he finally came to be regarded as a chronic loser, and capitalists avoided him. Shortly after his reputation as a voodoo had been thoroughly established, Gashwiler talked millionaire Bell into lending him $100,000.

"Five minutes after I had signed the check," said Bell, "I felt certain that the money was as good as thrown away. And sure enough, within two months Gashwiler came down with a crash. He had invested everything he possessed, including my loan, in some wild scheme or other, and had emerged from it in a state of total collapse.

* * *

"The next I heard of him he was going through bankruptcy. The thought that I had lent him $100,000 made me feel so cheap that when my bookkeeper asked if I desired to put in Gashwiler's note among the liabilities, I told him not to do it. Everybody would have laughed at me for my folly. But no sooner did John get his discharge in bankruptcy, than he came to see me. 'No, John,' I said, 'I know when I have had enough. You can't lose any more of my money.' But he persisted. He had some scheme by which, if I lent him $25,000 more, he would recoup all his previous losses and repay the whole $125,000. I stood him off for two weeks and then let him have the money."

When he reached this point Mr. Bell used to pause and sigh, "Oh, but Gashwiler was an awfully persuasive fellow. I never saw his equal."

"But what became of the $25,000?" you would naturally ask.

"Oh, he lost that, also. Afterward I gave him $25,000 more, on a positive promise to repay the $150,000, and he lost that too. I believe I should have kept on ledning him money until now had not the Lord called him. John was a very, very persuasive fellow."

* * *

OF HIS FIRST MEETING with Jim Corbett, Arthur Donnell tells a very neat story. While city agent of the late California he heard loud voices in the outer office disputing over a policy, and going to see what the matter was, found himself confronted by a tall, well-built young man whom he recognized as an employe of the Anglo-Nevada. It seemed there was a difficulty over transferring a policy, and the young man was explaining he'd consign the outfit several times to Hades if his demands were not acceded to.

"Look here, young fellow," said Donnell, "if you don't stop that kind of talk round here I'll take hold of you and fling you into the street. Don't seem to know there are ladies around."

At this the broad-shouldered young man smiled slightly, turned his back and walked out. A day or two later Donnell, passing up "the street" with a friend, pointed across to

the young fellow who was stalking along on the opposite sidewalk.

* * *

"There's that fellow I was telling you about the other day," he said. "What's his name? He is in the Anglo-Nevada."

"Why, that is Jim Corbett."

"Heavens! what an escape," said Donnell. "I threatened to throw him out of the office."

Laughing they crossed over and Donnell, touching the boxer on the shoulder, said:

"Mr. Corbett, I did not know you the other day, but I do now. I think you were right about that policy, after all."

Corbett burst out laughing.

"Second thoughts are best," he returned. "I think, after all, you were."

* * *

THE COLUMBUS SERVICE at the Cathedral gathered a tremendous crowd. Not even on Christmas day have I seen a greater congregation there. Of course, the altar was brilliant with lights and flowers. The resplendent vestments of the officiating clergy added additional richness to the general effect. The music was a tremendous effort. Ugo Talbo, who was in rather good voice, sang the offertory solo against an aggravating assortment of wind instruments combined with the organ. They went out of tune at periodic intervals, lost their places more frequently, and produced a mumble-jumble of discords that might have set on edge the teeth of a donkey. In fact, the accompaniment was sinful from a musical point of view, besides being uncommonly uncomfortable for unfortunates with a sense of harmony. I cannot trust myself to speak of the offenses against time and tune that were committed in the canon.

* * *

Professor Eimer doubtless imagines I am actuated by malignant spite in thus criticising his choir. I have never even seen the man—would I had never heard him. His moral character, I am sure, is above suspicion, and, doubtless, his faithfulness is beyond compare. But he is not an artist. He has a magnificent instrument, the resources of which he is ignorant of, besides lacking the technic to bring them out. As a business proposition, the pensioning of Mr. Eimer, and the engagement—the importation even—of a first-class organist, should prove profitable. It would attract to church hundreds of intelligent people who spend their Sundays elsewhere. Music lovers from all over town would go there, subjecting themselves to the subtle ecclesiastical influence which, even in these atheistic days, moves the spiritual man to piety.

* * *

Whoever has seen the little Methodist Church up on Bush Street agrees with me it is the prettiest in town. Built after the French timber work style, it might have been transported bodily from some delightful old Brittany village. Surrounded by an array of bay-windowed houses, with a mongrel Queen Anne edifice near by, it does look a trifle incongruous. If but a few old elm trees cast shadows athwart the rustic porch, or an acre of green-sward spread an emerald carpet against its walls, its setting would be perfect. But what a contrast to the barren and commonplace structures for religious worship the city abounds in. It is charmingly artistic, and really æsthetic, and Willis Polk deserves the highest encomiums, for it is his design.

* * *

The interior finish is as beautiful as the exterior. There is a Gothic roof supported by heavy redwood trusses. The walls are in the same wood, paneled to a height of eight feet. The tower is placed right over the intersection of transept and nave, and the soft light shed down from its lantern produces a charming effect. To use a coined phrase, I doubt if there be a more churchly interior in town than that of this little edifice.

* * *

Clergymen in general seem to imagine they are exempt from criticism. It rarely happens that any journal ventures to point out the shortcomings of local pastors, or the weakness of their administration. The fact is, there is no field where it is so requisite. We have stupid sermons, bad music, raw decorations, simply because the responsible parties never hear a criticism, and imagine they have reached perfection.

* * *

I warn Mr. Pixley to beware. The *Monitor*, the organ of Archbishop Riordan, is about to wage war against his church, St. Mary the Virgin, and, in its last issue, inaugurated what may prove a bitter campaign. The religious journal which is now fac-simile of the *Argonaut*, so far as make-up and dress are concerned, speaks of the editor's little Bethel as an "institution," says it is "putting on airs," and makes "desperate dashes at imitating Rome." Confidently it asserts that at St. Mary the Virgin's they will never, never be able to come by the Catholic spirit, even if they do steal its form of worship. These are belligerent words, and may be interpreted a variety of ways. It is evident the Archbishop objects to Mr. Pixley stealing his thunder and purposes putting a stop to his predatory efforts. As the latter is no longer a contributor to Jerome Hart's journal, I don't quite see how he is to retaliate.

* * *

The difference between calling a man a scoundrel and proving it, is commonly about $50,000—the jury in the libel suit usually award that amount. But in nearly all cases a retraction is considered the better way to settle the fight. Political heat causes papers to make some hot charges against men, and my attention has been called to the following crow-eating apology of my crepuscular contemporary, the *Report*. It is an echo of two years ago, and makes interesting reading:

In the *Report* of October 25, 1890, was printed a long political article, in which the career of Martin Kelly, an active and aggressive Republican, was given in great detail, and with what purported to be absolute accuracy.

The information furnished the *Report*, and upon which the article was based, was thought at that time absolutely reliable. Since the article was printed, however, the *Report* has investigated the charges against Mr. Kelly and has become satisfied that the statements reflecting most severely on his character were not warranted by the facts, and that the statements of a purely political character, in so far as they reflected on his character, were grossly exaggerated.

The article was published in the heat of one of the liveliest campaigns ever known in this city, and in commenting on Mr. Kelly and his associates the *Report* had no intention of making any defamatory statements.

These remarks of the *Report* are timely and proper, because, from time to time since the publication of the article reflecting on Mr. Kelly, its incorrect statements have been utilized by other newspapers for the purpose of trying to injure his standing in the community. We have investigated and found that the *Report's* statements about Mr. Kelly were not true, and the *Report* does not hesitate to say so.

The *Bulletin* says that Kelly brought suit against it for libel some time ago. This is incorrect; it would be as hard to get a verdict, almost, as to collect the damages.

* * *

A very accommodating little man is Peter Donahue. No one in San Francisco is politer, more cordial, more considerate. Recognizing the lack of distinction in Society here, he has been to Rome to procure a title. Nothing is quite so painful as to observe the absence of swell names among those who attend cotillions and things. Since Baron Von Schroeder went hence, Count Festetics alone has relieved the bare array of Misters, and he is so young. Just whether Mr. Donahue will return a Marquis, like the late dry goods merchant, or a Count, like the late Oliver, or only a Chevalier, as Eugene Kelly is dubbed, I will not state. That is his surprise, and not for worlds would I deprive him of the satisfaction of introducing himself. He is now in Paris and purposes returning in time for the first cotillion.

The Witness.

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THE POINT OF VIEW.

The immigration on the day before had been larger than usual, and somehow, as the angel Clairebelle surveyed the newcomers, a feeling of repugnance crept over him. Clairebelle was a monstrously æsthetic seraph, even for heaven, and as he gazed upon the kind of people who were nowadays being admitted to Paradise, he said to himself that the place was becoming a trifle mixed. It was all St. Peter's fault, of course; that gatekeeper was getting a little old and losing some of his vigilance. Certainly, it seemed so to Clairebelle; he looked about him and shuddered; then, while the discontented mood yet lingered, he decided to take an outing, to re-visit once more the shores below, whence he had come æons before, and whence it seemed now so easy to enter Paradise. He would re-visit the glimpses of the Earth.

St. Peter merely nodded his head drowsily and handed him a return pass. The seraph spread his wings and floated gently downwards, through the clouds, the cold air, the warm belt, until at last he sank easily and comfortably down upon a meadow, from which a gate led to a small white house of one story in height. Clairebelle had resumed his old earth-dress, had cloaked his wings away skillfully; he now proceeded toward this house, the only visible abode of man. A leather-visaged woman, wrinkled, scarred with the lashes of hard work, old before her age, was pulling heavily at a well chain in the yard, leaning over a raised curb, and breathing heavily. The bucket came to the top; she sank down listlessly by the curb, exhausted, hopeless. It was always the same, ever since memory began had there been this hard struggle, merely to earn life, and always the achievement of each effort had meant only a realization of its pain and worthlessness. From her lips there came a despairing whisper, a hoarse appeal, addressed merely to her fate, to her hopelessness. "I would to heaven," she whispered, meaning afterwards to say that she wished death would come to her, but Clairebelle, seeing and hearing all, interrupted, very tenderly, "Oh, would you? Well, perhaps you can go. I—you see these wings?—[he uncloaked them and fluttered them a little before her astonished eyes] am but now from heaven myself. But, tell me first, where is the nearest haunt of men, a city?"

She pointed speechless, toward the East.

"Ah," went on the seraph, "but how far?"

"Ten miles."

"H'm. A mere step—for me. But now, do you still crave release, woman? Are you still tired? So!" He gave her a pass to Heaven. The woman sank upon the well curb, motionless.

Clairebelle, proceeding to the city, mused angrily: "I came to earth to find relief from—the plebs who now crowd my home, and the first thing I do is to give one of that tribe a through ticket. Very absurd, very! However——"

He touched ground, and began walking briskly up the avenue, the greatest avenue in the world. "It's new," he said to himself, "very new; but it's not so pretty. It's all hard, cruel, mechanical. I do wonder at St. Peter letting this class of people in."

As he walked he saw a crowd about a picture shop. They were all staring at chromos, fancying them to be Art. A girl went by, a beautiful girl, but possessed of a walk that was a cross between the waddle of a duck and the swing of a stiff pendulum. Words of conversation floated in the air; inane words, profane words, no memorable words. Everyone hurried; no one ever appeared to arrive. The sky was merely a speck of blue, far up, shut out by huge buildings. There was a roar and rumble, a terrible rattle and clatter of all manner of noises, deafening, sickening. There were women wearing fortunes; street children half-clothed in rags.

Clairebelle felt a disgust come over him, an intense, poignant feeling, to which the distaste that prompted his excursion from Heaven was a mere, vague sentiment. "This is horrible," he thought. "And I thought an hour or two spent here might be pleasant! Fool! I am beginning to believe that there is no such place as hell; that the punishment for evil living consists in being compelled to go on living here, always in this endless monotonous chaos of horrors. I have been objecting to the kind of people that come up our way; but in the sight of this I can't object any more, this is too terrible! No, if they are able to make St. Peter believe—why, in pity's name, let them. In time, Heaven will make even these people seraphic; but, oh, what a long time it does take! Well, I must return. This has been very saddening. I regret my excursion. Why did I want to pry into the chamber of horrors? Yet, I had forgotten how it looked; and it certainly used not to be so evil, so machine-made, so commonplace. It has grown, oh, so much worse, since my time. However, my trip has not been quite useless: there was that woman!"

He was about to unfold his wings, when he observed a certain young devil walking towards him. "Hallo," he greeted him, "I thought your people had all gone out of business?" he laughed jocosely.

"To tell you the truth," replied the minion of Satan, "I have just been on a tour of inspection. You see our place is getting so mild, compared with this [he swept his arm horizontally about him] that we are thinking of devising a horrible punishment for our worst offenders: we are thinking of sending them back to earth!"

Clairebelle nodded approval silently. Then he rose upwards, waving a farewell, and was presently lost in space.—*J. Percival Pollard, in Figaro.*

"OUR SOCIETY"

Blue Book, containing the names, addresses, and reception days of the leading Society people of San Francisco, and the principal social centres of the State, is now in a state of preparation for the opening of the Society season of 1892-93, and will be issued November 1st. We will be particularly careful in the selection of names to grace the pages of the Blue Book, and will eliminate many which have appeared in former publications. It will be kept on file exclusively at all the clubs, fashionable hotels, theatres, summer resorts, etc. The arrangement of names will be alphabetically and numerically by streets, similar to the Chicago, New York and Philadelphia Blue Books. It has become the accepted fashionable private address directory of California Society people.

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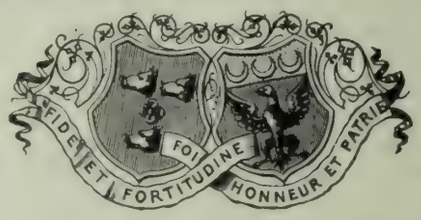

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A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—Because of engaging myself in the pursuit of other literary goddesses, you must not imagine me any less true to you. Nowadays, one expects so much from one's correspondents that it does not do to begin without serious thought the most trivial of letters. If you would but let me gossip about the costumes of heroines, or the lighter characteristics of current heroes, I would write forever. But you ask a dignity that is inconsistent with my point of view, and the consequence is I fly to others whose standards, if more severe, are less lived up to. In the abstract, I know of nothing so admirable as loftiness; in the concrete, nothing, unless it be a fad, is quite so tiresome. I am persuaded pride is not happiness, just as firmly as I believe covetousness a virtue, and conscientiousness a curse. Having never beheld you save through literary spectacles, I am convinced Miss Matilda must reside on a tree top. That is why I have always approached her on stilts. It is true, perhaps, I do not tread as gracefully as some other devotees, but lofty constraint has become their second nature, and I—I come from my perch as soon as possible. "Who drives fat oxen," you know, "should himself be fat." I hesitate to suggest that environment could affect your characteristics, yet even wine does not always thrive in wood.

Let me submit to your consideration "The Berkleys and Their Neighbors," by Molly Elliot Seawell. It is readable in a mild way, is very evenly written, and contains just enough incident not to be exciting. Perhaps Madame Koller may suggest herself as a type for your gallery. To me she seems but half conceived. Olivia is too young to have salient characteristics. They come with age, like cynicism, stiffness, and wrinkles. How much easier is it to paint a personage than a young person. I am often half inclined to agree with the bluff artist before whom a belle presented herself for a portrait. "Only a camera," he said, "could catch the exquisite inanity of your expression, Mademoiselle."

It is fairly presumable that the author of this volume is a woman and she may be suspected of knowing a little about the sex. In the mouth of Colonel Berkley she puts the remark, "Pembroke, my boy, remember that women never believe you except when you are lying to them." There is an accusation which I am loath to accept without confirmation. Is it that the refined nature of the female revolts at the brutality of sheer veracity? Or is it a mere fear of pain that insists on truth and pills being sugar coated? Perhaps the Colonel meant that the woman who loves believes nothing save what is good of her beloved; if she is indifferent, she prefers to accept the contrary as fact. In other words, it is the sentiment that rules, not the certainty. She means the same when she says, "Prudence in love is commonly regarded as a beggarly virtue by women."

If I remember aright, you were decidedly *èepris* of Saracinesca and Sant 'Ilario—Crawford's stories of noble Roman life. In "Under Pressure," by the Marchesa Theodoli, you will find the subject treated at first hand. Not a *chef d'œuvre* this novel, but interesting because of the identity of the *dramatis personæ* and the manner of their surroundings.

For a first essay in fiction this is a remarkably good piece of work. Style, manner, scenery, arrangement, all are modeled on Crawford. The obligation is marked, the imitation excellent, yet the graphic force, the brilliancy is lacking. Its perusal enables one to appreciate the ability of the original, his easy mastery of material, his dramatic insight. But what a field for fiction these haughty old Roman families present. Strong in their adhesion to old customs and ancient prejudices, their atmosphere, their surroundings are deeply romantic. It is delightful to read of the Palazzo Astalli, whose gardens hang waving green boughs and trailing vines over the Tiber, and to wander with Lavinia and Bianca through the groves of orange and magnolia trees on the terrace that overlooks the yellow river. What a relief this scenery is to the sober shades the monotonies of English life, to the dull, trivial conventionality of American fiction. Here the lights are high, and the shadows sombre, and the men and women have all the passions, the fierce energy, the determination, the cruelty that made them fierce fighters and deadly enemies in days of yore. Altogether, it is a very readable book, this "Under Pressure." If the Marchesa Theodoli would but read the essay on the novel in which Guy de Maupassant enunciated his theory of style and art, she would do better.

In English literature there is so much verse that has true poetry in it that it seems like wasted hours reading aught that is second-rate. In a book of poetry by B. W. Ball, through which I have been looking this week, I find occasional touches of incandescence. It is a huge body of verse, philosophic, descriptive, critical, relieved here and there by less consequential efforts. Here are a few lines culled from "Abendroth:"

I from my western window duly gaze,
As sundown's splendor ebbs away,
And see its mystic parterres bloom and blaze,
With night flowers knowing not decay.

Here is another bit from "Long Ago." Conventional, I admit, but sweet.

Brighter shone the summer sunshine
Of the Junes of long ago,
And with deeper crimson damasked
Did the foretime's roses blow—
Spread a fresher, dewier, greensward
Verdure of the years gone by—
Hummed the bee a drowsier murmur
Soared aloft a bluer sky.

Mr. Ball is contemplative. Had he less of a moral sense, could he but leave dull philosophy alone and be content to decorate scenery with sentiment rather than sentiment with scenery, his verse would be something more than a *succes de estimé*.

ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Buckleys and Their Neighbors," by Molly Elliott Sewell. D. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Under Pressure," by The Marchesa Theodoli. Macmillan & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Poems of B. W. Ball." G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers. For sale by all book dealers.

Professor Sauvlet is being distinguished by the Bohemian Club. Those who have undergone this agreeable process will appreciate its value. On Sunday evening a group of downtown connoisseurs was good enough to listen to the professor's Hawaiian opera—a very clever production—and several times applauded in the right place. Just when Mr. Sauvlet purposes bringing out this production, I am not informed. My impression is it will be more of a success than the much heralded compositions of some other local opera-makers.

Our friend of the Santa Cruz *Sentinel* thus disposes of a popular superstition: "What ignorant person says Friday is an unlucky day? Columbus sailed on Friday, discovered this continent, and the people of the world celebrated the discovery last Friday."

FOOTBALL MATCH

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—VS.—
Olympic Club

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The Wave

A Society, Literary and Political Journal.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, October 29, 1892.

"DOWN WITH THE BOSSES."

When the Citizens' Non-Partisan party, which then comprised not over a dozen men, called a convention to nominate a set of municipal candidates, not many, even among its most enthusiastic supporters, believed that it would achieve any greater distinction than had been won by several of its "side-show" predecessors. In fact, it was undoubtedly originally intended, like most side-shows, as a political bludgeon, and with it certain politicians (who need not now be named) hoped to knock out the brains of Kelly and Crimmins, the Republican bosses.

But the Non-Partisan movement, beginning with a mere squall, has taken on the proportions of a veritable hurricane. Long ago, the men who planned it on the lines of the regulation "side-show," have been swept away, and even those who first lent it character and stability, John Nightingale, Thomas Magee, Asa R. Wells, and others, have been obscured by the dust it has created.

The Citizens' Non-Partisan party is now a living and breathing entity, which nothing can suppress. Republicans and Democrats alike are proud to owe its allegiance, and everywhere the independent voters are flocking to its standard.

It is not difficult to discover the sources of the strong current of public sentiment which is now flowing in the direction of this "side-show," and which, on election day, is likely to convert it into a three-ring circus. The masses are disgusted with the bosses, and they are going to get rid of them forever.

Had Sullivan and Dwyer thrown open the doors of their party to the indignant people, instead of creating a "slate" convention for the nomination of a "slate" ticket, this Non-Partisan "side-show" would have been impossible. The masses would have turned to the great Democratic party for the redress of their political grievances. But Judge Sullivan and Mr. Dwyer saw fit to do as they have done, and, whether justly or not, they have earned the title of political bosses. The voters are not now pausing to inquire whether they actually are bosses, in the evil acceptation of the term; they are simply taking them and their ticket at the estimate the dissatisfied newspapers and politicians have placed upon them.

If the Non-Partisan candidates, headed by Ellert and Scott, are elected—and all the signs now point in that direction—it will not be because Ellert and Scott, and their colleagues, are better men than some others who are candidates for the same offices, but because they represent a principle that is all the rage this year. That principle is expressed in the slogan, "Down with the bosses."

It was Abraham Lincoln, the wisest and most sagacious politician of his time, who said to Uncle Dick Ogisby, "Keep close to the people, Uncle Dick, they are *always* right." And so, if the leaders of the old parties are destroyed this year by this Non-Partisan cyclone, it will be because they have strayed far, far away from the people.

LANDMARKS OF THE LAW.

Two decisions of Courts of last resort within the past two weeks have struck me as being worthy of more than a passing notice. Indeed, it seems to me that American institutions have acquired added strength from the very fact that it is possible to obtain such opinions from such tribunals.

The first one was rendered by the United States Supreme Court, a tribunal that has often shown its partisanship on partisan questions. In affirming the constitutionality of the Michigan law providing for the election of Presidential electors by Congressional Districts, the Court practically gave to Cleveland nine electoral votes which he could not get if Michigan yields her usual Republican majority. But the law was constitutional, and the Court had the rare courage to look over and beyond the temporary petty contentions of politics, and affirm its validity.

The second one issued from our own Supreme Court, a tribunal that has not stood very high in the non-partisan scale. In the reform ballot case, however, the Justices unanimously agreed to a ruling which will do more for pure politics than a year's howling on the part of press and pulpit could hope to accomplish. Without a heading to the ballot the bosses cannot vote their "stuffers," and for once we shall have the free and untrammeled choice of the people. The result, it is certain, will surprise a great many.

These two decisions, in both of which the Judges soared far above the level of the office-holding tribe, will serve as landmarks in juridical annals. Along with that of the New York Court of Appeals, by which the Democrats, through the decisions of Republican Judges, secured the control of the legislature, they ought to be regarded as promising signs. So long as the Judges impartially declare the law, we are safe. When once a fair interpretation of the law languishes in a nation's Courts, it is not long ere liberty expires in its dungeons.

Of course, almost to the exclusion of everything else, politics occupies the time of everyone. If you are not a candidate, you are the friend of a candidate, and that amounts to much the same thing. Political affiliation counts for little this year; it seems as if the voter favored men *and* principles instead of party behests, and the result of the ballot contest will be remarkable in the history of San Francisco. The unusual number of tickets includes too many names not to afford the public-spirited citizen an opportunity of voting for good men. Among the many good men who seek the suffrages of the people are Henry P. Sonntag, the candidate for Supervisor in the Tenth Ward; Sands W. Forman, candidate in the Fifth; C. W. Slack, candidate for Superior Judge; H. H. Scott, candidate for Sheriff, and others whom honesty and ability put above the matter of party.

* * *

The battle cry is still the same! If you vote for Ellert, says the *Chronicle*, you elect O'Donnell; the *Examiner* cries, a vote for Easton is a vote for O'Donnell; the *Call* says, a vote for Easton or Baldwin means the election of O'Donnell. Last week I suggested that the only way to defeat O'Donnell was to refrain from voting for anyone. This week I would suggest that, if what the morning papers say is true, the only way to beat O'Donnell is by voting for him.

* * *

When Mr. P. H. Lynch denied the truth of The Wave's statement to the effect that he was opposed to the Republican candidate for Sheriff, he omitted only one thing that would have convinced his friends that he did not purpose using the knife. He neglected to call off the conductors, gripmen, and car-shop men of the Powell Street road. Their orders were to knife Mr. Blattner. Here is another opportunity for an interview in the *Chronicle*.

* * *

The statement is made that Senator J. Simpis in danger of assassination, and that the public may be saved the distress that would follow the death of such a great and good man, I respectfully suggest that his tongue be amputated at once.

* * *

What has become of Nationalism? Is it possible that Judge Maguire has mislaid the party in the pockets of some of his cast-off clothing? This is one of the organizations that is always most conspicuous in years when there are no elections.

* * *

The remarkable silence that Mr. Blaine maintains toward the statesman-like qualities of President Harrison is endearing him to the enemies of the latter. The Ex-Secretary of State, unlike his prototype of Germany, will not reveal the hiding place of his late master by throwing stones at him.

* * *

Politics must be warm in Fresno County. I understand that indemnity will be granted Evans and Sontag if they return and vote the right ticket. The only thing that bothers Mr. Bigelow's friends is the fact that the people of Fresno are variously minded on the question of which is the "right" ticket.

MUSIC.

CONCERTS.

Recitals of *piano-forte* literature, unless given by artists of world-wide celebrity, do not call out special enthusiasm or attention from local concert-goers; extensive advertising and a long list of patrons appears to be the only means of bringing together a large audience. A very little experience is sufficient to enable the average amateur to judge whether piano playing is good or indifferent, though there are but few who have the analytic solution, so that to be even interesting a pianist must have attained almost complete command over the whole wide field of resources to be drawn from the reserve of pianistic art. The literature for the instrument, fairly overgrown as it now is, demands extraordinary application, gifts of retention, memory, and sheer physical power being equal, to allow of any approach to complete acquaintanceship with its ramifications, and these developments have a multiplicity of needs, from the technical point of view alone, which are becoming infinitely more exacting than they ever have been. Though piano playing has long been an adult art, the last ten years have brought to it an extraordinarily rapid evolution—the tendency of the times to make all things level has merged distinctions, so that every artist must have the same degree of ability in manipulating skill or be behind the age. The abolition of the set method of executing all difficulties by the same inflexible rules, has revolutionized the art to such an extent that players, whose lives have been devoted to that elder system, find themselves, at the ends of their careers, incapable of pleasing even a general audience. The study of Delsarte, which is but a new name for simple things primeval through the world physical, though constantly derided, has done not a little to bring about the change in point of view entertained by audiences, and, consciously or unconsciously, the relation between movement and tone is very generally apprehended.

In two recitals Mr. Otto Bendix has given sufficiently varied programmes to show an extended knowledge of the various schools of *piano-forte* music of the highest class. "Immense execution," in the conventional meaning, is his distinguishing characteristic. Altogether, the performances are well conned, and sustained at an even pitch. Pure legato, dynamics, perfection of inflection, plastic tone, and clearly defined pedalling, are things expected only in modern playing. Mr. Bendix arouses the average show of enthusiasm.

The twenty-third Saturday Popular Concert attracted a large and favorably disposed audience. The popular success of these concerts appears firmly established, and the attendance increases with each performance. Without being a strong one, the programme had enough interest to call forth the usual attention and enthusiasm. A *Sonata* for piano and 'cello of Mendelssohn's and Godard's *Trio, Op. 32*, unfamiliar here, were the chief contributions from genuine musical literature, not remarkable for any impressive quality, however. Miss Bessie Lee Wall played piano solos. Her gain in concentration and self-poised attitude was distinctly felt, and, with time, her talents will be undoubtedly visible without the obliterations caused by nervousness. Mr. Frank Mitchell, the vocalist, sang without doing sufficient justice to his agreeable voice.

"MISS HELYETT."

The French, whose talent for the making of comic operas, pure and simple, is incontestably without compare, have been little better than dumb in the matter of new operas, as far as the English-speaking public is concerned, and that for long enough also. With the lightest possible sentiment, no pastoral color, and little of the strictly humorous element, the French take a thread of ludicrous incident and clothe it with three long acts, set to music untinged with emotion, with being never for a moment dull, often witty, and unvaryingly amusing. French laughter appears to exhilarate without leaving the after vacuum which produces tears, and probably because it is the nearest approach to a reasonable exercise of the risibles yet invented. To fit the libretti, the composers have written music impossible to be taken seriously, seldom vulgar, and usually with crackling rhythms turned in the crispest of phrases designed especially for the use of the comic opera singing voice or proper *voce parlande*.

"Miss Helyett" is typically French, with libretto and music to match. As much of the libretto that is amusing may be taken as directly adapted, while the veins of tiresomeness may equally be credited to the adapters. Of the music numbers the characteristics of rhythm and gay electric quality are typically National, even to the commonplaces. The tinkling tunes are turned with many a touch of fine taste, and there is nothing wanting in spirit throughout. The Company generally does more than might be expected of it in being quick and active. Miss Helen Bertram develops unlooked for ability in playing the title role, though on the first night with something yet to learn in the matter of lines. Acting intelligently, singing with a refinement of method, and in excellent taste, Mr. Charles Bassett gives a performance unfortunately rare. The characters are fairly well cared for, but the condition of the orchestra is unkempt, ragged, and sometimes tanned beyond recognition in the sense of intonation and precision.

LESLEY MARTIN.

MINING AND FINANCIAL.

From the way the market opened on Monday, stockholders wished, instead of two days, a week's vacation. The decline continued. Con. Virginia, under the steady selling of Joe Marks, went down to $2.65 on Tuesday. This is the lowest price the stock has reached in two years, and the first time this year that it has sold under $3.00. As I told the readers of THE WAVE in the last few numbers that both Con. Virginia and Belcher were a sell, and would decline in price, I will not be blamed if they held on to the stock, and unless some strike is made soon, and the decline arrested, there will be very few able to keep their shares.

Late on Tuesday and Wednesday mornings a rally took place, and there was a reaction. A better tone pervaded the stock mart on the reported improvement of a winze in Ophir on the 1565 foot level; it advanced from $2.20 to $2.80, Con. Virginia from $2.80 to $3.20, Best and Belcher from $1.30 to $1.80, and Belcher from $2.50 to $2.85, Crown Point from $1.20 to $1.45. The reaction did not last long, though the Northenders held up well, but Belcher, under the heavy selling of Coffin, who sold about 1600 shares, declined to $2.35. For the last week the best looking stock on the list has been Potosi, which advanced in the last few days in the face of a falling market from 90 cents to $1.25, the price at the present writing (Wednesday). The unusual strength displayed by this stock can be accounted for; it is expected to make a connection on the 1800 foot level of Potosi and Bullion about the first of the month, and as they will do quite a lot of cross cutting after the connection is made, some lively work may be expected, but I would not advise the readers of THE WAVE to invest in the stock at present, as it will be safest to wait and watch the results, although they may advance a little before then, but not much. Crown Point and Yellow Jacket were well held the past week, Crown Point especially, under the buying of Marks and Paxton, held to $1.30 like a porous plaster.

The outlook at present to stockholders is not very cheering; the whole line has declined to prices that ruled before the late deal, and as the new month is close at hand, and many of the mines are heavily in debt, a number of assessments will be levied; this will still more tend to demoralize prices, so unless a development is made, the year will close on a disgusted public. There are a number of rumors on the street that Newlands will give them a rally before election day, but I don't believe he can, even if he wished, for to make a deal it takes time; it cannot be done in a day or a week, stock must be concentrated, connections entered into, brokers engaged and instructed, the public mystified, and reports spread of developments made or expected; these and many other details must be entered into before a deal can be made.

Bullion valued at $50,000 was received from the Candelaria mine, Mex. This is the mine in which Colonel Dan Burns, the Police Commissioner, is largely interested. It is said J. L. Flood will leave for New York on Friday night to remain for the winter. This will not tend to better the condition of the market. W. E. Sharon, Superintendent of Yellow Jacket and Confidence, arrived from Gold Hill.

The officers of the Belcher, Crown Point, Yellow Jacket, Challenge Con., and Con. Imperial, which have been for years in the Stock Exchange Building, will be removed to the Mills Building. The average price of silver in New York has been about 85½ cents per ounce. The Occidental has levied an assessment of 25 cents per share, a very heavy assessment for a stock selling at 15 cents; the Directors say it is better than to levy two assessments of 10 cents, as it costs $400 or $500 to collect an assessment; stockholders think differently and would feel more able to pay two light ones than one heavy one. A telegram notice reports the shipment of $60,000 in gold from the Treadwell Mine, Douglas Island, Alaska.

Pacific Lighting Company will pay a dividend of 50 cents per share November 5th. The Reno Electric Light Company have levied an assessment of 50 cents per share.

On Tuesday Judge Hebbard rendered a decision dismissing the judgment rendered in the Hale & Norcross mine, as far as regards C. P. Eagan. The other defendants then put up bonds and filed their notice of appeal; the amount of bonds was for $2,030,000 (or double the amount of the judgment), put up by the Western Surety and Guaranty Company.

At the Stock and Bond Board business was light. The following were the sales made: Spring Valley Water, 450 shares, @ 99⅞ to 100¼; San Francisco Gas, 55 @ 72¾ to 73; California Electric Light, 735 @ 19½ to 20; Giant Powder, 69 @ 43¾ to 44; Vigorit, 300 @ 2¼; Hawaii Commercial, 300 @ 30 to 35; Omnibus Cable, 60 @ 47; Safe Deposit, 50 @ 50; Bank of California, 70 @ 262; also the following bonds: Omnibus Cable, 28,000 @ 115 to 114; Spring Valley 4's, 28,000 @ 92⅝; Market Street Cable, 4000 @ 122 to 122½.

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THE MUMMERS.

"THE FAVORITE" AT STOCKWELL'S.

It is not probable that Mr. Aubrey Boucicault will assert his right to the vulgarities of "The Favorite;" and he has no title to its excellencies. Unwilling to claim the bad, and unable to prove his claim to the good in the play, he is in the position of the host who sat his guest down to a banquet of roast beef and mustard; being polite, he bestowed the meat on his friend, and explained, as his reason for not consuming the mustard, that he was not hungry. The play is bad; more, it is useless; more, it is meretricious. And I think it will succeed.

It would be unreasonable to condemn "The Favorite" too severely when we remember that it has been the means of bringing together three such notable actors as Henley, Jewett, and Boucicault; three such clever actresses as Miss Brandon, Miss Bateman, and Miss Vining; three such excellent horses as Geraldine, Jocko, and Mozart. There is an aggregation that would redeem almost the worst sort of a drama, and it nearly succeeded with "The Favorite." Morality seems to have fled from the study of the playwright and gone ahunting for the lost nymphs of the woods. The hero of the play is followed and thwarted by a woman who lived with him as his wife; he seeks, and gains, sympathy everywhere, and as he happens to be an English lord in disguise, his *fiancee* forgives him, and becomes Lady Cleaver. I would not dare say that this has a bad moral to it, but I should have liked to have seen the characters reversed. Say, the woman had been Lady Cleaver, she grows tired of the man who lived with her as her husband, and the current of her being sets toward a pure, noble-minded, and innocent young American gentleman. Eh? Well, Mr. Boucicault can try that in his next comedy-drama.

Aside from all this, however, the play lacks refinement; its slang is nauseating, and was at times utterly incomprehensible to those unfortunates who had not acquired an intimate knowledge of Bowery literature. Said Mr. Boucicault, in the character of Geoffry Sanford: "I have a fast yacht, a fast horse, and a fast girl." The latter appeared, threw her arms about "Geoff," and kicked up one leg, as is the wont of the soubrette. But I am tired of finding fault, and must commiserate with the actors. Mr. Jewett made a decided success on his first appearance here. He had a somewhat disagreeable role as the lord in disguise chased by the no longer fascinating lady. If it were any of my business I would suggest that he have his long speeches boiled down; the sentiment is frayed at the edges, and the middle is worn clean away. Mr. Henley was remarkably good in his part—as he always is. Mr. Boucicault may be a capital actor some day. It is a relief to see Miss Brandon in a new role. As the thwarter of the disguised lord she was inimitable, and did infinitely better than in any of the tear-stained parts that an unmerciful providence has too often provided her with. Miss Bateman's opportunities did not show her dramatic talent to much advantage. If Miss Vining would curb her desire to do variety her performance would be much more pleasurable. It would be unfair to omit mention of Arthur Byron. The part he had—a villain in a mild form—he played admirably, and, although a trifle young looking, his efforts were heartily applauded, as they deserved. Mr. Porter Ashe is to be congratulated on winning a race with Geraldine in a walk-over.

"The Favorite" will continue another week at Stockwell's Theatre, with a professional matinee Thursday, November 3d, giving the entire theatrical profession an opportunity of seeing the performance. A great deal of interest is being taken for this occasion, at which time the one hundred and fiftieth performance will be dedicated commemorating the occasion with a handsome souvenir programme of the performance. Beginning Monday, November 7th, E. J. Henley, Aubrey Boucicault, and the new Stockwell Company of players will be seen in a beautiful production of "The Pink Dominos."——

Margaret Mather made a decided hit in "The Egyptian" at the Bush this week. Her second and last week should prove of interest, inasmuch as she is to be seen in the roles in which she has already become famous. For Monday and Wednesday nights and Saturday afternoon she will offer the Shakesperian tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet." On Tuesday and Thursday she will present Tobin's sparkling old English comedy, "The Honeymoon," in which Mr. Whiting will be seen as the Duke Aranza. For the Wednesday matinee and the farewell performance Saturday night she will present Bulwer's classic romance, "The Lady of Lyons," and on Friday night only will she be seen as the deserted Jewess, Leah, in Mosenthal's tragedy, "Leah, the Forsaken."——

Of Mr. Salvini's performance in "The Three Guardsmen," at the California this week, I am unable to speak with precision. An evil fate placed me beside a lady and gentleman who had read the book, and who, being as far from the stage as I was, contented themselves with making uncomplimentary remarks regarding the manner in which the adapter took liberties with the work. It would have afforded me pleasure to speak of Mr. Salvini's characterization of D'Artagnan.——

An engagement of more than ordinary interest for the Baldwin Theatre following the Duff Opera Company, November 7th, is that of the distinguished actress, Julia Marlowe, at present one of the most prominent artistes in the world of legitimate drama. She is surrounded by a large and excellent *coterie* of artists, and her repertoire includes "Much Ado About Nothing," "Cymbeline," "The Hunchback," "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," "Romeo and Juliet," and a double bill consisting of "Rogues and Vagabonds" and "Pygmalion and Galatea." Miss Marlowe will open her San Francisco engagement in Shakespeare's beautiful comedy, "Much Ado About Nothing."——

Next week Mr. Salvini will present "L'Amico Fritz" for the first time on the English stage. This is a play entirely different from that we have seen Salvini in; it depends for its success almost entirely on the ability of the actor, and is devoid of theatrical effects. The comedy is said to be one of the sweetest pastorals that has been seen here. It will be preceded by the dramatic version of "Rustic Chivalry."

CASH REGISTER SUIT DECIDED.

The suit of the National Cash Register Company of Dayton, O., *vs.* O. C. Coiner of San Francisco, for using a cash register claimed to be an infringement on the National, was decided in favor of the National Company in the Circuit Court of the United States for the Northern district of the State of California, Monday.

The National Company was awarded damages, cost of court, etc., also an injunction against Coiner for using or selling said cash register.

The National Cash Register Company has brought other suits against users of registers made by the Lamson Company, also against users of register made by the Kruse Cash Register Company of New York.

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Nov. 5th, at 3 p. m.

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MR. B. JAULUS, Viola Soloist

Admission, 50 Cents

AS, on entering the salon, all perfumed and rosy under the glow of a lampshade, a mass of gorgeous blossoms expanding in the flame of the wicks, Roger had seemed to see that she was there; that the black dress she wore, embroidered with violets and tied on the shoulders with a simple ribbon, made her still prettier, increased still more the blonde radiance of her hair and the clear white of her skin, and as he had on his face, clouded usually by sadness and continual suffering, the smile of a pleasant thought, Mme. de Villecrosse ceased fanning herself a moment to say with civil irony :

"You have certainly won at cards to-night, I take it, my friend, have you not?"

He answered her calmly, but with the flash of a storm in his blue eyes, the blue of tempered steel :

"Yes, I won—four hundred louis—an extraordinary run of luck that I've enjoyed for some time."

A log broke and crumbled away in a rain of sparks in the depths of the chimney. Josiane, leaning back on her cushions, her chin in her hand, watched the flame idly, the reflection dancing upon the polished tips of her little slippers or darting here and there from corner to corner like acapricious firefly.

Really it was very stupid sitting there *tete-a-tete* like a couple of wooden puppets. She stifled a yawn and queried again languidly :

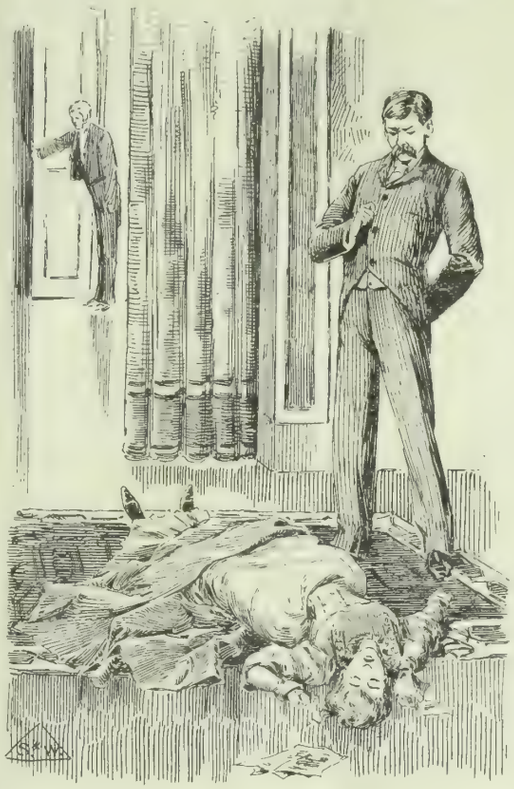
"And what did you hear at the club to-day, Roger; anything amusing?"

"Lots of amusing things, that is, as men regard them. Cadeac, for instance, poor soul! is bankrupt, and they sell out his stable this week. Marchenoir is to be married, positively, to that Baltimore demoiselle with her million dollars. Florelli has been made premiere of the Coryphee ballet, and it is all a canard about the Marquis de Carnoules, the Senator, you know, who possesses that wonderful collection of tobacco boxes."

Mme. de Villecrosse listened, inert and indifferent, now and then murmuring a distrait "yes" or "no," but suddenly she trembled and sat erect, as if the harsh clang of some bell had brusquely dissipated her torpor, as still in the same dragging tone, his eyes fixed immovably on his wife, Roger de Villecrosse added :

"Ah, by the way, the greatest news of all, however, I've forgotten to tell you. Serge de Tanneron has fought a duel, the duel, I should say, rather, for every one has expected it since he joined with Nini Laulaire and made Prince Veroneje ridiculous—"

Roger de Villecrosse continued to scan his wife's face like a *juge d'instruction*, who strikes the culprit a "blow from the shoulder," one may say, and watches for some show of emotion, some fugitive redness or shiver of terror, some subtle indication, no matter what, upon which to shape his query or force an avowal.



But Josiane was on guard and again mistress of herself, with the triumphant certainty that he spoke falsely simply to learn the truth—in a word that he had suspicions, perhaps had received a cowardly anonymous letter, and laid a vulgar trap, into which, assuredly, she would never fall.

Bah! How stupid it was to play a comedy so badly, to lie with such brazenness, and try thus to torture and break her heart, in order to tear her cherished secret from her in a moment of unguarded anguish!

Serge de Tanneron, since the first of the month, had been hunting down in Sologne with one of his uncles. She knew this beyond dispute, for had she not daily received from him there the most exquisite letters—so tender, so affectionate, so saturated with melancholy, impatience and longing?

This very morning, even, she had found one in the *poste restante*—one of four pages—in which he repeated, over and over again, with calm decision, that nothing but death could part them, that she was his life, happiness and joy, and that with all his soul and strength he loved but her.

Without fear, then, cool and sustaining without flinching that long regard which searched and sought to read her soul, Mme. de Villecrosse demanded :

"And the result of this duel—where did they fight and who was wounded?"

"Parbleu! they fought at St. Germain, in Bob Hardisson's villa. A serious duel, too, they tell me, in which I, at least, would not have liked to be a second. It is not in my line—going before tribunals, figuring in *proces* and receiving reporters as if I had become, all at once, the centre of public interest."

M. de Villecrosse spoke clearly, impressively, in the grave tone of a man beginning a tragic recital.

Josiane shrugged her shoulders with a gurgle of soft laughter.

"A serious duel," said she, "for a Nini Laulaire!"

"Yes," Roger de Villecrosse returned quietly, "so serious that M. de Tanneron could not be brought back to Paris and is dying now, if not already dead, in a room of the villa. His mother, poor woman, distracted with grief, watches beside him."

There was a moment's silence, then Josiane, with frowning brow, blazing eyes, and nails clutching the silk of the cushions in which she lay till it crackled and cried out as under the nervous clawing of a cat, murmured with slow, tantalizing inflection:

"Can it be possible, monsieur, that by chance you are jealous?"

Prepared though he was, Roger de Villecrosse started under the sting of the brusque question.

"You said?" he repeated.

"If by chance it might be that you are jealous, monsieur? Do you take me, I add, for a foolish schoolgirl, who allows herself to be cajoled? Pooh! be frank and brave if you can, and say at once that you believe I have a lover, and that it is M. de Tanneron. They have hinted it to you, have they not? Or maybe have written it? And you come to tell me that the poor fellow has been killed in a duel.

"Ugh!"—she shrugged her shoulders scornfully. "If only you knew how commonplace is your method! How you have lowered yourself in my opinion! I thought you above such a clownish trick as this!"

She laughed dryly, with an air of defiance, emphasizing her derision by contemptuous flashes of her great black eyes, the insolent curl of her red, smiling lips.

The Comte, lividly pale, his brow creased by two deep wrinkles, simply extended his arm and pressed his finger on the bell by the chimney.

"The evening papers," said he curtly to the footman who had come at the summons and obsequiously bowed before him.

When brought he spread out the *Temps*, seemed to seek a moment in the latest bulletins, then, with back to the fire, began to read aloud:

Wednesday, November 20, 1891: As a result of a series of incidents of a private nature, and every attempt at reconciliation having been recognized as impossible, a meeting has been arranged between monsieur, the Prince Veroneje, and M. Serge de Tanneron. The arms to be pistols, the two adversaries to exchange four balls, or till a satisfactory result is reached. Marquis d'Orcherres and Comte Paul Strainoff will act as seconds for Prince Veroneje and

Baron Rolandin and Comte de Villiers for M. de Tanneron.

The encounter took place at eight o'clock this morning in the outskirts of Paris. M. de Tanneron had choice of weapons and place. At the word, given by Baron Rolandin, two balls were fired without result. The pistols were reloaded, the firing resumed, and M. de Tanneron fell, grievously wounded in the chest.

"November 20, 1891—" began M. Villecrosse again, but Josiane, no longer knowing what she did, had thrown herself upon the paper and torn it from his hands. Panting, breathless, her eyes like flame, she devoured the lines before her.

A dispatch reaches us at the moment of going to press that M. de Tanneron has never regained consciousness, and will not live out the night. One of the brightest members of the Jockey Club, his colors having been frequently seen this autumn at Anteuil and the suburban courses on the winning horses, his death will plunge in mourning the families of Saigremare de Villejesus and La Rochefoussiere.

She could read no more; the letters swam before her eyes; she staggered and fell upon her chair. She no longer dreamed of concealing her fault, but delivered herself helplessly into her husband's hands. She had but one thought, one idea—her lover, the one being in the world that she loved, dead, and dead far from her!

Tears streamed from her eyes and fell upon her dress unheeded, her pale lips quivered and murmured always, like a litany, the one word, "Serge!" "Serge!" as if she could no longer utter but that beloved name.

As livid as she, M. de Villecrosse contemplated this sorrow, increasing with every minute, burning like fire the heaving breast and lacerating the soul of the unfaithful one like crushing strokes of a heel.

Nevertheless, he controlled himself, restraining the cold rage that possessed him, through some dim idea that punishment would come, in fact, and that henceforth for Josaine life would be worse than the cruelest torture.

Relentlessly, sardonically, as if pleased to refine the torture and prolong the sorrow, he began to laugh, to laugh as mockingly as Josaine herself had laughed awhile ago.

"But see you, madame," said he, "you have overlooked the cause of this trouble. It was not for you that M. de Tanneron was killed, but for a—how is it you call her? a Nini Laulaire, a *fille de rien*, a good fornothing that I myself had the pleasure to present to him one evening this summer at the Jardin de Paris. A very pretty and fresh good-for-naught, however, a blonde of Montmartre, flourishing upon vice. What else than this could one expect? Tanneron, poor fellow! had the poacher's mania for guarded preserves, and Veroneje was a Cossack! Come, console yourself, my dear; a lover is soon replaced."

A sound, just then, of tinkling silver and glass made itself heard from the adjoining *salle-a-manger*. One leap and the Comte was beside his wife, shaking his finger in her face and crying sternly:

"Stop! Be quiet; enough of tears! One word of this before our people and I swear upon a word never yet broken that I'll throw you into the street!"

Then, for the first time, Mme. de Villecrosse seemed to rouse from a bad dream, to shiver with fear to the marrow of her bones.

"Look to your dress, too," the Comte commanded coldly.

She sought to obey, to struggle to her feet, and by the aid of the furniture to reach a neighboring mirror and hide, if possible, the ravages of the tears with a little powder.

She walked like a somnambulist yielding to an imperious will, with the fixed, dull gaze and gesture of an automaton. Ah, God! how cruel life was! How cruel this man, who goaded and drove her like a slave! Her brain was like fire, her hands like ice! And still the inexorable eye of her husband never left her for an instant!

"Madame, the Comtesse, is served!" suddenly cried the butler behind them, throwing wide the *salle-a-manger* doors.

Roger de Villecrosse extended his arm to his wife with a smile the menace of which she felt like the thrust of a dagger.

"Come, my dear, let us go," said he. "Dinner will help that disagreeable headache of yours."

Again she turned obediently to move to his side, but suddenly threw up her arms and fell forward with a low, gasping cry.

"Heart failure," the doctors said, and Roger de Villecrosse, who alone could have told them why the poor heart strings had snapped, held his peace and said never a word.

The honor of the house of Villecrosse was saved! What mattered it that Josiane, the unfaithful wife, was dead.

LAWN TENNIS.

Charles P. Hubbard, the clever tennis player, of Oakland, returned from the East last week, and was an interested spectator at the Oakland tennis club's championship games on Columbus Day. He ranks among the first ten players of America.

Next year it is quite probable that the championship singles and doubles of the Pacific States will take place at Monterey, and as Campbell and Hall are contemplating a trip to the Coast about that time, the events should prove doubly interesting as well as very instructive to the California players.

Professor Joe Daily is very anxious to meet some of the many Eastern players of note, and if Campbell or Hall should come here, as it is hoped they will, there is no reason why an interesting match between them could not be arranged.

The Hardy brothers of Oakland are still creating sad havoc among the heretofore invincible players of the Oakland Tennis Club, and the oldest brother has the championship in a grasp that is not likely to be loosend for some time to come, and, barring accidents, he should make a strong bid for the big event next July.

C. D. Bates, Jr., the winner of the Oakland championship last tournament, was evidently very much surprised at his defeat at the hands of the youngster, especially after he won the first set six games to one.

Will English defeated Sanborn in rather cake-walk style, which bears out my assertion that the latter is a very streaky player who is liable at any time to defeat the best players only to succumb to a much inferior one.

The mixed doubles championship of Alameda County will be decided to-day at the grounds of the Alameda Club, and will attract no little amount of attention, as the best players, both lady and gentlemen, have entered. The favorite teams are Driscoll and Miss Crouch, C. D. Bates, Jr., and Miss Ethel Bates, Sanborn and Miss Everson, and Sumner Hardy and Miss Alice Roberts.

The California Tennis Club will have a double attraction at its grounds on Saturday, November 26th. The club double championship and ladies' single championship will be decided on the same day. Valuable trophies have been offered for both events.

Since the ladies of the Army have been admitted to the California Club a great deal of interest is taken in the game by the lady players. On Wednesday (ladies' day) four courts were devoted to their use, and some very good singles and four-handed games were played.

The ladies who take an active interest in the game of late are Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Dean, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Lyman, Miss Lord, Miss Clarke, Miss Morgan, Miss Gibbs, and Miss Alice Hoffman; the latter is a very promising player, and will be heard of to advantage on November 26th.

W. H. Taylor, Jr., plays quite regularly with Professor Daily, and it goes without saying that they have quite a gallery when they play.

Cutler Paige is rapidly developing a stroke which promises to revolutionize the game on the Pacific Coast. It will be first introduced in the next club singles.

THE SCORER.

—AUGUSTE AVELINE—

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JAMES W. BURLING.

THE MAN WHO IS RUNNING FOR SUPERVISOR IN THE THIRD WARD.

The announcement that James W. Burling, present Supervisor from the Third Ward, would make an independent run for the same office was hailed with pleasure by thousands of

voters who had learned to appreciate, to the fullest extent, his worth as a man and official. As a mark of esteem in which he is held it is only necessary to say that, within two days after making known his intention to run independently for Supervisor, over 11,000 names were signed to his petition for a place on the election ticket. Mr. Burling is a Philadelphian, he having been born in 1841. In 1855 he came to this city, and after remaining here two years he went to Siberia on a private mission, where he remained until 1863, when he returned to San Francisco and entered the stock brokerage business with his brother under the firm name of Burling & Brother. Mr. Burling became widely known as a man of honesty and integrity, but it was only in 1890 that he was induced to enter politics, he receiving the nomination for Supervisor of the Third Ward. His election with a handsome majority was the result. In his official capacity Mr. Burling has shown the same conscientious regard for the public weal as when, in private life, he attended faithfully to his own business affairs. He has been a progressive official, and to his efforts the improvements in the fire department are largely due. Through him 40,000 feet of hose and six chemical engines were purchased. He was active in the prosecution of street improvements by which thousands of men were kept employed. As chairman of the water committee he has acted impartially, and while recognizing the rights of the people, the interests of corporations did not suffer, Mr. Burling adhering to the principle that corporations have rights the same as individuals. The election of Mr. Burling under the new system of voting seems almost assured.

WILLIAM W. ACKERSON.

THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF STREETS.

One of the best nominations by the Democrats is undoubtedly that of William W. Ackerson, for Superintendent of Streets. Mr. Ackerson is a successful young business man and a Native Son. He was born in San Francisco thirty-one years ago, and was associated with his father in the building business for some years. He received a thorough education in the public schools and afterward graduated in Heald's Business College. He served his apprenticeship as a carpenter and builder, and started life in real earnest, with a thorough and practical knowledge. He has just completed the renovating and remodeling of the Powell-street Theatre, and, as foreman

for his father, superintended the construction of the O'Brien building, the Flood mansion, and other architectural triumphs. Since the death of the ex-Chief, three years ago, Mr. Ackerson has conducted his large and important business unaided, and he has made a complete success of it, as of everything else he has undertaken. Mr. Ackerson is a man of family. He has been for some years a member of Stanford Parlor, No. 76, N. S. G. W. He belongs also to Acme Court of Foresters, and organized the Sons of Exempt Firemen a year ago. Mr. Ackerson enjoys the confidence of the business community, and would make a splendid officer.

WILLIAM HENDRICKSON.

THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR THE ASSEMBLY IN THE FORTY-SECOND

This seems to be the young men's year in politics, and there is no better representative of the younger element than William Hendrickson, Jr., the Domocratic nominee for the Assembly in the Forty-Second District. He is a Native Son, and graduated from the public schools of San Francisco. He attended Carlyle and Dickinson Colleges and graduated

when he was twenty-one years old. In 1885 he matriculated at the Hastings College of Law, and three years later gained his diploma, and was admitted to law. But his education was not all gained at school. For over two years he traveled in Europe, and added to his store of knowledge the observations made by a strong and acute mind, and now, at the age of twenty-eight years, he is splendidly equipped for the battle of life.

That he would make a splendid legislator there is no doubt; he is a ready and fluent speaker, is a Democrat by heridity, and has been successful in his practice. His father is a pioneer, and his family is influential in the commercial and social life of the city. He is an American, with American principles, and is in favor of pure politics, which, he says, is the foundation of good government. Mr. Hendrickson is popular among his acquaintances, and has hosts of friends in the clubs and Native Sons' Parlors. He is a member of the University and Olympic Clubs, and of Yerba Buena Parlor. As he has lived in the forty-second District for seven years, his acquaintance there is large and useful.

SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, October 26th. DEAR WAVE:—You ought to have been down here Columbus day, for I never could tell you half the glories of the occasion. Loring looked positively beautiful as marshal of the kindergartens. It is a new character for him and he supported it beautifully. Every school in town, but one, was in the parade. The aristocratic institution on the corner of St. James and San Pedro did not join. It was downright mean in the brewery people to tap their beer and offer it right and left to the people, and even to the W. C. T. U. ladies. They should have been ordered out. Mr. Russell rode all alone in his glory.

Will B—— had a narrow escape the other day, but his devoted sister rushed in and saved his dress suit—so the catastrophe was averted. He can go to the dances just the same. I don't care what anybody says I'm awfully sorry for Mrs. C——. She has had mighty hard luck.

Dr. and Mrs. Lusson have broken up housekeeping now that their family is scattered.

We are having delightful times at Stanford—so interested in the lectures and the lecturers. We girls are going to have a baseball team of our own. The boys have so much fun, and we have to take it second handed.

The white horse mania has struck this town. Mrs. Woodrow set the fashion. She looks uncommonly well as she drives.

Mrs. Dr. P—— does not appear as often as formerly. I think Mrs. L—— quenched her aspirations when she poured so much cold water on her Rosalind venture. There's another woman in this town who always provokes my risibles. She looks so eminently proper, but I always remember some private theatricals she practiced behind the rocks down at Pacific Grove, with a gay Lothario of your city.

Too bad Fred Machefert failed to get the appointment he wanted in Company B. Fred is a "jolly good fellow," a good marksman, a fine dancer—a perfect gentleman, so says all his friends, especially

BABBLER.

Any candidate on the Republican municipal ticket who furnishes a better description of a chrysanthemum than this of the Oakland *Times* will be entitled to his own vote on election day: "The chrysanthemum makes its appearance this season more bedraggled, tangled and mop-like than ever. The chrysanthemum always reminds of a skye terrier with his bangs uncombed."

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FASHIONS BY LETTER.

FOR THE LADIES.

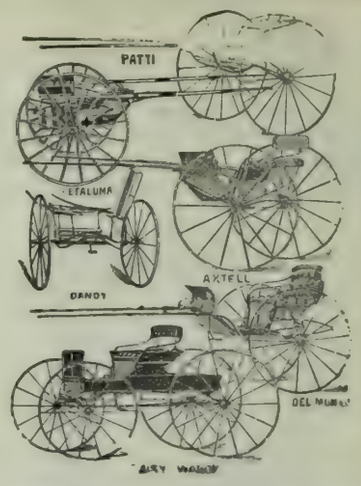
ANNE, DEAR:—This certainly is a strange year for revivals of fashions, for we can choose from all ages and yet be perfectly correct. The Greek, early English, old Russian, French of half dozen or more separate courts, are all in the field, and amid all this confusion I am anxious for next season—what reserve force can be left from which to draw? Possibly there is an age of new and original designs before us, but this certainly is taking a dark view of the question. However, I am forced into these speculations by the announcement, from a reliable source, that styles copied exactly from those worn in "1830" are the very latest, the most conspicuous feature being the long shoulder seams, and these effects are accentuated by full, drooping sleeves that are caught sometimes at elbow and sometimes at the wrist. The waists are held by simple narrow belts, and the skirts are short, round, and very much inclined to be full. Sometimes these skirts have a single slash extending from hem to belt in the front, and are worn over a second skirt of contrasting color. The trimmings for these dresses are strictly of the "1830" period, and are extremely minute in detail, narrow gimps (steel again becoming popular), tiny fringes, bands of braiding, and flat ribbon trimmings then so much worn; these last trim the bottoms of the skirts in graduated rows from three to five bands deep.

The coats of this period are particularly elegant and picturesque. They are really long pelisses that completely envelop the wearer, and are belted. The feature is the enormous reveres that give the long sloping shoulder effect, though sometimes these are replaced by a fur tippet that extends far down on the shoulders, cape fashion, the fronts narrowing at the waist and broadening again at the bottom of the cloak. The sleeves, of course, are enormous and of bell pattern. An exquisite coat of this style, was of a snuff color cloth, lined with striped pink and brown brocade, the tippet and deep cuffs were of mink, and an enormous muff of the same fur was added.

Fur belts are among the newest and greatest novelties. They come in mink, Persian lamb, and sable, and are pieced out in an ingenious sort of way to represent the entire animal with head and tail complete. They are supposed to be worn as an accompaniment to the collar pieces so long popular.

Some dressy capes particularly adapted to theatre use, have been imported, though I do not think they have been shown in San Francisco, and are among the few things that have possibilities of being successfully copied by a home dressmaker. They consist of three deep graduated capes, each cape being a separate color or shade, and in velvet they are particularly successful. Three shades of brown, each edged with sable, and finished at the throat by a ruche of the three; a double cape of this description combining deep blue and hunter's green, edged with Persian lamb, is also very stylish.

Though the Figaro jacket is somewhat *passe* in cloth or silk, it takes a new lease of life in fur, and I'm quite sure all the juveniles who are wise will secure one, for they are particularly suitable for young girls. Astrakhans, seal, and Persian lamb are usually selected, and the sleeves are large and long—in other respects these jackets are made exactly after the old model. NANCY.



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Recorder—E. B. READ.
County Clerk—GEORGE W. LEE.
District Attorney—WILLIAM S. BARNES.
City and County Attorney—MYER JACOBS.
Coroner—DR. WILLIAM T. GARWOOD.
Public Administrator—WALTER B. BLAIR.
Surveyor—CHARLES S. TILTON.
Superintendent of Streets—CHARLES GR EN.
Judge of Superior Court (long term)—CHARLES W. SLACK.
Judge of Superior Court (long term)—JAMES M. TROUTT.
Judge of Superior Court (long term)—GEORGE BAHRS.
Judge of Superior Court (long term)—JOHN LORD LOVE.
Judge of Superior Court (for unexpired term ending January, 1895)—WILLIAM G. BRITTAN.
Judge of Police Court (long term)—H. L. JOACHIMSEN.
Judge of Police Court (long term)—W. A. S. NICHOLSON.
Judge of Police Court (long term)—JAMES A. CAMPBELL.
Judge of Police Court (for unexpired term ending January 1893)—JAMES A. CAMPBELL.
Justice of the Peace (long term)—FRANK GRAY.
Justice of the Peace (long term)—GEO. P. GOFF.
Justice of the Peace (long term)—JOHN F. MULLEN.
Justice of the Peace long term)—WALTER M. WILLETT
Justice of the Peace (long term)—J. E. BARRY.
Justice of the Peace (for unexpired term ending January, 1893)—J. E. BARRY.
Supervisor First ward—EDWARD HOLLAND
Supervisor Second ward—DR. R. C. MEYERS.
Supervisor Third ward—COLLIS G. YOUNG.
Supervisor Fourth ward—HENRY H. STEFFENS.
Supervisor Fifth ward—H. R. ROBBINS.
Supervisor Sixth ward—W. E. LANE.
Supervisor Seventh ward—VICTOR D. DUBOCE.
Supervisor Eighth ward—P. J. COFFEE.
Supervisor Ninth ward—ALBERT HEYER.
Supervisor Tenth ward—HENRY P. SONNTAG.
Supervisor Eleventh ward—THOMAS J. PARSONS.
Supervisor Twelfth ward—AUGUST HELBING.
School Director—A. F. JOHNS.
School Director—DR. C. W. DECKER.
School Director—GEORGE PENNINGTON.
School Director—JAMES A. PARISER.
School Director—LUKE BATTLES.
School Director—J. H. CULVER.
School Director—J. J. DUNN.
School Director—PAUL BARBIERI.
School Director—WILLIAM H. EASTLAND.
School Director—C. O. SWANBERG.
School Director—HARVEY L. SANBOURN.
School Director—Z. T. WHITTEN.
School Director (for unexpired term ending January, 1893)—A. F JOHNS.

LEGISLATIVE TICKET.

For State Senators.

Seventeenth district—JAMES CRAVEN.
Nineteenth district—JOSEPH WINDROW.
Twenty-first district—L. H. VAN SCHAICK.
Twenty-third district—CHARLES H. FANCHER.
Twenty-fifth district—JOHN F. MARTIN.

For Assemblymen.

Twenty-eighth district—PETER JOSEPH KELLY.
Twenty-ninth district—CHARLES E. COREY.
Thirtieth district—JAMES J. FALLON.
Thirty-first district—THOMAS F. GRAHAM.
Thirty-second district—JOHN A. HOEY.
Thirty third district—FREDERICK WOODS.
Thirty-fourth district—J. F. McQUAID.
Thirty-fifth district—JOHN S. ROBINSON.
Thirty-sixth district—ALBERT B. MAHONEY.
Thirty-seventh district—JOHN F. O'BRIEN.
Thirty-eighth district—GEORGE S. MATHEWS.
Thirty-ninth district—JULIUS KAHN.
Fortieth district—LOUIS A. PHILLIPS.
Forty-first district—HENRY C. DIBBLE.
Forty-second district—GRANT ISRAEL.
Forty-third district—JOHN P. RICE.
Forty-fourth district—JAMES M. GOWAN.
Forty-fifth district—JOHN HAYES.

REGULAR DEMOCRATIC

MUNICIPAL TICKET

Mayor—BARRY ALDWIN.
Sheriff—JOHN J. McDADE.
Auditor—WM. BRODERICK
Recorder—THOMAS J. GLYNN.
County Clerk—M. C. HALEY.
Tax Collector—JAMES N. BLOCK.
Treasurer—CHRISTIAN H. KOEHNCKE.
District Attorney—H. S. FOOTE.
City and County Attorney—H. T. CRESWELL.
Surveyor—WM. M. FITZHUGH.
Superintendent of Streets—W. W. ACKERSON.
Coroner—JEROME A. HUGHES.
Public Administrator—A. C. FREESE.
Superior Judge (long term)—DUNCAN HAYNE.
Superior Judge (long term)—J. M. SEAWELL.
Superior Judge (long term) WM. T. WALLACE.
Superior Judge (long term)—C. L. WELLER.
Superior Judge (unexp red term ending January, 1895)—W. R. DAINGERFIELD.
Police Judge—T. J. BOWERS.
Police Judge—C. T. CONLAN.
Police Judge—JOHN T. HUMPHREYS.
Justice of the Peace—KENNETH WILLIAMS
Justice of the Peace—O. F. MELDON.
Justice of the Peace—HENRY A. TOBIN.
Justice of the Peace—SAMUEL HASKINS.
Justice of the Peace—FRANK H. DUNNE.
Supervisor First Ward—M GOODWIN.
Supervisor First Ward (unexpired term)—M. GOODWIN.
Supervisor Second Ward—DANIEL ROGERS.
Supervisor Second Ward (unexpired term)—DANIEL ROGERS.
Supervisor Third Ward—WM. MONTGOMERY.
Supervisor Fourth Ward—P. J. KENNEDY.
Supervisor Fifth Ward—GEO. McGILLIVRAY.
Supervisor Sixth Ward—CHRISTIAN REIS.
Supervisor Seventh Ward—JAMES RYAN.
Supervisor Eighth Ward—ROBERT DAY.
Supervisor Ninth Ward—P. F. DUNDON.
Supervisor Tenth Ward—WM. M. HINTON.
Supervisor Eleventh Ward—J. G. JAMES.
Supervisor Twelfth Ward—JAMES DENMAN.
School Director—PELHAM W. AMES.
School Director—MAYER WEIL.
School Director—A. T. VOGELSANG.
School Director—E. B YOUNG.
School Director—J. T. BURKE.
School Director—J. H. ROSEWALD.
School Director—T. R. CAREW.
School Director—J. J. DOWLING.
School Director—C. A. CLINTON.
School Director—H. J STAFFORD.
School Director—ARTHUR F. CARMODY.
School Director—JOS. G. MORRISSEY.
Auditor (unexpire l term)—WM. BRODERICK.
Police Judge (unexpired term)—T. J. BOWERS.
Justice of Peace (unexpired term)—FRANK H. DUNNE.
School Director (unexpired term)—DR. C. A. CLINTON.

LEGISLATIVE TICKET

FOR STATE SENATORS

Seventeenth district—WM. J. DUNN.
Nineteenth district—THOS. F. MITCHELL.
Twenty-first district—WM. J. BIGGY.
Twenty-third district—CHAS. S ARMS.
Twenty-fifth district—JOHN FAY.

FOR ASSEMBLYMEN

Twenty-eighth district—THOS. P. CUSICK.
Twenty-ninth district— WM. T. BOYCE.
Thirtieth district—BERNARD CONWAY.
Thirty-first district—J. J. KENNEDY.
Thirty-second district—JOHN E. BUCKLEY.
Thirty-third district—M. J. HURLEY.
Thirty-fourth district—R. J. LUTTRINGER.
Thirty-fifth district—JOSEPH G. GALLAGHER.
Thirty-sixth district—JOHN BROWNLIE.
Thirty-seventh district—ANDREW G. MAGUIRE
Thirty-eighth district—BERT SCHLESINGER.
Thirty-ninth district—JAMES W. KEYS.
Fortieth district—EDMOND GODCHAUX.
Forty-first district—JOHN M CURTIS.
Forty-second district—WM. HENDRICKSON, JR.
Forty-third district—JOS M. MARKS.
Forty-fourth district—A. DECOURTIEUX, JR.
Forty-fifth district—WM. H. GATELY.

Citizens' Non-Partisan

MUNICIPAL TICKET

Mayor—L. R. ELLERT.
Auditor—CHARLES ASHTON.
Treasurer—OTTO KLOPPENBURG.
Tax Collector—C. H. WETJEN.
Sheriff—H. H. SCOTT
County Clerk—J. J. MORAN
Superintendent of Streets, Highways and Squares — THOMAS ASHWORTH.
Public Administrator—E. J. BOWEN.
Coroner—L. C. COX.
City and County Surveyor—J. H. HUMPHREYS.
Recorder—MAX BROOKS.
Attorney and Counselor—W. C. BURNETT.
District Attorney—W. A. BEATTY.
Supervisor First Ward—T H. COLLETT.
Supervisor Second Ward—J. BROWELL.
Supervisor Third Ward—JOHN B. GARTLAND.
Supervisor Fourth Ward—P. J. KENNEDY.
Supervisor Fifth Ward—SANDS W. FORMAN.
Supervisor Sixth Ward—B. P. FLINT.
Supervisor Seventh Ward—LOUIS A. GARNETT.
Supervisor Eighth Ward—WM. CHAMBERLIN.
Supervisor Ninth Ward—FRANCIS KORBEL.
Supervisor Tenth Ward—FRANCIS SHIRLEY.
Supervisor Eleventh Ward—MICHAEL CLARK.
Supervisor Twelfth Ward—WILLIAM PROLL.
School Director—C. B. PERKINS.
School Director—F. J. FRENCH.
School Director—S. E. DUTTON.
School Director—G. A. MERRILL
School Director—EDWARD POLLITZ.
School Director—F. A. HYDE.
School Director—C. A. CLINTON.
School Director—J. T. BURKE.
School Director—E. P. COLE.
School Director—O. M. GOLDARACENA.
School Director—THOMAS STEALEY.
School Director—F. W. EATON.
Judge of Superior Court—C. W. SLACK.
Judge of Superior Court—F. W. VAN REYNEGOM.
Judge of Superior Court—WILLIAM T. WALLACE.
Judge of Superior Court—GEORGE A. PROCTOR.
Judge of Superior Court (unexpired term)—JOHN A. WRIGH
Judge of the Police Court—C. A. LOW.
Judge of the Police Court—H. L. JOACHIMSEN.
Judge of the Police Court—H. D. TALCOTT.
Justice of the Peace—WALTER M. WILLETT.
Justice of the Peace—J. E. BARRY.
Justice of the Peace—G. W. F. COOK.
Justice of the Peace—FRANK H. DUNNE.
Justice of the Peace—W. W. McNAIR.

Legislative Ticket

FOR STATE SENATORS

Seventeenth district—WILLIAM J. DUNN.
Nineteenth district—JAMES D. HORAN.
Twenty-first district—MONROE GREENWOOD.
Twenty-third district—CHARLES S. ARMS.
Twenty-fifth district—JOHN FAY.

FOR ASSEMBLYMEN

Twenty-eighth district—THOMAS P. CUSICK.
Twenty-ninth district—WM. J. BOYCE.
Thirtieth district—I. S. COHEN.
Thirty-first district—J. J. KENNEDY.
Thirty-second district—JOHN E. BUCKLEY.
Thirty-third district—W. D. BERRY.
Thirty-fourth district—GEORGE C. SARGENT.
Thirty-fifth district—J. M. HIGGINS.
Thirty-sixth district—EDWARD SHORT.
Thirty-seventh district—THOMAS W. BURKE.
Thirty-eighth district—C. H. FORBES.
Thirty-ninth district—W. T. KIBBLER.
Fortieth district—R. L. THOMAS.
Forty-first district—O. D. BALDWIN.
Forty-second district—SAMUEL SHAEN.
Forty third district—SETH MARTIN.
Forty-fourth district—A. DECOURTIEUX.
Forty-fifth district—WM. GATELY.

EDUCATIONAL

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French, German and English Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Children.
Number of pupils limited.
The Twenty-Sixth Year began August 1, 1892.
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MME. ALICE WALTZ GREY
Pupil of Signor Errani, New York, Dr. Leopold Damrosch and George James Webb, New York.
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And is prepared to accept engagements for Concert and Oratorio.
For Terms, Etc., Call or Address
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Private or Class Lessons.
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VOCALIST
Shakespearean Method 1432 Post Street

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Pianist.
Has resumed Instruction,
1604 Van Ness Ave.

NORTH-GERMAN LADY
Teaches German thoroughly conversation and grammar. Terms moderate.
MRS. GROSS, 507 Jones Street.

Mr. Joseph Roeckel and Mme. Ellen Coursen Roeckel
VOCAL ROOMS AT NEW RESIDENCE
1429 Bush Street, - - Below Van Ness Ave.

MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the thirteenth day of October, 1892, an assessment (No. 46) of twenty-five cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the seventeenth (17th) day of November, 1892, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the seventh (7th) day of December, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

SAVAGE MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the seventh day of October, 1892, an assessment (No. 79) of fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 4, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the ninth day of November, 1892, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the twenty-ninth day of November, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.

Office—Room 4, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

The busy street is rife with present and future possible changes. Mr. Bailey is firmly ensconced in the managerial chair of the Insurance Company of North America per wire from head office. Mr. Beck, of the same office, formerly special agent, is already at work in the interest of Messrs. Okell, Donnell & Co., and their line of companies. Mr. Donnell, of this firm, has gone East to "have it out" with a couple of the companies to whose interest Okell, Donnell & Co., have given their best efforts. The respective head office managers of the London Assurance Corporation and the Northern Assurance Company are *en route* to the Pacific Coast, and George F. Grant, who handles their affairs in this department, has left for Chicago on a consultation.

And now comes the purchase of the old Jacobs & Easton agencies by Messrs. Conrad & Voss. Jacobs & Easton, it is understood, will retain an interest in the business which will be continued as Geo. Easton & Co., but Messrs. Farnsworth & Wenzelburger will retire, at least temporarily. The transfer will take place on November 1st. This is one of the oldest general agencies on the Coast, and Dame Rumor has it, the dissolution is brought about chiefly on account of the credit evil of the Coast business, placing dividends too far ahead of anybody short of an underwriting capitalist, and there are none in the business on this side of the mountains at least!

M. Rudolph Herold, Jr., of the Hamburg-Bremen and Niagara, is on a flying business visit to New York, with a "bee in his bonnet." Without knowing anything as to the nature of his undertaking, I will sell pools on "Rudy" against the field, if his talking machine is in first-class running order.

The Pacific Union is hard at it, and is really accomplishing something. The extravagant commissions paid to city locals and brokers will be a thing of the past if the present active work amounts to anything. Tinkering with locals upon a high commissions basis, however, will result in a leak bound to grow. When a local can overbid the broker or solicitor, he is too apt to yield to the temptation—the former is merely a man after all, and of the same flexible material that enters into the make-up of the latter. I would suggest that among the reforms about to be carried into effect, city brokers be limited to their proper city jurisdiction. But if this is altogether impracticable, then the brokerage should be divided between the country local and the city broker, the business to go through the books of the former in every instance.

I am prepared to believe that the credit system prevailing on this Coast will be taken up and handled without gloves by the Union, before finishing its present grindy; even though a positive and lasting check be given to the credit impositions of assured, throughout and over California, the good accomplished would compensate and relieve many of the underwriting bothers and troubles of both generals and locals! Several companies have strongly intimated to their resident General Agents, that the money covering their department transactous must be forthcoming, either from one source or the other, if they are to continue business in this section of the country.

LOCAL.

CARDS, STATIONERY, LEATHER GOODS.

As this is the season for invitations to parties, weddings, teas, and receptions, it would be well for the readers of THE WAVE to know the best place at which to procure these necessary details of polite life. Sanborn, Vail & Co. have the best facilities for doing the finest kind of work, the excellence of which has been proved by the large number of orders they have received.

Here, too, may be found the latest styles in fashionable stationery. The tints in letter paper are changing constantly, and if one desires to be considered proper in this important matter, one must follow the dictates of the fashion makers.. In leather goods Sanborn, Vail & Co. show a splendid stock of pretty goods. More attention has been given to purses, pocketbooks, and card cases in the past year than ever before, and the finest examples of the maker's art are to be found in the store of this firm.

Although not referring to the adhesiveness of the odor of onions, *Kate Field's Washington* may be all right on this point: "Onion-juice is said to yield a very good mucilage. The Spanish onion is best. It should be boiled a few minutes and then pressed. The fluid thus extracted will be very adhesive."

Rents
Our Renting Department is under the management of experienced hands and is one of the best equipped in the city. Our terms for Collecting Rents, Placing Insurance and Renting Houses are moderate and we Guarantee Satisfaction.
BALDWIN & HAMMOND
MONTGOMERY STREET

BULLION MINING COMPANY.—LOCATION of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the twentieth day of October, 1892, an assessment (No. 40) of twenty-five cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 20, No. 327 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-fourth day of November, 1892, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the fourteenth day of December, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office—Room 20, No. 327 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

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Write for Samples. Sent Free. Menier, Union Sq., N. Y.

TO A KISS.

G. L. BROWNE.

I let you kiss me,
I do not care what others say,
I let you kiss me—
Or how imprudent it may be.
The light of love around us lay
Upon that well-remembered day
I let you kiss me.

Our hot lips met,
Our burning blood throbbed almost one.
Our hot lips met—
I feel their soft, sweet clinging yet.
I felt my pulses faster run
When, life and radiance just begun,
Our hot lips met.

The Sacramento *Bee* calls attention to a peculiar condition of affairs at the State Capitol: "Cleveland need not expect to catch any Prohibition votes by declaring that he will not drink any intoxicants during the campaign. Lots of candidates in Sacramento County invariably do the same thing—but they make up for it afterward."

The Redwood *Democrat* hits from the shoulder: "Every vote for Democracy is a vote for better times. There is no danger of a change of administration being injurious to this land. Have confidence in Grover Cleveland, the poor man's best friend.

Good for Fresno! The *Central California* finds the following worthy of editorial notice: "Congressman Bowers spoke to a fair audience in the Court House Park last Saturday evening."

He clutched his umbrella
When there was no cloud in sight,
For the papers stated Sunday
"Look for weather warm and bright."
—*The Inter-Ocean.*

SACRAMENTO AFFAIRS.

SACRAMENTO, October 26th. DEAR WAVE:—During this month we have all been busy getting something to wear; the stores are crowded and one can see more friends on the street than in their homes, so until everyone is fitted with a winter wardrobe Society must not expect any attention. I almost wish our girls could wear their summer clothes all the year round, so dainty and sweet do they look in them, but I presume we would tire of them.

Thanks to the new management, we now have all the attractions at the theatres; and, if it were not for that, we should have no place to show ourselves. One thing they must learn, however, and that is to postpone their leaving until the day following the evening production; to attempt giving a play without cutting, and leave for the night overland, is something utterly impossible, so let us hope we may have no more of it. The Duff Company could not come up to the preceding one and so suffered by comparison. Maye was there. Somehow, she usually lands on her feet, and has more attention than many girls who are really more attractive. The Deming girls are getting as bad as the Taylors for going away; Mame has not been seen since the Fair, and Ella has only just returned after numerous visits to friends The two younger girls are studying and will not enter Society this winter. I congratulate Wilbur on following my advice; am sure he finds good company better than none. We have been informed in each paper that the Van Fleets will take up their permanent residence in your city, having taken a house on Pacific Avenue, and will leave us on the first. As far as Society is concerned, they will not be much loss, but the Judge has lived here so long that we dislike to see him leave. Of course, it is only natural that she should wish to be near her relatives. Let us hope, for the sake of our young men, that Miss Fannie may continue her visits.

Mrs. Bob Hawley has been in your city, and was entertained at dinner by Mrs. Gallatin. That that lady is a delightful hostess goes without saying, and it is always a treat for us to be able to visit her. Mrs. O—— is really coming home very soon and brings her young sister. Then we may expect some gayety. Goodness knows we need something to arouse us. Why, I have not even heard of the usual dancing clubs being formed. Mr. and Mrs. Irvine have been doing your city and been having a jolly good time, as they always do. Mrs. Boute has her sister with her, but the *set* have not livened up any. Mrs. Oatman will probably remain for some time yet.

A little bird told me that Carrie was getting up a theatrical performance for the Episcopal Fair. I am wild to see it, for, of course, it will be a success with her at the head. But no more at present from

NINA.

STOCKTON LIFE.

STOCKTON, October 27th. DEAR WAVE:—Would that I were an heiress, then I, too, might be the beau-ideal of our legal luminaries. Was not Ed's devotion to Mae at the Woods reception perfectly touching, and who could help envying her? I am sure I did, although Dode did his best to fill the aching void. The affair was a great success in spite of the cold weather, which made the spacious, canvassed porch unavailable even for dancing. Cards were provided for the old folks, so nearly all of the 250 invitations sent out were represented.

Wednesday evening Anna celebrated her natal day with an informal "at home" which was very much like others given previously by her. Her cousin, Miss Josephi, of San Francisco, is visiting her now Nellie Rickey, of Carson City, is the guest of Lena Bidwell, and Miss Dohrman is entertaining Miss Earle, of Chico. The D—— girls give a big whist party Friday evening in honor of their guest. I was fortunate enough to receive a card, and shall be able to tell you all about it in my next. Daisy Ryan came up for the Woods affair and is still at Georgie Dixon's. Willie Dudley is her most devoted slave. Electa Smith is enjoying her visit with Mrs. Sperry so much she cannot tear herself away. The Smiths have taken the Austin Sperry home for the winter, and as soon as Mrs. Austin leaves for Santa Barbara, will take possession. With so many fair enchantresses added to home talent, why, oh why, can't our men forsake politics for awhile? Thank fortune, the agony will soon be over.

To-morrow, Grace Cutting and Frank Stewart will be married. I have seen the bridal robe which is a poem in white Bengaline silk, but as only relatives and intimate friends are to be present, I know no more of the particulars.

Quite a number of "our men" went to Sacramento on Columbus Day. I wish I could have gone with them, for they returned in quite a joyful frame of mind. Ira and Eugene particularly so.

Don't you admire the energy of our "broilers?" They have organized a dancing club, calling it the "Club of '93," and give semi-monthly hops in Pioneer Hall. They are all excellent dancers, have good music, and derive so much enjoyment from one evening I wish I were back in my "green and salad days." But I am not, I am only THE SPINSTER.

FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

FRESNO, October 27th. DEAR WAVE:—We have been surfeited with theatrical sweets in the past two weeks, until we long for some other morsel in the amusement line. I am fairly crazy for a dance, and so say all the girls. We go to the theatres and hear the orchestra play those tantalizing waltzes or five steps, and our feet, hands, and heads all keep time to the music until I can scarcely remain seated.

The Cotton Club has elected officers, and will commence the season with the usual musical and card parties; the Whist Club has been entertained at the Risley mansion; the '89-'90 has elected officers, and the members are *talking* of the season's programme; but nothing definite in the shape of a *bona fide* dancing party is on the tapis. I hear whispers of canvased floors and the Barton orchestra for the swell Clifford-Newhouse wedding, one week from last night, and to which I received an invitation. I devoutly hope they *will* have dancing; a wedding is such a funereal affair without it. As this will be the first event of importance in the 150 this season, we girls are preparing our swellest gowns in anticipation. Should Will be there (and of course he will), I am wondering what girl his fancy will light upon. It's a different engagement after each wedding, you know, so I may (even now) be the lucky one. We are all electioneering for Will, and should he *not* be elected (horrible thought!) I'll lose all respect for the Fresno voters. I was disgusted with the inconstancy in the '89-'90 Club. There I put up for President, Vice-President, and Secretary a matchless trio of Society leaders, who have plainly demonstrated their ability for engineering Club balls, etc., and the horrid rabble just over-looked them and put in L. W—— who is altogether too good looking for any thing in that line. Tom is all right, nothing if not *fin de seicle;* Woodward is a stranger to many of us. My Johnny McA——, as financial Secretary, is out of place—he should have been President. Anyhow, he's the best man, and of course will run things. Friday evening a meeting is called for arrangements of future parties. Let us hope a swell opening ball will be announced for November. Yours, IMP.

OAKLAND GOSSIP.

OAKLAND, October 26th. DEAR WAVE:—To me the universal sphere is desolate, as my enemy, *la grippe*, confined me to my bed last week, and I was deprived the exquisite sensation of having my heart flutter at Jack Wilson's masterful love-making in "The Russian Honeymoon," but Tom, the dear fellow, went both evenings, and has told me enough to fill a large-sized volume. He says that the audience and actors were the quintessence of propriety the first evening, and that everything went smoothly, but the second evening Mamie, Bessie, Floy, Katie, and others, in a certain clique, who attended both evenings, took it upon themselves to guy the amateurs as they appeared upon the stage, and succeeded in completely spoiling two of the prettiest scenes. But I suppose, dear, you are longing to hear about the players and people, not to receive a lecture on good manners. Well, Tom says that the players were fully as good as many professionals, and that the hero of the occasion, Jack Wilson, never looked handsomer than in his regimentals of white, scarlet, and gold, and never did better acting than when broken-hearted and crushed at his bride's horrible disposition and ambition, but, when he finally succeeded in humbling his haughty wife, and was supposed to take her to his manly heart, in an ecstasy of bliss, his lack of warmth proved most conclusively that he had never experienced a real *affaire du cœur*. Harry Wadsworth was not troubled with any diffidence in that way, as the one time he was allowed the rare privilege of caressing Micheline (dainty little Belle Hutchinson) proved that he was an adept at the art, and then he was once engaged, you know, and has often loved. Tom, who is quite a critic, thinks the play lost when Maud Morrell and Alec Rosborough resigned those parts, and wonders why Alec gave up all the glory for politics, and the reason of Maud's final refusal is unknown—perhaps Harry was too realistic in his love-making, or it may be that Phil's "et Micheline?" frightened her. It was real sweet of Belle to take the part at so late a day. Evidently Harry Melvin made the hit of the play, as every one is singing his praises—his role was that of a master shoemaker and he was completely disguised, with glasses, long beard, and stooped like an old fossil of eighty winters; then his voice was changed, too. Phil Remillard surprised his friends with his pompous acting. No one dreamed that he had so much latent talent, and, although his disguise was ugly, he managed to inspire many of the girls with a deep feeling of admiration. Then Marion Albright displayed remarkable talent. She was a perfect shrew. Tom thinks her capable of even stronger parts, while Mary Durham, the originator of the whole scheme, was as arrogant, ennuied fickle and *blasé* as a real baroness who had exhausted the frivolities of the world could possibly have been. If her friends continue to congratulate her, I fear her next move will be to adopt the stage as a profession, and it is to be hoped that the flattery of the butterflies will not completely ruin Jack's handsome head, as he is a good, honest fellow, who has a fine stage presence, musical voice, and talent, and it would be a pity to spoil him completely. The East Oakland contingent was there the first night, with Willie Powning in attendance, and Hettie was as radiant as ever. Allie, Nellie, Emma, and Floy have grown a trifle thin. The summer campaign was evidently too much for them. Mrs. Wheaton looked lovely; so did Nannie Prather, who was there with another than her *fiancée*. Tot Hall, and pretty Miss Carroll, of Sacramento, had for their escort Arthur Pope, and the second evening drew the Cohens, Chabots, Becks, Ralstons, Holcombs, Pierces, Hayes, and McNears; all in evening dress.

Not only did I miss "The Honeymoon," but was deprived the pleasure of attending the Howard dinner party that was given in honor of Fred's twenty-first birthday, and Paxton's *fiancée*, Miss Taylor, of San Mateo, was there, too. Just my miserable luck. Then the Coghill tea drew all the members of "our set," and I had to stay at home, but Bessie says I didn't miss much—only broilers at the dinner party, and girls, girls, girls at the tea. Then we had the races last week, and the men who are in politics attended the Catholic Fair in swarms, and saw lovely Mrs. Driscoll, the Martin girls, and Cassie Drum. Mrs. Ben Morgan's Japanese fete for charity was a decided success. The Oaklanders who assisted were Lolita Booth, the McKees, Garbers, Ainsworths, Helen Borden, Esma Deane, and others.

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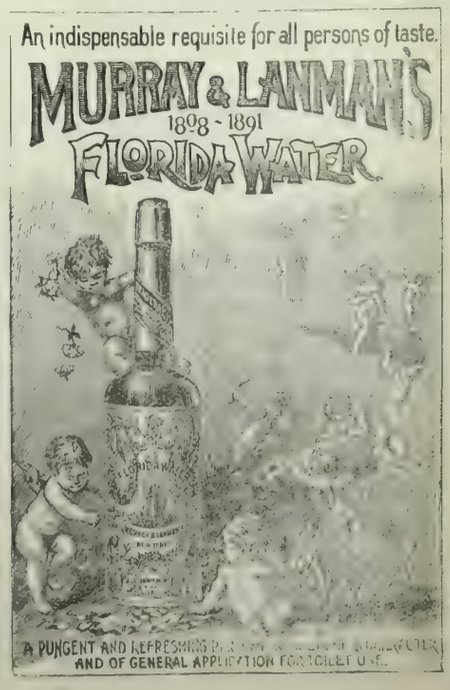

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Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE	FROM SEPT. 3, 1892.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*12.15 p m
.....	Niles and San Jose	†6.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton	*8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Martinez	12.45 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton Lodi, Merced and Fresno	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.30 p m	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	†8.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
6.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	9.15 a m
†7.00 p m	Vallejo	8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡7.45 a. m.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p. m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.38 p m
†7.30 a m	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excur'n	‡8.28 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
‡9.30 a m	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations	‡2.45 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.03 p m
12.15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.30 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.37 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, Gilroy and Principal Way Stations	*9.47 a m
*4.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7.30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, :30, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

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WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		In effect Apr. 24, 1892.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5.00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

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From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 7:15, 8:15, 9:50, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:45 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:20, 11:40 A. M.; 12:35, 1:45, 3:10, 4:25, 6:00, 6:50, 7:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7:00 P. M. Fare, 25 cents round trip.

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7:30 A. M. Week days 8:00 A. M. Sundays 5:00 P. M. Saturdays	Tomales, Howards, Duncan Mills, Cazadero and Way Stations.	8:45 A. M. Mondays 6:15 P. M. Week days 8:15 P. M. Sundays

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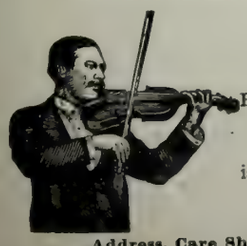

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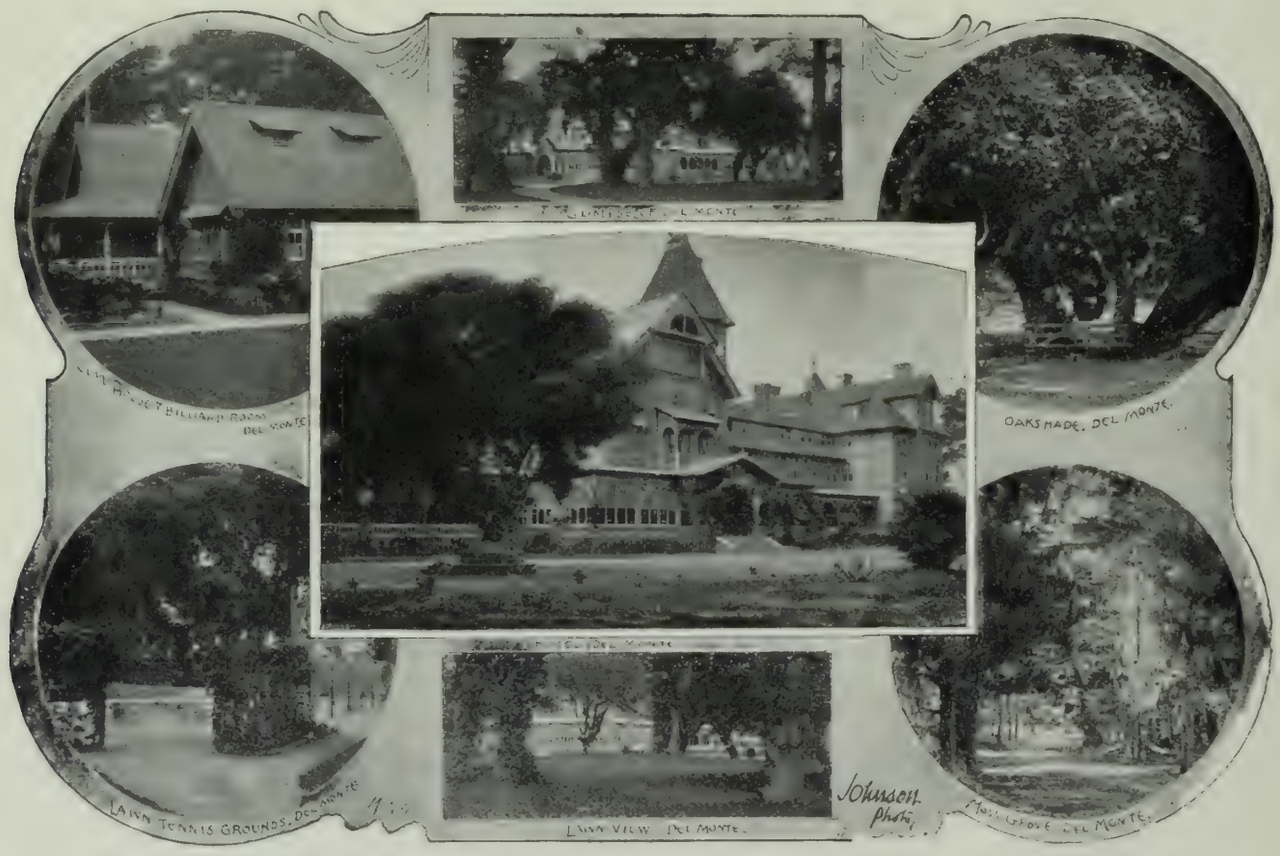

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THE WAVE

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SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 5, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

The picture presented with this issue of THE WAVE is that of the gentleman who will, in all probability, be the next Mayor. Few men at Mr. Ellert's age have met with the success that has attended his efforts; but whatever of honor has come to him has been deserved. He has made an excellent record as an officer of this municipality, and there is no doubt that if the political prophecies of "The Witness" are found correct on Tuesday, San Francisco will have a clean, honest, and progressive government.

SPLASHES.

IN THE BOHEMIAN CLUB they are discussing a series of peculiar circumstances that have occurred there lately. Certain members unfortunate enough to owe money to a well-known liquor house have found in their mail at the Club bills with the firm's name conspicuous on the outside of the envelope. They are not delivered through the postoffice, for no stamps are found on them, and no collector is ever allowed to penetrate within the sacred precincts of Bohemia. The question how they get there is being answered in a variety of ways. The explanation that seems most satisfactory is that a member of the said firm, who is also a prominent clubman, brings them in himself. To imagine so highly gifted and dignified a being as he is delivering mere bills is difficult, but it seems tenable.

* * *

The truth is the gentleman, though consumed with self-importance and prodigiously conceited, is yet so grasping in money matters that he will descend to any meanness in his efforts to gather it in. Because he is stout and wears high collars, people imagine him endowed with a contempt for mere trade, but he possesses for the American dollar a scent as keen as he ever had for the English sovereign. It is alleged that the next step he contemplates is to make personal efforts at bringing in such of the firm's accounts as are outstanding in the Club.

* * *

IT WAS THE IDEAL COLUMBUS—saint and patriot—not the dashing, daring freebooter, whom modern investigation has revealed, that the San Francisco Verein presented on Saturday evening last. According to Librettist Waldeck he was a very high-toned personage who expressed excellent sentiments in a barytone voice. He knew all about the Western Hemisphere by instinct, and interlarded his assurances of success with all sorts and conditions of appeals to the celestial trilogy—all in song. Unfortunately the interesting Christopher was not provided like his friend Alonzo with a pretty and muchly enamored flower maiden, but Mrs. Adler Keesing sings so well that no one objected to the discoverer's solitary glory. It is passing strange to find an amateur prima-donna with so much voice and vivacity as Juanita had.

* * *

There were other members of the *dramatis personæ* who did not indulge a simple taste in names. Miss Elise Levet, for instance, who sang cleverly and acted with decided *chic*, disguised as Anakaona, wife of Gustave Benner, answered when called Caonabo. He was decidedly good, was this Caique of Guanahani. Indeed, with Mr. Fortescue and his Juanita, and Mr. Benner and Miss Levet, the honors rested. I was sorry that Mr. Hinz had not given Miss Adler more to do, but I suppose she was weighed out by being called Higuenaneota, too heavy a handicap by several syllables. The production was decidedly clever all round, particularly in the matter of staging.

* * *

Before alluding to the music, the two dances must be spoken of. Both were capital. Such pretty girls as the ladies of the Spanish Court could do no less than be graceful, and they were. As for the war dance, it could hardly have been better executed by Kiralfy's *corps de ballet*. It was wild and weird, and Solly Walter, who did the stage-managing, deserved the congratulations that were showered on him. As for the composer, Mr. Hinz, he possesses decided musical talent. In his score there is no effort at serious writing, nor does one melody greatly excel the rest. Nearly all the solos are sweet and pretty, that of Juanita, "Distress Profound," especially so. Of course, the themes and motives are reminiscent. So great is the extent of operatic literature it is hard to find a combination that has not done duty on some previous occasion. For instance the first bars of the Intermezzo are decidedly reminiscent of Mascagni.

* * *

But Mr. Hinz is a business man and only cultivates the Muses in the meager leisure at his command. He has achieved something worth doing. The libretto is more poetic than effective. The versification is decidedly clever, but there is not enough incident or originality in the treatment of the theme. In an amateur so much poetic facility as Mr. Waldeck exhibits is unusual. He is evidently a student of Schiller whose favorite meters he uses. It seems a pity that a wider circle of hearers could not be privileged to enjoy so excellent a work. I am sure if the Verein would but allow a public performance of "Columbus," a nice sum would be netted one or the other of the civic charities. Of course, the composers were exceedingly fortunate in having so many pretty girls in their cast. Miss Rosa Fechheimer, who made so superb a Columbia, would herself attract an audience. But she looked better than she recited.

* * *

The ball that followed the performance was a brilliant affair, as most Verein balls are. There were scores of very pretty girls in swell gowns, besides dozens of matrons in the most elaborate of toilettes. Some of the participants wore their costumes and relieved the conventional effect of mere evening dress. Among them were Miss Martha Shainwald, who looked particularly well as a court lady, Miss Helen Frank, who was charming in a species of Indian robe, and Miss Jennie Schwabacher. There were a dozen belles. It seemed to me that Miss Henrietta Meyer, Miss Greenbaum, Miss Hamburger, and Miss Adler appeared to excellent advantage. Of the married ladies I am inclined to think Mrs. Neustadter looked best. She wore a gown of pale blue and olive. Mrs. Kline, too, was charmingly gowned.

* * *

IF THE MEMBERSHIP increases at its present rate, the Olympic Club by January 1st will surely have 2000 members. Applications are coming in at a great rate. In the gymnasium hangs a list of 125 names gathered in October. The November acquisitions promise to be almost as formidable. Of course, these gains are the results of unusual exertions. The Directors are all doing their best and President Harrison's personal efforts are visible in the number of proposals he has

made. With some 50 old members who have been reinstated, the total on the Club roll is not less than 1600 men.

* * *

The new clubhouse is progressing rapidly towards completion. On the interior decorations of the various rooms a legion of workmen is engaged. There is nothing elaborate or fanciful about the mural adornments. Some of the apartments are paneled in wood, others are tinted in delicate tones. The general effect promises to be charming. That the building will be ready by January 1st is probable, though certain additions may delay the contractors. A most encouraging sign of progress is the work being done for the salt-water system. Pipe-laying was commenced last Saturday, and before the members realize their good fortune, the huge swimming tank will be full of the best product of the ocean.

* * *

IN THE SWIM, the suburban tea is the main topic of talk. Will it succeed?—is a question I have heard asked a hundred times. Considering the auspices under which it is held I cannot see how the affair can possibly be a failure. Of course, all the patronesses will attend at the head of their own little cliques, and they alone will represent a fifth of the 300—that, I believe, is the number of invitations sent out. I am under the impression that the characteristics and surroundings of the Ingleside are not such as to make it the most desirable place in the world for an affair of this kind. In the first place it is not especially attractive from the scenic point of view. It is not surrounded by beautiful gardens nor ornamental shrubbery. It is a brooding place for fogs and the associations connected with it are quite the reverse of respectable.

* * *

For the purpose it is mainly used, the Ingleside has many advantages. It is far removed from the busy haunts of men, and one can give little dinners or little breakfasts there without being seen or suspected by a soul. In a few words, the associations connected with it are quite the reverse of virtuous. However, the place will probably be all the more interesting on that account. Then, to take people to such places there should be a fair supply of four-in-hands, and the men should handle the ribbons as they do in the East and Europe. As it is, the proper style of equipage is not represented in San Francisco.

* * *

NO COTILLIONS for the Oakland 400 this winter. After the Club had been organized and everything arranged for, it was discovered that the ladies' dressing-room attached to the city's one hall could not be used. The premises, it seems, have been rented by a company of National Guardsmen, who ungallantly refuse to allow a single maiden within the precincts of their quarters. As a dressing-room is as essential as the hall itself, there was nothing to do but drop the Club, which I hope will be duly organized next winter. All the disappointment will not be on the Oakland side of the bay. Quite a number of men and girls had booked themselves for the series of germans, and they will have no opportunity of keeping their agreeable engagements.

* * *

Perhaps Mr. Folger and Mr. Houghton can arrange a dancing club on a smaller scale to replace the cotillions. Entertainments are not so numerous in Oakland that they can afford to let the organization die without an effort to save some of it. Why not institute a kind of assembly club and give parties at private residences? It is not as though there were none large enough on that side of the bay. I am sure there are plenty of people who would be only too glad to furnish the use of their homes, provided some committee or other relieved them of the responsibilities. Here is a great opportunity for some one to come to the rescue of the *beau monde*.

* * *

The suburbs are almost deserted. Gradually the last stragglers are returning to town. The Holbrooks have closed up their Menlo Park house, and are in the city for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin have taken apartments at the Richelieu. The Dillons have returned to town and are at the Occidental. Mr. and Mrs. George D. Boyd will make Mrs. Kittle's home their residence for the season. The Harry E. Wises have torn themselves away from San Rafael, and are now domiciled at 808 Bush Street for the next six months.

* * *

Sherman Martin is still in town enjoying the pleasures of San Francisco in a very quiet way. He makes the Palace his headquarters, is an earnest theater-goer, and succeeds in finding life here almost worth living. Mr. Martin attended the pugilistic carnival at New Orleans, and is quite authoritative in his opinion on fighters.

* * *

The announcement that Miss Julia Bissell is to be married on Wednesday next will be a surprise to many of her friends as well as to Society. Though no announcement was made, she has been engaged for some time to Mr. William Pilcher, an Englishman of wealth and standing. He is a barrister by profession but abandoned practice in London, a few years ago, to look after important business interests in this country. He is a great traveler, having been all over the world, and, besides, is highly intellectual. Miss Bissell is not only an exceedingly beautiful girl, but she is also fascinating, well read, and decidedly intelligent. Though she is a native of Cincinnati her long residence here entitles her to a leading rank among the California belles. She is very popular and without any question is one of the most attractive girls in San Francisco.

* * *

The marriage will be celebrated very quietly at the Hotel Pleasanton, only the family being present. This is on account of the serious illness of Mrs. Marshall. Mr. and Mrs. Pilcher will sail for Victoria then, leave for Yokohama on the thirteenth. They return here in February and go on to Europe, and will go round the world before settling down in any particular place.

* * *

Mrs. Isabelle Donahue and Miss Wallace have decided to visit Spain and Algeria before returning home. They go in a party with several other Americans. The Misses Voorhies are still in Paris and may spend Christmas there. Miss Blair is installed in the hotel of the Duchess de la Rouchefocauld.

* * *

Mrs. Head and Miss Anna Head sailed on Wednesday last for this country on the "Majestic." They are expected here at the latter end of the month. Miss Louise Moulder has arrived in New York, but intends spending the season in Washington. Captain Griffith and family will not spend much of their time in San Francisco this season. They have been doing the Eastern watering places and have now reached Baltimore. Miss Jennie Griffith was decidedly admired.

* * *

Mrs. Samuel J. Murphy and her two daughters are expected during the month from Europe. They have been abroad nearly two years. I understand the Misses Murphy will make their debut at the first cotillion. They are sure to bring with them the very latest of Parisian ball costumes.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Emile Brugiere leave for the East to-morrow, to be absent some months. Everett N. Bee left on the Panama steamer for Central American ports on business for the firm of Otis, McAllister & Co., in which he is a partner.

* * *

The Huntington party left early Thursday morning for New York *via* Mexico. During her stay here Mrs. Huntington has met a great number of people and has made many friends who will welcome her back to San Francisco in March next. She is really a charming hostess, and will prove in the future a very valuable addition to San Francisco Society. There was quite a gathering of friends at the Huntington house on Wednesday night last—a species of farewell reception. During the evening Edmund Russell recited selections from Swinburne and Rossetti.

* * *

The Abbey-Cheney amateurs make their initial bow to a San Francisco audience on the evening of December 6th. The performance is for the benefit of the Children's Hospital and will be under the patronage of a number of well-known Society ladies. Among the interesting features will be a reading in costume by Edmund Russell, the first of a series he purposes giving. The programmes are to be handsomely gotten up, and the novelties

Richardson & Robbins' Plum Pudding—A Delicious Dessert.

presented will be such as to prevent any lagging of interest on the part of the audience.

* * *

DECIDEDLY THE EVENT of the week was the concert of the Saturday Morning Orchestra in the Grand Opera House. The huge theatre was crowded above as well as below with as fashionable an audience as ever greeted Patti. Even the swell crowd that assembled to hear "B. K. Hal" was equaled. While the girls play exceedingly well, their music is not up to the standard of their appearance. A more interesting set of faces it would be hard to find anywhere. One would ask nothing better than to look at them if they absolutely lacked accomplishments. All wore evening dress—soft, delicate tones—and when the curtain rose the stage presented a charming picture. Flowers banked the footlights. Behind, forming a charming background, were palms and foliage plants.

* * *

I cannot commend the rendering of the Wagner selection. The Bridal March seemed rather more than the Orchestra could handle. The Mozart, too, was hardly given with the proper effect. The Valse Intermezzo by Czibulka and the Pizzicato of Taubert were played with precision and swing, however, and the overture was quite charmingly done. The great success of the evening was scored by Miss Alice Ames, whose rendering of the first movement of Viotti's Twenty-second Concerto, was enthusiastically applauded. Besides being exceedingly picturesque and graceful this young lady exhibited an excellent technic and the possession of a full round tone. She has the real artistic feeling and should, with her talent, in time become more than an amateur. Miss Julia Newman, another very handsome girl, made her debut as a vocalist. She has a voice of flute-like purity which she has evidently worked hard to get under control. However, the method of vocal production she follows is not calculated to give her facility or bring out the best qualities of her organ. Certainly Director Rosewald is to be congratulated on the success of his efforts, and in the future the entertainments of the Orchestra will be looked for with pleasure.

* * *

The concert altogether was very interesting. The Orchestra has any quantity of musical talent in it, and if the girls can be persuaded to keep together they will surprise yet the most ardent of their admirers. Quite a number of parties were made up for the occasion. Mrs. Hager had one of the proscenium boxes, and was accompanied by Miss Hager, Miss McNutt, Judge Garber, and Walter Dean. Mrs. Eastland had a party; so did Mrs. Rutherford, Mrs. Harry Wise, and many more. After the performance Miss Alice Ames gave a supper at her home on Taylor Street.

* * *

A charming literary luncheon was given by Mrs. O. V. Thayer, at her residence on Washington Street, on Tuesday, complimentary to a number of prominent ladies. The parlors were flower-bedecked, and the dining-room was cool and beautiful with its decorations of ferns, laurel, and olive-branches. Luncheon was served under the light of wax candles, and the courses were divided by toasts and music. A very beautiful cut-glass bowl was presented to the hostess.

* * *

A charming little party celebrated the fifth birthday of Master Allen Fiske-Marceau, at Colonel Marceau's residence, 2336 Pacific Avenue. His guests were twelve in number, and little Miss Marcie Marceau assisted her brother in entertaining them. After enjoying themselves with various games they gathered in the dining-room where a delicious repast was served. The decorations were really beautiful. The table cover was of white silk embroidered with pink flowers. The service was of gold and white and the room was illuminated by pink candles in gold candelabra. Little turquois rings, fancy balls, baskets, and books were given as favors to the guests.

* * *

Mrs. Catherwood gave a theatre party at the California on Thursday evening and afterwards a delicious supper at her residence on Pacific Avenue. Like all her affairs it proved a great success.

* * *

The wedding of Dr. Selfridge and Miss Lolita Monteverde at the Catholic Cathedral, on Thursday evening, was very pretty and just a trifle odd. Chancel and altar were artistically decorated with foliage and roses, in the midst of which the candles in their golden sconces burned softly. The wedding party was rather late, but that is nothing out of the ordinary. Up the aisle the ushers led the way, preceding the bridesmaids, the maid of honor, and the bride, who followed leaning on her father's arm. About the method of formation in the chancel there were several variations from the usual procedure.

* * *

The ceremony over, the ushers and bridesmaids walked down arm-in-arm—a custom that is not generally followed nowadays, for the men's black clothes rather take away from the effect of the girls' costumes. The party proceeded to the residence of Miss Monteverde, on Sutter Street, and there partook of a delicious supper. Only the very intimate friends of the happy pair were present. The bride, in her handsome wedding gown, looked very charming, and the costumes of the bridesmaids were exceedingly pretty and becoming. Dr. and Mrs. Selfridge will spend their honeymoon at Santa Barbara, and intend to reside, on their return, in Oakland.

* * *

"Baroness Meta," I am convinced, will prove one of the most attractive of the operas produced here by local composers. It has many melodious numbers and is cleverly orchestrated. Soloists and chorus have been carefully drilled. An excellent orchestra accompanies the singers and renders the intermezzo music, and, besides, the libretto is bright and taking. Mr. Rosewald is determined on achieving success and certainly is bending all his energies to deserve it. The leading male role is to be taken by Valentine Gadesden instead of Mr. Hellman, whose health was not robust enough to sustain the exertion of constant rehearsals.

Richardson & Robbins' Potted Ham for Picnics and Teas.

* * *

The flower show has attracted crowds to the Pavilion during the week, and the verdict that the exhibition is the best ever given here is generally concurred in. Some of the displays are admirable. There are magnificent chrysanthemums, beautiful roses, splendid begonias, and fragrant carnations. As usual, however, Sievers has won all the valuable prizes. Such wonderful chrysanthemums as he exhibits. Huge blossoms, snowy white, delicate yellow, deep orange. Others are like huge silken pompons with the most delicate tassels imaginable. Connoisseurs have raved over these wonderful productions, which are certainly the finest of their kind ever seen here. Just how Mr. Sievers produces such beautiful flowers is a mystery to his competitors, but he achieves admirable results, whether it be with roses, or carnations, or chrysanthemums.

* * *

WHAT A PITY it is that the imagination exhibited in the dailies' Society columns could not be diverted into another channel. Undoubtedly this class of news is written by very agreeable and intelligent ladies or gentlemen, but they are evidently quite unable to grasp the beauties of accuracy. Perhaps, indeed, they don't try, which I am sometimes almost ready to believe; perhaps they think it does not much matter whether Mr. and Mrs. Jones go East this week or the next. The movements of the very uninteresting people who come hither and go thither is a matter of remarkable indifference to me, and, save in certain instances, I leave such insipid records to my contemporaries. Still, if the effort is made, a moderate degree of accuracy should be attained, for the majority of people are still inclined to credit what they see in type.

* * *

It is rather mortifying if one gives a dinner to have the Society reporter state as one's guests the people he imagines should have been invited. There was an instance of this the other evening in the *Post*. I believe the paper got correctly fifty per cent of the list at a recent gastronomic function. Here are Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Murphy announced as gone East, when everyone knows Danny is up to his eyes in that lawsuit with his sisters. Mr. and Mrs. Frank are leaving for New York, when they left a week ago. And so on. One could as easily find a score of instances.

* * *

FOR MANY YEARS I have been making a strenuous effort to conceal from the public the fact that I am descended from an ancient race of veiled prophets. But it seems that at last my genealogy has been discovered. I

say this because, during the past week, a large number of persons have asked me to predict the result of the coming election. Ordinarily that is something I should have unhesitatingly declined to do. Two years ago, although I well knew that the Republicans were going to sweep the city and State, I kept it very dark for speculative purposes. Owing, however, to the fact that nearly everybody else seemed to be also aware of the impending Republican victory, I was unable to place any heavy wagers on the result, and so the secret profited me nothing.

* * *

This year the uncertainty of the result, coupled with the prevailing drought among the sporting fraternity, has aroused my hereditary predisposition to prophesy, and I find that I am unable to resist the many demands that have been made upon me to foretell the result of next Tuesday's ballot-boxing. Remember—and I do not say this by way of inducing the incredible to become credible—I am descended from a long line of prophets. My great-grandfather was Prophet-in-Ordinary to King George the Third, and his father—a cross between a Cossack and a Holland Dutchman—had performed the same service for one of the French kings. And yet, notwithstanding these qualifications for the place, I consent to become the prophet of the coming election on one condition only, namely, that I shall be permitted to explain hereafter why some of my prophecies do not, as Mr. Boruck, of the hoss paper, would say, eventuate correctly. No prophet ought to be tied down to details in a fight like this, where every man is for himself and the devil is after the hindmost. The best prophet on earth might go to pieces on a ticket containing three hundred names where such mixed conditions prevail.

* * *

But anyhow, here goes: Who, then, is to be elected Mayor? I shall answer promptly Mr. Ellert—not merely because everybody thinks so, but because there are sound reasons for believing that he will be the successful man. There is no doubt whatever that if "Dr." O'Donnell, the quack candidate, increases his vote this year he will triumph; but there are many reasons for the statement that his vote is only not going to increase but that it is going to diminish. The cynics and jokers will continue to vote for O'Donnell, I suppose, until the end, but the independent voters—those who have supported him in past years on the ground that the other two candidates belonged to the bosses—will this year vote for Ellert, chiefly because he is a better representative of the universal protest against bossism. Two years ago O'Donnell received approximately 17,000 votes. He will have to raise this at least 3000 or he has no hope of winning.

* * *

The vote for Mayor will not be very far away from these totals: Ellert, 21,000; O'Donnell, 16,000; Baldwin, 12,000; Easton, 10,000; scattering, 3000. If there is any change Ellert's vote will increase and O'Donnell's will decrease, which will be due to the factor I have already referred to, that is, the independent vote which has heretofore gone to the quack, but which will now go to Ellert.

* * *

The Shrievalty contest is not so clear a field. There are three principal candidates, Scott (Non-Partisan and Old Democrat), McDade (Reorganized Democrat), and Blattner (Republican). The two former are Democrats, and, naturally, have their personal following in the ranks of that party. Under ordinary circumstances this would split the Democratic vote and elect Blattner, but the present circumstances are not ordinary. In the first place Scott will poll the full vote of the Old Democrats. Next the reputation he made as Elisor for Judge Wallace will bring him a large vote, and, finally, he will receive the votes of all the Republicans who have gone over to the Non-Partisan party.

* * *

A liberal estimate will give the Non-Partisans two-thirds of the Republican voters. I shall not be surprised if 20,000 of the 28,000 Republicans in San Francisco vote the ticket of that party. The Democrats cast approximately 30,000 ballots, so that if Scott gets 6000 or 8000 of McDade's votes away from him he is certain to be the next Sheriff. That he will do this there seems to be no doubt, but for another reason. McDade and Blattner have personal connections which indicate who will control the patronage of the Sheriff's office in the event of their election. Scott'e hands are free, and, consequently, a large number of active and energetic place-hunters are at work for him. Being mostly Democrats they are certain to cut heavily into McDade's vote.

* * *

As for the remainder of the ticket, it can be disposed of in a moment. Mr. Broderick will be elected Auditor. His opponent, Charles Ashton, is a positive and courageous man, but he is a well-known temperance advocate, and that will serve to lose him many Democratic votes that will take chances on Ellert and Scott. As for Mr. Smiley he could not be elected even if his party were not in its broken and disheveled condition.

* * *

For Tax Collector Cord H. Wetjen, the Non-Partisan nominee, will defeat both O'Brien and Block. The first named is not receiving the support of the machine of his own party, and a delicate regard for racial prejudices forbids me to tell why the latter will not receive the Irish Democratic vote.

* * *

Mr. Moran, the Non-Partisan nominee, will probably be elected County Clerk. Michael C. Haley is not popular among the Democrats, and E. A. O'Connor, the Old Democratic candidate, will take many votes away from him. Mr. Lee, like Mr. Blattner, will not get one-half the votes of his own party, and is certain to be defeated. In Moran's case, as in that of Scott, his independence of boss dictation has already gathered to his standard an army of place-hunters.

* * *

For District and City and County Attorneys I have no doubt the two Democratic nominees, Henry S. Foote and Henry T. Cresswell, will be elected. Both are receiving, so far as I can ascertain, the support of the party.

* * *

For Superintendent of Streets all the signs point to the success of W. W. Ackerson, the Democratic nominee. Mr. Ashworth, the Non-Partisan candidate, is not being supported by the Democrats, while Ackerson's cause has been actively espoused by the Kelly-Crimmins machine, the Democrats, street contractors, and all the elements that hover around the Street Department. I think the people are making a mistake in not electing Ashworth, but that opinion is not likely to change the result.

* * *

Except the Superior Judges, it is difficult to predict the remaining result. Wallace will be re-elected Superior Judge by the largest vote ever polled by any candidate in San Francisco. If he does not receive 50,000 I shall be surprised. Judge Slack will be elected, and probably Seawell and Van Reynegom, with Daingerfield for the short term. As to the three latter, I say this mainly for the reason that they are the best men for the places.

* * *

The Police Judges, Justices of the Peace, and School Directors, will be a mixture of Democrats and Non-Partisans—the former largely predominating. It is quite likely that 10,000 votes will elect a School Director. It will be too much trouble to vote the entire ticket, and many citizens will skip those offices.

* * *

It is not very difficult, however, to predict that the Board of Supervisors will be largely Democratic. Five of its members are certain to be chosen, and, of the remainder, three are pretty certain to be Non-Partisans. The Board elected will stand pretty much like this: First Ward—M. Goodwin (D); Second Ward—J. Browell (N. P.); Third Ward—William Montgomery (D); Fourth Ward—P. J. Kennedy (D. and N. P.); Fifth Ward—Sands W. Forman (N. P.); Sixth Ward—Christian Reis (D); Seventh Ward—Louis A. Garnett (N. P.); Eighth Ward—William Chamberlain (N. P.); Ninth Ward—Albert Heyer (R.); Tenth Ward—Francis Shirley (N. P.); Eleventh Ward—Jefferson C. James (D); Twelfth Ward—James Denman (D.).

* * *

For the rest, it is quite probable that ex-President Cleveland will carry the city by from 3500 to 4000 majority, and if he does so, the Democratic electors will receive a small majority in the State. The People's Party is going to cut heavily into the Republicans in Southern California, and if that party does not hold up its usual 5000 majority south

of Tehachapi Pass—and the oracles say that it is not going to do so—Harrison will lose the State.

* * *

The Legislature is not likely to be either Democratic or Republican. The People's Party will send up several representatives, and it is not at all improbable that that party will hold the balance of power. But whether the People's Party constitute the balance of power, or the Legislature is Democratic makes little difference. In either event, Stephen M. White will be chosen United States Senator. The oracles have said this, and when they ope' their mouths it is useless for any other dogs to bark.

* * *

KING McMANUS, of the Potrero, counts three weeks at the Keely Institute as lost time. The bichloride may be potent for men less muscular, but for him its restraints are mere threads. Round Third Street they are telling rather a funny story in which the King figures as hero. The day he returned he hung around town and saw as many of "the b'yes" as possible. Knowing of his vacation they abstained from pressing him to liquor up, feeling he would appreciate their delicacy. Late that afternoon he encountered a comrade who, after a hearty handshake, proffered the customary invitation to imbibe.

"I wouldn't touch a dhrop if me own father asked me," asseverated the reformed terror.

* * *

"What's up wid you?" asked his friend.

"I've been to that Kaley Institut, and never agin will a dhrop of spirits pass me lips." The King was emphatic.

"I want a dhrink misilf, anyhow," said his friend. "You'd better come over and have a *limonade*, Mac." What irony in the "limonade."

"I'll come to the dure wid you," was the answer, "but not a sthep further."

They crossed over and entered. McManus stood a second on the threshold, but his friend's impatient "Come on wid you" sent him to the bar.

"I'll have red liquor. What's your pisin, Mac, limonade or appolynaris?"

"I don't think I'll take aither. Give me some wather."

The other commenced pouring out the regulation four fingers full, Mac watching him wistfully. The bartender took the bottle, but Mac caught it.

"Wait a minit. Shure, I'll take some whisky meself."

And he did. Since then he has drunk nothing stronger.

* * *

FOOTBALL has become fashionable. At the match between the University and the Olympic Club, Society was adequately represented. On the grand stand were most of the faces one sees at the cotillions, besides scores of cousins, brothers and sisters whose enthusiasm, whenever Berkeley scored a point, knew no bounds. In fact, there was too much noise. Vocal expressions of happiness one can forgive, but it is time the obnoxious and ear-splitting tin-trumpet was abolished. In the mouth of the small boy it is an instrument of torture. However, the game was so exciting that the audience kept on the *qui vive* throughout the afternoon. The two elevens lined-up in good style and fought like demons. There were accidents at frequent intervals. Indeed, the game was decidedly a rough one.

* * *

On the Olympic team were a handful of heavy-weights whose tremendous exertions were a potent factor in securing victory. Dr. Woods and Porter, both tremendously strong, opposed themselves to the Berkeleyans in countless scrimmages, and rarely failed to drive them back. Though victory perched on the local banner, it was really the first time the team had played together. In many ways they showed a lack of practice. Their interference was bad; they were slow in apprehending the University's tactics; they did not seem to know each other's game. However, Sherrard has now a clear idea of his team's capacity, and if he can but gather them two or three times a week at Central Park, the other two matches will be won as easy as the first.

* * *

On the opposing side Hunt played a strong game, and his loss, after sustaining an injury in one of the scrimmages, was severely felt by his team. I would suggest to the Berkeleyans that they secure the services of a good "coach." Properly taken, handled, and with plenty of practice, there is no doubt that they can be made to give a better account of themselves. Among the injured was Basil Ricketts, who, as usual, played like a cyclone. After sustaining all manner of bruises and blows, he was finally borne from the field with a sprained ankle.

* * *

MORE INACCESSIBLE to the wiles of the ordinary interviewer than even Evans and Sontag, is Mammy Pleasant. The personality of this colored lady is invested with an almost romantic interest. A perfect mine of information is presumed to be concealed within her breast. The subtlest schemes of the cleverest journalists do not move her to utter a word Her mysterious air, that apparant frankness, the quickness of parry, baffle them. When she is ready she may tell a little of what she knows, but not until. How much basis in fact the uncanny tales of her hypnotic powers have, no one will ever know. She realizes the influence over ignorant people her reputation gives her. Some declare she practices all the hoodoo rites, and has spells and incantations at her fingers' end.

* * *

But Mammy Pleasant is not only a Catholic, but a most devout one. She is charitable in the extreme, and has given a great deal of money to the Sisters of Charity and the Church. Perhaps it is because she possesses a strong personality, eyes that are almost piercing in the intensity of their glance, and the physical endowment we call magnetism, that she has earned so weird a notability. Then there is the irresistible charm of playing on the credulity of others. Among the curious stories told of her in connection with the Sharon case, is the manner in which she concealed the famous marriage certificate. When Sarah Althea once received it, she gave it for safekeeping to Mammy Pleasant. "Hide this in some safe place," she said. Knowing what efforts would be made to recover so valuable a token, she concealed it under her instep.

* * *

Carefully enwrapped in oil-silk she carried it thus for months. One day, being in a shoe-store whose proprietor was an old friend, she removed her *bottines* to be measured for a new pair. He, noticing the projection, asked what it was. She drew it out and flourished it before his astonished eyes. That was how the Sharon side of the controversy learned the whereabouts of the document.

* * *

AMONG THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS of John D. Spreckels, and he has quite a number, is an adroitness of touch that enables him to play on his friends many amusing tricks. His favorite pastime, when with a crowd of intimates, is to appropriate their scarf-pins without a single victim suspecting the loss. I saw him once with half a dozen stuck in his lapel—mine among the number—and not one of the party had seen or felt him. Isidore Gutte tells a graceful romance about the manner John D. and himself held-up a stalwart policeman on California Street. A party of select friends had joined the millionaire in an afternoon cocktail, Gutte among them. He was standing at the door when someone came behind, him and with a quick jerk, removed his pin.

* * *

He knew the trick and shouted "Thieves," and at the moment a police officer appeared.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"Here's a scoundrel who has just stolen me scarf-pin," returned Isidore, scowling.

The functionary advanced toward Spreckels, and laid his hand on his shoulder. They began to talk. While the discussion as to whether the millionaire should be taken to the Central Station or elsewhere Gutte quietly appropriated the officer's watch and the prisoner his chain. Just then the rest of the crowd came out. The joke was exploded and then everyone drank to everyone's else health.

* * *

McDONOUGH'S PURCHASE of "Ormonde," the greatest sire in horsedom, is a feather in the cap of young California. It is also a bold move for him. At once he becomes a figure among the noted breeders and, by his enterprise, gains a national reputation. It takes courage to pay $150,000 for a single horse, but this quality it appears Mr. McDonough has in plenty. It will win him the sympathy of the rising generation, and I prophesy his stable decided popularity. Another Californian whose audacity has

become celebrated is Will Hearst, whose "Vamoose" attracted so much comment during the Columbus celebration in New York. Darting in and out among the shipping she was the cynosure of thousands of eyes and her terrific, tremendous speed the theme of general comment.

* * *

For really big things, California is decidedly in the van. Here we have the greatest telescope in the world; the fastest steamer afloat is Mr. Hearst's, and before the summer comes the "Vamoose" will be afloat in San Francisco Bay. Mr. McDonough's acquisition brings here the greatest sire in the world. Haggin's and Stanford's horse farms are among the largest in the world. The Vina Vineyard is the greatest area under grapes. In other respects, too, we are world-beaters, and it seems we are to remain so.

* * *

Horse racing is certainly becoming more fashionable in California than it ever was. On the opening day of the Fall Meeting of the Blood Horse Association the crowd in the grand stand and clubhouse was a very stylish one, and when Porter Ashe's famous mare, Geraldine, won the first race, her splendid performance was applauded by many of her owner's lady friends. While on this topic I may mention the fact that already this season Charley Fair has won nearly $50,000 on the turf—I think the actual figures are $48,000. This certainly is a capital beginning, and Mr. Fair is to be congratulated.

* * *

A new racing paper makes its initial bow to the public this Saturday. It is called the California *Turf*, and is edited by two clever newspapermen, Charlie Trevathen and E. A. Morphy. Mr. Trevathen does the races for the *Examiner*, besides supplying the various items of horse news that the Monarch does out to its readers. Mr. Morphy is a very bright writer on a variety of topics. Both know how to work hard and I shall be surprised if their venture is not a blooming success. Of course, the *Turf* will contain sporting news in variety. The ability of the editors insure that it will be treated attractively. The new journal is to be issued at ten o'clock Saturday, so it will have the very latest gossip from the racing world.

* * *

SENSATIONAL JOURNALISM must have heros or victims. The conventional is of slight account for a big story. To justify three columns on a front page someone has to be exalted abnormally or ground into powder. Vices as well as virtues appear magnified out of all proportion, but he is, indeed, selfish who objects to being butchered for the benefit of a "feature" loving public. Take Editor Livernash, for instance. He cannot even write well. Had he possessed half the ability Ed Hamilton credited him with, his sphere would be San Francisco rather than Santa Rosa. But he is not remarkable save for eccentricity, and brilliancy alone excuses that. Some years ago I knew Livernash when he worked on the *Chronicle*. He was very quiet, seemed an earnest enough reporter, gave City Editor Hudson no degree either of trouble or satisfaction, and secured a meager degree of success.

* * *

He possessed none of the talents that fit a man for journalistic distinction. In that profession there is little public recognition of ability, but a cleverly written story rarely escapes the attention of the Press Club. Whatever brains this young man owned, whatever vitality he had, he concealed with singular felicity. However, Mr. Hamilton handled him in a masterly manner, turned him into a genius, and succeeded in giving the *Examiner* a capital story, even if the perspective was out of joint.

* * *

As a matter of fact, I am strongly of the opinion that Mr. Livernash was "playing" the attorneys in the case. To the subject of hypnotism I have given some little attention, under the watchful eye of J. Frank Brown, and if the *Examiner's* report was correct Livernash was as much under the influence of Gardner when he gave his testimony as you are at this moment. When a subject is under control he does not hold conversations with Tom, Dick, and Harry; he talks to the "Professor" alone. The tests to which Livernash were subjected might as well have been tried on his hat; but they proved that he was shamming.

* * *

When he was released from the influence, he "put his hand to his right ear through which the pin had been thrust." He did, eh? Well, a hypnotist could have told the Court that if Mr. Livernash had been under the influence he would have put his hand to his *left* ear; it is an invariable law that sensations are reversed in hypnotism.

* * *

THE MOST INTERESTING PHASE of the Sontag trial in Fresno was undoubtedly the arrest of Clark Moore. He is decidedly a personage, this friend of the bandits, and not to be joked with. The coolest, most determined-looking man I have ever seen, it would not do to incur his resentment. He expresses himself calmly, without the slightest suggestion of excitement, with no gestures, but he means what he says, as they will tell you at Sampson's Flat. He is the boss of that district; the rough and desperate inhabitants of that portion of the Sierras permit his dictation. But, besides all this, Clark Moore is a man of considerable intellect. I shall not forget in a hurry the surprise of the gathering at the Bigelow supper, when he rose to speak. He talked as fluently as though he were discussing a favorite topic. He was easy, smooth, clever, telling how he had met Evans, and the kind of a man Sontag is.

* * *

His was the talk of the evening. The others were a bad second. In fact, he swayed the feelings of that unemotional and critical gathering until they found themselves sympathizing with the murderers. That he had a memorable week in town here, I have no doubt. When one goes round San Francisco under the auspices he did, everything worth seeing is seen. His only complaint was that the diligence of the Fascinating Pete left him but a few moments each night for sleep.

* * *

THE LATEST STORY about Harry Bigelow tells of his escape from a too zealous Deputy Sheriff. It seems the redoubtable interviewer was wanted at Fresno as a witness in the Sontag case, and a myrmidon commissioned to bring him down. Striking the editorial rooms about six o'clock, he met Bigelow just going to dinner, and, presenting his subpœna, informed him he had better come along.

"That's all right, my dear fellow," said Pete. "I'm just going across to the Mint for a drink; won't you join me?"

The functionary grumbled, but his opposition was soon silenced. They had the drink. Some others of the newspaper crowd dropped in, and, a little later, all marched up to the California House for dinner, Pete's arm thrust affectionately through the Deputy Sheriff's.

* * *

I don't imagine the Fresno man had ever met such a combination. No one alluded to his mission. He heard a dozen new stories, and, after the coffee, felt as happy as a Deputy Sheriff can. He readily agreed to share a box with his captive at the California, and, later on, accompanied him to Norman's for supper. There the Bohemian set was gathered, and Pete and his friend were loudly welcomed. More beer all round was ordered. Between Landsberger and Billy Hart arose a discussion about the time it ought to take to cook a canvas-back, in which everyone joined. It rose to a white heat. In the midst of it Pete jumped up.

"Excuse me a second," he whispered to his captor. "Friend of mine over there—must speak to." He crossed the room. At that moment someone asked the Deputy's opinion on the subject. He explained his theory. He looked round. Pete had disappeared. The Sheriff returned to Fresno alone.

* * *

THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY has now a new adjunct in the shape of a whist club. One of the large corner rooms fronting on Van Ness Avenue is devoted to the game, and the work of furnishing it in as comfortable a manner as the funds at disposal admit, has already been commenced. The condition of membership is that each player joins the library, and, so far, some fifty ladies and gentlemen have com in. In the course of time the Club should have at least one hundred active players, for surely there are that number of devotees of this, the most interesting of card games, in town. The Club, through Mr. Payot, its President, has made most satisfactory arrangements with the Library Trustees. It has the room rent free.

* * *

There have been other whist clubs in San

Francisco, but the measure of patronage that is held to constitute success was denied them. The result—that one after another dropped out of existence. However, the new organization unites them all under one name, and by the way its affairs are shaping, it should become an institution.

* * *

THE EFFORTS made to defeat Judge Wallace will certainly add thousands of votes to his majority. By far the ablest jurist on the Coast he has, like most men of pronounced individuality, made many enemies. It is natural, if regrettable, that they should attempt at this time to gratify their personal spite by endeavoring to secure his downfall. The means they have chosen, however, defeat their ends. To imagine that men of sense and intelligence credit the ridiculous ghost stories politicians tell of Judge Wallace is stupid. The source of these accusations is either jealousy or dread. They are afraid that his heroic efforts to cleanse the Augean Stable of San Francisco politics will be successful, and that their occupations would be gone.

* * *

Death has removed most of the really great men of the Coast. Of the Titanic period of California Judge Wallace is one of the survivors. He will certainly be elected—if other reasons were wanting—for the enemies he has made. As for Editor Barry's attack in the *Star*, the motive is simply personal vengeance. It seems that Wallace interpreted a law point in a certain libel suit adversely to him, and he is playing even. That the Judge will ever trouble himself about answering these ancient trumped-up charges is unlikely. In the first place he has too much dignity, and his intelligence has taught him that silence is the most effective retort to a vulgar newspaper attack. With Wallace as Presiding Judge, and Scott as Sheriff, evil-doers would be compelled to honesty, temporarily, at least.

* * *

Among other men who should be elected, I must mention Judge Slack, who, during the brief period he has been on the bench, has won golden opinions both for his integrity and legal acumen. Will Barnes is the best, in fact the only District Attorney the city has had in years. He is a young man, able, competent, brilliant, and he deserves re-election. Opposed to him is Judge Foote, a veteran lawyer of great ability and learning but it seems to me we need just such a man as Barnes has shown himself, and he should be re-elected. There is Henry P. Sonntag also, candidate for Supervisor in the Tenth Ward. He is a strong man, with plenty of individuality and with the best interests of the city at heart. If elected he will certainly make a record to be proud of.

* * *

Few of the candidates for Superior Judge stand higher in the community or are more esteemed by the legal profession, than Charles J. Fox. This gentleman is on the old Democratic ticket, and the convention that nominated him recognized his abilities for the office to which he aspires. Mr. Fox has an excellent practice and is endowed with a fine judicial mind. During the Civil War he served with the Union forces, and was Chief of Artillery of the Department of Texas, a high honor for one so young.

* * *

OVER AT TIBURON—to whose interesting population of dogs I have, through the kindness of friends, lately added four blooded pups—the political pot is boiling and bubbling. On Thursday evening there was a grand demonstration in the interest of Mr. Cleveland and Congressman Geary. Republicans, Democrats, and the Prohibitionist attended the meeting, and listened with pleasure to the Congressman from the First. Mr. Geary is a clever talker, logical, argumentative, humorous, and dramatic.

* * *

On Tuesday night the Democrats of Tiburon and Belvedere gave a naval display. About 200 ladies and gentlemen went from the point to Sausalito in launches, gayly decorated with flags and lanterns. Red fire and enthusiasm prevailed, and the affair, aside from its political complexion, was most enjoyable. Admiral Kelly was ably assisted by Commander Keefe. Considerable interest is taken in the election of Supervisor, and George McMullen should win.

* * *

GENERAL BARNES, among the men about town, is notable for his fine physique. His shoulders are splendidly broad, and the capacity of his lungs the breadth of his chest indicates. Though by no means in his *premier jeuness*, he has twice the strength of most young men, and so orders his life as to have all the pleasure possible with the least drain on his vitality. The secret of the General's wonderful health, however, is the fact that he devotes two months of every year to training. Commencing in November, he eschews all ordinary pleasures until the New Year. His diet is reduced to the plainest necessaries; he is in bed by 9 o'clock and up before 5.30. In a sweater he tramps out to the Park and back; then a cold bath, and he is ready for the day's work.

* * *

The result of this regimen and the exercise is to work off every ounce of superfluous flesh, to tighten up lax muscles and to renew his vitality. Indeed, these two months give General Barnes a new lease on life and that is how he manages to look about forty-five when his years are on the other side of three score.

* * *

Among the places of interest that the San Franciscan may visit with profit is the splendid art gallery of S. & G. Gump. There are many excellent pictures there, and the gallery is the best lighted in the West.

* * *

Alfred Wilkie will begin a series of four popular concerts about November 22d. They will be given in the maple room of the Palace Hotel, and will be known as the Wilkie Palace Ballad Concerts. The programmes will consist of ballads, glees, and madrigals, with instrumental numbers. The best vocalists of the city will take part, and as many of the prominent ladies of the city have already subscribed, the concerts should be a great success.

* * *

IT IS SAD that the graceful tragedienne, Margaret Mather, should suffer so from nervous prostration. There is nothing in her appearance, in the contours of her plump figure, to indicate delicacy, but one can never diagnose such complaints from exteriors. She sustains her affliction with surprising fortitude, however, and no one but her *cher ami*, Mr. Pabst, guesses the extent of her sufferings. Platonic love is so very rare that it is very interesting to watch this phase of the divine passion. They are quite a good deal in each other's company, and it is to be presumed that he talks to her about the famous beer that his pa makes, and she tells him the *bon mots* of Manager Hill. Those who have heard that gentleman become epigrammatic will appreciate the quality of the entertainment.

* * *

Of course, there is not a word of truth in the cruel story which some envious actresses are relating about Miss Mather. They actually allege she has been enjoying life at a high rate with young Mr. Pabst, and on the evenings she was supposed to have nervous prostration, she was really enjoying life at the Ingleside with the fascinating brewer as her *vis-a-vis*. Miss Mather is too devoted to the profession she so decorates thus to waste time. Besides, the affair being purely platonic, they could enjoy each other's society quite as effectively in town.

The Witness.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE POLITICAL HABIT.

IT IS WORSE THAN DRINK AND INDUCES MORAL DELIRIUM TREMENS.

BY ARTHUR McEWEN.

The Dr. Keely who shall be evolved from the needs of his age and discover an anti-gold cure for the political habit, will merit a higher shaft for his statue than him of Dwight and Los Gatos. Drunkenness is disgusting, certainly, and ruinous to body, mind, pocket and reputation, but that it is as damaging to character as politics I doubt. I am not speaking of "ward politics" alone, but of politics from the highest to the lowest notch. Regard the President. Buckley, or Crimmins, or Sullivan, never packed a convention in a rougher, more rascally way than Brother Harrison, godly man, did the one at Minneapolis, which renominated him. And Grover Cleveland, too, beloved of the chaste and dainty Mugwumps. Are we to forget how, four years ago, when the campaign was closing and things looked discouraging, he came down from the perch of his official and personal dignity and made so unseemly a row—so demagogic a row—over the Murchison letter? Does anyone suppose that a man of Mr. Cleveland's intelligence and ideals liked to do this? The condition of the game he was playing simply forced him to that degradation, precisely as they forced the religious and respectable Mr. Harrison to beat Blaine for the nomination by gross abuse of the patronage power of the Presidency—that is to say, by bribery. Dudley, Wanamaker, Raum, Platt, Quay, form an ugly band to surround a Presbyterian Deacon, but their help and company constitute part of the price of the Presidency.

It is all one whether the citizen be running for a seat in the White House or a chair in the San Francisco Board of Supervisors. Once in the battle, there is scarce a man living who can resist the temptation to fight the devil with fire. That is the necessity of war, and politics is war. Ruse, feint, ambush—everything that promises success to the soldier becomes legitimate. He lies and commits any crime for the bedevilment of the enemy, and failure alone brings condemnation, either from other people or his own conscience.

There are, I am informed, no less than five full municipal tickets in the field here at this time. There may be more, but I am not sure. On each of these tickets there are 78 candidates for the same number of city offices and places in the Legislature. That makes 390 candidates. In all this horde of eager, pushing, palpitating wretches there is just one man who is not ready to countenance, if not personally to commit felonies for the defeat of his opponents. There is but one man who is not going about drinking too much or making other people drunk with an eye to election day. All these candidates, with the solitary exception, have each from five to fifty friends scattering his cards, drinking, making drunk, fawning on people they loathe, neglecting their families, wasting their substance, acquiring undesirable acquaintances, and getting a knowledge of the evil, dirty side of life that cannot but be hurtful to them. No man can go through a political campaign, either as a candidate or the "working friend" of a candidate, without a debasement that leaves its marks on him for life. Very often the contagion catches the "friend." If his favorite wins, the friend attributes the triumph to his individual exertions, and naturally argues that he can do for himself what he has done for another. So he becomes next time one of that fearful host of fevered creatures who are "in the fight for the nomination," who outnumber those who are so unlucky as to get the nominations twenty to one.

It is a thing for common wonder that men known to be honest in ordinary life appear to have no qualms about being criminals in politics. There is no cause for wonder. The knowledge that the "other side" is ready for any deviltry inspires the best of men—over they fall under the political habit—to approve everything, including penitentiary offenses, that may be attempted to offset hostile villainy. It is alarmingly natural, even fiendishly attractive, to checkmate scoundrels with scoundrelism—to "give them a dose of their own medicine," to their undoing. For such crimes there is no remorse, only exultation in their commission. Once, not in this State, I sat at a ticker with a Boss, a United States Senator, a Federal Judge, a candidate for Congress and another for Governor, watching the returns. The vote was close. The Boss was asked if he couldn't delay the count in some precincts until it was known how much cheating would be necessary to win. The question was asked gravely, in a businesslike tone. The Boss, as seriously, said he'd know pretty soon, and did some mysterious telephoning. At the end of an hour, the returns having all the while kept rolling in, he quitted the telephone, and, shaking his head sadly, announced: "It can't be done, gentlemen. The majority is too —— big. We're snowed under." And the Senator, and the Judge, and the men who were not to be Congressman and Governor, and myself, went sorrowfully away.

A few days ago a writer, who wouldn't steal anything for his own advantage to save his life—he having the prejudices of a gentleman—laid on his managing editor's desk an article which he had just written—an article all aglow with indignation and loathing at the register-stuffing performances of Crimmins and Kelly. "This thing is infamous!" he exclaimed, "and there seems no way to bring the scoundrels to justice and stop it."

"That's a fact," sighed the managing editor.

"But —— fire!" cried the writer. "What's the matter with our people? Haven't any of them got gumption enough to do some stuffing for our side and stand this thing off?"

It was at the Presidential election of 1880 that I first felt the fierce desire to commit crime. A man, red of face, excited, angry, dashed into the Virginia City *Chronicle's* office and roared out the news that the Republicans were paying five dollars a vote down in Gold Hill. The blood flew to my head. What! After a hot, fair canvass we were to be beaten by such unholy means? The enemy feared the fair verdict of the people at the ballot-box, and were gross and base enough to debauch the suffrage! Ready for lynching, I sped, all a-quiver with sincere wrath and horror—for I was young—to the nearest polling place, and poured out the shameful, maddening tale to the mining superintendent, who had charge of the Democratic interests there.

"Paying $5, are they?" he said calmly. "Well, don't distress yourself, my boy. We're paying $7.50 here, and will just keep $2.50 ahead of them all day."

"Thank God," I cried, in a sudden revulsion of feeling, "Thank God, the cause of good government is safe!"

This story has seen print before, but it is too true, too illustrative, to be barred on that account. It will go home to the heart of every lost soul on which the tentacles of the political habit have fastened themselves.

And what is to become of the Republic? What is to become of government of the people, for the people, by the people? Heaven knows. But this I do know, that filthy as politics are—conscienceless, insincere, whiskified and corrupt—slight as is the capacity of the many to govern themselves, they have so far made a better fist of it than the select few have ever done. That's history.

"When I look at Tar Flat," said a thoughtful man and a patriot (who had quitted politics out of self-respect and in the interest of his salvation hereafter,) "when I look at Tar Flat, I despair of the Republic, and want to sink the Flat under the bay. And then I look at Nob Hill, and want to burn it."

—THE—

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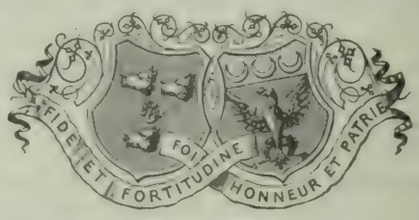

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A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—Judging by appearances, rather than by experience, is a weakness of the best of us. To resist a tendency to endow our friends with the qualities they ought to possess, or to deny the existence in our enemies of the faculties they have, is more than most of us are capable of. Of course, some have minds so admirably poised that bias in this direction or another is unknown. Extraneous considerations are not permitted to interfere in conclusions. Facts are weighed, duly credited, and opinions devoid of color, and consequently uninteresting, are presented. But they are rare, these non-partisans, for impartiality is a mental characteristic that seldom occurs. It is a combination of faculties, the chief of which is self-esteem, and of literary qualities it is the most dangerous. A painful tendency towards philosophizing frequently accompanies it. In a believer it leads to moralizing —the deadliest of prose sins; in an atheist it produces cynicism which is only permissible in *staccato* phrases.

An amusing characteristic of literary partisans is their tendency to attribute all manner of fine qualities to their favorites. Suggest that a poem is written by one of their divinities, and, though it may lack merit, it is judged and found admirable by the light of their personality. The sense of words which enables a few of us to distinguish styles, is acquired only by reading much and well. Yet, so vague is the standard that the cleverest err. How easily a great writer could delude his public by presenting as his own the efforts of an amateur. A handful might say, "This is weak, inadequate, poor; it does not sound like the master. He could never have written so," but the bulk or us are sure to find in it all the shades and tones that we have learned to speak of as his characteristics. It is the same amusing trait that induces the discovery of admirable contours in the head of a successful man. We argue it must be good because with it he has done great things. Yet, how often is a fine mind allied to inferior powers of application, and a minor talent made bear fruit by dint of ardent work. A friend of mine, who prides himself on his judgment of character, pointed to the brow of a well-known capitalist and asked if I did not notice how admirably it was moulded.

"See how developed his bump of acquisitiveness is," he said in admiring tones. "He could not help being rich."

As the gentleman in question had obtained his start from a lottery ticket and invested his winnings in a bit of land that extraneous circumstances had made unduly valuable, I was quite unable to appreciate the value of his comment.

Among the admirers of Mrs. Burton Harrison I have never included myself. That she possesses a facile story-telling faculty one has to admit, but her style lacks literary tone. Her heroes and heroines, generally imbued with the affectations of Society, want that naturalness which in literature is talent or genius. Her narrative lacks the graphic quality which gives lucidity to backgrounds. Yet here are a series of short stories, "Crow's Nest and Belhaven Tales," which I can recommend. Returning to her old field, the South, Mrs. Harrison utilizes the war in her situations with a degree of art she has never before attained. The catastrophies hinge on its terrible phases; it is the basis of her complications—a grim background against which her *dramatis personæ* move sorrowfully. "Crow's Nest" is a charming tale. Almost idyllic is the picture of Colonel Hunter's home in the depths of a Virginian forest. Can you not almost see the old colonial house with its square porch, small windows set with greenish panes of glass, its stack of outside chimneys and the two green cedars whose long arms, year by year, grew more gaunt until they tapped the garret window panes? Or the hall with its array of guns and fishing rods, its foxpads and brushes, and the row of shoes along the skirting-board. How strange the six swarthy black-bearded sons must have looked, as they rose to meet their visitors in that dining-room with its narrow windows draped in Turkey red. There is the inevitable tragedy. The war breaks out, and, one by one, the six sons are killed in the conflict, and there remains only the youngest, Dolph, and his sister Pink, who had "the luxurious type of beauty one sees on the mellow canvases of Lely and his fellows, having the rich coloring, the short upper lip that seems haughty when in repose, the cleft chin, the well-dilated nostrils."

Another beautiful tale is "Una and King David," which tells of how a little daughter of the Confederacy, accompanied by her old colored servant, wanders through the Northern lines and on to Washington in search of her father. Perhaps the beginning lacks conciseness, but the story of that pilgrimage through Virginia, encountering the soldiers of both parties, the skirmishes, the narrow escapes from rifle bullets tearing the foliage into tatters, is beautifully done. The Belhaven tales are clever, but have not the artistic value of these two vivid and natural romances.

"Prince Serebryani," by Russia's historical novelist, Count Alexis Tolstoi, is a romance of the days of Ivan, the Terrible. From its pages one gleans a vivid idea of the Russia of that dreadful time when the country was given up to the Oprichniks and the Boyars were hanged or beheaded because of their fancied disloyalty to the mad Tsar. I imagine Rider Haggard must have had the traits of this bloodthirsty Monarch in his mind when he wrote of Chaka, the Zulu Emperor, whose exploits in killing were so magnificent. It is a lucid picture of the court that he presents. The story of the banquet, which Serebryani assists at on his return from Lithuania, is fascinating. It was the merry habit of this monarch to send by his cupbearer beakers of poisoned wine to the Boyars who had offended him. Before the festive crowd he thus puts out of the way one on whom he "held anger," yet this terrible revenge chills not the spirits of the assemblage. The servants bring in the strange viands—swans and peacocks, *pâtés* and pastry, sauces and soups, woodcocks with cream; there were huge fish from the North Sea, too large for the golden platters. It was like the magnificent banquets of Lucullus. The Prince, who is the hero of the book, has all manner of experiences, and does all manner of brave deeds, refuses to serve the Tsar as an Oprichnik, leads bandits to battle with the Tartars, and dies before he can reap the reward of his valor. A brilliant romance it is, full of incident, if it does lack the fine humor, the imagination, and the *esprit* of Scott and Dumas.

ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Crow's Nest and Belhaven Tales," by Mrs Burton Harrison. The Century Company, publishers. For sale by William Doxey.

"Prince Serebryani," by Count Alexis Tolstoi. Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers. For sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

"From Heart's Content," poems by Clara Doby Bates. Morrill, Higgins & Co., Chicago.

MR. RUEF'S EXPLANATION.

I received the following letter from Mr. A. Ruef too late for publication last week; it explains itself:

SAN FRANCISCO, October 25, 1892.

EDITORS THE WAVE: GENTLEMEN:—In your last issue appeared an article which might be construed so as to do Mr. T. P. Woodward (School Director) or myself an injustice, by allowing the impression to be formed that $100 of School Department moneys were unlawfully diverted, in the shape of a payment to me.

Your informant was in error if he led you to believe that the amount in question was a double payment. The $100 fee was in full of all services rendered and to be rendered in the Superior Court in the case of Stoutenborough against the Board of Education, which involves the title of the city to one-half of a fifty-vara lot on Bay Street; with an additional fee *only in case of success.*

The retainer is an exceedingly small one, for more service has already been rendered in the case than the amount pays for; and it is surprising, as well as unpleasant, to have such annoying difficulty arise in the Board of Education over so trifling a matter. The amount was allowed by the whole Board. Mr. French's signature, I believe, is on the warrant. Why he made his accusation against Director Woodward or myself, I do not know. To say the least, he was unfair and ungentlemanly in his conduct, as well as false and discourteous in his utterance.

It is not my usual custom to make explanation of newspaper articles, but you have treated me in your paper with such uniform courtesy and consideration that I would fain not lose your good opinion by failing to remove from your mind any false judgment which may have been framed on an erroneous representation of the facts.

Very respectfully yours,
A. RUEF.

THE FOOTBALL MATCH.

The second match between the University of California and the Olympic football teams, takes place this afternoon in Central Park. The disabled on both elevens have been replaced by sound men, and an exceedingly interesting fight is promised. Both Sherrard and Hunt are aware of each other's weak points now, and on the knowledge bought so dearly last Saturday they will work. Both teams are in good condition, and the Berkeley men during the week have practiced assiduously. While I do not expect as large a crowd as witnessed the first game, I am convinced there will be no lack of bright eyes to rain influence on the combatants.

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FALL AND WINTER 1892

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The Wave

A Society, Literary and Political Journal.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, November 5, 1892.

THE IDIOTIC BOSSES.

Nothing could more aptly illustrate the general incompetency of the leaders of the Reorganized Democracy to achieve political results than their persistent efforts to deprive the Old Democrats of a place on the ballot. In the beginning the Old Democrats were little more than a ghostly resurrection. If Gabriel had sounded his fog-horn in the vicinity of Mr. James H. Long's law office he could not have raised an equal number of political dead.

But by persecuting these cadavers Judge Sullivan, his brother Matt, and Mr. Dwyer have given them sufficient notoriety to entitle them to take their place among the great "parties" of the town. I should not be surprised to hear on next Tuesday that the average vote of the Old Democratic nominees is as large as that of the Reorganized candidates. If any of them are elected it will be only another evidence of the fact (which Judge Sullivan should have mastered long ago) that in politics persecution is the next thing to popularity.

The Board of Election Commissioners tried the same game with the Non-Partisans. Weeks ago, when that party applied for a place on the ballot, it was nothing more than a "sideshow." By direction of Kelly and Crimmins the Commissioners refused to grant it equal rights with the other parties, and at once by their very act they thrust it into overwhelming prominence. The struggle in the Supreme Court served to advertise the Non-Partisans, just as a similar and subsequent struggle has advertised the Old Democrats.

I have never been able to understand the causes of the stupidity of machine politicians. There is something so utterly and immeasurably asinine about them, that I am sometimes, while contemplating their mental obliquity, lost in admiring wonderment. It would seem that any fool ought to know better than to persecute a "sideshow" like the Non-Partisans, and especially at a time when the people are growling at the corruptions of the government and seeking the scalps of the bosses. The inevitable effect is to project the persecuted party into prominence and popularity—just as to shoot an unp pular candidate will generally result in his triumphant election.

But the political bosses know nothing. Compared to them the traditional goose is an intellectual giant. But why all the congenital idiots of politics should this year have entered upon the management of the Republican and Democratic parties is something I shall take time to study out. At present it is a dismal mystery.

THE SAN FRANCISCO DEPOT.

The *Report* has always shown itself an enemy of San Francisco, but never so plainly and maliciously as in its fight against the Depot Act. From its hysterical utterances on this subject one could readily believe that its editor considered his readers inmates of Stockton's Insane Asylum; his senseless reiteration of what is absolutely false—that the Act is for the sole purpose of fitting out a corporation with a splendid station at the foot of Market Street free of charge—is certainly either a serious reflection on the sanity of the people of this city or evidence of mental aberration on his part. It is an unmistakable sign of S. P.-phobia.

The facts are so plain that the Depot Act is for the benefit of San Francisco that it is no surprise that the *Report* cannot see them. This city is not called on to expend a penny in the erection of a superb station that will replace the sheds at present in use; yet the *Report* opposes the Act. The construction of the buildings will give labor to a vast army of men, increase the receipts of merchants, cause the circulation of large sums of money, and improve the business of the city; yet the *Report* opposes it. The 40,000 people who daily pass through the sheds at the foot of Market Street, on their way to and from their homes in Marin and Alameda Counties, are in favor of it; the thousands and thousands of people who go and come from the interior cities all favor it; yet the *Report* opposes it. If the law is passed we will get a depot that will be worthy of the city, and have removed a lot of sheds that prove an eyesore to residents and visitors alike.

The *Report* says it will give the Southern Pacific a splendid depot for nothing. In all his Southern Pacific drivel, did the editor the *Report* ever drool idiotwise before as much as that? Nothing is said about North Pacific Coast and San Francisco and North Pacific Railways having their depots there, and getting the same for nothing. If the law is carried, the State will issue bonds for $600,000; the depot will not cost San Francisco a penny; and in ten years the rent that the railroad corporations will pay for the use of the building will wipe out the entire indebtedness. And the *Report* opposes it. The State owns, controls, and operates the water front, as any individual does his real estate; it will mortgage its property to build the depot, and will gain a large revenue from it; no corporation will own the building; each railroad will be a tenant. To all the advantages the *Report* is opposed.

It appears from the reports of the papers that Judge Coffey was willing to assist the Reorganizers to persecute the Old Democrats, but when Matt Sullivan asked for fifty referees to examine into the genuineness of the signatures to the Non-Partisan nominating petition, that was an equine of an altogether different hue, and he hedged. Judge Coffey seems to have an idea of about where the lightning is going to strike next Tuesday. The Judge is no ten-cent jurist. He has a high cranium.

NEXT TUESDAY'S BATTLE.

There is little doubt that next week Grover Cleveland will be elected President of the United States. In the first place, he ought to be elected, and I firmly believe that the time has not yet come in this Republic when things that ought to be are not. In the second place, all the visible signs point to the overwhelming triumph of the Democracy.

The Republican party is divided and rent with soreheadedness all over the country. Although Platt, Quay, and Clarkson may have "swung into line," their hearts are still sore, and thousands of their followers in New York and Indiana will not imitate them. These men are still lost in worship of the Plumed Knight, and if they swing into any line it will be the Democratic line. Harrison has not in all respects made a bad President, but he represents a corrupt party that is up for spanking this year.

If he had vetoed the McKinley bill and compelled Czar Reed's Congress to reduce the war tariff, instead of raising it—if he had forced it to remove some of the senseless restrictions from trade, instead of increasing them—he might to-day be a strong man in the great West. As it is, however, the great West has had enough of him and his high tariff jobbery. Unless my head is a cabbage, New York, too, has had enough of him and his "policies," and will give its electoral vote to Cleveland.

And this is as it should be. What has the Empire State to gain from the protection of monopolies? As for California, the restoration of the Walker tariff of 1846 would bring it prosperity in solid chunks, and with the Custom House restrictions removed from its foreign commerce, San Francisco would leap with joyous bounds into one of the great seaport cities of the world. If there is any State in the Union that Cleveland ought to carry it is California.

The validity of the election to be held on Tuesday will be contested in this city. The grounds on which the fight will be made will be most surprising, and it is more than probable that the present officers will hold their seats for an indefinite period. The readers of The Wave will kindly bear this in mind.

* * *

The Oakland *Times*, which notes everything that goes on in Alameda County, said on Tuesday:

> I was on the train the other day and watched a boy sell The Wave. The man in my seat was a minister, but he bought one all the same. Lawyers, merchants, none were too busy to see what chance shot might have grazed their neighbor.

MUSIC.

CONCERTS.

A good programme, made up from the compositions of modern masters, was submitted to the public by the Hermann Brandt Quartette at their recent concert. The number new here, a quartette for piano and strings by Dvôrák marked *Op. 87*, was the principal musical attraction. A first hearing revealed the peculiar style or point of view from which all Dvôrák's work is written: The brilliance of rhythm, fertility of melodious invention, and happy and novel effects all coming from the same source, and one which is becoming universal with most artists, though working in different mediums, the reflection of characteristic for its own sake. Nowadays when life generally is involved in the complicated web of the needs of an exacting civilization, artistic simplicity is not desired by the public, whose taste is usually and necessarily the guiding principal for the mass of artists. Dramas, novels, and pictures are almost entirely constructed with a view of presenting things, people, and emotions as they are felt to be at the present moment, independent of the relations of the should or should not be. To please has become the only standard of artistic perfection, and at present the taste for the characteristic, be it in painting, furniture, dress, drama, tales, and particularly music, preponderates as probably never before. The few men of genius who rise above the mode of their time, whether it is high or low, are monuments of the heroism which sacrifices the present hour to the timeless future. To-day the attractions of the moment are decked with an almost irresistible charm, so much so that given the power to please the artist worships faithfully at the shrine of the present success. Dvôrák, with the genius of his people strong in him, creates works which hold the present public by reason of their reflection of phases of emotion which are familiarly modern, and his style of conveying these states is flexible and intense as all things modern intend or pretend to be. The quartette was thoroughly interesting and will be repeated, it is be hoped. A string quartette in *G Minor, Op 27*, of Grieg's, given some months since, was repeated, exhibiting the poetic gifts of the great Norwegian composer in their somewhat fitful play. The performance of the last quartette was memorably superior to anything Mr. Brandt's players have given for a long time. Mr. Bendix, at the piano in the Dvôrák number, exhibited the resources of his style. The pianist's solo, Moszkowski's romantic and cumbersome Barcarolle, was received with much favor. Pieces by Hügel and Herbert, given by Mr. Heine, met with their familiar applausive reception. Miss Katherine Kimball, who unfortunately chose songs set too high, was the vocalist, has an evidently artistic temperament, a voice of possible capacity and a singing method which might be bettered.

The claims of charity have been well recognized by our amateur musicians; deserving organizations have reaped a satisfactory benefit from the efforts of aspirants for musical honors. The Saturday Morning Orchestra's Concert, which is enlarged upon elsewhere, did all and more than was expected of it in the good cause, and the merits of the performance are said to have emerged into something like dignity. At the musical entertainment given in the banquet hall of the California Hotel a long programme, given by various talents of the city, drew a well-filled hall and probably a good round sum for the benefit of the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children. The artistic and finely felt singing of Mrs. Sedgley Reynolds was a feature, while the performances of Mrs. Fleissner Lewis, Miss Susie Hert, Mrs. Margurite Morrow, and Mr. Solomon, gave evident satisfaction.

Attention which should be general may be drawn to the approaching concert of the Symphonic Orchestra on Friday afternoon, the 11th, at the Tivoli Opera House, when Beethoven's Symphony *in C Minor No. 5* will be given with the best prospects of success, as well as an otherwise interesting programme.

The Abbey-Cheney amateurs promise an especially attractive programme for their concert on December 6th. With the assistance of Mr. Edmund Russell in the first of his costume recitals, Messrs. Heine and Beel, and the most prominent vocalists, these young ladies will give examples of the delicate and far-reaching piano technique which has already made their small club a singularly remarkable organization. LESLEY MARTIN.

MINING AND FINANCIAL.

The past week has been a profitless one to speculators in mining shares; neither brokers nor dealers were burdened with business. At the close of last week a report was received that an improvement had occurred in Ophir, but the right kind of buyers did not come into the market, though the stock advanced from $2 60 per share to $3, at which price Walls sold Barney Barnett 500 shares; besides Barnett the only particular buyers were Walter Gollin, the insurance man, and E. Strauss, of the Pacific Board; they were freely supplied with the stock by Goldman and Hirshfield doing business for Virginia City people.

The improvement on which the rise was based, is on the 1565 foot level of the Ophir, near the Mexican line, where a cross-cut was started in bunches of low grade ore that assay from $3 to $15; although this is not over-promising, still this is the best looking prospect in the North End and may eventually work into something that will start the market going. According to Superintendent Lyman's weekly report, there was only 29 tons of ore produced that yielded $19 per ton. From $3, the price on Saturday, it receded to $2.50, but at the present writing (Wednesday) there is a better tone prevailing, and the stock closed at $2.70 bid per share.

In Con. Virginia and California there is nothing new to report; the stock has been dull and heavy, selling at about $2.80 to $3 per share; a few hundred shares depressing or increasing the price 10 or 20 cents as they were bought or sold. According to the weekly report of the Superintendent, the usual amount of work was done on the 1500, 1600, 17 0, and 1800 foot levels; there were extracted and sent to the Morgan Mill, 980 tons of ore that assayed $22.27 per ton as against $22.64 of the previous week, and there was shipped to the Carson Mint bullion valued at $18,325. At the present selling price of Con. Cal. I cannot advise the readers of THE WAVE to invest in the stock, and though Ophir, its next adjoining mine, may advance some in price, it will not carry Con. Cal. with it enough to warrant the investment.

In the middle stocks Hale & Norcross, Savage, Chollar, and Potosi remained about the same, or declined about 20 cents, and as I told my readers, in regard to the Potosi, where the most important work is going on, it would not be a judicious buy just at present, and as the stock has declined from $1.20 to 90 cents, the advice was well timed.

This mine will bear watching for the next few weeks, and should favorable indications result from the present work, will be a good investment. In the Gold Hill group where all was excitement and life for the last two months, now the smaller stocks of the group, namely Overman, Caledonia, Justice, Silver Hill, Alta, Kentuck, Seg. Belcher, are all selling at figures which ruled before the rise, and while there is a little tendency to sustain the price of Crown Point, Yellow Jacket, and Belcher, there is no speculation in the shares, and while Belcher varied from $2.25 to $2.50 per share for the last week, there is no inducement to invest in the stock.

Of the whole Gold Hill group the Crown Point is the best held and firmest in demand at the several sessions of the Board. In the outside districts speculation is dead, and the Bodies, Quojotoas, and Tuscaroras are completely neglected, the majority having no market value, though in the last named district, the Tuscarora, there are some hopes of a revival. While many of the mines are in debt, still quite an amount of bullion is shipped, the Union mill shipping for the several mines $30,000; this makes $50,000 on the present run of the mill. At a conference held with Mr. Coffin a few days ago, George W. Grayson gave orders to proceed with the erection of the cyanide plant.

The Comstock Pumping Association levied an assessment of $25,000 on the Gold Hill mines, apportioned in amounts from $1250 to $3750 per mine.

From 55 tons of ore of the Northern Belle Mine at Silver City, Nev., $8500 in gold was received. The mine is owned by H. Zadig, H. M. Levy, and R. P. Keating. Bullion valued at $7500 was received from the May Flower, a gravel mine in Northern California. During the month of October local corporations paid a total of $573.750 of dividends, of which mining companies paid $182,850.

The De Lamar Mine, Idaho, reports a profit of $,0,140 for the month of September. The Pacific Borax Company have declared a dividend of $1, and Pacific Gas 50 cents per share. Assessments have been levied on Exchequer, 10 cents, and New York Con., 10 cents per share.

At the Stock and Bond Board business was light. There was a slight reaction in Hawaiian Commercial which sold down to 30 cents, advanced in the past few days to 90 cents, and then receded to 60 cents.

Among the sales recorded were the following: Spring Valley Water, 110 shares at 99⅞@100; Contra Costa Water, 88@100; San Francisco Gas, 50@72¾, California Electric, 275 at 200; Pacific Gas Improvement, 30@82; Atlantic Dynamite, 25 @ 47½; Giant, 60 @44; Hawaiian Commercial, 1150 at 90 to 60 cents; Safe Deposit, 50@50; Bank of California, 263@262; Presidio, 105@28; Ferries, 70 at 44@33¼; also the following bonds, 8000 Spring Valley 4's @92⅝, and 5000 Market Street Cable @123. SURETY.

In spite of Judge Levy, Dr. Ellinwood, I hear, is to receive the full amount of his bill. There was circumstances about the charge that remove it from the ordinary category of accounts. Miss Hobart and her brother are quite willing that the $30,000 should be paid, and Judge Boalt and Ramon Wilson are similarly acquiescent. It appears Dr. Ellinwood has had business relations of more or less magnitude with the deceased capitalist, and contrived to lose through him a considerable sum of money. He had attended Mr. Hobart about five months, and one of the conditions of his service was that he should be allowed to collect a fee in some proportion with the amount he had dropped. If the Court does not allow it, other arrangements for payment will be made.

Armour's Extract.

45 lbs. of lean Beef required to make one pound of Armour's Extract of Beef. There are many ways of using Armour's Extract. Our little Cook Book explains several. We mail it free.

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THE MUMMERS.

A NEWSPAPER SUCCESS.

The history of the drama affords few such remarkable instances of eulogized mediocrity as is to be noted in the case of Miss Margaret Mather. When, some years ago, this lady made her first appearance on the stage it was as a star whose most notable fault would have made great any rival. She was so perfect in her characterization that I stood amazed to see one woman combine in her small body all the talent, ability, and genius that heaven before had distributed among so many worthy predecessors No word of fault found its way into the papers that spoke of her performances; criticism became eulogy, and eulogy exhausted itself in finding expressions of encomium to shower on her. Yet the most notable thing she ever did was to marry the leader of her orchestra.

A fortune was spent in an effort to make the people believe that Miss Mather was a great actress, but the money was thrown away. Mr. Hill, who discovered her, left a splendid business in Chicago to manage the new star, and ruined himself in his attempt to prove that Miss Mather was not the piece of poor clay that the public insisted that she was. She had engagements at all the first-class theatres; when she opened in New York the journals of Chicago sent their critics thither to properly write of the event—but the eulogies in the morning would not satisfy the public for the poor performances of the night before. And then she got a divorce.

It was utterly impossible for Miss Mather to become an actress of even ordinary repute. Mr. Hill tried to discover why she was not great, after he had squandered his thousands. It was not because she had not begun at the bottom; not because she lacked dramatic training; it was merely because she never was intended for an actress, and training could not give her what nature had refused.

After many years Miss Mather comes to us, a failure. The gilt-edged press agent has left her, and his place has been taken by one who can write just about to the level of the star. The actress is no better to-day than she was a decade ago; her voice is as hard, and there is as little grace to her movements; the power to reproduce emotions is no stronger, and she is no nearer the top of the dramatic ladder. The signal failure to create a newspaper *artiste* is encouraging; it proves that the public will judge for itself of the abilities of those who seek its favor, and that while the first night may be made a social success by judicious puffery, the receipts of the following night will be according to the merit of the performance. The sooner those in the theatre business learn this, the earlier will we be freed from dramatic fakirs.——

On next Monday night at the California will be presented Joseph Arthur's "Still Alarm." The play has been materially changed, and the incidents made to keep march with the flight of time by bringing them up to date. A new part has been added, the fireman's Mascot, which is played by charming little Tuesday, Mr. Arthur's niece. Though this child is scarce six years old, she has made on the press, the public, and in Society in Eastern cities a most pronounced impression. It is nearly two years since Tuesday began entertaining in the drawing rooms of New York's 400, and since that time she has been constantly growing in favoritism with this very exclusive set. The leading part is in the hands of the well-known actor, Will S. Harkins.

On Monday, Miss Julia Marlowe begins her engagment at the Baldwin. This actress is a prominent star in the dramatic firmament, and she brings to the Coast a splendid company. Her repertory includes "Much Ado About Nothing," "Cymbeline," "The Hunchback," "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," "Romeo and Juliet," and a double bill consisting of "Rogues and Vagabonds" and "Pygmalion and Galatea." Miss Marlowe will open her San Francisco engagement in Shakespeare's beautiful comedy, "Much Ado About Nothing."——

At Stockwell's, the Henley-Boucicault Company produces "Pink Dominoes" next week. This charming piece has not been seen here for some time, and should be successfully played by the present performers.——

Milton Nobles opens at the Bush Street Theatre on Monday in his successful political comedy "For Revenue Only." The play has enough foundation in fact to make it entertaining, aside from its dramatic interest, and has been warmly praised in the East. Mr. Nobles is assisted in the production by his wife, Dollie Nobles.

NOTES.

The cleverest short stories that I have found in a long time are those appearing in *Truth*, signed Johanna Staats. They are distinctly French in manner and subject, and have more vitality and cynicism than the average tale in English. Of course, they do not maintain a level of excellence, for some are superior to the rest; but, considering the difficulty of this class of work, these stories are exceedingly well done—far above the *Town Topics'* standard of literary quality. With considerable surprise I learn that Johanna Staats is no other than Mrs. Atherton—the gifted Gertrude Franklin of that ilk. The daring treatment of forbidden subjects might have suggested her—the cynicism is all hers, but the dramatic terseness, the brief suggestiveness of the series, is a departure.

* * *

To question the ability of a woman who can do work as clever as these stories, would be stupid. Their fault is a lack of suavity in the narrative. The *staccato* tone is too pronounced. That delicacy which is the beauty of French tales she has not acquired, but Mrs. Atherton is improving so rapidly that she may yet have a style as gracefully noncommittal as that of Henry James.

* * *

I wonder, has anyone ever told Ballenberg that pistol shooting, as an accessory of dance music, is quite out of date. Whenever he leads a "lancers" it is his custom to emphasize the rhythm by occasional loud reports, the effect of which is both painful and startling. He has been informed before that this is an old-style expedient, but the unfortunate is a good deal too stupid to understand plain English. I am surprised that the directors of the several clubs at which he plays do not prevent him perpetrating this vulgarity. They should insist, too, on a little more variety in his programmes. But I suppose he is not able to learn himself or to teach his band anything new.

BALDWIN THEATRE

AL. HAYMAN & CO., - - - - - Proprietors
ALFRED BOUVIER, - - - - - - Manager

Commencing Monday, Nov. 7th

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2. Song, "Dawn Talks To-day" - - *Mary Carmichael*
   Mrs. L. Brechemin
3. Viola Solo - - - - - - -
   Mr. Bernat Jaulus
4. Song, "While My Lady Sleepeth" - - *Mackenzie*
   Mrs. L. Brechemin
5. Trio for Piano, Violin and 'Cello - - *Tschaikowsky*
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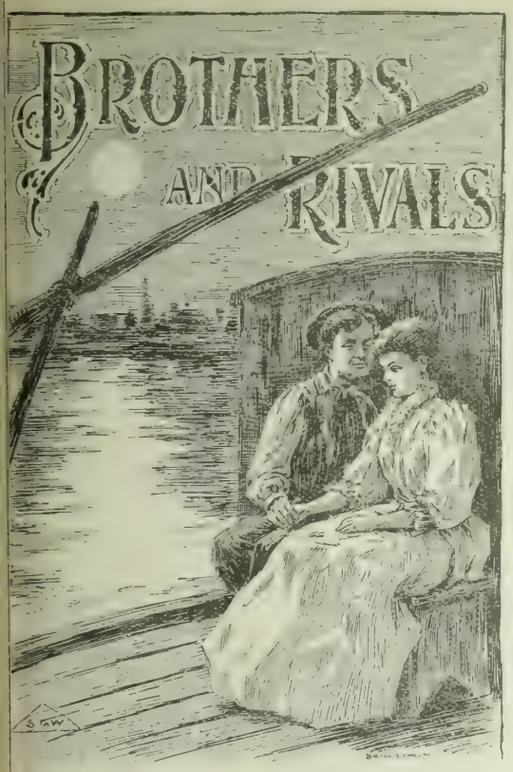

IT had been at the end of a heavy August day. A lamp was burning in the cabin of the master boatman, Jean Erdric. His wife was leaning over a pot of cabbage soup. In a crib, manufactured out of an old box, two youngsters were sleeping—the boatman's boys. There was the sound of approaching steps. It was from Erdric, and he held by the hand a little girl of three years.

"Her mother died last spring and her father was drowned yesterday," he said gruffly. "It is old Anthony's child. I did not leave her to starve by the roadside, did I?"

The boatman's wife looked at the little creature.

"Are you hungry?" she asked abruptly.

The child nodded.

"Well, then, sit down and feed her, Jean."

"You'll keep her?" cried the tender-hearted colossus.

"What else can I do, since you were stupid enough to bring her here in the first place?" Jean's wife grumbled, but Jean was satisfied. He knew that the little waif would be allowed to remain.

* * * * * * *

She had brought them good luck—little Micheline, as they called her.

With her, prosperity had appeared to come. It had come to such good purpose that the two Erdric brothers, at the death of their parents, had found 20,000 francs on board the "Bel-Octave." They were, beside, the owners of two other boats. Old Erdric had towed the "Bel-Octave" to the last. Each brother had had one of the other boats for his own. Jack, the elder, was captain of the finer boat; but Mark dragged the "Micheline" along the canals—the "Micheline," which had been christened by the young girl who still lived in the Erdric family.

Yes; they were rich now. But theirs was a hard life notwithstanding. During the long hot days they rested. But all night they dragged the boats. Sometimes the men sang in the darkness as they paced, the ropes straining across their body, the canal shores. They were free and, hard or not as might their life be, they envied no one. But rarely did they go ashore at the cities where they stopped. They loved the boats and were suspicious of land-lubbers.

At his father's death Jack became general director and master of the enterprise. He succeeded his father as if he had been the eldest son of a king. He became the admiral of the flotilla.

To Mark, this seemed but the natural state of affairs. He was Jack's lieutenant, and he obeyed orders.

But Micheline reigned between the two brothers as a sovereign queen.

In the canal boat which bore her name a superb cabin had been installed for her; it was furnished in mahogany and hung with ribbons and flowers and all manner of knick-knacks. Whenever a peddler passed, Mark and Jack bought some trifle from him for their adopted sister. Dresses and fine feathers were hers, and she owned a little box of jewelry. Jack had fashioned an aviary for her, but Mark caught the birds which filled it.

And Micheline was, by common consent, the prettiest girl along the Burgundy Canal.

She was at this time nineteen years old, and when she arrayed herself for a fete day Jack would pass hours in looking at her as a priest might look at the Madonna, and Mark sat pensively in a corner not opening his mouth.

She was a tall, blonde girl, lithe but vigorous. Her eyes were of the color of the sky on which she had gazed since childhood. Her cheek, browned by the sun, was downy as a peach. When Jack beheld her, now and then, come out on deck on the warm spring days in a thin, white dress and a little white jacket, while the vague perfumes of the field and bushes stole over the water, he would start up and leave the boat as one who seeks to flee from himself.

Once on shore he would throw himself down out of sight of all but the calm-eyed oxen, in the shadow of a hedge, and there this big fellow, a sort of giant, bearded and muscular, would smother a convulsive cry rising in his throat. Then he would return and see Micheline, serene, smiling, and light of hand, preparing the evening meal, down to which both brothers would presently sit, and Micheline herself between them, the thin sleeve falling back from her bare arm in the sultry air, her delicate nostrils dilated, her red lips half open, as unconcerned in her sisterly abandon, her good comradeship, as any virginial young savage.

Mark, always gentler than Jack, would lift his eyes to the girl now and then with a glance of penetrating tenderness; Jack, exasperated, would catch the glance, but feared to say a word to his brother, for Micheline in some way always espoused Mark's cause.

* * * * * * *

The three canal boats, laden with a cargo of wine, were drifting down the Seine toward Paris. Night was coming on, the air was turning chill. Some distance up the river the Erdric brothers, finding the current too swollen to drag their boats, had had them towed by a tug. The tug churned the water into foam and threw restless red sparks into the night. Behind glided the boats, softly, noiselessly, the boatmen smoking on the decks.

Suddenly the moon came out. The shores, the river, the sky, became distinct. Jack, who stood dreaming on the deck of the "Bel-Octave," could discern the silhouette of Mark's figure aboard the "Micheline." A few moments later the younger brother began to sing, his clear, sonorous voice vibrating through the silence and accompanied by the murmur of the river as the boats cut their way through the silver tide.

And then Jack saw a second figure aboard the "Micheline"—a white-clad woman's figure, Micheline herself. Motionless she stood, listening apparently, as if half in hiding, that Mark might not discern her presence.

The song went on—a boatman's love song. And, little by little, there thrilled through the singer's tones something that seemed to interpret all the melancholy poetry of the night, something so passionate and yearning that the mariners on the other boats ceased their murmured conversation and Jack's pulse beat heavily.

The second couplet came to an end. Mark's voice died away, while his eyes were lost in space. Micheline's white form vanished as it had come—like a shadow.

The boatman, still in silence, watched the bats skimming, with their velvet wings, the surface of the decks.

Jack, shaken as by fever, entered his cabin.

"God! This must finish, all this—it must finish!" he muttered, bringing his fist down with a terrible oath, in the darkness.

The next evening the boats reached Paris. All the wine barrels had been taken ashore; the next morning there was a cargo of coal to be shipped to Montereau. Meanwhile that night, the boats were to lie at rest, close to the quays under the Pont-Royal.

Early in the day Jack had gone ashore and he had not reappeared since. Their next day's cargo was an important one. It was singular that he should not be at his post. Since the death of old Father Erdric, no such carelessness on the elder son's part had ever been known. As the evening slipped away, Mark and Micheline grew more and more anxious.

It was long past the hour at which Micheline was in the habit of retiring to the little bower made for her. But still she lingered on deck. Where could Jack be? Once Mark spoke of going to seek him, but Micheline dissuaded him. How could one find a man in this big Paris? Besides, they were not even sure he was in Paris. He might not have followed the boats. Or, if he had, if he were in the great city, he might be detained by business.

"There is no business being discharged at this hour," said Mark, shaking his head. "It is close upon midnight."

Micheline sat down upon the deck, and

Mark, after an instant's hesitation, sat beside her. Silently it was understood that they should wait, and so they began to talk a little while they waited.

'Spite of the anxiety of awhile before, both were curiously happy. Their words grew more and more rare. When, now and again, such a *tete-a-tete* had been theirs before, this same silence had always seemed to creep over them. Micheline's ready speech grew more hesitating. Mark sat mute.

Now, around about them, Paris was falling asleep. By degrees the rumbling of carriages had died away and ceased. The long lines of gas jets were reflected in the river and shone like palace windows which should have been submerged in the flood. Magnificent buildings loomed on every side, sombre and menacing in the midnight stillness.

And, again, where might Jack be?

All this great Paris frightened Micheline, habituated as she was to wide-open stretches of sky and country, to flowering and placid shores. It was like a place of evil spirits from which alone she was protected by the narrow line of the river on whose bosom the boat rested.

The night wore on. And now a church bell near by tolled out two strokes.

Mark and Micheline, alas, had ceased to think of Jack.

The young man had taken the girl's hand. And that hand made no resistance. There had been no definite word of love spoken before, but now the meaning of all long silences and all vague, sweet dreams became clear. Nearer and closer Mark pressed the little hand. And it trembled not as it lay nestling and confident in the young mariner's broad palm.

Suddenly a curious sound struck upon the abstracted ears of the lovers. They started apart, Micheline beginning, she knew not why, to tremble now.

Mark leaned over the side of the boat and shuddered. Micheline's white face had leaned over his shoulder.

Down there, in the black water, close to the boat's side, something dark floated—something that looked like a human body.

Micheline gave a low cry of fear. Mark made no sound, but he shuddered again. He thought of Jack—of Jack, who had not yet returned.

The next moment he was on the quay, beyond the line of water where that dreadful thing seemed to rise and sink.

He had seized a long hook before leaving the boat, he knew not where nor how. And now he had drawn the body in.

And without a word or cry he fell down beside it on his knees.

It was Jack—Jack, who, maddened with jealousy, had wandered all day and half the night, and, returning, had boarded the "Micheline," unseen of the lovers, as Mark drew that unresisting hand to his breast.

In its contracted fingers the corpse still clutched a woman's scarf—the scarf of Micheline!—*Translated from the French of H. De Messe by Lois Grey.*

DORFLINGER'S AMERICAN CUT GLASS

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The San Bernardino *Courier*, laying politics aside for the moment, asks the future a question which the future is too busy to answer: "It seems a little queer to begin celebrating an event after it is 400 years old. This is the case with Columbus Day. Will it remain a National holiday?"

MEN WE KNOW.

JUDGE FRANK W. LAWLER.

A POPULAR CANDIDATE WHO HAS BEEN RENOMINATED.

Few men have had their popularity more conclusively proved at the polls than Judge Frank W. Lawler, candidate to succeed himself

on the Superior Bench. He has always run ahead of the ticket, and his name has been a tower of strength to the Democracy. Judge Lawler was born in Hartford, Conn., in 1849, and came to California when he was sixteen years old. After gaining a good general education he began the study of law under Judge Daingerfield, and in 1874 was admitted to the bar. Shortly afterward he was appointed Commissioner of the Twelfth District Court, which position he held until its abolishment in 1880. In that year he was elected Judge of the Superior Court by a splendid majority. In 1886, Judge Lawler was re-nominated by acclamation by the Democratic Convention. He also received the nomination of the Anti-Boss and the Independent Citizens' conventions for the position of Judge of the Superior Court, and was re-elected by an overwhelming majority. This year he has been re-nominated by the Regular Old Democratic Party.

The fact that he has proved acceptable in the past seems a strong reason why he should be retained on the judicial bench. He deserves to be re-elected and every good citizen should give him his vote. His deserved popularity will swell his vote at the approaching election. His success is a foregone conclusion.

EDWARD B. READ.

A GOOD OFFICER WHO WAS ENTITLED TO A RE-NOMINATION.

A nomination that gave considerable satisfaction to the Republicans was that of Edward B. Read, whose excellent administration of the affairs of the office of Recorder makes his re-election almost assured. Born in Albany, N. Y., in 1840, he came here in 1860, and is now one of the most popular men in the city Mr. Read went into the hardware business, but, in 1878, started out for himself, and the reputation he had made in business circles for honestry and integrity, coupled with a wide-awake, enterprising spirit, soon placed him in the front rank of local well-known merchants. For years he took an active interest in Republican politics without, however, seeking any of the emoluments of office; but in 1890 his friends in the Western Addition, where he resides, secured his nomination and election as Recorder. His official career since January, 1891, has been characterized by faithful and honest service to the public. His management of the office shows that he possessed executive ability of a high order. Under his administration the business of the office has increased from $37,361 in 1886 to $62,990 in 1892. Mr. Read is a gentleman of becoming modesty, and his personal traits have won for him the respect and well-wishes of a legion of friends.

WILLIAM M. FITZHUGH.

A TALENTED MAN NOMINATED FOR CITY AND COUNTY SURVEYOR.

The Democracy of San Francisco made no mistake in nominating William M. Fitzhugh for the position of City and County Surveyor. Few men whose names have been presented to the voters of San Francisco for the place are better qualified to fill it, as by education and natural talents Mr. Fitzhugh is a surveyor of marked ability. Mr. Fitzhugh was born in Maryland in 1853, and when ten years of age came to California. His rudimentary education was received in the public schools of this city, from which he went to the University of California, where he graduated with honors in the class of 1875, at the age of twenty-two. Mr. Fitzhugh selected the profession of an engineer and since he left college has been identified with many important engineering enterprises and Government surveys within the State lines. He was for a number of years an associate and the chief assistant of William Hammond Hall, who for many years was State Engineer and whose reports on the feasibility of irrigating the arid lands of the State finally resulted in the passage of appropriate legislation on the subject of irrigation. As an engineer and surveyor Mr. Fitzhugh occupies a high place in his profession and is generally regarded as an expert in many branches, particularly in those relating to engineering water propositions, upon which he has written many valuable reports. His popularity will insure him a very large vote.

THOMAS J. PARSONS.

A GOOD MAN NOMINATED FOR SUPERVISOR IN THE ELEVENTH WARD.

The Republicans have nominated for Supervisor in the Eleventh Ward Thomas J. Parsons, whose personal popularity makes him as strong a candidate as there is on the ticket. He was born in Indiana, in 1849, and came to the Coast in 1865, and Mr. Parsons' reminiscences of the trip across the plains are a source of delight to his friends. To Portland went the Parsons family, and there Thomas learned the miller's trade. But four years later he moved to California, where he worked in the mills. In 1880 he

went to Oakland and engaged in the milling business with Mr. Samm. In 1884 he organized the Del Monte Milling Company, built the well-known Del Monte Mills here, and made them a great success.

Mr. Parsons has always taken a deep interest in military matters, and has held high offices in the National Guard of California. In recognition of his integrity as a citizen and his ability as an organizer, Governor Waterman appointed Mr. Parsons a member of the Board of Fire Commissioners. Mr. Parsons is a member of the League of Progress, Board of Trade, Produce Exchange, Call Board, and several charitable associations. Now he is serving his second term as Director of the Produce Exchange, and was given the largest vote ever cast by the members of that body. Mr. Parsons has never sought an office, and the honor of nomination for Supervisor came to him unasked.

MYER JACOBS.

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR CITY AND COUNTY ATTORNEY.

Myer Jacobs, the Republican nominee for the office of City and County Attorney, is a typical Native Son, he having been born in this city on November 12, 1856. He attended the Lincoln Grammar School, and graduated with high honors from the Boys' High School in 1872. He took a higher course in the University of California, graduating from that institution with the degree of Ph. B. in 1876 In 1879 he entered the Columbia Law School in New York where he received the degree of LL. B. In the same year the degree of A. M. was conferred upon him by the University of California. Equipped with a splendid legal education he was admitted to the bar of New York in May, 1879, and to the California bar later in the same year. As a civil attorney his capacity is fully recognized. His specialty is land, mercantile, probate, and municipal law. For the office of City and County Attorney no better selection could have been made, he having served as Assistant City and County Attorney for two years, thus familiarizing himself with every phase of the duties incumbent upon that important official. Mr. Jacobs is a member of the Masonic Order, California Parlor of Native Sons, Union League Club, Bear Club, Harmonic Club, Fulton Club, Eureka Benevolent Society, and State Bar Association. His reputation for integrity, honesty, and skill as an attorney, will, no doubt, secure his election by a handsome majority.

H. R. ROBBINS.

THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR SUPERVISOR IN THE FIFTH WARD.

The Republican party has made a very excellent nomination for the Supervisorship of the Fifth Ward in the person of Mr. H. R. Robbins, the well-known manager of the California Coralline and Milling Company, doing business at 70–74 New Montgomery Street. Mr. Robbins has only been upon this Coast for the past five years, but the reputation he has made for himself in that time for sound practical sense and business judgment is second to that of none of the older merchants in the city. He was born in Baltimore in 1848, and is consequently in the prime of his intellectual and physical faculties. He comes of one of the oldest families in the country, his ancestry on his father's side having settled in Connecticut in 1630, while his mother's side of the house settled in Maryland with the Lord Baltimore party in 1637. At the early age of fifteen he enlisted in the navy, retiring after the war with the rank of ensign. Since his arrival here Mr. Robbins has taken an active interest in politics, as he has done all his life, and has thrown his weight, with good effect, into the Republican scale. He was one of the twenty-five merchants selected to give weight to the Republican County Committee. This is the first time Mr. Robbins has ever been a candidate for office.

"OUR SOCIETY"

Blue Book, containing the names, addresses, and reception days of the leading Society people of San Francisco, and the principal social centres of the State, is now in a state of preparation for the opening of the Society season of 1892-93, and will be issued November 1st. We will be particularly careful in the selection of names to grace the pages of the Blue Book, and will eliminate many which have appeared in former publications. It will be kept on file exclusively at all the clubs, fashionable hotels, theatres, summer resorts, etc. The arrangement of names will be alphabetically and numerically by streets, similar to the Chicago, New York and Philadelphia Blue Books. It has become the accepted fashionable private address directory of California Society people.

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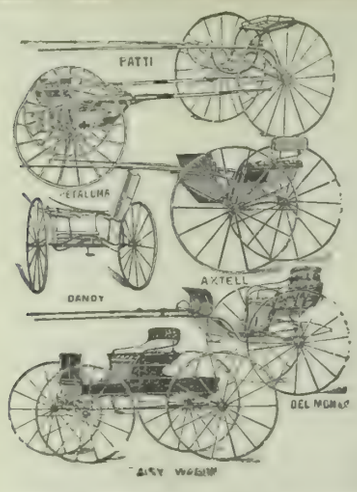

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OAKLAND GOSSIP.

OAKLAND November 3d. DEAR WAVE:—At last we have a first-class theatre, and all our exclusive set have paid premiums for the first night, and are going to turn out in full evening dress. Of course, only being used to a barn for a theatre, we will act like a mob of well-dressed barbarians—we always do when any event happens out of the usual hum-drum monotony. Take, for example, the behavior of our swells at "The Honeymoon." Not a beau has come to the rescue—all the girls are going with their pasents, and consider themselves fortunate even in that. The Athenian and Reliance boys are going in parties, and intend giving a banquet after the event. To take the girls would be more than their depleted pocket-books could stand, as banquets, four-in-hand drives, politics, and clubs cost loads of money.

Speaking of politics, reminds me that popular Alec Rosborough is in the field, and all the boys are giving him their support, and there is no doubt that he will be elected, as he is a bright, genial fellow, with any amount of ambition and talent. Harry Melvin (he is stage-struck now, you know,) and Andy Stone are also running for something, but I take no interest in their future, as Harry is engaged and Andy is, too. I am almost certain now of catching Harry East Miller; he is always doing something kind for me, and if I don't succeed in winning him Daisy will, and I can be maid of honor.

Our set is becoming so learned that our poor little brains can scarcely retain it all. The Ensemble Club is making fine musical critics of us, and the "stage-struck" girls, though not in our set, are always giving us something new and startling in the dramatic line and Delsarte system. Dr. Wendte lectures, and Dr. Richardson, the new Society beau, warbles for us on all occasions, so you see, dear, we are not dead; but, if some gayety does not soon occur to enliven the scene, we will be petrified fossils. It is true we have the cotillion in prospect, and the Assembly too, I hear, but papa will not allow me to attend the latter. He says, "Stay in the set with whom you have grown up." Rhodes Borden, Harry Houghton, Donald Y. Campbell, and Harry Miller do occasionally treat a girl as if she had one grain of common sense. Well, we must make the best of the cotillion, as there are no private receptions to anticipate. Will you ever forget Ella Goodall's party and Mrs. Chabot's reception of last year? The champagne flowed, and all the boys had swelled heads for a week. Heigh-ho! They were gay old times, and Frou-Frou was a year younger then. Mrs. Frank Smith will not entertain this winter, as she is not well; besides, they have just started a new house on their magnificent grounds—a twenty-five room mansion, I believe.

East Oakland is coming to the front with engagements. Dr. Dow and little Emma Lawrence have succumbed to Cupid's charms, and Mrs. Blanche M. Walhuly announces her engagement to one of her many admirers. Her marriage will not deprive her of her fortune, but Mrs. S——'s fate is not quite so kind, as the will of the late husband decrees that, in case of a second marriage, she shall forfeit all claim to his vast estate, and the gossips now have food for their too, too frequent tea parties, as, to complicate matters, the lady has had the misfortune to fall in love with a plain, ordinary man, who refuses to accept the sacrifice that she is willing to make; so she who was once so lavish of her hospitality on this side only receives a cold stare of recognition now-a-days. Those life dramas are exceedingly interesting, dear.

Never again preach to me about the fickleness of woman, she is not in it when compared with the boys who have the theatricals in charge for the benefit of the Reliance Club. In imagination they have staged and produced every conceivable play that has ever been put before the public. There is only a month before the time set for the affair and they are still undecided, but whatever they select will be a great success, as Mr. Imhans is a fine manager.

Tom is going to be one of the ushers at the Selfridge-Monteverde wedding to-morrow evening on your side. Grant has always been one of my favorites—he is so much like his gracious sister, Grace Selfridge-Dyer, and if he makes as devoted a husband as she has a wife, there can be no doubt of the future happiness of the couple. Hope that there will be something of importance to chronicle in my next, I remain always the same, FROU-FROU.

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Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the thirteenth day of October, 1892, an assessment (No. 46) of twenty-five cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the seventeenth (17th) day of November, 1892, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the seventh (7th) day of December, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

SAVAGE MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the seventh day of October, 1892, an assessment (No. 79) of fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 4, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the ninth day of November, 1892, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the twenty-ninth day of November, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.

Office—Room 4, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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FASHIONS: BY LETTER.

ANNE, DEAR:—Now that the so-called festivities are about to begin, the girls are all giving time and attention to their evening dresses, the garb of all others which is usually the most becoming and, consequently, satisfactory; but you can't imagine the amount of secrecy that is kept regarding the new creations. Why, a debutante would no more let you into the secrets of her coming-out frock than a prospective bride would describe to an acquaintance the details of her wedding-dress; but, fortunately, the possibilities in this season's fashions and fabrics are so great that any girl with ordinary good taste and ideas need not poach upon those of her friend.

The quaint fashions of this season offer unlimited suggestions for evening gowns, and even the timid, who shrink from startling and conspicuous effects for street wear, may allow their ideas broad scope when it comes to the dinner or ball gown, with but little fear of unkind criticism, for this is the day of the picturesque, and to the successful one belongs the palm.

Dresden brocades, in all the delightful designs that characterize the porcelains of that mark, are, to me, the most attractive of all the new evening fabrics; the figures of the brocade being so delicate in tracing and coloring that all objections that are to be found in larger and more conspicuous designs are obviated. One of the very newest frocks is of ivory-tinted satin, with daintiest sprigs brocaded to represent embroidery in green, pink, and violet. The straight, full skirt is slashed on either side from waist to hem, revealing a petticoat of plain ivory satin, having at the very bottom a narrow band of gimpure insertion; the extremely short waist has a deep-folded girdle of the lace, and the neck is cut straight round, drooping well over the shoulders (this cut is extremely trying to nine out of every ten girls, but, nevertheless, it will be most decidedly the correct style this season). Resting on filmy folds of lace is a draped bertha around the neck of pale pink velvet, and one large pink velvet puff, with a deep fall of the gimpure, forms the sleeve.

The same Dresden designs also come in the daintiest silk muslins, and, though not as serviceable as the heavier materials, are far lovelier for very young ladies. These goods, when made up, almost always have a suggestion of some bright color, usually velvet in yoke, Empire sleeve, deep revere effects or girdle. The slippers and gloves accompanying these gowns should always be of the same color as the ground of the fabric. One is often tempted, if some delightful color appears in the trimming, to continue it in gloves and shoes, but this is a fatal error.

Evening wraps are nearly all made of heavy rep-silk materials, lined in fur, either mandarin lamb, or ermine; and now that this long-despised fur has again returned to its old place among fashions, how most of us will think regretfully of some fine old piece we have allowed to grow moth-eaten in a forgotten chest. Among other revivals, swan's-down comes to the front, and these exceedingly becoming bands will be found a great boon to the girl who is looking for a pretty yet inexpensive garment. A white cloth triple cape, edged with these bands and lined in a pink and white brocade, would be as dainty as possible for evening wear.

You have asked me what flower is the accepted one for this season. The chrysanthemum, of course; even the sweet-scented little violet must bow to its supremacy; but yellow it must be, bright, golden yellow. I am told that the New York man-about-town does not hesitate to pay from three to five dollars for one blossom to place on the lapel of his coat, when others quite as fine, though of a different shade, can be bought for quarter the price; and yet here, where the price of an ordinary cigar would buy a finer specimen than Thorley could boast, our men, with rare exceptions, go unadorned. It is a problem I cannot solve.

NANCY.

MACKINTOSH COATS

Can be Worn in place of an OVERCOAT and will keep you perfectly dry.

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Finest Ice Cream, Terrapine, Salads, and Delicious Entrees sent to Private Houses at Shortest Notice.
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BULLION MINING COMPANY.—LOCATION of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the twentieth day of October, 1892, an assessment (No. 40) of twenty-five cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 20, No. 327 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-fourth day of November, 1892, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the fourteenth day of December, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office—Room 20, No. 327 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

—AUGUSTE AVELINE—
LADIES' HAIR DRESSER AND WIG MAKER, No. 14 Grant Avenue (over City of Paris) Rooms 34, 35, 36, 37 and 41, San Francisco, Cal. Commutation Tickets for Hair Cutting, $3.00 worth for $2.50. Open Sundays from 9 a. m. until 1 p. m. Shampooing done with the latest Patent Washing and Drying Machines. Hair Dyeing and Bleaching also performed with care. Manufacturer of Human Hair Goods. Take Elevator.

A SPLENDID ART GOODS STORE OPENED.

A visit and inspection of the magnificent new store of S. & G. Gump, at 113 Geary Street, will prove that that enterprising firm has the finest art goods emporium west of New York. To the enterprise of this firm we are indebted for an art gallery that equals in interest and value the best known in the capitals of Europe. They have brought from the studios and ateliers of the Old World their richest treasures, and by this means have put the art-lovers of San Francisco in touch with those of other countries. The splendid building on Geary Street, just above Grant Avenue, which S. & G. Gump occupy, is probably the best located in the city for a business such as this. It was built on plans furnished by Mr. Gump, and in a manner best calculated to give a good display to the rich stock of goods the firm always carry. The main floor of the building is crowded with beautiful bric-a-brac in the most artistic profusion. The famous potteries have been ransacked, and whatever is handsomest, most delicate, and most exquisite in wares, is to be found on the show table of S. & G. Gump. Mr. Gump, who is regarded in this country as a connoisseur of art, visits Europe every year, and returns laden with articles that have made his firm famous. In person he visited the studios of the most famous painters and sculptors, and selected the best of their work for the San Francisco market. On his last visit to Europe, having in mind the increased show-room, Mr. Gump selected a large assortment of the richest wares and best pictures, and finest statuary to be found anywhere, and these are now beginning to arrive at the new establishment. On the day on which a representative of this paper called forty-seven cases had just been received, and the contents of these, with others that are now at the Custom House, will shortly be placed on exhibition. Among the new departments that the firm has added is one of fine French bric-a-brac furniture and one of magnificent porcelain, crystal, and glassware for table use.

In the art gallery on the third floor the light is perfect, and here may be seen to the best advantage some of the finest pictures that have ever been brought to San Francisco. On the second floor is the handsome engraving and etching room, in solid oak, filled with beautiful work of the most famous artists. The Gump Art Gallery has been famous as one of the notable sights of the Pacific Coast, but now with the additions that have recently been made to it, it is a great attraction in itself. The fourth floor is used as a ware-room for stock, and on the fifth floor are the workshops in which the gilding, ornamenting, and framing are done. In the basement is a splendid dynamo, which furnishes the light and motor power for the entire building. Certainly S. & G. Gump have the best equipped store in the country, and one must see it to realize its extent and beauty.

A DREAM TALE.

CLARENCE URMY.

The dim dream-gatherers, one night,
Drew near my bed,
I felt them pass their dew-wet hands
Across my head;
I caught the smell of salt sea brine,
I heard them say:
"*White sails and precious freight be thine!*"
Then, it was day.

I wondered what the dream could mean,
What ship? What freight?
With eager eyes I sat and watched
The harbor gate;
At golden noon, that very day,
My dream came true!
Love's white-winged ship sailed up the bay
And brought me you!

SAN JOSE, California.

A group of men were gathered around the door of a certain cloak factory on Kearny Street. It was noontime and the girls were emerging for lunch. They tripped down and out, in pairs and trios, among them some charmingly pretty maidens, whose bright eyes darted coquettish beams right and left. I happened to descend the stairs behind the last two. Said one to the other:

"Play fair now. Mind you don't raise your skirts any higher than mine."

A PRIZE WORD PUZZLE

EXPLANATION.—The following misplaced letters constitute, when properly arranged, the name of the most popular music publication on the continent, and the publishers of THE CANADIAN MUSIC FOLIO are offering a Prize Competition in connection with it, the sole object being to attract attention to their handsome publication and increase the circulation of it. As to the reliability of THE CANADIAN MUSIC FOLIO COMPANY, and the estimation in which they are held in Toronto, Canada, where they are best known, contestants in this Competition are referred to any of the "Mercantile Agencies" or leading Daily Newspapers of Canada, who will verify the statement that we are the only house in the Competition business in Canada that faithfully carries out what it advertises; and furthermore, "Ours" is the only advertisement of this kind that *The Toronto Globe* (the leading Canadian Newspaper) will accept, which is but another proof of our integrity.

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The publishers of THE CANADIAN MUSIC FOLIO will give an Elegant Span of Driving horses with **Carriage** and **Harness Complete**, valued at **$600** (delivered free in any part of the United States) to the first person who can arrange the above three words correctly; to the second will be given a Lady's or Gentleman's **Safety Bicycle** (any make desired) with **Pneumatic Tire**; to the third will be given an Elegant Lady's or Gentleman's **Solid Gold Watch**, valued at **$125**; to the fourth will be given a genuine **Diamond Ring** (Lady's or Gentleman's); to the fifth will be given an Elegant **China Dinner Service** (112 pieces); to the sixth a **Swiss Music Box** playing twelve pieces; to the seventh choice of a first-class **Violin, Guitar, Banjo or Mandolin**; to the eighth a **Kodak Camera**; to the ninth a **French Mantel Clock**; to the tenth an **Antique Silver Banquet Lamp**; to the eleventh a **Royal Worcester Toilet Set** (13 pieces); to the twelfth a fine pair of **Gold Mounted Opera Glasses**, and many other prizes in order of merit. **The only conditions** are that every Competitor must arrange the letters of the above three words correctly, and enclose same with (15) **Fifteen two cent postage stamps** for one month's trial subscription to our MUSIC FOLIO. The person whose envelope is post-marked first will be awarded the first prize, and the others in order of merit. Every person has an equal chance, and you know exactly or can find out the merits of what you are getting.

To the person sending the last correct answer will be given an Elegant **Upright Piano** valued at **$500**; to the first person from the last sending a correct answer will be given a Gentleman's Fine **Gold Sandoz Watch**, which strikes the hours and quarter-hours on small Cathedral gong at pleasure, and valued at **$100**; to the second from the last a **Safety Bicycle** (any make) **Pneumatic Tire**; to the third an **Antique Silver Flower Epergne**; to the fourth from the last an **Antique Oak Bedroom Suite**; to the fifth from the last a handsome **Silver Tea Service**; to the sixth from the last a beautiful **Piano Lamp**; to the seventh a dozen each Quadruple Plate Silver **Knives, Forks and Spoons**; to the eighth from the last a **Fine China Tea Service** (44 pieces); to the ninth from the last a pair of genuine **Crown Derby Vases**; to the tenth from the last a **French China Fish Set**, and many other prizes in order of merit.

We shall give away **200 valuable prizes** besides special prizes (if there should be so many sending correct answers). No charge is made for boxing or packing prizes. The names of the leading prize-winners will be published in connection with our advertisement in leading newspapers next month.

Nothing is charged for prizes in any way. They are absolutely given for the purpose of increasing the circulation of our FOLIO. We handle all lines of sheet music, and are the only "House" in the trade supplying the consumers direct at wholesale prices, which is sure to win your patronage. We have outlived the prejudice that the public have against Prize Competitions brought about by unscrupulous publishers of "Fake" journals and patent medicine men, as we have not advertised to give everything, but have given everything we advertised. This month's issue contains the following copyright music:—

"LA SERENATA" WALTZES.
"HUSH LITTLE GIRL DON'T CRY." (Vocal.)
"ANDALUCIA" WALTZES. *Great Success.*
"MY MOTHER'S KISS." (Vocal.)
"FAIRY ECHOES." REVERIE.
"FACES." (Comic Song.)
"SPRING WHISPERS." MORCEAU.
"OVER THE WAVES." WALTZES.

Fifty pages in all.

If this is **not by far the greatest value** you ever saw in the music line, write us and we will refund your money without quibble or argument. No answer will be noticed that does not contain 30 cents in stamps, within thirty days after this advertisement appears. Address:—

CANADIAN MUSIC FOLIO

TORONTO, CANADA

MENTION THIS PAPER

IN SWEET OCTOBER.

A perfumed fragrance drifts at times
Across my willing senses,
And seems to lead my faulty rhymes
Through all their moods and tenses,
Brought back to me by that one ride—
Just you and I together—
When you were seated by my side
In sweet October weather.

The afternoon for love seemed made,
But, ah! how soon it ended;
I loved you so, but felt afraid—
Lest you should be offended—
To say the words you might have guessed,
So they were left unspoken;
I feared, if I my love confessed,
The spell might then be broken.

Some years have passed away since then;
The leaves are slowly turning;
How strange that we should meet again!
I cannot help discerning
You're stouter than when first we met.
And I'm no doubt more sober;
Perhaps 'twere best we both forget
That day in sweet October.

—*F. H. Curtiss, in New York Truth.*

If my dear friend of the San Jose *Mercury* will recall the fate of the Siamese twins he will cease using this simile: "Protection and prosperity in this country were born together inseparably as Siamese twins."

The editor of the *Central Californian* has a very good heart, but how is this for a limpid style: "Meet the issues squarely, and if you have the best ones you will win far more often than if you seek to crush them by violence."

There are to be several tug-boat parties to-day to witness the launch of the "Olympia." Among them is one given by Miss Alice Scott and her brother, Laurence Irving Scott. The tug leaves Mission-Street wharf about ten o'clock, and the day is to be spent on the bay.

LAWN TENNIS.

Another championship has been decided, viz., the mixed doubles championship of Alameda County, which was played on the courts of the Oakland Club on Saturday last, and resulted in a very creditable victory for Chas. D. Bates, Jr., and Miss Ethel Bates, his sister, who is, without doubt, the cleverest lady player in Oakland.

Sanborn and his clever partner, Miss Everson, played a very plucky game, and reached the finals rather handily, and although they made a plucky fight in this round, the champions succeeded in holding them well in hand, and won in straight sets.

The tournament was viewed by a large audience, the majority of whom were ladies, who declared the affair a grand success.

Those who were fortunate, and there were a great many of them, at the grounds of the California Tennis Club on Wednesday last, had the pleasure of witnessing an excellent two-set match between Champion W. H. Taylor, Jr., and Chas. Hubbard. This was the first appearance of the latter since his return from the East, and everyone was anxious to see him perform, and to note if his Eastern experience had in any way improved his play. A noticeable improvement was quite evident in his back-hand strokes, but, as he was not in very good practice, they did not come off with anything like regularity. Some very good tennis was played. The first set was won by Hubbard, six games to four; the second set was a succession of clever rallies, principally from the back line; Taylor seemed to improve as the set progressed, and after five all had been called he succeeded in winning the set, 7-5. As neither of these players will ever take part in the Coast championships it is likely that they will often come together in practice, which will always insure a treat for the spectators.

Hubbard is loud in his praise of the Eastern tennis players, who, he said, treated him like a King during his entire stay. The Eastern players he frankly admits are too much for our best men. In his matches with the best players he was passed almost every time he went to the net, while their smashing he describes as unreturnable. E. L. Hall he describes as being the best all-round player that he had the pleasure of seeing play.

Campbell and Hall will, in all probability, visit the Pacific Coast next year. The mere mention of their names would attract as large a crowd of spectators as any of our large clubs could comfortably accommodate.

The Hardy brothers are still continuing to advance towards the championship; there is hardly a day passes but that they defeat a few of the cracks of the Oakland Club.

The ladies' single event, to be decided at the California Club grounds on Saturday, November 26th, promises to be very exciting. Mrs. A. E. Wood and Miss Susie Morgan (lady champion) had a very exciting struggle on Wednesday last. Miss Morgan winning only after the hardest kind of a struggle by a score of 6-5.

SCORER.

STOCKTON LIFE.

STOCKTON, November 1st. DEAR WAVE:—Even if Mr. Minor did find the thimble in his slice of cake at the Cutting-Stewart wedding, he shall not remain a bachelor long, unless I have forgotten all the many airs and graces calculated to charm which were taught me by Mary. From all accounts the wedding was quite a brilliant affair; what a shame the Episcopal Church was not finished so we all could have witnessed the ceremony. What a charming bridesmaid Rose Sedgewick must have made; she is one of my oldest friends, and as sweet as she is pretty. Coronado, as usual, was selected as the place to spend the honeymoon, and Goodness knows when we will have the opportunity to offer our best wishes in person, for they will reside in Bakersfield.

But I promised to tell you about the Dohrman whist party, and now I hardly know where to begin. *Ca va sans dire* that we all had a good time. There were ten tables in all, and I was fortunate enough to encounter good players all the evening. Nothing tries my temper so as to have a poor partner at whist. As John Doak would say, "The punch was ausgezeignet," so the affair can be counted a great success. From present indications I should judge cards, and not dancing, will be the popular form of entertainment this winter. The Gaiete Club has not even thought of re-organizing, and I am weary of trying to awaken them to a realization of what they should do.

Were you not amused at the "advice of a Society matron," as reported by "Bessie" in the *Independent?* I was, for there is but one person in town bright enough to say such a thing, and, best of all, consistent enough to follow her own teachings. Would that more of our young married women would follow Mrs S——'s example. George has a good time, and yet is the most devoted husband imaginable.

Lida Trahern came home Saturday night, and is so much improved in health we hope to keep her here all winter. Her aunt Mrs. Hughes and daughter Julia, of Seattle, are down for quite a visit.

Willie McMurtry has returned from New York, and will make his usual flitting trips to this dull burg, where he is more eagerly welcomed and sought for than any one else.

Have you heard the rumor of Artie W——'s engagement? I can scarcely believe it, but suppose I must, as great pains has been taken to convince

THE SPINSTER.

SACRAMENTO AFFAIRS.

SACRAMENTO, November 4th. DEAR WAVE:—The month just passed was one of the dullest it has ever been my fate to live through. It very aptly ended in a rain, and, now that the sun shines once more, and a new month dawns, let us yield to a faint hope that something may turn up in the way of social pleasures. The trouble with us is each one waits for the other; there are a variety of small entertainments one could give with but little trouble or expense, but, somehow, they are not forthcoming, and all my suggestions have but little weight. The ladies of the Museum Association are once more to the front in good works in providing three free scholarships to the Art School. There should be more than that, however, but, so little assistance is given them it is a wonder how they have kept it up so long.

Why does it always rain on Sunday? After rushing around through the week to have my new suit to wear, the rain descended and I was obliged to appear in ulster and overshoes, but my mind was made up; and to hear Mr. Silcox's successor, I accordingly wended my way. He is a very interesting speaker, but is it necessary to move desks and pace excitedly across the platform of the pulpit to bring the sinners to a realization of their wickedness? I presume it must be, as I am told we are more than ordinarily wicked. You may wonder what I know about such things, but the church and Society are more closely allied than one might think, so Nina intends keeping up with one as well as the other, and advises the churchgoers to be on their guard.

Carrie W—— and her mother have been visiting Mrs. Ben Crocker; it is unusual to see her here at this season, as her winters are always spent with her aunt in Los Angeles. She is quite a pretty girl and an addition to your city, which, I am told, she thoroughly dislikes, and probably with good cause. Victor Hartley expects to leave shortly for the Sandwich Islands; he has had a serious time, and I trust the trip will fully restore his health. The girls will miss him, for he is one of the few good-looking men whom Society can claim. I thought in the case of the young man who prefaces and concludes every remark with an inane giggle that "A word to the wise" (?) would be sufficient; but, alas, I was mistaken. Another old resident, namely Mrs. A. J. Stevens, has deserted us; wonder if her muchly-married daughter has accompanied her to Oakland, if so, the young men there had best be on their guard. I am afraid we have had our last entertainment at the Lindley's, unless Jennie helps out the married set. Helen has joined "Pipie" and the married sister at Colorado Springs, where they will all spend the winter. The members of "The Flat" are doing their best to console J. Frank. But men are at the best very poor successes at sympathy, and, in consequence, our friend appears more than ever like the "knight of the rueful countenance." I had hoped, ere this, to be able to chronicle the arrival home of the girls at the lower end of H Street; but they expect to remain until spring. In the meantime, some of our young men are wearing the willow.

Yours, NINA.

SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, November 3d. DEAR WAVE:—Such a muddle as our Society is in is enough to make one repent of ever having crossed its dazzling threshold. The ladies interested in the Pratt Home bent "supple hinges of the knee" at the shrine of the President of the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society, and finally induced the admirable lady to enlist with them—and the result? "War to the knife." Now both charities are desirous of raking in the shekels for winter use, and one is going to give a chrysanthemum show, the other a kermiss. It has been a race full of interest for the spectators, but has rather winded the runners. The flower show has come in a neck ahead, and the other affair is buzzing like a disturbed hornet's nest You see, a lot of them joined solely in order to effect an entrance into Society. They were regular nobodies, but became prominent while dispensing other people's money.

Our Columbus Day is now reaping the whirlwind. Everybody is trying to say something spiteful, and the poor Marshal finds himself a target for penny-a-lines.

There's a whole lot of weddings and engagements, and nearly every one a youngster. Tom says the young boys are the only ones foolish enough to be caught, but there are two weddings to come off that will startle this community. Both the forthcoming brides are highly cultured, *distingue*, and professed men-haters. Both the grooms are wealthy old men. I will tell the names as soon as I dare.

The *Mercury* is growing facetious. It urges its readers to join the University Club for a relief from "the dancing, dressing, and dining," so common here. It has seldom been so sarcastic. Ye Gods! When I review the "dancing, dressing, and dining" of San Jose I feel like a shipwrecked sailor in mid-ocean looking for a sail. The dressing is not here. Every woman who dances wears the same gown until even the boys catch on and know the costume, and the dancing is limited to the children—little boys and girls in their early teens—it is ridiculous. To show the poverty of our social resources, the women have organized whist clubs that meet in the afternoons, drink poor tea, talk much scandal, and indulge in small bets—and not a man to be seen.

The Wings gave a party last week. We had a real good time, but I couldn't help pitying poor Mrs. W——, knowing how she hates dirt. I guess she's sick in bed now, after all the litter. *La grande monde* was not present.

The China Painting Club is preparing for a sale just before the holidays. I went up the other day to see their work. Like everything else here, it is dying of a slow decay. They vow they have not quarreled, but that is only to prove me a false prophet. Two or three of the faithful are there regularly, the others fail to show up, so an early demise is looked for.

BABBLER.

FALSE ECONOMY

Is practiced by people who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist sell it.

The Oakland *Times* feels pride in saying: "There is such a thing as genuine old-fashioned Democratic enthusiasm in Alameda County after all."

USE ONLY

MURRAY & LANMAN'S

UNTIL YOU HAVE TRIED THE ORIGINAL ARTICLE BEFORE THE PUBLIC SINCE 1808. YOU DO NOT KNOW WHAT FLORIDA WATER IS. TRY IT!

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!

REGULAR REPUBLICAN

MUNICIPAL TICKET.

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Auditor—T. J. L. SMILEY.
Sheriff—WILLIAM BLATTNER.
Tax Collector—THOMAS O'BRIEN.
Treasurer—J. H. WIDBER.
Recorder—E. B. READ.
County Clerk—GEORGE W. LEE.
District Attorney—WILLIAM S. BARNES.
City and County Attorney—MYER JACOBS.
Coroner—DR. WILLIAM T. GARWOOD.
Public Administrator—WALTER B. BLAIR.
Surveyor—CHARLES S. TILTON.
Superintendent of Streets—CHARLES GRIFFEN.
Judge of Superior Court (long term)—CHARLES W. SLACK.
Judge of Superior Court (long term)—JAMES M. TROUTT.
Judge of Superior Court (long term)—GEORGE BAHRS.
Judge of Superior Court (long term)—JOHN LORD LOVE.
Judge of Superior Court (for unexpired term ending January, 1895)—WILLIAM G. BRITTAN.
Judge of Police Court (long term)—H. L. JOACHIMSEN.
Judge of Police Court (long term)—W. A. S. NICHOLSON.
Judge of Police Court (long term)—JAMES A. CAMPBELL.
Judge of Police Court (for unexpired term ending January 1893)—JAMES A. CAMPBELL.
Justice of the Peace (long term)—FRANK GRAY.
Justice of the Peace (long term)—GEO. P. GOFF.
Justice of the Peace (long term)—JOHN F. MULLEN.
Justice of the Peace (long term)—WALTER M. WILLETT
Justice of the Peace (long term)—J. E. BARRY.
Justice of the Peace (for unexpired term ending January, 1893)—J. E. BARRY.
Supervisor First ward—EDWARD HOLLAND
Supervisor Second ward—DR. R. C. MEYERS.
Supervisor Third ward—COLLIS G. YOUNG.
Supervisor Fourth ward—HENRY H. STEFFENS.
Supervisor Fifth ward—H. R. ROBBINS.
Supervisor Sixth ward—W. E. LANE.
Supervisor Seventh ward—VICTOR D. DUBOCE.
Supervisor Eighth ward—P. J. COFFEE.
Supervisor Ninth ward—ALBERT HEYER.
Supervisor Tenth ward—HENRY P. SONNTAG.
Supervisor Eleventh ward—THOMAS J. PARSONS.
Supervisor Twelfth ward—AUGUST HELBING.
School Director—A. F. JOHNS.
School Director—DR. C. W. DECKER.
School Director—GEORGE PENNINGTON.
School Director—JAMES A. PARISER.
School Director—LUKE BATTLES.
School Director—J. H. CULVER.
School Director—J. J. DUNN.
School Director—PAUL BARBIERI.
School Director—WILLIAM H. EASTLAND.
School Director—C. O. SWANBERG.
School Director—HARVEY L. SANBOURN.
School Director—Z. T. WHITTEN.
School Director (for unexpired term ending January, 1893)—A. F. JOHNS.

LEGISLATIVE TICKET.

For State Senators.

Seventeenth district—JAMES CRAVEN.
Nineteenth district—JOSEPH WINDROW
Twenty-first district—L. H. VAN SCHAICK.
Twenty-third district—CHARLES H. FANCHER.
Twenty-fifth district—JOHN F. MARTIN.

For Assemblymen.

Twenty-eighth district—PETER JOSEPH KELLY.
Twenty-ninth district—CHARLES E. COREY.
Thirtieth district—JAMES J. FALLON.
Thirty-first district—THOMAS F. GRAHAM.
Thirty-second district—JOHN A. HOEY.
Thirty third district—FREDERICK WOODS.
Thirty-fourth district—J. F. MCQUAID.
Thirty-fifth district—JOHN S. ROBINSON
Thirty-sixth district—ALBERT B. MAHONEY
Thirty-seventh district—JOHN F. O'BRIEN
Thirty-eighth district—GEORGE S. MATHEWS.
Thirty-ninth district—JULIUS KAHN
Fortieth district—LOUIS A. PHILLIPS.
Forty-first district—HENRY C. DIBBLE.
Forty-second district—GRANT ISRAEL.
Forty-third district—JOHN P. RICE.
Forty-fourth district—JAMES M. GOWAN
Forty fifth district—JOHN HAYES.

REGULAR DEMOCRATIC

MUNICIPAL TICKET

Mayor—BARRY ALDWIN.
Sheriff—JOHN J. McDADE.
Auditor—WM. BRODERICK.
Recorder—THOMAS J. GLYNN.
County Clerk—M. C. HALEY.
Tax Collector—JAMES N. BLOCK.
Treasurer—CHRISTIAN H. KOEHNCKE.
District Attorney—H. S. FOOTE.
City and County Attorney—H. T. CRESWELL.
Surveyor—WM. M. FITZHUGH
Superintendent of Streets—W. W. ACKERSON.
Coroner—JEROME A. HUGHES.
Public Administrator—A. C. FREESE.
Superior Judge (long term)—DUNCAN HAYNE.
Superior Judge (long term)—J. M. SEAWELL.
Superior Judge (long term) WM. T. WALLACE.
Superior Judge (long term)—C. L. WELLER.
Superior Judge (unexpired term ending January, 1895)—W. R. DAINGERFIELD.
Police Judge—T. J. BOWERS.
Police Judge—C. T. CONLAN.
Police Judge—JOHN T. HUMPHREYS.
Justice of the Peace—KENNETH WILLIAMS.
Justice of the Peace—O. F. MELDON.
Justice of the Peace—HENRY A. TOBIN.
Justice of the Peace—SAMUEL HASKINS.
Justice of the Peace—FRANK H. DUNNE.
Supervisor First Ward—M. GOODWIN.
Supervisor First Ward—unexpired term—M. GOODWIN.
Supervisor Second Ward—DANIEL ROGERS.
Supervisor Second Ward—unexpired term—DANIEL ROGERS.
Supervisor Third Ward—WM. MONTGOMERY.
Supervisor Fourth Ward—P. J. KENNEDY.
Supervisor Fifth Ward—GEO. McGILLIVRAY.
Supervisor Sixth Ward—CHRISTIAN REIS.
Supervisor Seventh Ward—JAMES RYAN.
Supervisor Eighth Ward—ROBERT DAY.
Supervisor Ninth Ward—P. F. DUNDON.
Supervisor Tenth Ward—WM. M. HINTON.
Supervisor Eleventh Ward—J. G. JAMES.
Supervisor Twelfth Ward—JAMES DENMAN.
School Director—PELHAM W. AMES.
School Director—MAYER WEIL.
School Director—A. T. VOGELSANG.
School Director—F. B. YOUNG.
School Director—J. T. BURKE.
School Director—J. H. ROSEWALD.
School Director—T. R. CAREW.
School Director—J. J. DOWLING.
School Director—C. A. CLINTON.
School Director—H. J. STAFFORD.
School Director—ARTHUR F. CARMODY.
School Director—JOS. G. MORRISSEY.
Auditor (unexpired term)—WM. BRODERICK.
Police Judge (unexpired term)—T. J. BOWERS.
Justice of Peace (unexpired term)—FRANK H. DUNNE.
School Director (unexpired term)—DR. C. A. CLINTON.

LEGISLATIVE TICKET

FOR STATE SENATORS

Seventeenth district—WM. J. DUNN.
Nineteenth district—THOS. F. MITCHELL.
Twenty-first district—WM. J. BIGGY.
Twenty-third district—CHAS. S. ARMS.
Twenty-fifth district—JOHN FAY.

FOR ASSEMBLYMEN

Twenty-eighth district—THOS. P. CUSICK.
Twenty-ninth district—WM. T. BOYCE.
Thirtieth district—BERNARD CONWAY.
Thirty-first district—J. J. KENNEDY.
Thirty-second district—JOHN E. BUCKLEY.
Thirty-third district—M. J. BERLEY.
Thirty-fourth district—R. J. LUTTRINGER.
Thirty-fifth district—JOSEPH G. GALLAGHER.
Thirty-sixth district—JOHN BROWNLIE.
Thirty-seventh district—ANDREW G. MAGUIRE.
Thirty-eighth district—BERT SCHLESINGER.
Thirty-ninth district—JAMES W. KEYS.
Fortieth district—EDMOND GODCHAUX.
Forty-first district—JOHN M. CURTIS.
Forty-second district—WM. HENDRICKSON, JR.
Forty-third district—JOS. M. MARKS.
Forty-fourth district—A. DECOURTIEUX, JR.
Forty fifth district—WM. H. GATELY.

Citizens' Non-Partisan

MUNICIPAL TICKET

Mayor—L. R. ELLERT.
Auditor—CHARLES ASHTON.
Treasurer—OTTO KLOPPENBURG.
Tax Collector—C. H. WETJEN.
Sheriff—H. H. SCOTT
County Clerk—J. J. MORAN
Superintendent of Streets, Highways and Squares—THOMAS ASHWORTH.
Public Administrator—E. J. BOWEN.
Coroner—L. C. COX.
City and County Surveyor—J. H. HUMPHREYS.
Recorder—MAX BROOKS.
Attorney and Counselor—W. C. BURNETT.
District Attorney—W. A. BEATTY.
Supervisor First Ward—T. H. COLLETT.
Supervisor Second Ward—J. BROWELL.
Supervisor Third Ward—JOHN B. GARTLAND.
Supervisor Fourth Ward—P. J. KENNEDY.
Supervisor Fifth Ward—SANDS W. FORMAN.
Supervisor Sixth Ward—B. P. FLINT.
Supervisor Seventh Ward—LOUIS A. GARNETT.
Supervisor Eighth Ward—WM. CHAMBERLIN.
Supervisor Ninth Ward—FRANCIS KORBEL.
Supervisor Tenth Ward—FRANCIS SHIRLEY.
Supervisor Eleventh Ward—MICHAEL CLARK.
Supervisor Twelfth Ward—WILLIAM PROLL.
School Director—C. B. PERKINS.
School Director—F. J. FRENCH.
School Director—S. E. DUTTON.
School Director—G. A. MERRILL
School Director—EDWARD TOLLITZ.
School Director—F. A. HYDE.
School Director—C. A. CLINTON.
School Director—J. T. BURKE.
School Director—E. P. COLE.
School Director—O. M. GOLDARACENA.
School Director—THOMAS STEALEY.
School Director—F. W. EATON.
Judge of Superior Court—C. W. SLACK.
Judge of Superior Court—F. W. VAN REYNEGOM.
Judge of Superior Court—WILLIAM T. WALLACE.
Judge of Superior Court—GEORGE A. PROCTOR.
Judge of Superior Court (unexpired term)—JOHN A. WRIGH
Judge of the Police Court—C. A. LOW.
Judge of the Police Court—H. L. JOACHIMSEN.
Judge of the Police Court—H. D. TALCOTT.
Justice of the Peace—WALTER M. WILLETT.
Justice of the Peace—J. E. BARRY.
Justice of the Peace—G. W. F. COOK.
Justice of the Peace—FRANK H. DUNNE.
Justice of the Peace—W. W. McNAIR.

Legislative Ticket

FOR STATE SENATORS

Seventeenth district—WILLIAM J. DUNN.
Nineteenth district—JAMES D. HORAN.
Twenty-first district—MONROE GREENWOOD.
Twenty-third district—CHARLES S. ARMS.
Twenty-fifth district—JOHN FAY.

FOR ASSEMBLYMEN

Twenty-eighth district—THOMAS P. CUSICK.
Twenty-ninth district—WM. J. BOYCE.
Thirtieth district—I. S. COHEN.
Thirty-first district—J. J. KENNEDY.
Thirty-second district—JOHN E. BUCKLEY.
Thirty-third district—W. D. BERRY.
Thirty-fourth district—GEORGE C. SARGENT.
Thirty-fifth district—J. M. HIGGINS.
Thirty-sixth district—EDWARD SHORT.
Thirty-seventh district—THOMAS W. BURKE.
Thirty-eighth district—C. H. FORBES.
Thirty-ninth district—W. T. KIBBLER.
Fortieth district—R. L. THOMAS.
Forty-first district—O. D. BALDWIN.
Forty-second district—SAMUEL SHAEN.
Forty-third district—SETH MARTIN
Forty-fourth district—A. DECOURTIEUX.
Forty-fifth district—WM. GATELY.

FATHER ARMAND.

From the chapel of the monastery came the low, mournful melody of the *Te Deum*, sobbing on the gentle breeze of evening. The dying sun dripped purple streams of blood through the long, narrow windows; from the world outside came naught but silence; it was a fit place to forget the world in, to live the life of solitude, of self-denial, of religious fervor.

As the monks filed slowly out of the chapel, their white faces shining vividly against the sombre shadows of the smoke-hued cowls, there fell upon the still night a cry, the cry of a human soul that has caught suddenly a sight of death, of a human body unexpectedly wrung by pain.

The joy of life shining in his eyes, the plumes of his hat waving behind him as unheeded as the sins and follies of his past, the Comte de Rougemort had been galloping his thoroughbred over the endless highway of the mountains that girded his estate. What an ecstasy was this sensation, this flying through the unresisting air, this fierce flashing past the milestones, hardly seeing them, soon forgetting! It was like that swift current of his life, that had swept many things with it, had passed them and left them forever in the past. Oh, the exquisite joy—!

Then that blinding shock! That chaos of dust, of falling into a depth that never seemed to have a bottom; that frightful anguish of pain, that agony under trampling hoofs and writhing stallion! A bad bit of road, a treacherous pit in the highway, the galloper's knees sinking down with a crash; then the awful mingling of horse and man, and then that fearful cry, that reverberating voice of agony that came to the monks as they issued from the chapel!

When the Comte de Rougemort awoke again to fitful knowledge of himself, he was lying on a pallet, within the monastery. "Confess thy sins, my son; it is thy last hour!" The words rang in his ears like a chant that was already announcing his death. He moaned, in his terror. Again the voice of the father, bidding him to confess. Then, too, the spectres of his past rose up before him and mocked him; the sins of his youth laughed at him and warned him that they would presently be with him and send him to destruction. All the fire of life, the joy, the ecstasy was now gone: there was nothing but the blind terror, the fear of passing into the beyond with his sins untold, and, greatly yet, the fear, the shrinking fear, of detailing all that life of misdirected energies, of black indulgences and selfish sins.

"Confess, and be absolved; for thou are surely in the corridors of death!"

From the chapel came again the wail of the organ, the chant of the monks. Was there then nothing in this horrible place but death and mourning?

"Ah, listen then, father; listen, and absolve me, quickly, for the pain is too fearful!"

"I am listening my son. The Lord give thee strength!"

Those thousand follies, those wretched, indulgent sins, what mattered they all compared with that great crime, that soul-murder of his youth? He bowed his head in more fearful terror than before, when he came to that recital. "And yet, was it altogether my fault? I thought I loved her. How are we to be judged, if we may not judge our own strength aright? She was so fair, so beautiful; why was she not strong enough to keep my love alive. How am I to blame? When my love died, I left her; but would it not have been worse if I had married her, and we had been wretched together? Oh, she grieved; yes, she grieved terribly, but are not women always so? If she drifted far down into the black waters, how was it my fault? Can a man put a curb on the passions that riot in his blood? They say I seduced her. Bah, what do they not say? Her brother, they told me, searched the world over for me, seeking my life; but only for a time; he disappeared, and I forgot it all. And now, is it so deathly a crime? May there not be pardon?" So he raved, and rambled, and clung deliriously to excuses that gleamed before him, fraught with hope.

The calm, monotonous voice of the father came upon him gently. "And she, my son, what was her name?"

"Mademoiselle D'Anvoisy."

A frightful cry broke from the lips of the priest; he started to his feet, his face rent by convulsive flashes of hatred, his nails pressed scarringly into his palms.

"Oh, my God; my sister!" came hoarsely from the caverns of his writhing mouth.

Then, with an almost superhuman struggle he mastered himself, the tension relaxed, he sank into his chair again. The victory was his, but it had been a struggle to which the battling of armies is nothing.

At the father's first cry, at his leap upwards, the Comte de Rougemort had tried to turn himself away on his couch, had attempted to throw his arm up blindly before his face, as if to ward off a blow; but the maimed limbs refused to respond; he could do nothing but tremble in mortal terror. His eyes were as if he was then gazing upon the horrors of hell.

"The confessional, it is sacred," he gasped, "thou would'st not dare—"

Father Armand interrupted gently, the perfect control over his voice showing the whole agony of his just-fought struggle with himself. "Fear not; I am no longer a man; I am the priest. Thou art to me as any other man; I listen to thy confession as a secret that lies between thee and thy Father in Heaven. Fear not, and let thy soul prepare for the mercy of the Supreme Being.

"For all thy sins thou art absolved. So thou mayest die in peace and faith!"

And so, the balm of his words yet lingering in his sick-chamber like a spice from health-giving breezes, Father Armand passed out into the solemn cloisters.

What thoughts rent his soul there who shall say?—*J. Percival Pollard, in Figaro.*

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From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 6:45, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:45, 11:00, 11:50 A. M.; 1:10, 2:25, 3:40, 5:15, 6:05, 7:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 6:25 P. M. Fare, 50 cents round trip.

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SURPLUS TO POLICY HOLDERS, - 8,980,251.00

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager, SAN FRANCISCO

City Office, 501 Montgomery St. General Office, 401 Montgomery St.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE	FROM NOVEMBER 1, 1892.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*12.15 p m
.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, and Calistoga	6.15 p m
*7.30 a m	El Verano and Santa Rosa	*6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton	*8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Martinez	12.15 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, Stockton, Merced and Fresno	12.15 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Benicia, and Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.00 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.15 a m
4.00 p m	Vacaville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	10.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	9.15 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	9.15 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

†7.45 a. m.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p. m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.38 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.03 p m
12.15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.30 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.37 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, Gilroy and Principal Way Stations	*9.47 a m
*4.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7.30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

San Francisco and North Pacific Railway.

San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, :30, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		In effect Apr. 24, 1892.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5.00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

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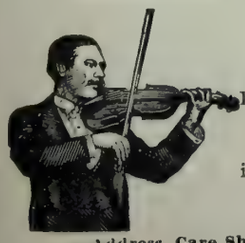

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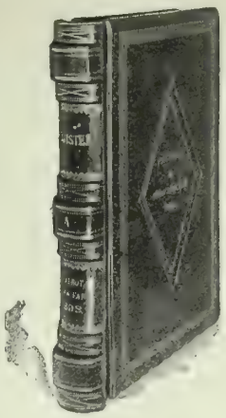

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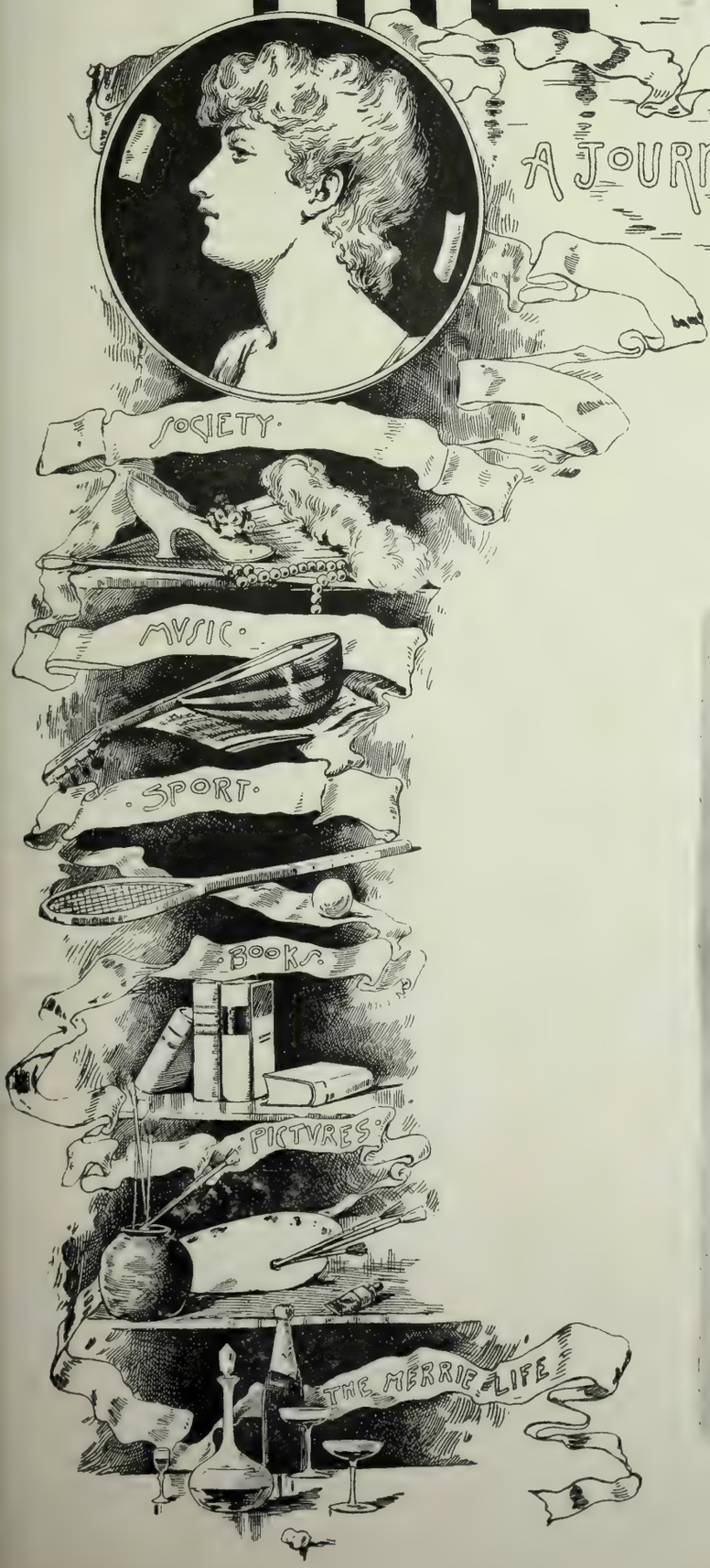
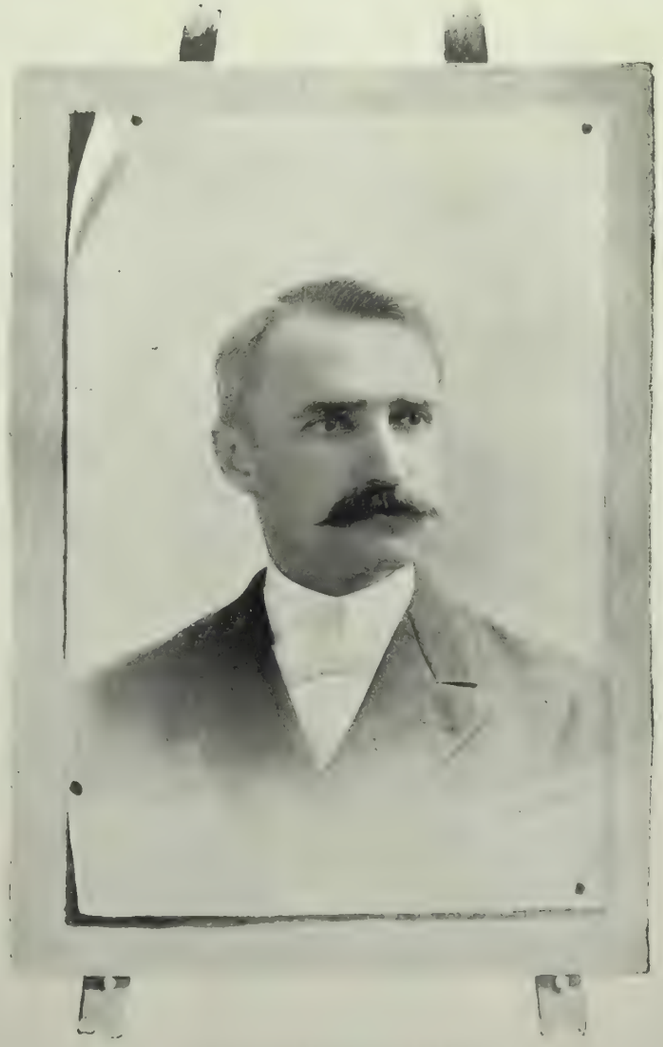
THE WAVE

A JOURNAL FOR THOSE IN THE SWIM.

SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA





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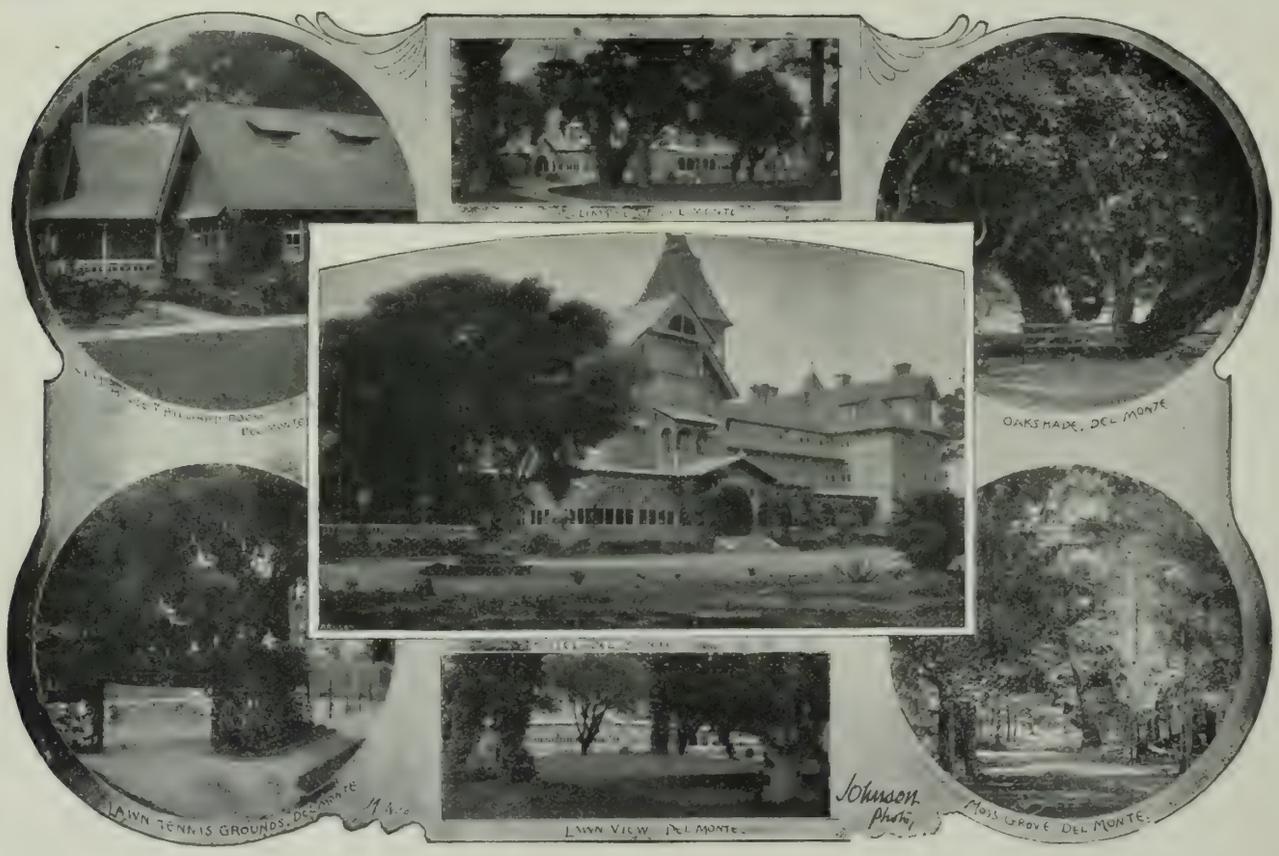

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THE WAVE

Vol. IX. No. 20. San Francisco, November 12, 1892. 10 Cents

The Wave

A Society, Literary and Political Journal,

Is published every Saturday, by the proprietors at 26 and 28 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco.

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

Entered at San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter, by COSGRAVE & HUME.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 12, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

With this issue of THE WAVE is presented the portrait of Judge Charles W. Slack, whose election to the bench of the Superior Court was accomplished by a handsome majority. Judge Slack was appointed to the position some time ago, and the record he has made was one to be proud of. That it found favor with the people is plainly shown by the votes he received. To the duties of his office Mr. Slack brings a profound legal knowledge, a judicial mind, and that dignity and fairness that should never be absent from the bench.

SPLASHES.

GRATITUDE HAS NEVER been a weakness of the Bohemian Club. The commercial spirits who rule that institution accept everything and give nothing. They regard the efforts to amuse them, made at certain high jinks, as amply paid for by their dues. The fellows who read papers or who expend time and money on behalf of the Club, they consider as very nice and agreeable in their way, but fools. They talk about these brilliant, diverting chaps to their sisters, cousins and wives, but never think of inviting them home to dinner. They applaud them, listen to their jests, flatter them, endow them with tremendous abilities, but they are deaf, dumb and blind when a question of reciprocity is raised. Time and again have I known of Bohemians who had great reputations in the Club attempting some little journalistic enterprise of their own.

* * *

Expecting assistance from their down-town friends, they would apply for advertisements only to learn how cold the mercantile heart is when appealed to through the pockets. The latest instance of gross ingratitude was the refusal of the active element to give a banquet to Dan O'Connell. As everyone knows, this descendant of Irish Kings was one of the founders of the old Club. He has ever been active in promoting its amusements; he has read countless poems and papers, he has exerted himself in its interests in a score of ways. He has been one of its heroes; bank clerks and bean merchants have posed as Bohemians on the strength of a bow from him, but to none of all these did it seem worth while to honor his departure with an entertainment. The advisability of so doing was represented to both the Board of Directors and the choice spirits who figure as leaders of the younger set. It was election time, they objected that no *eclat* could be given the affair under such circumstances. The opportunity was allowed to slip by and Dan departed without a chance of reading his farewell poem.

* * *

As I have said, no one who knows the Club's characteristics, which are those of the mean and paltry down-town element that makes up the bulk of its membership, is surprised at the treatment accorded Dan O'Connell. To all those others who have won name and fame in Borehemia, the episode should point a moral. There is a business principle involved in obtaining something for nothing, that appeals to the dearest commercial instincts of the membership. As long as it prevails small economies may be expected. This spirit has lost it many a brilliant man in the past, and the day is fast coming when, like the Pacific-Union Club, it will simply represent money and nothing more.

* * *

The place the Bohemian Club held, the Press Club is rapidly taking. Its growth during the last year or so indicates the necessity of its existence. The entertainments given in its rooms have been bright, clever, and varied. As it progresses, it cannot fail to do even better. This organization has no pretensions. It is exactly what its name indicates, and when it obtains new quarters, as I believe it expects to, it will be the meeting place of the brightest men on the Coast, and then the Bohemian Club will sink into the obscurity it has earned.

* * *

THE GRAND JURY report will make interesting reading. I am told it is full of the severest comments on City Hall officials and the local government generally. Not even Mayor Sanderson is exempt from criticism, and the manner in which the City Hall Commission is dealt with will not prove agreeable to Messrs. Smiley, Tilton, or Durst. In fact, if the present intentions of the jury will be executed some very painful disclosures will be made. Among its members there is pronounced disgust at the manner in which officials and deputies have refused to give up information. Honest interrogatories have been refused satisfactory answers. One man has blamed another for derelictions of duty.

* * *

The Jury, I am told, went about its work in a business-like manner. It put experts on the books of the municipality, and discovered very soon the lax and careless manner in which the Republican administration was conducting the affairs of the city. It is true that the crop of indictments has been meagre in the extreme, but the excuse offered for this is the impossibility of obtaining evidence. There is no doubt that had this report been published a week before election the Democratic and Non-Partisan majorities would be far larger than have so far been polled.

* * *

A GRAVE PROBLEM confronts the managers of the Suburban Tea. They are asking, "What shall we do with it?" and the reiteration of the interrogatory leaves no doubt of their perplexity. Not a financial nor a social dilemma is it. These have all been successfully disposed of. The difficulty is a parrot. He is a wondrously knowing bird, and for years past has been one of the attractions of the Ingleside. His conversational powers have so delighted its patrons that they bring him all manner of delicacies. He repays their kindness by speaking pretty pieces and learning their names. This terrible bird possesses a faultless memory for faces, and the manner in which he salutes the *habitués* is charming. For many of them he has pet names.

* * *

Besides being sagacious, this remarkable parrot is painfully obstinate. He won't move from his perch unless coerced, and they are too tender-hearted in that environment to hurt his feelings. Imagine the consequences should the bird recognize in the company, as he is sure to do, any of his old friends. Nothing but a gag would prevent him saluting them. Fancy if his strident accents should be heard above the din:

"Hello, Charlie, where is Bessie to-day?" Or, "Hello, Jennie, what have you done with Joe?"

Think what people would say. There would be blushes sufficient for an ordinary sunset. How very embarrassing, too, should this dreadful bird insist on airing the profanity of which his proprietor is reasonably proud. He has never forgotten a swear word, and, if ruffled, his powers of expletive are astonishing.

* * *

The tremors of the management are by no

means assumed, it would seem. This week the lady patronesses formally inspected the region, and gave it as their opinion that it required improvements. It does. I forget just how many amendments they suggested—enough to stagger an ordinary collection of millionaires. However, the sponsors must make the affair a success, and I have no doubt that they will, even if a few hundred dollars are necessary in the way of expenditures.

* * *

TEAS are as much in vogue as ever. Several were given last week, and the future is replete with similar possibilities. A great deal that is unjustifiable has been written against this form of entertainment. For those who don't dance, for the great majority who can but don't care to, a tea is far more interesting than a ball. It affords an opportunity for conversation; it offers chances for the exchange of gossip. One is not restricted to a mere five minutes with this interesting person or the other as at a hop. Of course, for those who are averse or unable to talk a tea is probably tiresome, but it is really another name for a reception, and no one claims that that is a form of living death.

* * *

The tea given by Mrs. and Miss Jarboe, last Saturday afternoon, proved an agreeable successs in spite of a fog thick enough to lose one's self in. The suite of parlors on the first floor of their Pine Street residence made a reception-room spacious enough to accommodate the crowd of callers who passed in and out between the hours of four and seven. Refreshments were served down stairs. Assisting Mrs. Jarboe to receive her guests were Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Mrs. H. B. Chase, Miss Peyton, Miss Carolan, Miss Edna Robinson, Miss Mercado, Miss Deming, Miss McNutt, and Miss Emily Carolan. The reception party remained to enjoy a delicious dinner and to take part in an informal dance for which the Hungarian band discoursed suitable rhythms.

* * *

Miss Watson's tea, on Friday, last was a very pleasant affair. A large number of men and girls called during the afternoon and paid their respects to the clever young hostess and to the delicious refreshments she had provided for them. Miss Watson was assisted in receiving by Miss Bates and Miss Shreve.

* * *

A THOUSAND TIMES have I heard the complaint that the married women usurp the available men. At teas and dances the girls asseverate that instead of worshiping at their shrine, the eligibles are gathered round the brides of this year or last, paying to them the devoted, tender attentions which they regard as their own by right. However true all this is in certain instances, I cannot regard it as a general rule. There are quite as many interesting women unfettered as there are within bonds matrimonial. It seems to me the charms of the San Francisco belle are of sufficient potency to keep at her side whomsoever she really desires to remain there. Of course, men of minor ages prefer women whose years are uncertain, for very similar reasons to those that animate old gentlemen in paying their *devoirs* to youthful maidens.

* * *

The extent of the evil, to my mind, is exaggerated. I am willing to admit that some married women are far more entertaining than most young girls, but it is a fact that the majority of men who marry are not anxious for women with more brains than themselves. There are hero-worshipers in both sexes whose aim in existence is to find objects of worship. But, then, an ability to admire is a gift, as silence and memory are.

* * *

MRS. WILL CROCKER gave a very pleasant dancing party on the night of Tuesday last. It was for girls exclusively. Neither the young married set nor the matrons were represented. It might be called a debutantes' dance, for the buds were both admirably and adequately represented. The affair commenced with a dinner to twelve men and girls at which an elaborate *menu* was served. During its progress the Hungarian orchestra discoursed digestive harmonies of an agreeable character. About 9:30 a number of additional guests arrived, and dancing commenced and was continued until midnight, when supper was served. Mrs. Crocker's house is admirably adapted for entertaining in. There is adequate accommodation for the votaries of Terpsichore and the most luxurious withdrawing-rooms for those who prefer to talk.

* * *

The debutantes looked very sweet and very young in their pretty white gowns. Among them was Miss Helen Perrin, a slender, graceful girl, with a face delicate and refined as a flower. Miss Jennie Catherwood was charming in a Parisian gown. This was her first appearance since arriving from Europe. She is decidedly an attractive girl, vivacious, interesting, and self-possessed. I am sure she will be one of the most popular girls in town this season. Miss Emily Carolan and Miss Cecelia Tobin I noticed as appearing to advantage.

* * *

Mrs. Pullman and Miss Pullman have no intention, I am sorry to learn, of passing the season in San Francisco. They are to return to Chicago in a fortnight. On Tuesday last they took a party down to Del Monte in their private car. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Carolan, Miss Carolan, Lieutenant Niblack, U. S. N., and Messrs. Small and Osgood Hooker.

* * *

Mrs. Louis Haggin, I understand, has abandoned her idea of erecting a cottage on the Burlinghame tract, where the Sharon Tuxedo is to be located. However agreeable the prospects of that interesting resort are, she has decided to go in for something more sensational, and talks now of erecting somewhere up the Coast, on the edge of the ocean, a mediæval castle of which she will be the picturesque châtelaine. Count and Countess Festetics would reside with her, of course, and the yacht would then prove a very useful addition to the menage. This pose, I am sure, would suit the accomplished lady perfectly, and there is no knowing what interesting poetical inspirations she might imbibe from the salt air and the glowing sunsets.

* * *

IF COMING SOCIAL EVENTS cast no shadows before them, they at least are thoroughly canvassed before happening. Whether to consider this an advantage or the reverse I hardly know, for anticipation frequently robs an event of all its enjoyment. The imagination conceives standards to which few hostesses dare aspire. However, the future is ever replete with pleasing possibilities, and occasionally some blossom into realization. Among the teas to occur is one which Mrs. James Carolan gives in honor of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Frank Carolan, next Tuesday. The Carolans have a handsome residence on California Street which is not often thrown open for entertainments.

* * *

Miss Emily Carolan, one of the season's debutantes, will be formally introduced to Society on this occasion. Among the guests of honor will be Mrs. and Miss Pullman. In the latter part of the month Mrs. Alexander Loughborough gives a large reception in her new home on Franklin and O'Farrell Streets. It is to be both a house warming and the medium of introducing Miss Fanny Loughborough to "the swim." This is a spacious and very beautifully furnished residence, provided with a large ballroom. It was designed with a view to entertaining in. Another pleasant affair will be the coming-out dinner which Miss Cecelia Tobin gives toward the end of November. An informal dance is promised afterwards.

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IN CONSEQUENCE of the elaborate preparations which the production necessitated, the Concordia Club has decided to postpone "A Night in Venice" until February next. The interval will be fully utilized in preparing the scenery and rehearsing the elaborate programme of specialties to be given then. In brief outline, it is proposed to turn the large ballroom into a Venetian exterior. Covering the walls will be canvas painted to represent the Doge's Palace, the Bridge of Sighs, the Campanile Tower, and the other architectural *chef d'œuvres* of the city of the sea. I am not in the secret of what other interesting things the committee purposes doing, but I am assured everyone will be both surprised and delighted. In the meantime, however, the Club gives a garden party.

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The ballroom is to be converted into a lawn, with parterres and shade trees. Among the bowers tables and chairs will be placed. The scene will be made as rustic as the æsthetic surroundings will permit. An inter-

Richardson & Robbins' Plum Pudding—A Delicious Dessert.

esting programme, I understand, is to be rendered, but the nature of it the committee in charge refuse to reveal. This entertainment is set for the evening of the twenty-sixth. The first proposition was to have it on Thanksgiving Eve, but the determined opposition of a number of members induced the Directors to postpone the affair to Saturday night. Certain mysterious reasons were alleged, though my own impression is that the date would clash with that of a big masked ball to be given at the Pavilion.

* * *

As a matter of course, it behooves every gentleman of spirit to attend these interesting affairs which do not occur at intervals so frequent as to become tiresome. Of course, this was not the motive assigned for the postponement, but I am candidly informed the contingency was not lost sight of.

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The Calliopean Club's ball promises to be one of the most interesting events of the early season. Its reputation for giving delightful parties is such that a gathering of very interesting young people may be expected. In the past its affairs have had a unique degree of intrinsic interest, and President Peixotto is far too energetic to permit any sagging in aught he is concerned in. The ball takes place on the evening of next Saturday at Union Square Hall.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Julia Bissell and Mr. William Pilcher was very quietly celebrated at the Pleasanton on Wednesday at noon. Rev. W. W. Davis performed the ceremony. Miss Therese and Miss Elise Bissell were bridesmaids and Mr. Stokes was best man. Louis Marshall gave the bride away. Afterward, a small party of intimate friends sat down to breakfast. The same evening the happy pair took the steamer for Victoria, and leave for Japan and China to-day. Mr. Pilcher is decidedly a wealthy man. He owns a large water supply system near Phœnix, A. T., and, besides, is a stockholder in one of the most successful banks in the Territory. Mr. and Mrs. Pilcher return to San Francisco four months hence, and then go on to Europe.

* * *

Mrs. M. J. Lemman entertained a number of friends at her spacious residence, 2126 Jackson Street, on Wednesday evening last. She was assisted in receiving her guests by her daughters. There was dancing and music, and at midnight a sumptuous supper was served.

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The number of tug parties to witness the launching of the "Olympia" was less than I expected. One of the most enjoyable was that given by Miss Alice Scott who had the tug "Active." Quite a large number of guests were on board and they enjoyed the occasion thoroughly. Commander Perry of the "Madrona" had a large party, too. The H. T. Scotts had a number of their friends at the iron works observing the launch from an advantageous position.

* * *

I regret exceedingly to learn that Mr. E. M. Greenway has to mourn the death of his mother. She died most unexpectedly of heart trouble at her home in Baltimore early Wednesday morning. In consequence of his bereavement Mr. Greenway will not be an active participant in the season's gayeties. He will continue to manage the cotillions, and though in attendance, he will not lead. This responsibility will have to be undertaken by some other member of the Friday Night Club.

* * *

Miss Laura McKinstry returned on Wednesday last from Europe. She has been absent almost two years. Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clark are to arrive on Monday next from the East; they intend to go housekeeping immediately. Mrs. Sperry and Miss Beth leave for New York on the nineteenth; they come on to San Francisco direct. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hicks have gone back to Los Angeles, after a very enjoyable visit to Mrs. Hager. Mrs. Ashe and Miss Millie Ashe leave November 15th for Washington.

* * *

The Century Club has been in raptures over Edmund Russell, the Delsartean disciple, and now Miss Lake has taken him in charge and has persuaded him to give a course of three subscription lectures at her school, 1534 Sutter Street. This is certainly good news for all who have not heard him. The lectures will take place on Tuesday afternoons, November 15th, 22d, and 29th, and the subjects to be illustrated are: "The Art of Dress," "The Art of Art," and "The Art of Home," all topics dear to the feminine mind. The attendance will be limited, and applications should be made to Miss Lake at once.

* * *

The Saturday Morning Orchestra, which played so successfully at the Grand Opera House, will be heard next Saturday, in Oakland, for the benefit of the Kindergartens. It will, of course, be under the direction of Professor Rosewald. The vocalists will be Miss Katherine Kimball and Mrs. Birmingham.

* * *

The first production of J. H. Rosewald's comic opera, the "Baroness Meta," should prove the event of next week. Aside from the fact that the new piece will be given in the interest of the Woman's Exchange, it is said to possess sufficient interest to draw out a very large number of our Society people. Mr. Rosewald has been indefatigable in his rehearsals, and those who will take part have been thoroughly drilled. The auction of seats, which takes place at an early day, will give a good indication of how the attendance will be. The reason for selling seats was to obviate the necessity of standing in line. While I am told that some of the plot and music have been borrowed, I am quite sure—if this is true—that Mr. Rosewald can put the story and melody to a better use than they had before.

* * *

With regret I learn Bishop Kip grows weaker daily and is not long for this world. That he has for so many years defied the attacks of illness proves the original strength of his constitution. He was, in his day, a churchman of great dignity and manner, who looked every inch a bishop. Most of those who now compose Society he married or christened. Considering everything, he has lived a consoling life, and if everything has not gone as he would wish, enough of the joys of existence have been his to compensate.

* * *

The Fortnightly Club is an informal kind of organization made up of artists, lawyers, a few newspapermen, and a number of University graduates. It meets once a month in the banquet hall of the Maison Dorée, and, after partaking of a very good dinner, the members listen to either a paper or an oration. They have been very interesting, these gatherings. The *cuisine* always proves satisfactory, and it often happens that the intellectual pabulum is decidedly good. There is an agreeable absence of officers. He who has read a paper at one meeting takes the head of the table at the following one. And he is not expected to put on any airs because of his temporary elevation, either. The solitary by-law compels members to pay for their dinner. From that there is no escape.

* * *

That ball the Cosmos Club has talked so much and so long about is to be given this winter. That is to say, the indications are favorable. I cannot but recollect essaying a similar prophecy this time twelve months ago, and how well it was fulfilled the Club knows. With the exception of a jinks over the opening of its grill-room the Cosmos was not heard from. Now it behooves this institution to make up for lost time. Its ball should be just twice as swell as if it had occurred a year ago, simply as reparation for frequently inflicted disappointments.

* * *

I am told that General R. P. Hammond will be a candidate for a place in the Cabinet, and that the Secretaryship of the Interior is the objective position. The other evening a meeting was held, at which Spreckels, Williams, Judge Levy, and others were present, and it was decided to push his claims. If California will unite, General Hammond will get the honor.

* * *

It is said that in the very near future an effort will be made to have the present election declared illegal because an officer who had much to do with preparing the ballots was guilty of a very serious offense contrary to the Australian ballot law.

* * *

HONORABLE JOHN S. ENOS, as he is designated by the newspapers, must possess an exceedingly flexible political conscience. Like those spirits which the mediums sometimes conjure up to rap on tables and ring

Richardson & Robbins' Potted Ham for Picnics and Teas.

bells, it seems to be composed of sublimated matter. This is practically saying that if Mr. E[illegible] was endowed by his Maker with any [illegible]

[illegible] an intimate knowledge of his public career for fifteen years I have failed to discern the slightest evidence in him of political conviction. When I first heard of Mr. Enos, about 1877, he was a Workingman. I do not mean that he was then a victim of manual labor, but he belonged to a political party called the "Workingmen's Party," so named because none of its members were ever known to work with anything except their mouths.

* * *

Mr. Enos proved so capable a jawsmith [illegible] Senate. In that body for three years he introduced bills, and employed his jaw so effectively that when he retired, like Cincinnatus, he was famous and had a ranch. The ranch, however, proved to be a much better investment than the fame, for I have since heard that during several years he has made a fair quality of wine from the vines on his ranch which he has sold to good advantage. When next I heard of Mr. Enos he was a candidate for the appointment of Labor Commissioner at the hands of Governor Stoneman [illegible] I am happy to say, that Mr. Enos had become a Democrat.

* * *

Subsequently I heard that Governor Stoneman, recognizing Mr. Enos' great services to the cause of labor—which consist, I may interject, of having existed the greater portion of his life without labor—had appointed him [illegible] lucrative sinecure for four years. When next I heard of him he was snugly ensconced in the Mint and drawing a substantial salary from the Federal Government. As the Federal Government at that time was Republican, this struck me with some surprise, and again I asked for an explanation. "Oh, you're behind the times," said a political acquaintance, "Enos is now a Republican. He changed his coat in the last fight."

* * *

When, therefore, about four weeks ago, I saw in the papers that Mr. Enos had blossomed out as a Non-Partisan, I was not astonished. I have so accustomed myself t[illegible] now able to withstand almost any shock. No doubt Mr. Enos' services to the Non-Partisan party will entitle him to a fat office. The Workingmen honored him when he belonged to their party, the Democrats thought him equally worthy while he was a Democrat, the Republicans hastened to lavish upon him the emoluments of the Mint when he became a Republican, and now that he has abandoned all the parties and belongs to the Non-Partisans, they will certainly reward him. In my opinion Mr. Enos is the champion political acrobat. During fifteen years he has belonged to all the parties and managed to keep in office most of the time. As a jawsmith he is [illegible] success. His name ought to be changed to Honorable John Chameleon Enos.

* * *

AMONG THE MANY COMICAL INCIDENTS of the late unpleasantness among the politicians, none has seemed to me so exquisitely funny as that which culminated in the designation of the Non-Partisan candidate for Mayor as "Levi Rothschild Ellert." It has long been known that Mr. Ellert's first name was Levi, but his middle name has always been concealed in impenetrable mystery. Evidently he does not like it any better than his [illegible] called himself simply "L. R. Ellert." Mr. Ellert has been twice elected a Supervisor and once defeated for School Director, and on each occasion, if I remember correctly, an attempt has been made by the politicians opposed to him to create the impression that he is a Jew. What particular discredit attaches to a man because he is a Jew, I have never been able to discover, but it seems that the politicians think the Irish are inimical to persons of that race who run for office, and so they sometimes make capital out of it.

* * *

[illegible] 1875 [illegible] he said—the Democrats placed two Hebrews upon their ticket. In those days the Harbor Commission was elective. John Rosenfeld was nominated for one of the Commissionerships and Levi Rosener for Assessor. The campaign was a particularly hot one, and the Democratic ticket was badly beaten. In fact Rosenfeld and Rosener were the only candidate upon it who were elected. The Irish Democrats stood aghast at this revelation of treachery. It was so plain that the Jews had voted the entire Republican ticket and "scratched" for the two Democrats of their race, that no explanation of the affair could be made. The matter created so much talk that Billy Arlington, a noted negro minstrel of that period, worked it off on the end. After talking with the interlocutor about the election from a Democratic standpoint for a few minutes, he would wind up by exclaiming, "Vell, ve saved Shonnie und Levi anyhow." Since 1875 it has been impossible to elect a Jew to any administrative office in San Francisco. The only one who ever succeeded in securing any office whatever was Superior Judge Walter H. Levy, and he was twice swept in by Democratic tidal waves.

* * *

But let me return to Levi "Rothschild" Ellert. Everybody was astounded during the early part of last week to see a wagon parade the streets bearing a big transparency, upon which was painted, under an abusive phrase, the words: "LEVI ROTHSCHILD ELLERT." This amazement was nothing, however, to the astonishment which succeeded on the following morning when the *Chronicle* appeared with a bitter attack on Ellert, in which he was also called "Levi Rothschild." The next day the wagon suddenly disappeared, and during the remainder of the campaign the *Chronicle* referred to Mr. Ellert simply as plain "L. R. Ellert." The phenomena was so remarkable—the sudden discovery of the "Rothschild" and its equally sudden disappearance from the campaign—that I asked hundreds to account for it. No one seemed to know anything about it. The point against Ellert appeared to be a good one, and yet why did Mr. De Young and the Republicans so suddenly abandon it? At last I discovered a man who knew all about it. Whether he gave me a correct account of the affair I cannot say, but in order that he may be held personally responsible for his story, I shall quote his exact words. Here they are:

* * *

"You see," he said, "young Barney Dougherty was the general manager of Martin Kelly's transparency department. It was he who got up all those lurid things about the fight being between Easton and O'Donnell, and calling on the people to down Pickering and Fitch and the Non-Partisans. Well, Barney has a father who is also named Barney. One day Barney, Senior, was down to the Nevada Block talking politics with a lot of fellers, when one of 'em says, 'By the way, Barney, did you know that Ellert was a Sheeny?' 'Sho,' said Barney, 'you don't tell me?' 'Yes,' says the feller, 'he is a full-blooded Sheeny. I'm s'prised that nobody is onto him. His name is Levi Rothschild Ellert. Plainest case I ever seen.'

* * *

"Barney, Senior, rushed home bald-headed, and told Barney, Junior, all about it. 'Law sakes, Barney,' said Barney, Senior, 'just get that out on Ellert, and Easton's fight is won. I'm s'prised that the Non-Partisans would nominate a Jew for Mayor.' So Barney, Junior, rushes off and tells Martin Kelly; and they sets the transparency factory to work. Within two hours they had a wagon on the street with a bell in it. The *Chronicle* grabbed up the idea and next morning opened on Ellert in fine style. But, goodness gracious, what a fuss the thing kicked up. When Meyer Jacobs and his brother, Louie, saw the wagon and read the story in the paper, they piled down to the Third-Street saloon and yelled, in chorus, 'My God, Martin, this will cost us 5000 Jew votes!' Martin jumped out of that saloon like a kangaroo, and sent a dozen men after the wagon with orders to burn it immediately, while he and Phil and Meyer and Louie rushed in a body down to see Mr. De Young. That ended it. The only fellows that said a word about Ellert's name after that was the Non-Partisans. They had all the Jews interviewed and their kicks reported in the *Call*. Barney, Junior, was fired from the transparency factory for incompetency."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Ellert's middle name is Richard. The man who put up that

job on Barney Dougherty, Jr., must be a veritable Machiavelli.

* * *

While talking about this, I am reminded of a story. It does not interest the editor who tried to defeat Levi "Rothschilds" Ellert, and is enjoyable from only one standpoint, the one I take. A young man of Hebraic proclivities, one who believes that a captaincy in the armies of the next world will be his because of his long service in the ranks here, was abusing a friend of the same faith. Vituperation had been exhausted; all the terms of calumny had been used, and then—as if to prove the truth of that trite old remark: "Speak of angels and you hear the rustling of their wings,"—the offending citizen appeared. He passed his calumniator with sneer; and the torrent of abuse broke forth again.

"That man," cried the angry one, "that man is a disgrace to his family, a disgrace to the city, a disgrace to—to—to—a disgrace to the *nose upon his face!*"

I regret to state that ever since evolving that beautiful slander, the young man has been accepting with much pride the applause that always follows a repetition of the remark.

* * *

AMONG THE AMUSING personalities this campaign has unearthed, quite the most ludicrous is Sammy Braunhart. By reason of an aggressive individuality and a loud voice, he obtained prominence among the reorganizers, his name appeared often in the newspapers, and then, swelling into the full bloom of a gorgeous importance, he became an integral portion of the Sullivan, Dwyer-machine. No motion was ever presented too trivial for him to speak to. Though minute of person, he was ever ready to resort to extreme measures. Willingly would he have led a movement to execute the Election Commissioners, or any other desperate deed, just merely to prove himself of more heroic heart than height. There was to have been a grand Democratic procession on Saturday night last. James D. Phelan was to act as Grand Marshal, and Sammy Braunhart, to his extreme delight, was to act as his chief-aid.

* * *

In the Executive Committee arose an important question, the Old Democrats. Would they not insist on breaking in and diverting the attention of the good and pure followers of Sullivan and Dwyer by presenting the names of false gods? Mr. Braunhart was of the gathering.

"Gentlemen," he said with magnificent confidence, "have no fears. *I* will guarantee to keep out of this procession objectionable transparencies. Yes, sirs." And, inflating his chest, he arose to his full height.

"But how—how can you, Sammy? You know these Old Democrats are pretty tough," said one of his listeners.

"Why, sir, *I* will ride them down. The instant *I* see the name of a candidate not on our ticket, I'll send that transparency flying." He laughed scornfully.

Rather than that the great little man earn the consideration his courage would surely win him, they abandoned the parade. "Political jealousy," Mr. Braunhart a serts, i[illegible] root of it all. And he actually believes himself.

* * *

THE CAMPAIGN has shown the Democracy to have a hero other than Stephen M. White. His name is Olin Welborn, a Texan, and his speech, delivered at the Metropolitan Hall a couple of Saturdays ago, was easily the best of the campaign. He is not a young man, is the opponent of Congressman Bowers, but he is an orator. He has the mobile face, the full eyes, the supple mouth of a great speaker. In politics he is highly educated. The tariff he knows far better than any speaker on the Coast. Besides, he has the gift of being interesting. He does not know how to be tedious, and, above all, he is effective. He swayed his audience that night at will. In fact, Mr. Wellborn is an orator whose style is highly polished and whose personality will cut a salient figure in coming campaigns.

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Olin Welborn obtained the admirable political education his speeches give evidence of in Congress. For many years he represented, at Washington, the northern district of Texas, and would never have left there but for the relief of a lung troub[illegible] which com pelled his removal to Southern California. He has practiced his profession there, and, being a sound lawyer, has gained both prominence and clients. On the tar ff question he knows far more than Steve White; for, with the latter, the subject has but recently acquired interest, and, as yet, he is not deeply learned in its intricacies. That was exhibited in his debate with Estee; for, while the Los Angelan lawyer's speeches were superior, those of the Napa vineyardist read better. Mr. Welborn first put his head above water at the Fresno Convention. His speech there was an agreeable memory of a decidedly commonplace gathering. Two years hence, if he fails of election, his na ne will b[illegible] up larg on the State ticket.

* * *

THE STORY they tell of a certain prominent and highly aristocratic lawyer, whose nfiancial resources are by no means adequate to his pretensions, is worth repeating. Collecting a debt from him is a task worthy of Hercules. Not that he is unwilling to pay. It is simply he has other and more agreeable uses for such fees a[illegible] corporation i[illegible] able dimensions. Frequent efforts at extraction resulted in the discomfiture of the collector. Finally, after repeated endeavors, and much indignant correspondence, the able attorney for the corporation bearded the legal lion in his den, and demanded the amount.

* * *

The prominent lawyer greeted him with his usual suavity and then listened to his business.

"Is it possible," he said, when the other had finished, his fine lips curling contemptuously, "[illegible] should have imagined your practice large enough to enable the employment of a collector. Charlie," he said, as the office boy appeared in answer to a hasty ring, "show Mr. H—— out."

* * *

IT SEEMS YEARS AGO since Princess Engalicheff was here. Certainly a clever woman, she almost succeeded in creating a stir in exterior fashionable circles and made a number of dear friends whom her grand manner fi led with admiration. There was also a little *coterie* of devotees who flocked to her rooms at the P[illegible] humbly to the [illegible] Chopin she used to indulge her piano with. Her conversation was charmingly regardless of conventionality, and, without meaning to, she often shocked terribly the feminine members of her court. Among her auditors, one day, was a little old maid, a New Englander, moral to faultlessness and of extreme prudishness of speech. I forget now how the conversation turned, but the Princess was reminded, by something, of a story. If a trifle improper it was really witty, and the *naïveté* of the telling was irresistible. A ripple of laughter f[illegible] of the [illegible]

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"Princess, how dare you?"

"My God," exclaimed E[illegible] cent of comic horror in her voice. "W at have I said! And before a virgin."

* * *

THE MEAN REMARKS that have [illegible] been made about an estimable young lady who was married here some time ago, and who is now living in the East, because she foreclosed the mortgage on the house of h r dead mother's best friend, are entirely uncalled for. The note was due the debt was ac[illegible] O[illegible] who think that a friendship of some years' standing, that was close enough to insist that the debtor's daughter should be the creditor's bridesmaid, should have weighed something against the few thousands of dollars. But that is a mistake, and if the rich who found a mortgaged family good enough company in San Francisco do not draw the lines pretty close [illegible]

The trouble with many of the people who condemn the lady who foreclosed the mortgage (which was a debt that her mother never would have collected), is that they carry their hearts, instead of their riches, in th ir pocketbooks. That is a very serious mistake, and is likely to cause them trouble. Merely because one is wealthy is no reason why one should become an eleemosynary institution,

and the fact that one holds a mortgage on the home of a friend of girlhood days should not raise sympathy to the high dollar-mark of charity. There has been too much presuming on the kindness of rich people in this community, and it is about time that the poor friends of by-gone days were taught the lesson that big incomes mean big expenditures, and that a fat mortgage on the home of a bridesmaid is sometimes needed to defray the cost of a swell dinner. I think the lady did right; but Heaven keep *me* from ever having such a deed on *my* conscience.

* * *

JUST NOW Keith is doing the work of his life. One or two of the pictures he has finished within a month past will stand as notable examples of the best landscape painting ever done in America. A few days ago Irving Scott purchased a splendid canvas, which would have made a world-wide reputation for Keith had he been in New York. It is a wood scene; a sheep track in a forest of California oaks, down whose magnificent vista the perspective loses itself in the dim recesses of darkening shade. A cluster of sunbeams falling through the spreading tree tops lights up a drove of sheep; in the foreground is a pool of water reflecting the trees. The picture possesses the Keith quality, poetry, and will be greatly admired.

* * *

Why Keith remains here, I am unable to say. For himself, he says that he can work here as well as elsewhere, and that if the people do not discover his pictures this year, why, they will next. Probably they will, but if he could have the good fortune to be translated for a month, the public would see something great in his work. Really, I feel quite discouraged when the applause for dead friends rings in my ears; they lived so long unnoticed that they had gained the opinion that their work was without merit. I knew an artist in Chicago—he did some stunning work in the Yosemite and Grand Cañon of the Colorado—who had the misfortune to die of hunger and liquor on the lake shore; the papers said it was apoplexy, but one or two of us who wrote the news knew it was plain whisky consumed to give comfort to the heart of genius. The day after his death Potter Palmer paid $3500 to a pawnbroker for a picture that the artist had sold for $2.50. And so I'm getting discouraged.

* * *

Mathews has taken up landscapes, and is doing some charming work. He has been to Belvedere, where nature serves as a handmaid to art, and some of the prettiest bits have been transferred to his canvas.

Joullin's cartoon of the Bohemian Club jinks has a notable place in the Red Room. It is regarded as the star boarder in that palace of pictures, but I am not enamored of it. The lights and shadows seem misplaced, but, after all, one really can't control shadows; they are likely to fall anywhere.

Peixotto is doing some pen and ink work that is attracting attention. Among his latest bits is the design for the Christmas number of THE WAVE, which will be one of the most artistic covers ever issued here.

* * *

THE UNIVERSITY CLUB has at last emerged from the bondage of masons and carpenters. Next week the ladies' dining-room will be ready for its fair occupants, and then the institution will be able to boast possession of the most artistically furnished club-house in town. The new apartments are really charming. An ornamental porch on the east side of the building conducts into an *entresol* handsomely furnished, through which one reaches the dining-room—a very spacious apartment paneled in oak—the ceiling tinted a dull red to harmonize with its tones. Supporting the roof are fluted oaken pillars with beautifully carved capitals, the effect of which is decidedly artistic.

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The two large fire-places on the east and west sides of the room are as handsome as any I have ever seen. Oaken pilasters carved from pediment to capital support a mantel-shelf of a simple but most graceful design. The scroll work and the ornamentation are really beautiful enough to excuse enthusiasm. On the floor is a velvet carpet, a deep red in tone, with a small pattern in black. The *entresol* is tinted a delicate pink. In it is another charming mantel-piece. One of the swellest bits of decorative work in the house is the hall which opens from the billiard-room. A huge tiled fire-place is the main feature. The tones of ceiling, walls, and carpet make a most agreeable color harmony.

* * *

A novel effect is obtained by the use of a species of balustrading which divides stairs and billiard-room. This is a very clever bit of work, and most effective. The architect, Page Brown, and the decorator, Mr. Swineforth, are certainly to be congratulated. The University Club is surely growing in a manner to gratify its founders. It is essentially the young men's club, though it is also a gathering place for members of the legal profession. The ladies' dining-room is at the service of the female relatives of the members who are at liberty to come in when they please. They sign cards, as though they actually belonged to the institution, but these are charged to their husband's or brother's acacount as the case happens to be. The innovation is certain to be a success.

* * *

ADMIRAL BROWN is a resident at the Cosmos Club. He prefers the quietude that reigns and the congenial men who gather there to the glories of the Pacific-Union or Bohemian institutions. From the injury sustained at Honolulu he is rapidly recovering. The rumor that Admiral Brown succeeds Admiral Irwin at Mare Island is discredited in navy circles. It is true that the latter will take command of the Pacific Squadron, but the former will probably go East and have charge of one of the navy yards on the Atlantic Coast.

* * *

Lieutenant Albert P. Niblack is in town on leave of absence and is kept busy renewing acquaintances made when stationed here some years ago. He was then on the "Patterson," and did a good deal of exploring up Alaska way through which he made considerable of a reputation. Since that he has been on the Atlantic side and was with Admiral Walker on the White Squadron.

* * *

Though the navy commences to assume proportions of magnitude, promotions are exceedingly slow. Of course, with each new vessel the prospects improve, but still it takes an unconscionable long time to make an ensign into a junior lieutenant. From that position to a senior lieutenancy and thence to a captaincy means almost half a century of patience. There is Mr. Poundstore, for instance, a very capable officer who has just been promoted to the junior lieutenancy grade. He has been ensign for fifteen years. Doubtless his advancement will now be comparatively rapid, as the demand for competent officers is growing. Mr. Blow, who for several years past has been on Admiral Brown's staff, is only graded junior lieutenant. He is a man of decided ability, however, who has performed several important missions with credit and distinction. Yet, like many another brilliant man, the rules of the service retard his progress. As a matter of fact, in the present conditions of the commonwealth, the chances for a man of talent coming to the fore are several hundred per cent better in civil than in military life.

* * *

DECIDEDLY AN INTERESTING game was the second match between the University and the Olympic Club football teams. The result reversed the verdict of the preceding Saturday, and leaves each eleven one victory. I am justified in believing that a very large audience will witness the decisive contest at Central Park this afternoon. Of course, the University's success was due to superior team play which comes from constant practice. Hunt has his men at work every day, and all the intricacies of the game are rehearsed. The consequence is that his team plays as a unit, and is thoroughly conversant with its signals. In comparison with Eastern college teams, however, the men are slow, but, at the rate of their improvement, I have no doubt will soon give a better account of themselves.

* * *

The Olympic men, of course, have the advantage of weight, but this, as the game is now played, counts for little. The difficulty is that this eleven has too little practice. That the individual player should be in good condition is not enough. What is required is a thorough knowledge of team signals which, of course, are quite intricate and require a great deal of work before becoming comprehensible. The defects of the eleven are those of a team—their blocking is bad, and their

interference is poor. The play of Tobin, Ricketts, Dr. Woods, and the rest was as good as usual. The game was rather one-sided as the result showed, but Hunt deserves credit for the way he marshaled his men. About the umpiring, comment is necessary. In compelling the Olympics to take back the ball to a spot where a U. C. man had fouled, a flagrant error was made.

* * *

The effect was simply to give the side the advantage of its own foul play. The proper decision was to give the Olympics five yards from where the ball was "downed." The other ruling simply puts a premium on what the umpire went out of his way to condemn. So far as the audience is concerned, University sympathizers being decidedly in the majority, the applause was all for Hunt's team. Certain members of the Olympic eleven deserve better treatment from the boys. They forget, it seems to me, that the possibility of these contests is due to Tobin, Sherrard, and some few other enthusiasts who have worked so hard to introduce the game on the Coast. I would advocate less fish-horning. As much noise can be made by the proper use of the natural organs as will express the exultation of the most enthusiastic sympathizer.

* * *

The proceeds of the game this afternoon will go to the surgical ward of the Children's Hospital, in which Mrs. Ben Morgan, of Berkeley, has shown so much successful interest.

* * *

Successful as the Yale-Harvard baseball game was last season, I have no doubt that the game to be played next Saturday will discount it. Though it cannot be claimed the rival teams are doing much in the way of rehearsal, still they are getting into condition for the struggle which, I am sure, will prove intensely interesting. Of course, it will be a very fashionable affair. Society will turn out for the occasion. The grand stand at Central Park will not prove nearly large enough to accommodate all the spectators, and the occasion will be utilized for the display of all that is charming in the way of winter costumes. I presume a great deal of money will be gathered in for the three very worthy beneficiaries, the Doctor's Daughters, the Hahnemann Hospital, and the Fabiola Training School for Nurses.

* * *

The self-consciousness bred at the Keeley Institute is painful in the extreme. Dozens of good-natured, if erring, souls have returned from there veritable monsters of egotism. In their maudlin way they had succeeded in being entertaining, and they have graduated conceited bores with but a solitary topic of conversation. Of nothing but experiences at Los Gatos does their conversation consist. They moralize on the evil days left forever behind, and, at terrible length, relate how much more pleasure is derivable from lemonade than they ever obtained from whisky. In fact, they become objects for active detestation instead of subjects of pity. Then, too, the experience seems to have deprived these bi-chloride fiends of the faculty of good fellowship. They are not interesting any more save to themselves, and whenever a friend drinks a glass of champagne, the mute reproach in their eyes takes all the aroma away.

* * *

WITH THANKFUL HEARTS the citizens of San Francisco learn of the defeat of that scalawag, O'Donnell. Mr. Ellert has been elected Mayor, and THE WAVE and *Call* must be entitled to the congratulations of the good people of the city for this result. It must be admitted that the Non-Partisan made a splendid candidate; with the party press howling at his heels, he emerged from the campaign clean; sharp as was the light turned on him, he stood the closest scrutiny. That he will give an honest administration there is no doubt. Mr. McDade will make an excellent Sheriff, and when a month ago I predicted his election, it was on personal assurances from many people that they would stand by him.

* * *

Mr. Blattner's defeat was sure; Mr. Lynch's knife *was* out, but the Republican candidate's friends "got even" by defeating Charley Alexander. The magnificent fight the honest citizens made against the boodle legislative candidates proved to me that there is honesty in the voter; and whatever may have caused the defeat of the legislators—whether it was, as some say, that the shadow of Mr. De Young's Senatorial aspirations frightened the voters, or that another influence was at work—the victory was one in the interest of good government and honest politics.

The re-election of Mr. Barnes was deserved, and his administration of the District Attorney's office has been endorsed by the citizens. The Board of Supervisors is a fairly good one, and of the School Directors there seems to be an honest majority. The election of Judge Wallace was a proper rebuke to the purchased attacks made on him by some venal editors.

* * *

THE MOST BRILLIANT political festivity of the season was the grand banquet which the Republican Alliance, of Oakland, gave to the Union League Club, of this city. It is considerable of an achievement to entertain sumptuously the 270 gentlemen who sat down at the bounteously laden tables. There were 105 of the Leaguers, a delegation from San Jose, and the entire Alliance. The active spirits in the membership enlisted the services of their women friends who, for two days previous, were engaged in decorative work. The results of their labors were magnificent. Enclosing the space where the tables were arranged was a veritable balustrade of chrysanthemums.

* * *

There were immense quantities of these beautiful flowers in a variety of hues. Roses, too, by the bushel, ferns and smilax by the mile. The effect was brilliant. After the edibles had been disposed of and washed down with an abundance of champagne, speeches were in order. President L. L. Bromwell, who presided, made a clever address, couched in his wittiest vein, and called on General Barnes, who, as usual, fired his audience with enthusiasm. Then there were briefer orations. Altogether, it was a very brilliant affair, and the Alliance is certainly to be congratulated.

* * *

ELECTION STORIES are gradually coming to the surface. Here is rather a good one about the waste paper basket candidate. Given a thousand dollars by a certain aspirant for high federal honors, the day before Tuesday, he turned over a quarter of that total to a friend who promised to utilize it for the purchase of Democratic votes. This friend is a person who enjoys considerable influence in his district, and when he stood at the door of the polling booth he had no difficulty in "persuading" Curtis voters to stand in with his friend. Of course, it was hardly patriotic, but I presume it had the advantage of being profitable.

* * *

All went merrily enough until his brother, a young gentleman whose standards are a trifle higher, learned of his treason. Straightway he posted down to the booth and took his stand inside the door. Whoever the traitor accosted, he talked with. To one he said:

"D——n, you, you ain't agoing back on the party, are you?" To another, "Say, you ain't agoing to vote for that d——d Republican scoundrel?"

Between cajolements, persuasions, and threats he forced them back to their allegiance, and the result was that the $250 outside was wasted and the Democrat was elected.

The Witness.

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FIND THE WOMAN.

BY L. G. BROWNE.

"And you cannot make up your mind to subscribe for the journal, sir?"

"Not to-day. I am really too busy to talk to you now. I rather like the paper, but wish to look it over carefully before subscribing."

"Very well. Shall I leave you a copy, and call sometime when you are at leisure?"

"Yes. Come to-morrow evening at six o'clock. I shall be busy until that time."

"All right, sir. Good day."

At the appointed time the following evening the young lady, agent for a New York journal, came to Henry Berkely's office. She had walked much during the day, and was weary with her exertions. It was almost dark. Berkely had just turned on the electric light, which, however, did not burn with much brightness, and seated himself at his desk, where he was writing when she entered the room. He had hardly glanced at her yesterday, but as she stepped into his office this evening, he looked closely at her.

"Have you made up your mind?" she asked, dropping gratefully into the chair he proffered her.

"Yes; I will give you a year's subscription for the journal."

"Then you must fill a blank contract," she said, unrolling her papers. "Here is the receipt," and she signed the slip. As she handed it to him his gaze became more intent, and he sighed as he noticed the pathetic little mouth and the downcast eyes. The girl was only ordinarily pretty, but there was something curiously attractive in her appearance and manner. But few of those she came in contact with failed to feel their influence. Her eyes were full of an expression of thoughtfulness and suppressed emotion. After conversing with her for awhile, he was possessed with an irresistible desire to know something about this mysteriously magnetic little woman.

"Forgive me, Miss, if I ask a personal question," he said, presently, "for you interest me strangely. Are you alone in the world, and obliged to work for your living?"

She raised her great eyes to his face.

"I am all alone. I have no relatives."

"You interest me strangely, little woman."

She handed the blank to him abruptly, with the words, "Please don't interest yourself in me. No good can come of it."

"But I can't help it," he replied, catching her hand as she laid the paper before him.

"Don't touch my hand," she said, earnestly trying to release it.

"Why not?" he asked. "I won't harm you. I have a reason for being strongly attracted towards you. I had a little sister once, a sister whom you greatly resemble. I like you—I like you for her sake. Little woman, you don't know how strongly you appeal to my heart." And with increased vehemence he grasped her other hand, and held them both so firmly that she could not release herself.

"Take care, sir." Proudly she drew herself up, her cheeks flushed, her eyes flashing."

"Forgive me," he said, restraining himself. "I fear you misunderstand me. I meant no disrespect."

"Then what do you mean?"

"You have bewitched me. I don't know." He began to pace the floor nervously, then stopped before her with an outburst of passion.

"It is because you are so like my dear little sister," he exclaimed passionately. "So like her that I wish to take you in my arms, and call you by her name. See," and he hastily drew a letter from his pocket, "I always carry this with me. It was written by her ten years ago. She is dead now. This letter tells me of an event in my life that shattered all my hopes," and he sank in his chair, covering his face with his hands.

It was getting dark. The electric light burned pale, and the rising wind wailed mournfully through the court outside the window. The situation was strange. It struck the girl as almost overpowering. Only sympathy and pity for this man deterred her from rushing out of the room. She came and stood near his chair, saying in a low tone, "I am so sorry. Will it not relieve you to tell me about your trouble?"

He looked into her eyes. "Yes," he said, "you are truly sorry. I'll read you a portion of the letter the dear girl wrote:

"And now, dear brother, a word about Emily. She has grown very coquettish and stylish. She is not the same sweet, true-hearted Emily you used to know. I would not think of her, Henry, much less love her, for she is not worthy of your affection. Now, I shall tell you something that may shock and surprise you. You must not let it overcome you, dear, for remember, she who causes you the pain you will experience when you know, will not appreciate your true heart's sorrow. It is said Emily is to marry Willis Ford, and I believe it is true, and Willis was engaged to Frances Frye."

A silence followed, which was at last broken by the young girl, who said slowly, "And did you never marry? Are you all alone?"

"All alone," he almost whispered.

She experienced a strange sensation of oppression. There was a roaring in her head, and she could distinctly feel the throbbing of her pulses. She felt, for a moment, that she was going mad. Then her tears burst suddenly forth in torrents, and she sobbed.

"Can it be," he said, looking at her wildly, "that those are for me? Dear, little sister, forgive me, I didn't mean to hurt your heart. Be my sister! I love you! Don't you love me?" he asked abruptly, "won't you be—be—"

She raised her finger, and, becoming suddenly calm, said, "I loved once."

"And can't you love again?"

"No," she cried, desperate between her desire to fly from this weird situation, and her desire to remain and offer some consolation to this lonely, unhappy heart.

Oh, how the wind moaned!

The light seemed to be going out. She could bear it no longer. She rushed to the door. He followed, and clutched her arm. "Don't go, don't go," he pleaded, "I love you." She frantically wrenched herself free and threw open the door.

"Let me go! I shall suffocate!" she cried.

"Good-bye," floated out to her, half drowned in the sobbings of the wind, as she rushed down the hall, and four flights of stairs, out onto the street and towards her lodgings.

Among other items in a morning paper the girl read the following:

Under circumstances of a strangely peculiar nature, Henry Berkely shot himself through the head, at his office last night. For the deed there appears to be not the slightest motive. Mr. Berkely had a splendid business, was rich, respected, and had no family. At first, murder was surmised; but——

The account went on to show that it was a plain case of suicide, and spoke of a will which the *felo de see* left, in the following terms:

Mr. Berkely had made methodical preparations for his suicide. He made a will, leaving everything, his fine home in Fifty-second Street, his real estate in Brooklyn, his horses, carriages, and all personal property, to Francis Frye. This person is a canvasser for a morning contemporary, and a receipt which had been given Mr. Berkely for the price of one year's subscription to the sheet, and bearing that name, was found among the dead man's papers, stained with his blood.

The reporter for the *Herald* discovered later that the person to whom Mr. Berkely left his wealth is a woman, a native of his town, Windsor, Vt. Coroner Gilleran said: "Find the woman, and you will get to the bottom of this mystery." The woman could not be found.

—THE—

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LETTER ABOUT BOOKS

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—Polite conversation, you have always contended, is a lost art. In the world of to-day there is no gracious intercurrent of compliments, no quick exchange of badinage, no rapid flashing of epigrams. The *bon mots* one hears are reminiscences—tributes to memory rather than efforts of the intellect. The stories told are not novelties but *réchauffés*. Monologue and its sister, platitude, rule supreme. He who is both interesting and informative must live elsewhere than in one's immediate environment. That is, you have never had the pleasure of encountering him.

However negative your point of view, it is hardly true. That, perhaps, appears to you a minor objection. Of course, brilliant talkers are rare, but less so than in days of yore. There are more topics, there is a greater dissemination of knowledge and less hero worship. We hear much of our great men, but the information is more instructive as regards their weaknesses than about their powers. A critical estimate of their ability in one direction or other is seldom made because few men who write have the necessary insight or experience. Even in Society one finds good talkers, but they are devoid, alas, of the literary sense. They have the knack of stringing words together though their combinations are seldom epigrammatic. They are rarely witty if occasionally humorous. With them, criticism is too often vituperation; of irony, of the exquisite sting of a delicately veiled sarcasm, they know nothing. The best talker I know is a newspaperman. His flashes surprise himself as much as they delight his friends. You will agree with me about the pleasures of the unexpected. The subject of conversation was suggested to me by "Characteristics," a very clever book by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. Though cast in the novel form it is really a series of *causeries* between four very intelligent men of varied attainments. There is no attempt at keeping to one subject One thought suggests another, and they flit in the most entertaining way from topic to topic. No dullness among the members of this quartette. They are all strongly individualized, and their talk is full of character and deeply colored by their personality. A certain human interest is infused through the narrator, Dr. Owen North, whose experiences have given him a deep insight into men and affairs. The most interesting member of the group is St. Clair, a sculptor and poet, who turns the current of talk on art and literature. Clayborne, a giant, physically and intellectually, who lives in a huge library on the top of his mansion, gives them the advantage of his profound reading and tremendous knowledge. Frederick Vincent, a lawyer, is responsible for many of the best contributions. Possessed of a clear mind and the swiftness of apprehension a clever conversationalist must have, he is an admirable listener and a keen critic. To quote from this interesting volume is impossible I am sorry to say, for its very character compels one to read it all.

To be serious and yet interesting is an achievement. There is little humor and less lightness in "Characteristics," and yet it is as fascinating as a story full of incident and hair-breadth escapes. One chapter I remember as exceedingly clever, describes an interview between Dr. North and a great railroad wrecker whose plan it is to gobble a certain line in which the bulk of the latter's wealth is invested. The two meet. It is a contest of wits, and the physician, accustomed to character study, gathers from his opponent's appearance, surroundings, and manners, the information which enables him to win his attention. Finally, the fate of the doctor's fortune is made to hinge on a game of chess. That is a capital scene. The introduction of a love episode at the end is rather a poor termination to the book. Another clever chapter tells of the terrors of a faultless memory. I am inclined, after reading this novel, to regard Dr. Mitchell as a remarkable man. He certainly handles dialogue with facility and grace, besides writing a lucid and honest narrative style, which at intervals flashes into epigram.

"Esther Vanhomrigh" is a tedious attempt to utilize as material for narrative fiction the two loves of Dean Swift. The book is too long and too heavy. Mrs. Woods has some skill in character drawing and her sketch of the great Dean is vivid and consistent. He makes a splendid hero with his many fine qualities and marked idiosyncrasies. Commanding, severe, brilliant, his personality is, perhaps, the most interesting in literary biography. But, alas, his talk leaves a great deal to be desired. The wonderful flashes of irony and sarcasm with which he garnished his conversation are left to the imagination. Miss Vanhomrigh is another excellent sketch. She is a strong and beautiful woman, quick of tongue, with a powerful understanding and a fiery temper. Thrown much with the great Irishman, she comes to love him with all the passionate force of her nature. But he will not marry her. It is sad, this history, and from the literary point of view leaves much to be desired.

The type of novel to which "Winterborough" belongs seems rather out of date. The scene is laid in a New England village; the hero, Harold Strong, is a schoolmaster, and the heroine, Persis Hastings, is introduced as a bright, impertinent, self-willed, little schoolgirl, who delights in defying him. The current of their lives does not run with especial smoothness, but the events are not of a sensational character. This Persis is rather a clever bit of character work, but it is all too long drawn out to be good literature or good reading.

ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Characteristics," by S. Weir Mitchell. The Century Company, publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Esther Vanhomrigh," by Margaret L. Woods. Havendon Company, publishers. For sale by the San Francisco News Company.

"Winterborough," by Eliza Orne White. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers. For sale by all book dealers.

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"OUR SOCIETY"

Blue Book, containing the names, addresses, and reception days of the leading Society people of San Francisco, and the principal social centres of the State, is now in a state of preparation for the opening of the Society season of 1892-93, and will be issued November 1st. We will be particularly careful in the selection of names to grace the pages of the Blue Book, and will eliminate many which have appeared in former publications. It will be kept on file exclusively at all the clubs, fashionable hotels, theatres, summer resorts, etc.

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The Wave

A Society, Literary and Political Journal.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, November 12, 1892.

THE BIG WIND.

Whenever any of my loathsome contemporaries make a happy political guess, they begin their congratulatory ode, "As was foreshadowed in these columns last week," etc. By this device they seek to attract attention to the fact that their prophecies have been realized. Although extremely exultant over the sweeping Democratic victory of Tuesday, which at one stroke knocked McKinleyism in the head and banished Republican jobbers throughout the Nation, I do not intend at this juncture to take any such mean advantage of the readers of The Wave. However, if anyone should make inquiries, I shall not hesitate to inform him that last week I predicted the triumphant election of Grover Cleveland. Not only that, I also observed, incidentally, that California would give him a small majority.

That New York, Indiana, and Connecticut, the doubtful States, have gone Democratic, does not surprise me. That Illinois and Wisconsin have followed suit is only a slight shock, for I have remarked during many years past that the voters of the great Northwest were gradually souring on "Protection to Home Industry." The contingency has never seemed very remote when they would finally peer through the thin veil that obscured the sinister form of the protected Pennsylvania millionaire and penetrate his selfish and ignoble purpose in shouting for "Protection." How could the Northwestern farmer be long fooled while McKinley raised the prices of iron and calico and depressed those of hogs and hominy?

As for California, I have no hope that its people will ever understand the tariff problem For ten years they have seemed to resist all efforts to educate them. Therefore, I am inclined to believe that the fiscal policy of the national government had little to do with the result of last Tuesday's voting. The Senatorial question, the insolent Republican bosses, the last boodle Legislature, and the general demoralization that succeeded the Markham tidal wave of two years ago, have no doubt produced the Democratic victory here.

To me it has long been apparent that prominent newspapermen cannot successfully woo the fickle goddess of public flattery and applause. The man who conducts a great journal antagonizes so many people in the course of his career, that when, in the evening of life, he essays to reach public station, his enemies, like the dwarfs of Hendrick Hudson, spring from every nook and cranny of the land and dance a hornpipe on his stomach. The dose that Mr. De Young got on Tuesday was taken with fatal effect by Horace Greeley, one of the greatest characters of his time, and has been swallowed with many a grimace by Murat Halstead, Henry Watterson, Alexander McClure, Charles A. Dana, and is now being digested by Whitelaw Reid.

I lay this down as an axiom: Journalists are political Jonahs.

Mr. De Young is Vice-Chairman of the National Republican Committee. I am not clear as to whether, after all, he is not responsible as well for the loss of Illinois, Indiana, and Wisconsin as of California. I am reminded that he traveled last summer in those States. Perhaps the mere sight of him by their inhabitants has sent them Democratic.

But the question recurs, How will the Democracy conduct itself now that it has the Presidency, the Senate, the House of Representatives, and the Legislatures of more than half the States? Upon its conservative action, upon the legislation it may evolve, upon the integrity of its representatives, its future will surely depend. There must be no attempts at revolution now, for, if there is, a tremendous storm will quickly gather. Let us have a round of sound and sensible statesmanship, not an unseemly scramble for the spoils, and we may expect an era of Democracy.

If the Legislature of California falls under the control of the reckless gang—that is the word—that wrecked it in 1883–4, the Democratic party will remain in power just two years and no longer. Under such auspices in 1894 it will be again knocked into a cocked hat.

THE NEW BALLOT LAW.

Before the Australian ballot law can become a success there must be some radical changes made in it. At present it is absolutely worse than the old system. It offers as broad and a safer field for fraud; the destruction of a ballot after it has left the voter's hand is a very easy matter, and an unscrupulous clerk could disfranchise thousands of citizens in an hour; it is no more secret than the old ballot, and, above all, it is more expensive.

The citizens of San Francisco and the State of California will pay for Tuesday's election in taxes, pay dearer than ever before. From figures I have seen, it is not improbable that each vote that was cast in this city on Tuesday will cost the people six dollars. That is a very large sum of money, and The Wave has no assurance that half of it is a clear and obvious steal. It is generally conceded that officers are more generous with the money of other people than with their own, and everything, labor, material, and what else was employed in the election was put in at gilt-edge rates.

Why should the citizens of San Francisco pay for ballots on which are the names of corrupt scoundrels for whom no honest man can afford to vote? Why should the citizens be called on to expend money for the election of people whom they desire defeated? If any one can give me an honest answer to that, I will exchange confidences, and tell him how to encompass perpetual motion. Why should Mr. Smith be taxed for the cost of printing and publishing and advertising the name of Jones, the political scalawag? Nobody knows but the politicians themselves, who are saved a large sum by all this that they are enabled to use for the purchase of votes and the other details that make them successful.

The Australian ballot law comes high; still, as the instrument through which the rascals at Washington have been turned out, the taxpayers will pay their increased assessments next year, and after that fight for its repeal.

The Democratic aspirants for Senatorial honors are declaring themselves now that California has fallen into line. We shall soon have an opportunity of judging if parties are ungrateful, and if our Democratic legislators will imitate their Republican brethren in selling to the highest bidder the title to a seat in the United States Senate. The Wave will not believe that the men who have been elected on a principle will do this, and is of the opinion that the honor will go to the man who is most popular, who has served his party best, and who will do most for his State. The candidates are Stephen M. White, Jeremiah Lynch, W. W. Foote, W. D. English, and others. From a list of that character, there can be no danger in choosing.

* * *

If any of The Wave's subscribers will bring to this office the scalp of an editor who uses the phrase "Now that the smoke of battle has cleared away," they will be rewarded by seeing a smile of ineffable joy light up an ordinarily gloomy countenance.

* * *

The Republican press on Tuesday:

Cleveland can't carry one side of New York.

The Republican press on Wednesday:

Mr. Cleveland is President.

* * *

Since it was discovered that the false teeth of people cremated are not consumed by the heat, the fad has been on the wane with ladies.

* * *

Because of the fermentation of decayed vegetable matter, the soil in many parts of the world is strongly impregnated with alcohol. This will account for the manner in which the street tips up at or about two o'clock in the morning.

* * *

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, It might have Ben.

MUSIC.

CONCERTS.

With the performance last Saturday closed the present series of Saturday Popular Concerts, making in all the twenty-fourth concert given in two seasons. As the programme was probably the least generally interesting of any yet gone through, the large attendance was a sign that the popularity of these performances is thoroughly established and that the efforts of the promoters, Mrs. Carmichael-Carr and Messrs. Beel and Heine, have succeeded in making a public for the enjoyment of chamber music. To have drawn together the scattered musical interests of the city is sufficient of an accomplishment without taking into consideration the benefit these performances have been in developing the taste for, and the knowledge of, a better class of musical literature, and the success is well deserved and merits wide recognition from the general public. As in every matter pertaining to the arts in San Francisco, there is no want of appreciation by a sufficiently large number for music of any kind, but the work of arousing the interest of that body is no sinecure. There are several pregnant reasons for this state of things, which become patent to observers only when the peculiar condition of our musical world is fully experienced. The daily press has not done as much as it might have to foster the cause of music, chiefly through injudicious puffing and snubbing, applied with a universally impartial, indiscriminate touch. The public has grown apathetic under the action of these conflicting opposites, and a newspaper criticism or notice has very little weight, so that when a good performance is submitted to it the chances are that a week will pass before its merits become known. In the case of the artists who have visited us of late years this awakening at the end of a season is ludicrously customary and appears to have grown to be a set manner which is impossible to shake off. The fact that the Saturday Popular Concerts have been given entirely by local performers, whose work is perfectly familiar, proves the interest aroused is not entirely a personal one as the capacity for tiring is confessedly possessed in extremity by our public. The numbers given at the last performance were cast in the less familiar forms of a trio for flute, violin, and viola of Beethoven's and viola *soli* by Joachim. The performances were of the usual standard of merit. Mr. Newbauer is a flutist whose intonation is remarkable as being free from faults, and Mr. Jaulus gives a more artistic turn to his viola-playing than we are usually accustomed to. Mrs. Carr, Messrs. Beel, and Heine, as customary, sustained the principal part of the concert in their well-known manner. Mrs. L. Brechemin, the vocalist, sang without notable diminution of her powers or change of style.

The principal event of our concert season and one which will be a landmark in the history of local music, the performances of the Symphonic Orchestra, will be noticed in the next issue. This enterprise, under the direction and management of Mr. Adolph Bauer, deserves the encouragement of all musicians and lovers of art generally, and is a step in a direction which should be of immense advancement to the cause of musical art should its present conditions continue. With a band chosen from the best of our players, prospects of thorough rehearsals and equally adequate financial support, Mr. Bauer has opportunities, which, from his energy and practical success as musical director of the Tivoli Opera, augur the best prospects.

The next concert will be made especially interesting by the first appearance of Mr. Bernhard Mollenhauer, one of the brilliant family of violinists, whose fame is world-wide, and who himself has done not a little to uphold the reputation won. Mr. Mollenhauer also gives a concert of his own at an early date.

LESLEY MARTIN.

MINING AND FINANCIAL.

The excitement attendant to the political campaign has had its effect on the mining speculators, and for the last week or more business at the two Stock Exchanges has been at a standstill, and now that heat of campaign is over it is to be hoped that some life, or rather that some development, will be made in some of the many mines on the Comstock. At the present writing nothing definite is in sight, but there are several places of a promising nature, any one of which, should ore be struck, would set the market boiling. The best sustained stocks on the list are Ophir and Con. Virginia, both of which held well up during the past week's depression, the former selling at about $2.70 and the latter at $2.90. At these figures Paxton has been buying Ophir, most likely for the inside as he does much of their buying. Crocker and Walls bought much of the Con. Virginia that was sold. The Ophir still has a fair chance for development on the 1565 foot level, and the work done here being near the Mexican line, that stock was quite freely bought by Joe Marks; should anything be found on the above level, the Mexican would reap much of the benefit. Nothing new to report from the Con. Virginia and California; the Superintendent writes that usual work is being done in the different levels. There has been extracted from the mine during the past week and shipped to the Morgan Mill, 962 tons of ore, average assay value $25.43 per ton, as against $22.27 of the previous week. Bullion shipped to the Carson Mint $18,593. Another important place, and one that will bear watching, is the middle group, Hale & Norcross and Savage. Some important work is now in progress in the 1800 foot level of the Hale & Norcross in which work has been resumed in the north drift, which is now within 80 feet of the Savage line; when the line is reached a cross-cut will be started, and the prospects of finding ore are favorable. Anyhow this work will bear watching for the present, and makes this part of the lode a fair gamble. The Potosi and Bullion have a connection on the 1800 foot level, and it will be some time yet before they will be ready to cross-cut, so here also the attention of the patrons of THE WAVE is called, for should either of the above strike more than a bunch of ore, and in that portion of the lode bunches of ore have been frequently encountered, prices will rebound and once again all will be life and excitement. Belcher and Crown Point still continue to decline in price, the former selling from the first of last week $2.50 down to $1.50, the present price. It looks now as though the ore on the 300 foot has petered out. Well, the patrons of THE WAVE cannot complain, as I have advised them, in the last few issues of THE WAVE, that stocks were not a buy, on the way the mines were looking. Since the warning, prices have declined considerable, and though to many the different quotations may look low, it is better to wait awhile. Even if they stiffen up a little and advance, it would be better to pay more than to carry them and pay a line of assessments.

On Monday the several secretaries posted the financial conditions of the mines of November 1st. Among those having a balance on hand are Alta, $16,845; Bulwer, $11,086; Best & Belcher, $12,936; Chollar, $10,722; Hale & Norcross, $17,395; Standard Con., $34,136; not including $23,236 in bullion since received. Among those having an indebtedness are Belcher, $9227; Con. Cal. and Virginia, overdraft of $10,488, etc.; Occidental Con., $8204; Potosi, $12,409; Overman, $27,985; Savage, $18,963; besides these all the Tuscaroras are heavily in debt. The Monetary Convention, to take place the latter part of this month in Brussels, it is hoped, will again place silver so that many of the mines that are now not running on a paying basis can at least be made, if not a profitable venture, at least so that they can be made to pay a fair interest on the investment. As silver has been ruling the last few months, it means death to silver mining. Up to November 4th the total shipments for the October account of Con. Cal. and Virginia were $55,137. On Tuesday the Stock Boards were closed, it being a legal holiday; work was also suspended in the different mines at Virginia City. The various mines on the Comstock disbursed for labor in the month of October $166,523, this being about $21,000 more than the preceding month. The Winnemucca Silver State reports that an immensely rich gold ledge has been discovered in American cañon a few miles south of Unionville. Chinamen have been working placer claims for years with great success. There is a gold belt extending from Indian Creek to American cañon, a distance of six miles, out of which over $2,000,000 of placer gold has been taken in the last 20 years. The discovered ledge is said to be 20 feet wide.

Assessments have been levied by the following mines: Keyes, 25 cents; Navajo, 10 cents; Belle Isle, 10 cents, and Sierra Nevada 25 cents per share.

At the Stock and Bond Board nothing of note occurred; there was a strong tendency to buy California Electric Light at advanced figures. On the fifteenth the Hawaiian Com. will hold a meeting when something definite will be done in the matter of the financial liabilities of the Company. The Omnibus Cable assessment of $10 per share was delinquent this week. The following were the sales recorded: Spring Valley Water, 130 shares at 100 @ 100.25; California Electric Light, 750 @ 20.50 to 21; San Francisco Gas, 365 at 70¾ @ 72; Pacific Gas Improvement, 370 at 81 @ 81½; Hawaiian Com., 250 at 45 @ 65; Hutchinson Com., 400 @ 2; Presidio, 75 @ 28; Omnibus Cable, 70 at 45.50 @ 46; also 1000 Spring Valley Bonds, 6's @ 121 and 1000 of 4's @ 92.

SURETY.

A MAGNIFICENT ART STORE.

It must be admitted that amid all the excitement of election the ladies have given more attention to visiting the magnificent new store of S. & G. Gump, at 113 Geary Street than to the returns. The many departments of the splendid emporium have been crowded every day by those who had seen the beauties of the exquisite wares, pictures, and statuary set forth in THE WAVE. Not from the city alone, but from the interior came those interested in pottery, paintings, and bric-a-brac, and they were fortunate in seeing the largest and most beautiful display of art goods ever exhibited here. There never has been such a valuable lot of glassware shown in the West before, and the ladies familiar with this class of art-goods were in raptures over the many beautiful pieces. Not a few of our finest houses will be adorned with the purchases made during this week.

Among the departments in the store, the one that received the most attention was that in which the splendid galleries are situated. A magnificent work by C. B. Schreiber, numbered 1519, in the Salon of this year. It is entitled "Encouragement," the scene being a Cardinal and Monk commenting upon a painting of the Madonna before which, palette in hand, stands a young brother, who has endeavored to portray on the canvas the magnificence of his glorious subject. The canvas is equal to Vibert and Lee Herrman, whose famous Cardinals are portrayed to the life in the figure of the red-robed critic.

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Used by All Good Cooks the Year Round.
Send to ARMOUR & CO., Chicago, for Cook Book showing use of Armour's Extract in Soups and Sauces. Mailed free.

THE MUMMERS.

MISS MARLOWE AT THE BALDWIN.

To the business of reputation-making the dramatic critic has devoted much attention in the past few years. Indeed, more to this than to the legitimate duties of his office has he given his best efforts, with the result that there is a vast number of hugely overestimated mummers holding the boards at first-class theatres when they should be enjoying the seclusion of the oblivion that their talents merit. To the men and women of the stage, the critic occupies the strange position of trumpet to their success only; Henry Irving spoke out in meeting once and gave to fame the name of his ideal dramatic critic. Happening to know the beloved of Mr. Irving I recalled at once the fact that he had been far less a critic of the actor than a bellows to the man; his "criticisms" had exhausted eulogy in speaking of the mummer; and his strongest deprecation of his fearful mannerisms could be distorted into naught but praise. Edwin Booth, taking issue with Henry Irving, trumpeted to an awe-inspired world *his* ideal critic, and it is needless to say that the two were not one. The best critic is the least censorious, and the best advertised criticisms are those that least deserve the name. Those critics who are most popular with the profession are merely Dramatic Puffers; and Mr. Hamphat will assure you that the best writer of stage literature is the one who always speaks of him as "doing the *very* best with his part."

That the dramatic critic, rather than dramatic genius, gave Miss Julia Marlowe her high place among the stage stars I am not prepared to disprove on the evidence I received at the Baldwin on Monday night. The play was "Ingomar," in which the honors are so evenly divided between the principal characters that the star is merely the man or woman who happens to have the money to start the company; next season the places are changed. Miss Marlowe has a pretty face—and as she presents Rosalind, I may be pardoned for assuming that nature has endowed her very kindly—a musical voice, and that quality that attracts the male—so often called magnetism. But while nature has done all this for her, it refrained from giving her a proper conception of the part of Parthenia. In many of her scenes with Ingomar she reminded me of the young lady who, with eyes flashing scorn and contempt, and cheeks flushed with shame, ordered a presumptuous youth from her side, and forgot to remove from his neck the arm that held him in a warm embrace. That, of course, is woman—but knowing, educated, woman, and not the Parthenia of Miss Marlowe. The actress betrayed far too much knowledge of human nature—barbaric and refined—in some places, and a too dense ignorance of it in others, to give to the part a well-rounded characterization. If Parthenia takes her beauty among the barbarians, she must needs carry a dagger; but, if she draws the dagger, she should take her arms from about the neck of the man she would slay. This does not apply particularly, but should be borne in mind by other Parthenias, who are too prone to put a kiss on their stilettos, and present it to their lovers pointwise. She did not know what love was, but knew what it was not; her ignorance was criminal, and her innocence a bait, yet to the protection of her honor she was under a constant compulsion to fish among the folds of her raiment for a protecting bowie. The picture of this strange creation practicing chiropody and dentistry on the love-sick lion was not pleasing.

"Much Ado About Nothing" will be presented on Monday, Tuesday and Saturday evenings, and Saturday matinee; Wednesday only time of "Romeo and Juliet;" Thursday and Friday evenings "Cymbeline." The great emotional actress, Clara Morris, will follow Miss Marlowe at the Baldwin Theatre. She will present two distinct novelties during her fortnight's engagement here. She will be seen in "Claire," an adaptation from the German, and "Rose Michel," adapted from the French. "Odette," Sardou's great play, will also be presented.——

I am afraid to begin a discussion of "Pink Dominos" at Stockwell's. It may be safe to say, however, that had the theatre-going public known just how entertainingly salacious this comedy is, in its present production, the houses would have been larger. However, this notice will serve to gather a good audience for this evening. Next week the Company will present "The Shaughraun."——

Mr. E. L. Davenport, late member of the George W. Lederer Stock Comedians, has been especially engaged for this production to interpret the part of Captain Molineux, a character first played by him when given at the Boston Museum, at which time "The Shaughraun" had a run of upwards of one year. The balance of the cast will include Henry R. Jewett, Fanny Young, John Jack, Bebe Vining, Victory Bateman, Arthur Byron, George Hermance, Nick Long, Arthur Livingstone, etc.——

Milton Nobles' play, "For Revenue Only" is good in spots, but they, like the ones in the leopard, do not change often enough. When an actor will begin to make a newspaperman what he has found him to be, and not what people think he is, the public will probably see as clever, conscientious, and gentlemanly a person as the newspaperman has found the actor. The next play at the Bush will be "Skipped by the Light of the Moon."——

The star of "The Still Alarm" at the California is a six-year-old girl, who has a part of considerable importance. Next to her come the two horses in the great fire-engine scene, but fortunately they do not talk.

Mr. Davis, of the Carson City *Appeal*, is mad at somebody. Hear what he says: "An inspection of the head of Mr. John Ellis will end his anxious search for political novelties."

The Oakland *Times*, that is always a comforter, says: "Fortunately Sunday is only five days off. There will be consolation in that fact for Brother Wanamaker to-night."

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ALFRED BOUVIER Manager

BALDWIN THEATRE

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 14th

SECOND WEEK OF THE ENGAGEMENT OF

JULIA MARLOWE

A WEEK OF SHAKESPEAREAN PLAYS

MONDAY, TUESDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS, SATURDAY MATINEE — Beautiful Presentation of Shakespeare's Immortal Comedy MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING — MISS MARLOWE AS BEATRICE

WEDNESDAY EVENING Only Time— ROMEO AND JULIET — MISS MARLOWE AS JULIET

THURSDAY and FRIDAY — CYMBELINE — MISS MARLOWE AS IMOGEN

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 21st CLARA MORRIS In Her New Play CLAIRE

Adaped from the German of Richard Dak

NEW CALIFORNIA THEATRE.
Handsomest Theatre in the World.
AL HAYMAN & Co. ..... Proprietors
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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 14th
LAST WEEK OF THE
STILL ALARM
AND SWEET
LITTLE TUESDAY

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 21st
THE SOCIETY EVENT
MINNIE SELIGMAN—IN—MY OFFICIAL WIFE

BUSH STREET THEATRE
M. B. LEAVITT, - - - Proprietor and Manager
GEO. H. BROADHURST, - - - Resident Manager

Commencing Monday, November 14th
The Only and Original Fowler and Warmington Co.
In their Revised and Reconstructed Version of the play that has made all America laugh
SKIPPED BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON
INTRODUCING
CHAS. J. HAGAN GEO. A. BOOKER BUDD ROSS
AUGUSTA MARTINE LIZZIE INGLES
LIDA WELLS
Together with a Brilliant Coterie of Comedians in
NEW FEATURES NEW SPECIALTIES NEW DANCES
AND ALL NEW MUSIC.
THE LOUDEST LAUGH OF THE SEASON
NEXT WEEK
PATTI ROSA in DOLLY VARDEN and MISS DIXIE

STOCKWELL'S THEATRE
L. R. STOCKWELL ..... Lessee and Proprietor
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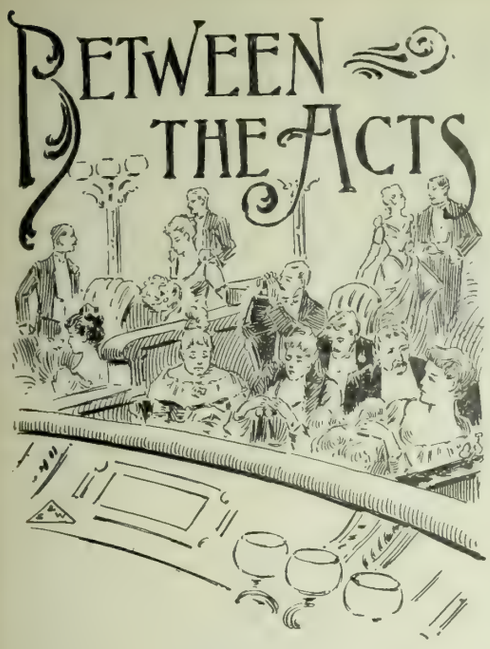
Beginning Monday, Nov. 14th
EVERY EVENING MATINEE SATURDAY
E. J. HENLEY---AUBREY BOUCICAULT
—AND—
Stockwell's Company of Comedians
—IN—
DION BOUCICAULT'S BRILLIANT PLAY
THE SHAUGHRAUN
—Seats Now Ready—

GRAND OPERA HOUSE
Thursday, November 17th, 1892
LIVING WHIST
LIVING WHIST
PROF. O. A. LUNT, Director. Under the auspices of the Woman's Auxiliary, Mission Unitarian Church.
One of the most brilliant novelties ever presented in San Francisco will be the game of LIVING WHIST, assisted by
THE BANDURIA CLUB
—Under direction of Profs. Sancho and Lombardero
General Admission, $1. Reserved Seats, $1.50.
Reserved seats can be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co's on and after Monday, November 14th



THE theatre was even more brilliant than usual; white shoulders seemed to gleam more whitely, and the heavy scent of a thousand boudoir essences mingled with a more dreamy atmosphere than even the popular Imperial Theatre was used to; that night was to witness the 100th performance of "The Columbine," and every one was in gala attire accordingly. The very best people in town, the real personages were all there. Holding in their hands the satin and silk souvenir programmes that the Imperial management had so artistically designed, they were employing the interval between the acts in whispering to each other those artful fragments of small talk that enliven such lapses in the stage diversion. Passing down the aisle you might hear the phrases of the evening: "It is really a most splendid occasion!" "Ah, she is to be envied, this Bella Rossmore. Just to think—the heroine of 100 engagements—it is quite heroic. And then—one's name in gold thread on cream satin!" "The opera owes much of its success to her." "I sometimes wonder that the town is so enthusiastic over her, she seems to lack the advertising spirit so; I fancy it must really be a case of Art for Art's sake with her." "The piece is good for another 100 nights."

Such slight snatches of between-whiles converse came floating to the ears of the young man who was then descending the aisle into the parquet. He noted familiar faces here and there among the auditors, and nodded slightly, a scarcely perceptible smile curling his naked upper lip. The theatre, he said to himself, when he was ensconced in his seat, was looking most festive. He could fancy no greater triumph for any one than Bella Rossmore, his young townswoman, was receiving that night. It occurred to him that he might have made his floral offering a trifle more elaborate—there were so many homages of that kind to-night—but he consoled himself with the thought that she would value his gift at more than its mere quantitative worth.

He wondered a little whether she knew, this childhood's friend of his whom the world now wove rose-garlands for, how her spell had encompassed him of late. And yet, could she well do otherwise than note his frequent presence at the theatre, his repeated visits behind the scenes where he talked to her of those most youthful days that had, in themselves, been but dreary times? Certainly, the regular *habitués* had noted his frequent presence. Even as he passed down the aisle he had heard a man whisper to his neighbor, "There's Gerald Alwin. On the Continent. Comes here nearly as often as the prompter."

Gerald Alwin continued to regard the curtain dreamily. There was a girl, in the seat next to him, whose violets were a perpetual sweetness in his nostrils. They brought him back to the days when Bella Rossmore had been a country rose of no particular promise in talents or beauty, and he himself had been a fretful young eagle chafing his wings against the narrow confines of that rural life. How things had changed! If any one had said to him ten years ago that Bella Rossmore, the daughter of a Western village postmaster, would one day star it on the comic opera boards of the metropolis, Gerald would have jeered him for a fool. And yet he had liked her, even then.

She had been a little more human and sympathetic than most of those narrow young souls in that desolate Western village, and therefore he had singled her out for such small attentions as he deigned to bestow in that place of his growing aversion. For he had never been of that soil himself. He had outgrown it very early; ambition in him was an instinct very soon developed, and his longings had always struggled beyond the limits of the place of his birth. He was of the town, urban; rusticity had never held him but under protest; as soon as he was able he had winged into his proper element; there he had been since, and there he would stay. To look back into the picture of that mean and petty life there, with its close aims, its sordid tasks, and its monotonous routine, its endless and childish barter of personalities, its absolute quiet and freedom from mental diversions—it was like viewing prison bars that had opened to set him free.

He recalled with a smile that had something almost apologetic about it, how in those years gone by the busy gossips of that village had hugged to themselves the idea that he and Bella were getting far on the way toward marriage. How little truth there had then been in that old wife's story, his sharp severance from all that smacked of Lincolnville and its people had long certified. As for now—ah, well, that was quite another kettle of fish. Those were very different people.

The upward whirring of the curtain brought him back to the immediate present. For several moments he amused himself with lazily noting the different faces about him in the auditorium, and watching the faint shades of emotion that passed lightly over them. He did this with a certain intentional air of duty, and as if he were all the time saying to himself that it was a thing that the interests of his art demanded. The play itself he had seen so often that such parts of it as were not informed by Miss Bella's presence he invariably devoted to this attempt at catching the reflected colors of the play as they showed on humanity's canvas. These observations called to his mind certain phrases, words, shades of inflection. He rolled them in his mind as delicious morsels, until the sudden clang of trumpets announced the prima donna's entrance on the stage.

She came down into the centre of observation, smiling, and with a charming effect of conscious triumph partly due to her stage character and partly to the glory of this occasion. There was a slight declension of her proudly set head as the audience broke into a loud outburst of welcoming applause, and then she placed herself for the aria that had become so world-famous through her singing of it. Listening to the soul that sang from her throat, an artist would have said that this woman was in love with her art, her power. The notes rose upward into that vast house until even the gallery gods were infected with the fever of them, and waited for each succeeding phrase with that palpable silence that denotes perfect absorption. In the storm of applause that followed the final note of the song, the theatre seemed to sway in almost physical tremor.

Gerald noted that his neighbor with the violets was tapping her fan into the palm of her left hand so vigorously as to threaten the destruction of one or both of those fragile objects. In front of him a bald edition of Falstaff was working his elbows with a most ludicrous vigor. A girl in one of the boxes was leaning very far over the rail in her effort to show her public appreciation of the singer's effort; behind her the silhouette of a dresscoat showed against the terra cotta hangings and gave a very polychromatic note. There were many almost unconscious exclamations from the women all over the lower floor of the theatre: "How handsome she is!" and Gerald, who was drinking in all the subtlest traceries of this great panorama, watched the young men as they leaned towards their companions, whispering. He fancied he heard them reply that in no case was the singer as beautiful as——; at least, it seemed to him that this should be the graceful convention of the moment.

After the second act Gerald had gone out into the lobby to escape from the heat and glare for awhile. There he met Van Arndt,

who had just left a box-party. "Isn't she magnificent?" asked that young man; and, while Gerald was still smiling at the other's enthusiasm, he went on: "Some one was telling me that you used to know her as a child. Did you? Lord, the luck of some men!"

"And yet you know," replied Gerald, "you'd be surprised what an ordinary sort of girl she was then. No one suspected anything at all of—this sort of thing." He waved his hand back towards the auditorium with a comprehensive sweep. "To tell you the truth, they used to expect much more of me in those days. But the years are sad iconoclasts."

Van Arndt contented himself with nodding gravely. He felt too sharply the difference between Gerald and Miss Rossmore to wish it accentuated by anything he himself might say. It was the distinction between Fame and mere Recognition.

"There's the curtain," said some one just then, and the lobby was quickly emptied. Gerald continued to pace the soft carpet a few times up and down, then turned and went with a swift step toward the stage door. He had been saying to himself that he would not go, and then he had gone as if something were dragging his feet forward.

"After all," he muttered, as he stumbled past the interior of an Indian palace, "to-night is as good as any other time. Waiting is useless. Of course, she must have found it out long ago, but yet—it must be told." He knew that there was a long bit of "comic business" in this act which admitted of the prima-donna's absence, and so he counted, rightly, on finding her at leisure behind the scenes.

Bella was walking slowly up and down in one of the narrow aisles left by a number of drop scenes piled in a jumble at the farthest corner of the stage. She gave her hand to Gerald with a quick step forward, and took the flowers he brought with an almost childish "Ah!" of delight. "One values them so much more from an old friend, you know," she said, "and we—well, I almost grow old in thinking of the beginning of our friendship." They began to walk together slowly in the dusk, the music from the stage coming to them in broken fragments. To Gerald they brought chiefly a sense of the flight of time. "To-night," he said, "there is something that I have to tell you, Bella, something that I must say quickly, for there is not very much time. I have been hoping that it is not news to you, and that you will not be surprised. And then, if you will only answer the question in the way I have been longing for, why, Bella——"

A look of pain had crept into her face. She had expected it so long, and yet feared it, and now there seemed no way out of the corner. She had seen it in his eyes, but had tried to deceive herself against the fact of it. She raised her eyes to his in a pleading way that spoke of a wound. "Must you say it?" she asked. He had watched for so different a look on her face, that what he saw there brought him a sharp feeling of hopelessness.

"No," he said, "perhaps it is hardly imperative. Perhaps, if you are so averse—" Then he turned into a tone of anguish. "But why is this? Surely, Bella, there was a time when you would not have asked me to stay silent. Once you were willing enough to think—" he paused and bit his lip. It was hardly a generous, or even a gentlemanly thing, that reproach he had been about to make.

"You are right, Gerald," she answered; "I was different once. Perhaps I had better explain the difference. It will solve things more easily. Hadn't we better sit down?" There were some property chairs in one of the dim corners, and, after they were seated, she went on, with a sigh that spoke of a dreaded task: "Once—in your 'once'—we two were children together in a Western village. You were the ambitious youth; I was housekeeping, home-loving. Perhaps, too, mine were but homely attributes then, but I was happy, and if I had never been goaded to the discovery that Nature had secretly given me at least one great gift, I might even now be happy in the old, gentle way, content in the narrow village that grew so intolerable to you. Your eager longings, your premature talents—all these things captured my girlish fancy. The village rang with your praises; at school and college you took prizes after prizes; was it any wonder that I fell in love with you? Then the gossip of the place brought us together more than reality did, until I believed that you actually loved me as much as I loved you. Then, after a while, you were to go away into the world you longed for so, and that you expected so much from. Chance brought me the truth. Do you remember the church festival at which they made up the money for the new pews? You were there, and I, and all of the young life of the village. I was sitting in a curtained niche, dreaming of you, or of my fancy of you, when suddenly your voice, uttering my name, came to me. 'What,' you were saying to some one, 'are they saying that? Oh, but how absurd! Of course, Bella is a very nice girl, but for me, oh, she is far too much of a country mouse. I like her immensely, but as for marriage—I would go mad in a month. She could not understand my life, my hopes—me. No, no. Quite absurd, I tell you.' You moved away, your voices died out, and I sat there, grieving bitterly, full of hate, and anger, and sobs."

Gerald moved uneasily. "Did I say that?" he said regretfully. "But I was so young then"

"Why do you try to apologize?" she went on. "You were quite right in what you said then. You did not mean to be cruel. Indeed, I owe you a great deal for that speech. You aroused my pride, my wounded self-esteem, my unawakened ambition. Through my tears I clenched my teeth, there in that curtained room so suddenly darkened by your words, and determined that I would yet make you rue the day that you had held yourself so high above me. I was spiteful in my grief and rage; I was childish. To bring you in humbleness to my feet—that was become my ambition."

At that moment a call-boy appeared, crying Miss Rossmore's name. "Ah," she said, "my cue. Will you excuse me?"

Gerald got up and walked down to where he could see the prima-donna and her audience at the same time. Listening to the grandly modulated tones that fell from her lips, and watching the aftermath of hand-clapping that followed, he had to admit that her success was as indisputable as the skies. She had to respond again and again to the appeals of the audience, and it was after many minutes that she again found herself beside Gerald in the wings.

"It sounds like success, that," he said gloomily.

"Yes," she answered, still breathing quickly from the mere physical exertion of her effort. "And that, my friend, has become my Life. Yes, at first and for a while it was my wounded pride, my hope of humbling you, that spurred me on; but in a little time all that died in me, for I had fallen in love—"

He interrupted fiercely. "Oh, is it that? So there is some other—"

"Oh, how you fly at conclusions! Have you no patience at all? It was my art that conquered me. At first it was merely the desire to outstrip you in the race for fame, for prosperity, then that incentive died away altogether as the fascination of my new work grew upon me. And now—my friend—it is too late. I am wedded to this life. My art is everything to me. It is what I live for, and what I am willing to die for. And Art, you know, will have no rival; she is the most exacting mistress. No true artist should marry. Always there is something to be learned, something new to be conquered, some improvements to be made, and always an ideal that flies like a will-o'-the-whisp. And the glamor of popular approval, do you not think that all that has a wonderful charm? This is the life that you opened to me; now it is too late to ask me to forsake it. It is all your own work, this glory of mine; you have that to compensate; and indeed, I would thank you in every way possible save that—impossible one."

"Oh," he said desperately, "you are only trying to punish me a little, are you not? in jest? This is only cruelty, sweet cruelty? Surely the stage is but a gaudy thing, after all. Do not all its devotees sigh for quiet and peace? What did Mrs. Siddons say of her sister? 'I thank God she is off the stage.'"

"No," she replied gravely, "this is my art, and my life. I would give up both—or neither. There is the bell again. We shall still be good friends, shall we not?"

In a few moments more her voice was thrilling the echoes with all its glorious vibrance, and her acting was again eliciting the quick pleasure of the world in front. There was a final magnificent *crescendo*, a storm of applause, and then the curtain rolled down for the evening. The great stream of people went passing from the theatre, out into the glare of the electric lights, towards the noise of the stamping horses and the voices of the coachmen and porters shouting the numbers of the carriages. Everyone was talking and laughing; the air was full of brilliance; white skirts glimpsed deftly above shapely ankles; silk gowns rustled softly over the matted steps; the men were saying smiling things to their companions, and the gladness of completed enjoyment was over all.

To Gerald Alwin, passing out through that bright throng, all the sight and sound of that gladness brought a sharp sense of pain. He turned sharply into a side street and entered upon darkness.—*J. Percival Pollard, in Figaro.*

J. D. Fry, President Henry Williams, Vice-President
J. Dalzell Brown, Secretary

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This Company is authorized by law to act as administrator, executor, guardian, assignee, receiver and trustee, under the supervision and direction of the Courts. Executes trusts for married women, in respect to their separate property, and acts as agent for them in the management of such property.

Receives deposits subject to check and allows interest at the rate of two per cent per annum on daily balances. Issues certificates of deposits bearing fixed rates of interest.

Receives deposits in its Savings Department, from $1.00 upwards and allows the usual rates of interest thereon.

Rents safes inside its burglar proof vaults at prices from $5.00 per annum upwards according to size. Valuables of all kinds may be stored at low rates.

WILLS DRAWN AND TAKEN CARE OF WITHOUT CHARGE

7
6
5
5
2
4
7

Total, 36

BEAUTIFUL LOTS

AT

AUCTION

THURSDAY,

NOVEMBER 17, 1892,

12 O'CLOCK,

AT THE

REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE,

16 POST STREET,

UNDER INSTRUCTIONS
FROM
A. B. McCREERY, ESQ.
AND
FRANK J. SULLIVAN, EXECUTOR.

7 Lots N. W. CORNER McALLISTER AND BRODERICK.

6 Lots S. E. CORNER BAKER AND GOLDEN GATE AVE.

5 Lots N. E. CORNER BAKER AND FULTON.

5 Lots NORTH SIDE FULTON, BETWEEN DEVISADERO AND BRODERICK.

2 Lots SOUTH SIDE McALLISTER BETWEEN BRODERICK AND BAKER.

4 Lots SOUTH SIDE FULTON, BETWEEN SCOTT AND DEVISADERO.

7 Lots S. W. CORNER McALLISTER AND DEVISADERO.

25 Per Cent Cash,
Balance 1, 2 and 3 Years.

TITLE PERFECT

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

Baldwin & Hammond

10 Montgomery Street

PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

October closed with its usual and customary general conflagration, this time at Milwaukee, Wis. The list of companies interested and the amounts involved will interest our Pacific Coast readers, especially as to the dollars our own locals will be obliged to pungle. The California had $20,000, re-insured in the Home. The Fireman's Fund loses $13,300, the Sun $5300, the Oakland Home $28,000, and the State Investment $15,000. The Home and the London and Lancashire are the heaviest losers, to the amount of $65,000 each. The Milwaukee Mechanics comes next with $60,000. There are half a dozen losses of $50,000. Altogether it was a serious fire and especially disastrous at this time of year.

* * *

As predicted in this column a fortnight since, the Union, on November 1st, promptly and successfully grappled the "credit evil" existing throughout the field, and amended its Constitution as follows:

"All premiums are due and payable upon issue of policy, but premiums must be paid within thirty days from the first day of the month following that in which the policy is written. Members shall notify their agents each month that all premiums so due must be paid within this period. If such premiums are not paid within the prescribed time, members shall then notify the auditing department of the Pacific Insurance Union and they in turn shall notify such delinquent agent. If within ten days from such notice the policies are not cancelled and returned or the premiums paid, such delinquent agent shall be fined $25, as provided in Article VI."

* * *

Provision is also made for the prohibition of any delinquent insured from procuring future insurance until all arrears are paid, and agents are subject to fine if they write a policy for any such delinquent. It is needless to add, this legislation is most important, and is easily carried into full effect. However, "common sense is not a common thing" unless it is wisely and persistently adhered to without exception or deviation. The Union has also amended Article IV. of its Constitution limiting commissions to city and county agents, and providing for a deposit of $250 from each member to be forfeited to the Union in case of convicted wrong-doing. Altogether, the Union is prosperous and the outlook for the exercise of better faith amongst its members is certainly reassuring.

* * *

Fires on the Coast have been serious and many of our offices are already burdened with a loss ratio approaching the seventies, and managers are economizing in anticipation of an "Irish contingent" profit. San Bernardino, by the loss of the Stewart Hotel block, will cost the companies fully $135,000, and San Francisco's recent blazes quite as much more.

* * *

"Rudy" Herold has returned from a hasty trip to New York with his face radiant with smiles and a heart palpitating with New York reminiscences.

Mr. G. B. Edwards, Vice-President of the Germania, after shaking hands with old San Francisco friends, and making many new ones besides, left for his head office this week. The hat Commodore Gutte won from his Vice-President is a prized article of apparel, but the street will make it very expensive for the Commodore when he first appears with that new headgear.

Messrs. Bromwell, Fowler & Co. have resigned the New York Bowery Fire Insurance Company.

W. H. C. Fowler leaves for a trip to "Mother England," about the 15th instant, for an extended visit.

LOCAL.

Leader—You talk about slow musicians. Why, I knew a fellow in Pittsburg who would be behind a few bars right along.

First Violin—A few bars?

Leader—Yes; he spent most of his time in jail, you know.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

PAY YOUR ELECTION BETS!

If you lost on Harrison, do the square thing.
Send your man to
S. W. DIXON, - 429 KEARNY ST.
The Best Assortment of Fine Hats in the City.

FOR CHARITY

FOOTBALL MATCH

University of California

—VS.—

Olympic Club

CENTRAL PARK

November 12th, '92, at 3 p. m.

TICKETS, 50 Cents

Entire Proceeds to be given to the Surgical Ward, Women's and Children's Hospital.

IDEAL COFFEE

This Celebrated Brand of Fresh Ground Blended Coffee is unequalled for Quality and Delicate Flavor.

No. 1, 25c. / No. 2, 30c. } PER POUND { No. 3, 35c. / No. 4, 40c.

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MADAME NOULINE

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The Skin rendered Soft, Velvety, and Elastic with the aid of Dermoline.
The Form Developed by a New Method.
Freckles and Facial Blemishes Removed, and Superfluous Hair Eradicated by a New Process.
Hair Invigorator Guaranteed to Cure Baldness.

Grand Exhibition Friday and Saturday Evenings, Nov. 11th and 12th, from 7 30 to 10 30 o'clock.

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110 MONTGOMERY ST. Fine Art Auctioneers

AUCTION DAILY AT 1 AND 8 P. M.

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$100,000 STOCK OF

JAPANESE CURIOS

Consignment direct from Japan, comprising Thousands of Antique and Modern valuable articles too numerous to mention. The entire Collection will be sold without reserve or limit. Chairs provided for Ladies who are specially invited.

PERCY L. DAVIS & CO., Auctioneers

Terms: CASH.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
The Celebrated
CHOCOLAT MENIER
Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION LBS.
Write for Samples. Sent Free. Menier, Union Sq., N. Y.

THE POPULAR FABRIC

NAVY BLUE

Storm Serge

JUST RECEIVED ANOTHER HEAVY SHIPMENT

—OF—

PLAIN AND FANCY WEAVES

—IN—

Entirely New Designs

NOW OFFERED AT

50c., 75c., $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00

PER YARD

Mail orders promptly and carefully executed.
Samples sent free
Goods delivered free in Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, San Rafael, Tiburon, Sausalito, San Quentin, Mill Valley, Ross Station and Blithedale.

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MURPHY BUILDING
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In Quarts and Pints
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GEORGE GOODMAN
Patentee and Manufacturer of
ARTIFICIAL STONE
—IN ALL ITS BRANCHES—
Schillinger's Patent Side Walk and Garden Walk a Specialty
Office, 307 Montgomery St., Nevada Block, San Francisco

A MATTER OF TASTE.

WILLIS POLK SAYS GOOD TASTE CONSISTS OF KNOWING WHAT NOT TO DO.

BY WILLIS POLK.

"Don't you think it pretty? No!—Well, it is purely a matter of taste after all."

Now, what is taste?

It seems to be something to which Art is subservient, and "everyone to his taste" is almost a recognized principle of Art—among non-artists. Therefore Art, it would appear, is simply a matter of taste. Unfortunately, the general taste is bad, and bad art is its accompanying circumstance. The reverse, however, is equally true, as while taste makes art, art forms taste. The word Art here used comprehends the Useful as well as the Beautiful. The people's taste, as expressed by the standard they set in the arts of daily life, consists chiefly of exercising an imitative *dis*-ability with which Nature has kindly endowed mankind—and monkeys. Art cultivates the natural instincts and improves the taste of students. It is cultivated taste which scorns imitation and improves Art. At least, it tries to, and conscientious effort, guided by good taste, is what cultivates genius, and genius invents new forms in Art.

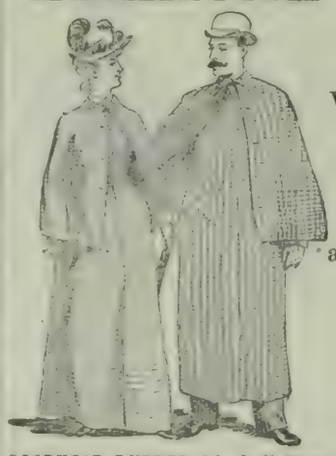
Good taste is formed by the beauties of social usage and the excellence of other forms of Art. The popular taste is formed by the unrestrained exercise of the natural imitative faculty. Thus, the rough element glory in the prowess of "Gentleman Jim." Gamblers and ladies of recognized reputation model their raiment in extreme fashion. The vulgar rich have picture galleries because they can afford to pay extravagant prices for canvases of unknown value. Twenty "artists" thought a building pretty because they were told it was an imitation of a celebrated piece of architecture. Everyone went to hear forty maidens play at a concert because it was to be a swell Society function. Four professional musicians attended, too. Social lions succeed because they are properly launched by a recognized leader in fashionable Society or are endorsed by THE WAVE. Mr. Gruesome, an "architect," said that he couldn't build his own house without "extras" because so many new ideas kept appearing in books and magazines that his ideals of Art underwent many rapid changes. He was simply imitating poor ideas from poor periodicals. His natural taste was wandering for lack of proper cultivation. The town was taken by surprise by a real actor in a genuine play because the people were accustomed to driveling farces produced by imitation actors. Politics is all upset because a few honest men have taken a hand; there were six sets of candidates, nearly all backed by boodlers, and to make a choice was almost impossible and couldn't be anything but an expression of poor taste. Some sick people prefer homeopathic pellets to blue-mass pills; that, however, is a matter of taste.

To resume, I may say good taste is a matter of cultivation; bad taste being unintelligent admiration or imitation. Cultivated taste is formed by the peculiar sentiments and the beauties of the achievements left behind by the great artists, poets, musicians, and nations of the civilized world.

Standards in Art are set by the best work of these ages, but no age has the power to impose its beauty on succeeding ages; no age is compelled to take its beauty from preceding epochs. To form our taste we must neither depreciate nor imitate, but we should understand and originate. History is the safe guide to good taste.

Good taste is modest. If one could always know what not to do one would never be in bad taste. Finally, it is bad taste to write articles for the papers.

MACKINTOSH COATS



Can be Worn in place of an OVERCOAT and will keep you perfectly dry.

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217 KEARNY STREET
San Francisco, - - California

THE LEADING CATERERS

Finest Ice Cream, Terrapine, Salads, and Delicious Entrees sent to Private Houses at Shortest Notice.
Weddings, Lunches, Dinners and Suppers Furnished in the Latest and Best Style.
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OAKLAND

Most centrally located. One block from Postoffice and MacDonough's New Theatre. Trains every half hour from 14th Street Depot. Hotel supplied with artesian water; first-class; elevator and all modern improvements.

BULLION MINING COMPANY.—LOCATION of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the twentieth day of October, 1892, an assessment (No. 40) of twenty-five cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 20, No. 327 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-fourth day of November 1892, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY the fourteenth day of December, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office—Room 20, No. 327 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

—AUGUSTE AVELINE—

LADIES' HAIR DRESSER AND WIG MAKER, No. 14 Grant Avenue (over City of Paris) Rooms 34, 35, 36, 37 and 41, San Francisco, Cal. Commutation Tickets for Hair Cutting, $3.00 worth for $2.50. Open Sundays from 9 a. m. until 1 p. m. Shampooing done with the latest Patent Washing and Drying Machines. Hair Dyeing and Bleaching also performed with care. Manufacturer of Human Hair Goods. Take Elevator.

GOOD COOKING

Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist.

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WHITE * HOUSE

Largest Retail Dry Goods Store in the City.

FALL AND WINTER 1892

CLOAK ROOM

Opening of twelve cases of the latest and most popular styles of Autumn Wraps, English Box Coats French Long and Short Wraps, Walking Jackets, Fur Trimmed Cloaks, Evening Wraps, Calling and Carriage Wraps.

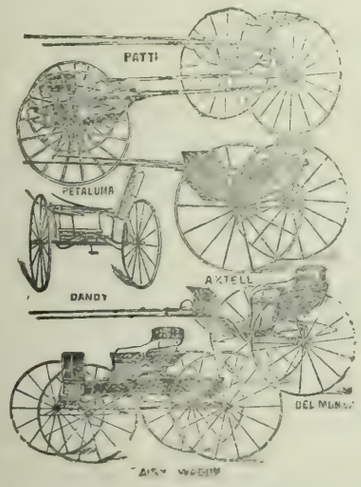
FURS

Boas Muffs and Capes, Mink, Astrakhan, Persian Lamb, Seal, Kremmer and Red Lynx.

Mail Orders Solicited; Samples Sent on Application; Goods Sent Free to all Suburban Towns.

RAPHAEL WEILL & CO.

N. W. COR. POST AND KEARNY STS.



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Our Renting Department is under the management of experienced hands and is one of the best equipped in the city. Our terms for Collecting Rents, Placing Insurance and Renting Houses are moderate and we Guarantee Satisfaction.

BALDWIN & HAMMOND
MONTGOMERY STREET

THE MARECHAL NIEL

Cor. Jones and Ellis Sts.

QUIET FAMILY HOTEL CENTRALLY LOCATED
HANDSOMELY FURNISHED SUNNY ROOMS, WITH BOARD
HOT AND COLD RUNNING WATER IN EVERY ROOM
ELEVATOR. ELECTRIC BELLS. TABLE AND SERVICE UNSURPASSED.

EPILEPSY OR FITS

1850 DR. O. PHELPS BROWN 1892

The noted Herbalist and EPILEPSY SPECIALIST, discovered that Epilepsy arises from a peculiar derangement of the Stomach, and prepared his Celebrated Herbal Remedies which remove the above conditions and thus Cure the disease. They have cured thousands of cases. Send for Testimonials and his "Treatise on the Cause and Cure of Epilepsy," 47 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J.

MISS R. ROTH
MODISTE
518 GEARY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
Jenness Miller Gowns

FASHIONS: BY LETTER.

ANNE, DEAR:—Had I not pledged myself to keep you posted in regard to all the novelties, both foreign and domestic, I fear there would be a great temptation on my part to withhold one of the latest items, that of the hand-painted evening dress. Now, I have never been fortunate enough to see any of the new models, though I am told some of the creations, which the London *modistes* are responsible for, are simply superb, but the fashion offers so many opportunities for "home talent," and temptations to the amateur artists, that I can only say beware. One gown imported by a New York bride is said to be everything that a reception gown should be. The material is of flesh pink moire, and a design in honeysuckle is dimly outlined and carried out in faint dull greens and harmonizing pinks, extending around the foot of the petticoat, and running up on either side to the waist. This work was done in oil, but had the hazy water-color effect sometimes seen on the most exquisite of French fans, and was all that appeared on the gown. The fall watteau train is of pink velvet the shade of the moire, and the short balloon sleeves are of the same material; the tight-fitting bodice of moire is without trimming, and is cut very low on the shoulders, with a deep wired collar of rare old lace. But the bill for that gown was, as you may easily imagine, of a startling figure, and there are very few of us who could duplicate it if we would, and an imitation would be frightful with its crude coloring, inferior workmanship, and inexpensive laces. Far better would be unpretentious crepe or silk *mousseline* with simple trimmings well arranged.

If you are really thinking of having your long sealskin coat made over, and want a serviceable and yet stylish garment (two qualities rarely combined), insist upon having one of the long, full capes with either a broad, flat collar of the same fur, or a full hood. The Eastern furriers are making them for their most exclusive trade, and nothing could be better for all round wear. They are perfect for the street, and so convenient to slip off and put on at the theatre—in short, if you can possibly manage it, have one and you will not regret it. The lining should be of brown brocade.

The new gloves are sights to see—dogskin, in pink, pale green, blue and violet are shown by the dealers as the very latest, and are supposed to match dress trimmings and bonnets, but, dear me, it does take so much courage to wear them that I am inclined to believe some of the dealers will find themselves overstocked at the end of the season; and then, as a second argument, the girls with large hands are at such a disadvantage when wearing the light and bright tinted gloves. Heavy English dogskin in deep reds, with large bone buttons, are really the most stylish and serviceable for ordinary street wear yet, and for dress, what could be daintier than a well-fitting, neutral-tinted suede?

NANCY.

WHAT EVERY LADY SHOULD KNOW.

Who is the most artistic ladies' hair dresser? Strozynski! Latest novelties and finest hair work; naturally curly front pieces. See the latest—Lillian Russell style. Great reduction in prices. S. STROZYNSKI, Corner Ellis and Leavenworth Streets.

DORFLINGER'S AMERICAN CUT GLASS

Is shown in every requisite for the table. Beautiful pieces for Wedding and Holiday Gifts. Genuine pieces have trade mark label.

PRETTY GIRLS

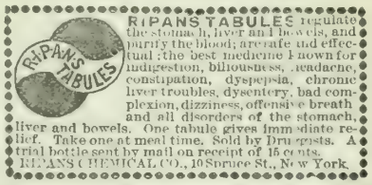
are getting plenty, and it is fashionable to be HEALTHY and STRONG, BE SURE TO BUY FERRIS'

GOOD SENSE CORSET WAISTS.

THOUSANDS NOW IN USE.
Best for Health, Economy and Beauty.
Buttons at front instead of Clasps.
Clamp Buckle at hip for Hose Supporters.
Tape-fastened Buttons—*won't pull off.*
Cord-Edge Button Holes—*won't wear out.*
FIT ALL AGES—Made in
FAST BLACK, drab and white.
Mailed *FREE* on receipt of price, by
FERRIS BROS., Manufacturers,
341 Broadway, New York.
For Sale by ALL LEADING RETAILERS.

COAL

A. F. BARNARD,
609 Battery Street
TELEPHONE 1831.



RIPANS TABULES regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, and purify the blood; are safe and efficacious; the best medicine known for indigestion, biliousness, headache, constipation, dyspepsia, chronic liver troubles, dysentery, bad complexion, dizziness, offensive breath and all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. One tabule gives immediate relief. Take one at meal time. Sold by Druggists. A trial bottle sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents. RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., 10 Spruce St., New York.

EDUCATIONAL

ZISKA INSTITUTE
1606 VAN NESS AVENUE

French, German and English Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Children.
Number of pupils limited.

The Twenty-Sixth Year began August 1, 1892.

For particulars, address
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Pupil of Signor Errani, New York, Dr. Leopold Damrosch and George James Webb, New York.
SOPRANO
Will receive pupils for Voice Culture at Kohler & Chase's 28-30 O'Farrell Street,
Tuesdays and Fridays—10 to 12 A. M., 2 to 4 P. M.
And is prepared to accept engagements for Concert and Oratorio.
For Terms, Etc., Call or Address
Mme. Alice Waltz Grey, 378 15th St., East Oakland, Cal.

DANCING For Ballroom, Stage and Parlor.
Private or Class Lessons.
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Has resumed Instruction,
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Teaches German thoroughly conversation and grammar. Terms moderate.
MRS. GROSS, 507 Jones Street.

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VOCAL ROOMS AT NEW RESIDENCE

1429 BUSH STREET, - - BELOW VAN NESS AVE.

A PRIZE WORD PUZZLE

EXPLANATION.—The following misplaced letters constitute, when properly arranged, the name of the most popular music publication on the continent, and the publishers of THE CANADIAN MUSIC FOLIO are offering a Prize Competition in connection with it, the sole object being to attract attention to their handsome publication and increase the circulation of it. As to the reliability of THE CANADIAN MUSIC FOLIO COMPANY, and the estimation in which they are held in Toronto, Canada, where they are best known, contestants in this Competition are referred to any of the "Mercantile Agencies" or leading Daily Newspapers of Canada, who will verify the statement that we are the only house in the Competition business in Canada that faithfully carries out what it advertises; and furthermore, "Ours" is the only advertisement of this kind that *The Toronto Globe* (the leading Canadian Newspaper) will accept, which is but another proof of our integrity.

CSNAIALU
IOICM
DFNOA **?**

The publishers of THE CANADIAN MUSIC FOLIO will give an Elegant Span of Driving horses with **Carriage and Harness Complete**, valued at **$600** (delivered free in any part of the United States) to the first person who can arrange the above three words correctly; to the second will be given a Lady's or Gentleman's **Safety Bicycle** (any make desired) with **Pneumatic Tire**; to the third will be given an Elegant Lady's or Gentleman's **Solid Gold Watch**, valued at **$125**; to the fourth will be given a genuine **Diamond Ring** (Lady's or Gentleman's); to the fifth will be given an Elegant **China Dinner Service** (122 pieces); to the sixth a **Swiss Music Box** (playing twelve pieces); to the seventh choice of a first-class **Violin, Guitar, Banjo** or **Mandolin**; to the eighth a **Kodak Camera**; to the ninth a **French Mantel Clock**; to the tenth an **Antique Silver Banquet Lamp**; to the eleventh a **Royal Worcester Toilet Set** (13 pieces); to the twelfth a fine pair of **Gold Mounted Opera Glasses**, and many other prizes in order of merit. **The only conditions** are that every Competitor must arrange the letters of the above three words correctly, and enclose same with (15) **Fifteen two-cent postage stamps** for one month's trial subscription to our MUSIC FOLIO. The person whose envelope is post-marked first will be awarded the first prize, and the others in order of merit. Every person has an equal chance, and you know exactly or can find out the merits of what you are getting.

To the person sending the last correct answer will be given an Elegant **Upright Piano** valued at **$500**; to the first person from the last sending a correct answer will be given a Gentleman's Fine **Gold Sandoz Watch**, which strikes the hours and quarter-hours on small Cathedral gong at pleasure, and valued at **$300**; to the second from the last a **Safety Bicycle** (any make) **Pneumatic Tire**; to the third an **Antique Silver Flower Epergne**; to the fourth from the last an **Antique Oak Bedroom Suite**; to the fifth from the last a handsome **Silver Tea Service**; to the sixth from the last a beautiful **Piano Lamp**; to the seventh a dozen each Quadruple Plate Silver **Knives, Forks and Spoons**; to the eighth from the last a **Fine China Tea Service** (44 pieces); to the ninth from the last a pair of genuine **Crown Derby Vases**; to the tenth from the last a **French China Fish Set**, and many other prizes in order of merit.

We shall give away **200 valuable prizes** besides special prizes (if there should be so many sending correct answers). No charge is made for boxing or packing prizes. The names of the leading prize-winners will be published in connection with our advertisement in leading newspapers next month.

Nothing is charged for prizes in any way. They are absolutely given for the purpose of increasing the circulation of our FOLIO. We handle all lines of sheet music, and are the only "House" in the trade supplying the consumers direct at wholesale prices, which is sure to win your patronage. We have outlived the prejudice that the public have against Prize Competitions brought about by unscrupulous publishers of "Fake" journals and patent medicine men, as we have not advertised to give everything, but have given everything we advertised. This month's issue contains the following copyright music:—

"LA SERENATA" WALTZES.
"HUSH LITTLE GIRL DON'T CRY." (Vocal.)
"ANDALUCIA" WALTZES. *Great Success.*
"MY MOTHER'S KISS." (Vocal.)
"FAIRY ECHOES," REVERIE.
"FACES." (Comic Song.)
"SPRING WHISPERS," MORCEAU.
"OVER THE WAVES," WALTZES.

Fifty pages in all.

If this is **not by far the greatest value** you ever saw in the music line, write us and we will refund your money without quibble or argument. No answer will be noticed that does not contain 30 cents in stamps, within thirty days after this advertisement appears. Address:—

CANADIAN MUSIC FOLIO

TORONTO, CANADA

MENTION THIS PAPER

HALF-WAY.

The years that steal our youth away
  Come drifting on—come drifting on
Like snowflakes that endure a day
  And then are gone.

Upon the hearth is blazing bright
  An open fire—I sit and dream,
And think how far into the night
  And storm its ruddy glow doth stream.

And then, within my heart, to-night,
  The flame of youth flares up once more,
To shed a gleam of flickering light
  Through all the dark that lies before.

And all the lost come back once more,
  And all the dead things live again,
And footsteps echo on the floor,
  And faces press against the pane.

And now I try so hard to catch
  A whisper from the forms that pass,
To touch the hand that lifts the latch—
  The lips that tremble on the glass.

And seek to check the rising tears
  For sweet dead joys and loved ones gone,
For memories that like the years
  Come drifting on—come drifting on.

My fire burns low, but through the gloom
  Comes stealing in the gray of dawn,
The shadows scurry from the room
  Till all are gone.

And morn is here—the storm is past,
  The room is filled with ruddy day;
But on my head is drifting fast
  The snow that never melts away.

—*Albert Bigelow Paine, in Kate Field's Washington.*

Hooray for Columbus! Sam Davis says in his paper: "Owing to the great hit Christopher Columbus made 400 years ago to-day their will be no *Appeal* issued from this office to-morrow."

SACRAMENTO AFFAIRS.

SACRAMENTO, November 8th. DEAR WAVE:—We will be thankful when the election is over, for it is the one topic of discussion; we girls are obliged to assume an interest we do not feel, in order to meet with the approval of the lords of creation. If they only remember us in the future, our time will not have been wasted.

All Hallow eve was the occasion of a number of small gatherings, and one or two of more importance, notably among these being the one at the Deming's. We had a very jolly time, and hope to be present at the same house many times in the future. The walk out there does not deter any of us; in fact, we rather enjoy it. Ned was on hand, smiling and good-looking, as usual. I have rather neglected him of late; but it is difficult to keep up with him now that he is a traveling man. Maye seems to have transferred her attentions to Will D——, not Will C——; but Ned says he "don't give a rap." She has gone to your city to attend the wedding of an old friend; out of a score of bridesmaids she was not asked to be one. Queer things these girl friendships are.

The Upson girls are also paying San Francisco a visit. Lucy will not remain long away. I think she prefers the quiet of this place for reasons best known to herself. At last I am able positively to announce the engagement of Effie and Charlie. If it be broken off another time I shall never again place faith in man. I wonder if there is anything between the good-looking dentist and Phebe? He has been very devoted, but, I fear me, his attentions are like so many of the others, and mean nothing. I may be mistaken, and I hope I am, for she is a very attractive girl and I have set my approval upon the match. Mrs. Van has left us for a two months' visit to your city. Mamie Deming is visiting Mrs. Crocker, and May Taylor is with her aunt. I had thought the girls would stay at home; there is just as much to do here as any other place, but the girls won't wake up and make it gay; and the men—well, we know what an amount of talk it takes to make them take any interest.

Mrs. O—— and her sister have arrived. As the latter is said to be very attractive, and a great favorite with the boys, we may look for some gay times, especially as Ed has returned to the scene of his former triumphs. Wonder how Harry stands, and if he and the young sister will hit it off. Time will show; meantime we have something to talk about. Harry Crouch has taken a house in that neighborhood, so I presume they will all be very chummy.

Ruth has a young lady visiting her, so John has someone upon whom to lavish his attentions. The "sweet singer" is still with us and my hope is that he will remain; although I have neither met him nor heard him sing, am willing to believe all that 'Soph" says. I never knew before that the S—— family were musical. I am told that "little Annie" and Mollie have buried the hatchet, and are once more friends.

Mrs. H—— is expected back before long, but Oakland is to be her home, so another of our most popular young married couples will seek pastures new. "The set" are inconsolable; but some one will probably fill up the gap. We can not miss people forever. And now adieu, NINA.

FINE STATIONERY.

No firm west of New York carries a larger or more complete stock of stationery than Sanborn, Vail & Co. This firm has for sometime made a specialty of the very finest letter paper, and as a result has gained the best trade on the Coast. But while working up this important end of their huge business, Sanborn, Vail & Co. have not neglected the other branches, and carry the latest and most fashionable styles in leather goods—purses, pocket-books, card cases, etc. Their art gallery is filled with choice paintings by the modern masters; they carry large supplies of artists' materials, and the handsomest styles of picture frames.

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NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

FRESNO, November 9th. DEAR WAVE:—All social affairs were as naught before the brilliancy of the Clifford-Newhouse wedding last Wednesday. It was indeed, as the *Expositor* puts it, "one of the grandest affairs given here in years," and to attempt a description of the lovely scene, even with the aid of the expressive adjectives in the *Expositor* vocabulary, would be doing it but poor justice. Dr. Pedlar's residence was ablaze with thousands of sparkling lights, and the garden was a scene from Acadia on that evening. Such decorations are seldom seen here, and the toilets! Well, Jack very eloquently expressed his opinion of them as being "*delicious*, quite like the froth on a champagne glass, and the pale pinks, greens of harlequin cream." The bridal bower was in the front baywindow, and was made of bamboo, smilax, yellow and white chrysanthemums, all fastened in most beautiful designs by white satin ribbons. All the mantels, tables, piano, and pictures in the parlors were shrouded in potted palms, smilax, and masses of yellow and white chrysanthemums. The library was in red, the hall in green and white, and the dining-room in pale pink. Do you wonder we girls looked our very prettiest with such environments? Porches were shut in with canvas, and were as prettily decorated as the rooms. Supper was served in a tent in the garden, and was quite in keeping with the elegance that marked the entire affair. The Barton Orchestra furnished the music for dancing, the latter being greatly enjoyed by the young element who had been pining for a waltz. And the bride! A lovely dream, in white brocaded satin *en train*, fully appreciated by the adoring groom, and the remorseful, black-eyed George. The wedding party came in promptly at nine, the minister and groom first, the bride's nieces, little Maud and Ruth Muller, next, and then the bride alone, the orchestra playing the bridal chorus from "Lohengrin." The ceremony was short and effective. At 12.30 Mr. and Mrs. Newhouse departed for their train, Rose Kennedy being the lucky possessor of the bride's bouquet. The wedding presents positively made my mouth water; everything, from a bank check to a complete dinner service in solid silver, elegant punch bowls in cut glass, jars and vases in Sevres, Dresden, Royal Worcester, and Crown Derby—altogether the handsomest collection I ever saw. The young couple will be domiciled at the Hughes this winter, and I hear Esther contemplates taking an active part in the entertainers' set.

Another wedding one week from to-morrow, the Bernard-Pattison. I do wish folks wouldn't get married on Wednesday evening as it makes it too late for my letter. Lizzie's is to be a quiet affair, owing to her sister's illness. I'll write you all about it, though, for Jack is sure to be invited with the family, you know. I will take next week for the Ladies' Aid Society fair, the '80-'90 party, Will's election and Mrs Judge Nourse's and Mrs. Charles Miller's "At Home" which takes place Friday afternoon from two to six, and promises to be very swell, as all Mrs. Nourse's and Mrs. Miller's functions are. Duff Opera Company Wednesday and Thursday evenings, and several full dress parties are being formed for the event. The social ball has begun rolling at last, and a dearth of news need no longer be feared.

Yours, IMP.

SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, November 9th. DEAR WAVE:—I hardly know how or what to write you this week, because my heart, usually so light with mirth and gayety, is to-day heavy with bitterness and sorrow. Why, you ask. Well, were I to write you all, I must borrow our dear departed Sappho's pen and tell my story. Dare I do it? Yes, I will, for many a stroke of fate untunes the chords of my poor heart Unfortunately for me I am charitable and doubly woful. I belong to a so-called benevolent ladies' organization. In times long past we have been called by names that convey but little of compliment, and in other days, undeserving though we were, the reproach of "Gossip Society" has been a standing stigma that we've all been compelled to fight. To-day I fail to appreciate Meredith's distinction between regret and remorse, because I've got them both. Why, you may well ask; and, though we never have the Kermiss, I'll tell it all. You see, for some months past all of us, myself always first in these things, the Doctor's wife from Missouri, the other medico's better half—all these, and more, have joined with me in this cause of sweet charity. Oh, that word! how sweet it sounds when to us has come the honor and the credit. Honor, too, for what? Why, we've bought occasionally a few bits worth of cast-off clothes for indolent Portuguese, the ignorant and degraded of all lands have been the recipients of our sisterly *advice*, and some of us have even done the slumming act and discussed all its erotic details in the same sweet cause.

But let me tell you about the Kermiss. You see, when we began to select participants among the girls our aim was to induce the 400 to join in the good work. To do this some of our own members must be slighted, but where to begin was the question. The Secretary insisted that none but those of patrician blood participate, but our presiding officer, a noble woman disfigured by no littleness of spirit, reminded the scribe, with delicate and courtly irony, that none should throw the stone except those who could bear the fusillade in return. The Secretary recalled one dark Sunday morning incident in her own career and subsided, for the grief of isolation still weighs upon her heart. Others though, less vulnerable because less active of tongue and less prolific in loving French phrases, and the retired barrister's wife, heedless of her own house of glass, took up the cudgel and it was all about one unfortunate woman to whom the fates have been unkind.

The dignity of an aged mother's grief brought some of us to her rescue, and while the quarrel was still at its height T—— R—— came in. This young lady really knows more than her face betrays, and at the word love her glorious eyes lighted up with intelligence, and, without an instant's hesitation, she said, "Why, Mrs. Y—— I'll go in the same booth with Rosalie." The intensity of the stillness was only broken by fair G——'s voice who dropped a poisoned dart by suggesting that whatever boasts others might make, gunpowder and pistols were not needed at *her* sister's wedding. Most of our tongues are patterned after a club, but G——'s is a dagger, double edged at that, and 'tis said she knows more of love than merely what is sung by poets, so she spoke to the point. Well, after they left the discussion still continued, and as we slowly departed we were regaled with a quotation from the Seventh Street banker's wife felicitating us all upon the triumph of virtue over vice. Vice is Mrs. M——'s abomination, you know. She can't endure it in any form, and G—— says she doesn't join with us always because she can't endure a full glass or an empty one. She assists us now, however, so I'll forgive her shortcomings for my pen must be kept in reserve to praise the virtuous and godly Kermiss beauties. BABBLER.

OAKLAND GOSSIP.

OAKLAND, November 8th. DEAR WAVE:—Ere another season comes around the art of Terpsichore will be a lost one to the Oakland contingent, as Fate ordains that we shall have no cotillion this winter, and Jim Breck, who heretofore managed the Assemblies, has lost interest in all worldly affairs, so the success of that enterprise is doubtful, although Adolph Uhl has promised to have a party in December. Dear old Harry Houghton, who always comes to our rescue, has partly promised that he will get up something for our amusement, but I fear that even his efforts and proverbial good nature cannot awaken the rest of our beaux, who don't seem to care whether we dance or not. If "our set" were not so particular, we might give our parties in Washington Hall, but, *sub rosa*, dear, a thoroughly swell affair has never taken place in that hall. Oh, yes; the Gothen parties and a few private receptions were given there, but were always a little mixed. Why does Mrs. Frank Smith not give one of her good, old-fashioned barn parties? Then the Havens, who have just completed a dancing hall, might give a reception, while Mary Dunham's home is large enough to give any form of entertainment, and what has become of our oriental beauty? It has been at least two years since she gave a party, and the McNears, who in the days of old were noted for their entertaining, could give Bessie another debut party. I can no longer deny the statement that Oakland people are selfish and egotistical, or they would make efforts to have something to do with the outside world. This week ends the political campaign, and Saturday night is the time set for the Athenian Chirps, so it may be that Monday, of next week, will open a new era for us girls, as all our beauty and chivalry expect to witness the opening performance at the MacDonough theatre. None of my numerous admirers have come to the rescue, but I am going with mamma and papa, and my new gown is a symphony in white and gold. If dear, good-natured Alec Rasborough is not elected to-day my pocket-book will be empty, as I've bet innumerable boxes of gloves and candy on his election. Congratulate Oakland. One of our "stage-struck" girls, Sylvia Chapman, is engaged to an Ohio gentleman. Would that ten others would go and do like wise. Sylvia gave a dramatic reading last week, and Marion Albright intends treating us to a display of her remarkable histrionic talents next week, and, what do you think? Jack Wilson, who was so cold in his love scene with Marion, in "The Russian Honeymoon," will assist the lady in a scene from "Romeo and Juliet." At least, I've heard so By the way, the charity company have at last decided to produce "Rosedale" for the benefit of the Reliance Club, and Jack will take the part of the dashing officer, Elliott Grey, with little Maud Morrell for his lady-love this time, but I must leave a little for you to anticipate, or you will lose interest before the arrival of the gala nights.

Florence Blythe Hinckley is in the hands of her mother-in-law. Attended a little luncheon given in her honor, not long ago, and it reminded me of the time that Mamie was given a betrothal luncheon. What a happy girl she was then, and how proud Mrs. Hinckley was of the engagement. It mattered not that another girl should have been in her place. Isn't it a perfect shame that the Grayson's lovely home has been removed to one corner of their spacious grounds, and all the property sold to people of plebeian origin? Should they decide to build upon the property, the neighborhood will be anything but aristocratic.

Last season, at Lois Bromwell's party, George James remarked, upon receiving his ice cream, served in the form of a pink heart, "'Twas ever my fate to receive hearts served on ice," but Tom says that the spell must be broken, as George, whose role was that of best man at the Selfridge-Monteverde wedding, was the recipient of many languishing glances, and that the heart of one little beauty was anything but frozen. Well, George always was a smooth boy. The young doctor and his bride intend making their home on this side. Most fortunate it is, too, as both are fond of life, and their house will be another place to be entertained. This winter we will miss the hospitality of the Uphams, Dingees, Bowles, and C. O. G. Millers, all of whom have taken up their abode on your side for the season.

How we girls envy the Magee boys and their brides, who are in Italy, also the Tuckers, who are studying in Berlin. Adieu, until after the opening of the new theatre. Yours in haste, FROU-FROU.

WAIT.

"Wait, though the waiting
And gloom shall be dreary.
Wait, e'en though patience
And courage grow weary,
Sometime and somewhere,
The Sunlight shall reach thee,
And the why and the wherefore
God's Angels shall teach thee."

—*Figaro.*

Here is a question, from the Santa Cruz *Sentinel*, that I can't answer. Mr. Ryland may know: "How many purchasable voters are there in Santa Cruz County?"

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.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, and Calistoga	6.15 p m
*7.30 a m	El Verano and Santa Rosa	*6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7 15 p m
8 00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton	*8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Martinez	12.15 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4 00 p m	Martinez, Stockton, Merced and Fresno	12 15 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Benicia, and Sacramento	10.15 a m
4.00 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.15 a m
4.00 p m	Vacaville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8 45 a m
5.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	10.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	9.15 a m
5.30 p m.	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	9.15 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
‡7 00 p m	Vallejo	‡8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

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‡7.45 a. m.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p. m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
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10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.03 p m
12.15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.30 p m
*2 30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.37 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, Gilroy and Principal Way Stations	*9.47 a m
*4.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7.30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
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Leave San Francisco. Week Days	Leave San Francisco. Sundays	In effect Apr. 24, 1892. DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco. Sundays.	Arrive San Francisco. Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5.00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

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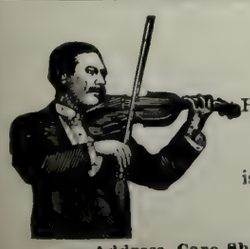

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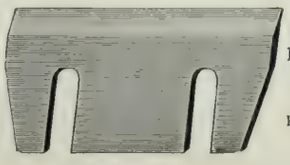

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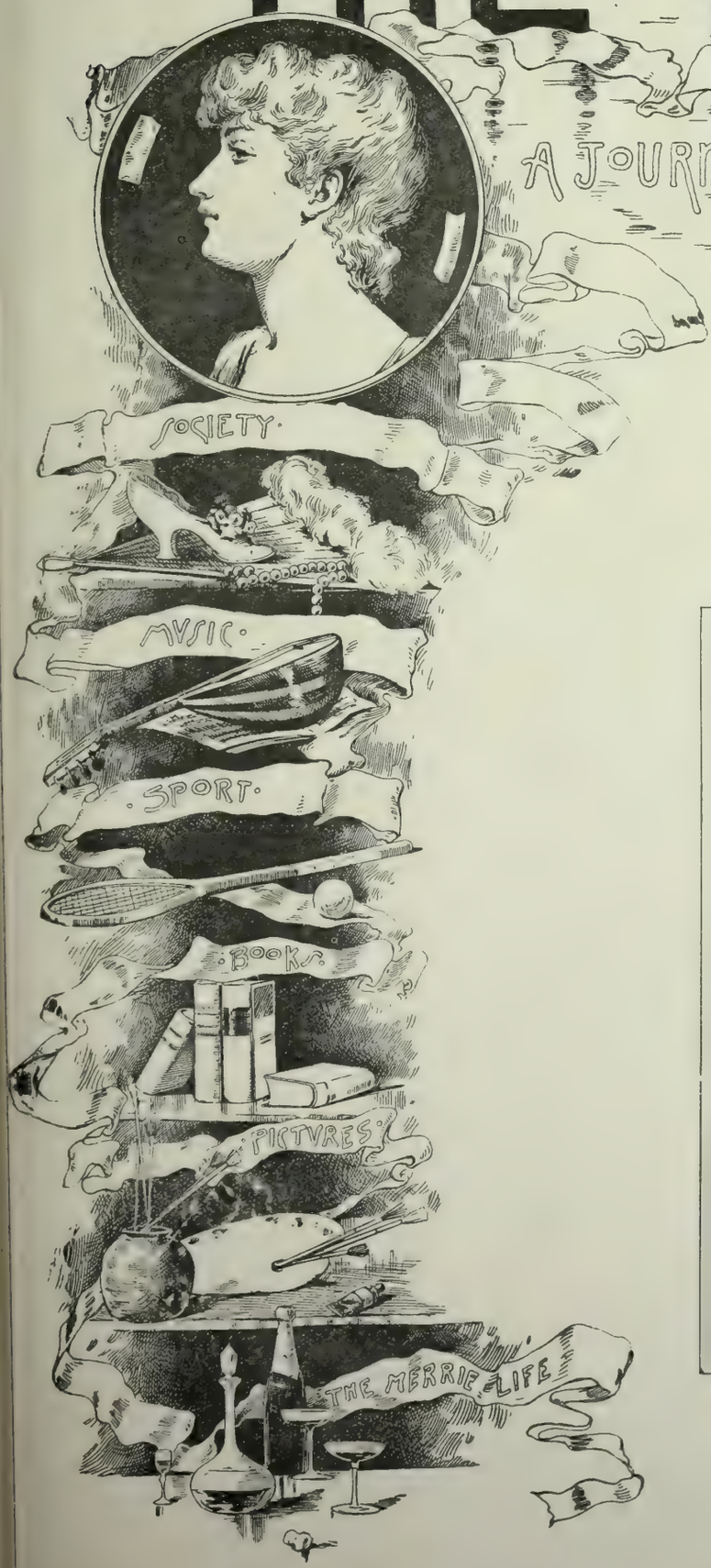

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THE WAVE

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The Wave

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SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 19, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

That Colonel Daniel M. Burns needs any introduction to the San Francisco public is not at all likely. Few men have been more successful in business than he, and few are less indebted to outside assistance. To his individual efforts must be ascribed his remarkable achievements. Colonel Burns started out with more than the ordinary capital of shrewdness, and he has added to this by a close observance of men. While it is true that he holds an appointive office, I am assured that Colonel Burns has retired permanently from politics, which induces a quality of ingratitude rarely met with in any other walk of life.

SPLASHES.

THE SUBURBAN TEA was not a failure and may really be regarded as a success—not a brilliant triumph of Society over surroundings, nor yet a decisive victory over prudish prejudices. The event has not made the Ingleside possible, nor has it proved the advisability of repeating the experiment. Still, the affair went off better than anyone, and especially the lady patronesses, expected. The constellation of eminent female personages who had promised the glamour of their presence to the event were inconspicuously absent. But three out of the long list put in even an appearance, and one, Mrs. Hager, assumed the entire responsibility of receiving. The others, Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Mrs. Otis, found themselves in the enjoyment of an interesting sinecure. Of course, everyone yearned to learn why Mrs. Parrott was not there, and the reason Mrs. Lloyd Tevis absented herself, and the wherefore of Mrs. Haggin's and Mrs. Crocker's truancy.

* * *

They, and all the rest, whose non-attendance was remarkable, were too ill to adventure so far afield as the Ingleside. It is true the rapidity of their convalescence enabled them to go to church the following morning, but that was due, undoubtedly, to the skill of their physicians. It seems to my misguided point of view, however, that, having promised to go, they should have been present. However, everything went off very pleasantly. The place was rather prettily decorated. There were flags and banners to give brightness and color to the scene. The music was very agreeable, and the refreshments were good, but cold. As a matter of fact, the Ingleside is a trifle too near the ocean for ice cream, and the autumn is too far advanced for frigid punch. There should have been hot coffee and scalding chocolate, or bouillon, at least. However, at least 150 people drove out during the afternoon. The season's debutantes were there in their most charming gowns. Men were in a decided minority, though the score or so who did go out were costumed with more regard to the exigencies of such an occasion than is customary in San Francisco.

* * *

It is a painful fact that this city is painfully lacking in swell males. Nature has not done much, and their tailors, in the majority of cases, make no effort to supply the deficiency. At the Ingleside, however, the styles were almost correct. Now that the affair is all over, and the possibility of making suburban teas a success demonstrated, I would suggest that a less objectionable place than the Ingleside be chosen next time. Undoubtedly a very pretty place, and suitable for the purpose, but is it necessary to select a *locale* the traditions of which are so decidedly the reverse of respectable? I cannot but think of the witty comment of a noted rounder as he surveyed the crowd on Saturday last.

"Here is remarkable innocence, or a bluff," he said.

* * *

THE ART ASSOCIATION promises a great treat for its Mardi Gras entertainment. The public, it feels, is tired of amateur opera, and of most entertainments of similar character. It has heard, time and again, the singers who take part in such affairs, and the music ground out by local talent, while good enough in its way, is certainly not an object for enthusiasm. So it has determined to go back to the *bal masque* as the most amusing and most brilliant form of festivity. It is years since we have had a masked ball in San Francisco. The last was given in Odd Fellows' Hall, in 1890, but its success was not up to expectation. About that time the public had become tired, and it was especially wearied of the men who had the knack of obtaining the management.

* * *

This time the ball is to be given in the Hopkins-Searles mansion, and in such an environment it cannot fail to be an enchanting success. The great hall and the suite of magnificent drawing-rooms afford an unrivaled dancing-floor. There are splendid supper-rooms on the lower story. So admirable are the decorations of the house that extra adornment would merely conceal fine architectural features. Round the central hall are large pictures and rich carvings. A few ropes of smilax, some palms and foliage, would alone be necessary to transform the house into a palace of enchantment.

* * *

Such a ball is to be looked forward to with most agreeable anticipation. Of course, precautions will be taken to exclude objectionable people. There will be *visé* committees to enforce the regulations of the Directors of the Association. Of course, everyone will appear in costume, and the usual rule will compel unmasking at midnight.

* * *

IN ASCRIBING to San Francisco Society profound corruption, rumor, indeed, lies. If no better than that of other cities the 400 of this burg are certainly no worse. It is years since we have had a scandal of respectable dimensions, and from the appearance of things a generation more may elapse before aught entertaining about anyone in particular crops out. Of this interesting fact I have always taken pains to inform peripatetic denouncers of sin, who, for the sake of collections and argument, have insisted this is the wickedest city in the world. If the community were as bad as is commonly believed, husbands must be infinitely more accommodating and wives cleverer than anyone suspects. A low moral tone or extreme indifference may explain much, but do not account for absence of pronounced intrigues "in the swim."

* * *

Perhaps it is because the older men go but little into Society, perhaps the huge population of unattached females located in the infinity of boarding-houses may account. It is true, too, that there is a strong tendency toward the more pronounced forms of gossip. From the conversation of certain *blasé* dowagers one derives impressions that are infamously unjust. A good story that is discreditable never fails of circulation and belief. As a matter of fact San Franciscans take a cynical pleasure in belying themselves. Friends have failings for the benefit of conversation in general. The sad fact is that most of the stories told are very old, and the

present generation makes little active effort to renew them.

* * *

SOCIETY has not been specially active during the week. There have been no entertainments to speak of, and no dances. Dinners were few and far between. Theatre parties have been given and for Monday evening next I hear of a number. Miss Carolan gave one at the Baldwin Monday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Carolan and Miss Pullman. Supper followed at the Carolan residence on California Street. The tea which Mrs. Carolan intended giving Tuesday afternoon was postponed until some future occasion. Mrs. and Miss Pullman in whose honor it was, are still in mourning. They left for Chicago on Tuesday evening.

* * *

For next week a variety of entertainments are listed. The most important is the ball to be given at the Loughborough's on Wednesday evening. They have but recently moved into their new home on the corner of O'Farrell and Franklin Streets, and the affair will be a house-warming as well as the coming-out party of Miss Fanny Loughborough. I have been much struck with the handsome façade of this residence. It is simple and in very good style, if it is not pure colonial. There is a very commodious ballroom.

* * *

Next Saturday evening Mrs. Pelham Ames and Mrs. McCutchen give a tea at the Ames residence, 1312 Taylor Street. Other events cast shadows before them. Dr. and Mrs. Perrin are talking of giving a reception in honor of their daughter, Miss Helen Perrin, who is one of the season's debutantes.

* * *

Miss Hager entertained a party of friends at dinner Wednesday evening. I hear that Miss Childs is to spend December in San Francisco. It is to be hoped she will prove an incentive to as many festivities as were given in her honor last season.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Talbot have left the Palace Hotel, and are now housekeeping at 1910 Pacific Avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase have finally torn themselves from Crag's Leap Vineyard, and are installed at their new home, 2217 Pacific Avenue.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sharon left for New York on Monday evening. They made quite a lengthy stay in San Francisco, and have been very extensively entertained. They will spend the winter season in New York. Several farewell dinners were given in their honor just prior to departure. Mrs Will Crocker goes to New York in time to meet her mother and Miss Sperry, who leave England on the nineteenth for this country. She will remain a short time in New York before returning to San Francisco.

* * *

Quite a number of coaching parties are to be given to the ball game this afternoon. Miss Jarboe gives one, and Mrs. Fred Green gives another. The Dimonds will take a party, and quite a contingent from Oakland is expected.

* * *

The "School for Scandal" meets on the evening of the twenty-third at the Williams house on Octavia and Sacramento Streets. This is the night of the Loughborough dance, and it seems to me it would be better to avoid the clash of dates by postponing the affair until the following Friday or Saturday night.

* * *

IT IS A SATISFACTORY CERTAINTY that Mrs. C. P. Huntington will return here for a few months in the early spring. She is having her residence on California Street redecorated and the reception rooms refurnished. Of course, the furniture of the Colton mansion is very rich and gorgeous, but it is rather old style. Mrs. Huntington has excellent taste in such matters and purposes doing away with the heavy cornices and curtains, and substituting for them an olive-tinted brocade with a stripe in it. The walls and ceilings are to be toned in darker shades and the general effect will be simpler and far more artistic. A number of fine pictures and ornaments are to be brought from New York, so that the mansion will be very swell, indeed, by the time she returns here. A well-known carpet firm has been commissioned to make the changes.

* * *

Mrs. Huntington is a woman of the most generous impulses. Of her charities only her secretary guesses the extent. She is possessed of energy and decided capacity, is very well read, and has the most delightful tact. She is deeply interested in music and has, I believe, six girls studying singing from the best masters in the world, some in New York, and others in Paris and Italy. She makes a liberal allowance for their maintenance, and they repay her by hard work.

* * *

THE LIVING WHIST at the Grand Opera House was certainly a very pretty entertainment. The manner in which the game is played has been so frequently explained in the daily papers that those who don't know about it ought to, and will not learn from me. There were fifty-two men and girls representing the different suites They were shuffled and cut, dealt into hands, marshaled hither and thither into endless combinations, wheeled and maneuvered until the spectators began to wonder how the players could possibly recollect so many combinations. It cannot be said the participants belonged to the race of Vere de Vere, nor that the card maidens were unvaryingly good-looking. There were a handful of very pretty girls, and a score of others whose plainness made an admirable foil.

* * *

As for the men, half of them appeared as though they had never even seen, much less worn, a dress suit before. For all the world they looked like a collection of supers in evening clothes from Jacobs. That, however, did not prevent them executing their maneuvers with skill and dexterity.

* * *

I think Mr. Ben Dean, King of Hearts, bore off the honors of being the handsomest man on the stage, as his Queen, Miss Mabel Love, was certainly the prettiest girl. Miss Ethel Cohen shared the honors, though the type of her beauty is of a different style. She is tall, willowy, graceful, and beautiful, and the costume she wore set off her figure to advantage. Among the other maidens conspicuous for their charms were Miss Lillie Dean, Miss Helen Crocker, Miss Hattie Loring, Miss Bertha Behlow, and Miss H. G. Jackson.

* * *

The Polyphonic Club's concert at Metropolitan Hall, Wednesday evening, was rather an interesting affair. I would not assert that it was a great musical success, or that anyone exhibited genius of a high order. Some of the selections I had not heard before, however, and it was evident, from the rendering, that considerable pains had been taken in rehearsing. The most interesting selection of the evening was "Narcissus," a very beauliful idyl by Massanet, in which there are some very tuneful melodies. Miss Blanche Bates, accompanied by the Club's orchestra, performed very successfully on the pianoforte C. Saint-Saen's "Caprice Valse." There were other vocal and instrumental selections that were given with more or less ability.

* * *

Miss Julia Marlowe, whose charming impersonations of Shakespearean roles have won over to her the theatre-going public, is claimed by Colonel Bob Ingersoll as a discovery of his own. She is very young, a little over twenty-four, I believe, and she has been on the stage since she was nineteen. Her aunt, by whom she was educated, was a prominent teacher of elocution in Cincinnati, and it was in that city that Colonel Ingersoll heard her. She is quite lacking in the assurance generally characteristic of the successful star and, personally, is quite as charming as she looks. Robert Taber, who supports her, belongs to one of the best families in New York. He was a noted amateur before he embraced the profession. He is a very handsome young man, and with such a fine head as he has, should climb high up in the legitimate ranks.

* * *

I know of no institution in town that deserves the support of the charitably inclined more than the Fruit and Flower Mission. This organization devotes itself at Thanksgiving time to providing good dinners for poor families. It also supplies fruit and flowers to the hospitals. The young ladies in charge are anxious to secure contributions of various kinds to execute their generous projects, and it seems to me they deserve all the aid that can be given them.

* * *

Sheriff Laumeister, so far as I know, has fulfilled thoroughly the duties of his office. His term has been a long one, and though litigation during the past four years has not been active, bankruptcies were frequent. In

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a perfectly legitimate way, through fees and other emoluments of the place, this last term netted him something like $52,000—by no means an indifferent return for labors that no one would dream of describing as exacting. The salary alone is $8000 per annum. In view of these figures one can understand why there is always such a contest for the Shrievalty. Whatever sums Mr. McDade spent in his fight I have no doubt will come back to him within the first months of his term.

* * *

If Will MacDonough does not achieve important results with Ormonde, I shall be disappointed. Horse breeding is no new thing with him, though he has but recently gone into the business; the subject has been his special study for years past, and I believe he knows as much about the qualities and characteristics of noted stallions as anyone in this country. Indeed, into the matter of heredity he has examined deeply, and has deduced several interesting theories which he purposes putting into practice on his stock farm.

* * *

I regret to learn that Jack Follansbee has been ill. He has been assiduous in his attendance at race meetings all the season, and at a recent one caught a severe cold that developed into pneumonia. I believe he is on the road to recovery, though very distinctly reduced by his confinement to a sick room.

* * *

Dr. Potter, who has been elected to take Dr. Jewell's place at the head of the Home for Inebriates, is a physician of far more than ordinary ability. His practice and reputation are not as great, perhaps, as some of the clever gentlemen who drive round in gorgeous broughams, or in victorias with crests emblazoned on the doors. It does not follow he knows less, however. He has written a number of books on various branches of the profession, and three of them are the standard works on the particular subjects of which they treat in most of the great American medical colleges. In fact, he has a good deal more of a name outside San Francisco than he has within the city limits. Dr. Potter's peculiar fitness for the place lies in the fact that he has made a special study of opium complaints. Owing to the influence of the Keeley Institute most of the pronounced instances of inebriety have been cured.

* * *

How episodes come out. Not long ago at a very select party in Oakland, given one delicious moonlight night, a young man and a very pretty girl left the ballroom for a promenade in the garden. There was no special or absolute impropriety in their action, for half a dozen other couples had preceded them. He was faultlessly dressed, was the young man, and I remember noticing the beautiful pearl studs that adorned his shirt front. When he returned for the next dance I noticed she was just a trifle flushed and he—the pearls were gone. Anxiously I inquired what had become of his jewelry? Quickly he looked down and an expression of angry surprise crossed his face. He muttered something under his breath, and I caught:

"Umph, that's what—gets kissing fool girl who don't know when—in luck."

The interstices I will leave my readers to fill as I did from my imagination.

* * *

WHO WILL SUCCEED Lord Tennyson as Poet Laureate of England is a question with which criticism is deeply interesting itself. There are a handful of candidates whose claims are good enough in the absence of a single poetic genius of the first order. Far the ablest of all is Swinburne, but the erotic character of much that he has written will prevent the Queen, probably, from awarding him the annual butt of Malmsley wine. The Morrises and Arnolds are very much of a muchness and are more poets by right of form and rhythm than by the possession of poetic feeling. If Her Majesty would but be modern and select the most *fin de siècle* of verse writers she would do well. He is W. E. Henley.

* * *

Mr. Henley has made no sustained poetic flight that compares with Atalanta in Calydon. His longest effort in verse is "The Song of the Sword," a magnificent poem that is but little known here. His London rhythms are very strong and beautiful, evincing remarkable descriptive power, and extreme accuracy and lucidity of expresion. His ballads, "Of Dear Actors," "Of Midsummer Days and Nights," are very beautiful and exceedingly clever in form and rhythm. E. J. Henley, who is at present at Stockwell's is W. E. Henley's brother.

* * *

IN THIS VERACIOUS history, a fainting fit, a physician, and an open door play leading roles. Incidentally occurs a husband of the irate type, a She, his wife, and a He of the race of millionaires. Just how the She and the He learned to know one another I cannot tell. It is sufficient that they are intimate enough to dine together. One evening last week they were enjoying a sumptuous meal at a certain French restaurant. Inclined to be generous, the man of money had set forth a meal well worth eating. *En route* through a prolonged *menu* they drank a choice brand of extra dry. Ere the *café noir* was introduced eleven o'clock had come and gone. In the world there is nothing quite so delightful as a champagne dinner, unless it be another. Still, they are apt sometimes to produce painful consequences.

* * *

Laughing at a sally of his—one always does at the wit of a millionaire—She grew hysterical, and after several pronounced shrieks proceeded to faint. He rang for assistance; the waiter summoned a well-known physician who happened in an adjoining parlor. The medico in attendance, He made his escape and has not been around there since. Here is where the tragedy comes in, however. To resuscitate her as quickly as possible, the physician threw open the door and loosened her dress. He applied restoratives. Someone passing looked quickly in. His eyes rested for a second on the face of the woman lying supine across two chairs, her hair disheveled, her costume in disorder.

"My wife," he said, very quickly. "But only for a few weeks longer will she bear my name."

With a smothered sob, he turned his back and was gone. Just then, She opened her eyes and asked who had spoken.

"Your husband, madame," was the reply. She again relapsed into unconsciousness.

* * *

The husband, the lady, and the millionaire bear familiar names. There can be but one consequence, and that is divorce. When the matter comes up in Court, and there is apparently no way to prevent it, the disclosures will make delectable reading for those who like scandals. One cannot but think what ridiculous chances some people who ought to know better do take.

* * *

AMONG THE NOTABLE JOURNALS of the country the *Inter Ocean* takes a high place. As I stood watching the returns flashed from the stereopticons, before the various newspaper offices, this was borne to my mind with considerable force. That the *Inter Ocean* is a strong party paper there is no doubt; indeed, it is a stalwart of stalwart Republicanism, but it has a sense of fairness that one cannot but respect. The opinions of newspapers were quoted for the purpose of showing how the country was going; the New York *Herald* told the story in the Empire State; the *Globe-Democrat*, although published in St. Louis, was quoted on the Indiana situation; and the *Inter-Ocean* gave the news of Illinois and Michigan.

* * *

While the party contemporaries of these journals were claiming everything in both ways in a perfectly ludicrous manner, they seemed to be seeking for the truth, and when they found it, although it was most unpalatable, they did not equivocate. At first there was doubt about Illinois; no one would believe that Governor "Joe" Feifer, could be defeated; no one thought that the State would go Democratic, and I, for one, waited patiently for the returns from the *Inter Ocean*, and here is what they said: The *Inter Ocean* fears Illinois has gone Democratic. That satisfied everybody, but what a pill it must have been for Mr. Kohlsatt and Mr. Nixon.

* * *

THERE ARE SEVERAL MATTERS in connection with the late affray between the politicians and bosses which I should like to

Richardson & Robbins' Potted Ham for Picnics and Teas.

have cleared up. I am willing to await the explanation of events for most of them, but there is one thing I am in desperate haste to discover. It is, How did Auditor Smiley secure the support of the Fire Department? If I were told that Dr. O'Donnell had suddenly been turned into a coal-black African, or that the moon was made of restaurant pie crust, I am not prepared to say—considering the extent to which my credulity has been taxed for two months past—that I should discredit the statements. But to be told, as I was on election day, that the firemen were supporting Auditor Smiley in a body was really too much.

* * *

And yet such appears to have been the cold and unrelenting fact. On several occasions firemen mistook me for a stuffer and asked me to vote for Smiley, and on several other occasions I was shown what purported to have been the "Fire Department Ticket," and Smiley's name was printed upon it in black letters. When one looks back and thinks of how Mr. Smiley has persecuted Sam Rainey and his Fire Department friends ever since he became Auditor, the mystery enlarges and deepens. I know all about how the Non-Partisans captured the Fire Department during the last few days of the campaign. I know why the name of District Attorney Barnes got upon the ticket; why the firemen supported Scott for Sheriff and Parsons for Supervisor from the Twelfth Ward, but Smiley—that stumps me.

* * *

Mr. Smiley refused to audit Sam Rainey's salary because he did not attend to his business. He charged, in the public press, that for nearly three months, while Sam was supposed to be inspecting fire engines in this city, he was actually lobbying against Dan Burns' fire bill at Sacramento. He refused to audit the salary demands of three District Engineers, several extramen and a hostler, on the ground that they had been illegally appointed, and in doing this he declared that the Fire Department was filled with pugilists, rounders, ex-convicts and heelers, who performed no work. All this was entirely unnecessary. In fact, instead of quietly discharging his duty, as he might have done, Smiley departed from the custom of his office and "roasted" the firemen. And yet his name appeared on the "Fire Department Ticket," and on election day the fire boys voted for him in a body.

* * *

This is certainly a dark and dismal mystery. I am told that when Dan Burns and Sam Rainey had the talk which resulted in the Fire Department turning Non-Partisan—the consideration of which was that, in the event of the new reform party carrying the day no fight should be made against the Department as now organized—Sam expressly excepted Smiley. Of course, Dan knew that Barnes and Parsons were friends of Sam's, and he asked no questions about them. But Smiley was an enemy and he could not restrain his curiosity.

"'Pears to me, Sam," said the Colonel, "that you are unnecessarily solicitous about Smiley. What's the matter with Broderick? He is worth sixteen Smileys."

Sam blushed and answered: "Of course, you know, Dan, I don't like the old cuss, but I've got to take my medicine, you know."

* * *

"Medicine, Sam? Why this is extraordinary. It seems to me you ought to explain."

"I can't explain," said Mr. Rainey, blushing again. "The truth is, the old 'rooster' has 'got us in the door,' and we are obliged to take him."

Now, what I should like to know is this: How in the world did Auditor Smiley manage to get Sam Rainey and the Fire Department "in the door?" Smiley is one only, and they number five hundred men. Smiley has earned their lasting hatred, and they are known to be active and energetic haters. And yet he "gets them in the door"—not in a corner, or in chancery, or in any other precarious situation, but "in the door," and, I suppose, to prevent him shutting the "door" they voted solidly for him. I think Auditor Smiley owes it to the public to explain how he got Sam Rainey and five hundred firemen who execrate the ground he walks on "in the door." It certainly looks as though there was a political bargain somewhere.

* * *

ALTHOUGH IT IS NOT YET absolutely certain that Henry H. Scott has been defeated for the office of Sheriff, there is sufficient certainty about it to cause an immoderate amount of rejoicing in the Fourth Ward. The Fourth Ward, I may interject preliminarily, in one respect resembles some of the gentlemen who are lynched in Georgia, Mississippi, and other Southern States, and whose stories are told in the telegrams. That is to say, whenever the name of the Fourth Ward is printed it should appear thus: "Fourth Ward (colored)." I mean by this that that portion of the city comprised within the Fourth Ward contains nearly all of the Darktown element which, since the strike at the Palace Hotel, condescends to reside among us. And that the Fourth Ward (colored) rejoices exceedingly at the defeat of Mr. Scott seems to be an admitted fact.

* * *

It appears that Mr. Scott is a Southern gentleman. When the "wah" broke out he was a student at a Virginia military academy. Like many other young Southerners he went with his State into the Confederacy. It is not denied among the residents of the Fourth Ward (colored) that Mr. Scott was a brave soldier, nor is it charged that since he laid aside his arms he has been guilty of anything calculated to lower him in the esteem of his fellow citizens, but it is asserted that no self-respecting colored man could ever vote for him, and, as a matter of fact, none of them did so on election day.

* * *

Indeed, I am credibly informed that Long John Wilkins, who is a life-long Democrat, was the only black man in town who supported Scott, but this is partially accounted for by the fact that John has for a protracted period been tabooed by the *elite* of the Fourth Ward (colored). An artist in hair oil, connected with a down-town tonsorial palace—I decline to give his name—told me prior to the election that, with the exception, possibly, of Long John, Mr. Scott would not get a colored vote in San Francisco. Between the swishing of his lather brush and the rasping of his razor, I asked him why. "It cannot be," said I, "that your people are cherishing still the prejudices of the war?"

"That's just what we is," he answered, "we never forgets the men what fought again' the Union."

"Is it possible," I remarked, "that the colored people harbor resentments against all who endeavored to protect them from the unhappiness and misery of freedom?"

"Yes, sah," he replied, promptly, "we thinks we has as much right to steal, drink whisky, play cards, quarrel over wimming and shoot each other as de whites. And, what's more, sah, we'll never forgive de Southern people for keeping us out of dem things as long as they did."

* * *

THE RASCALS will all have to go. As everyone in politics knows, the Rascals are the gentlemen who hold the offices; four years from date, probably a new set of Rascals will be called on to vacate; but I hope not. I am positively assured that the crop of official heads will be larger this year than ever before in the history of this country. Mr. Cleveland's civil service reform ideas will save a large number of men; but the exigencies of victory will not be satisfied unless the slaughter is wholesale. No man in the United States has a clearer idea of the eternal fitness of things than Vice-President Stevenson, who, as Assistant Postmaster, laid in the dust the heads of myriads of Republican postmasters, to the unspeakable joy of his party and the temporary financial relief of the new appointees.

* * *

No one will deny Democracy's right to the spoils of victory, and I would suggest that the decapitations be general; let no Republican hold office while a Democrat seeks a place, and I, for one, am in favor of creating new offices to satisfy the hordes now clamoring for pap. It is a matter for congratulation that Mr. Cleveland's policy of civil service reform will be met by Mr. Stevenson's policy of turning the Rascals out. Every Republican office-holder in the country should be set loose to scratch gravel. Many of my personal friends are after places, and, as I have been practically supporting them for some time, I

am anxious to hand my charges over to the government.

* * *

California will undoubtedly fare better at the hands of the next administration than it ever did before, and I can assure the people of the State that the "workers," the "wheel horses" of the Democratic party, will receive the reward that their labors merit. When Mr. Cleveland was elected before many of the men who were entitled to places for work done did not get them; the loaves and fishes were bestowed on a few people who had done no more than cast their votes for the President, and I am assured that there were grave doubts if even that much had been done by a gentleman who was appointed to a fat salary. When they were removed some of the Democratic office-holders stole back into the obscurity from which they had been snatched by official preference, and were heard of no more until last Wednesday, when they reappeared with a thirst for office that will, I hope, go unappeased.

* * *

Mr. Cleveland will appoint to places of emolument the men who deserve them. Among the Democrats he has mentioned with gratitude are W. W. Foote, W. D. English, and Michael Tarpey; they will be remembered. I doubt that Judge Sullivan will have much to do in the bestowal of patronage. As a matter of fact it has been recognized that he did much toward jeopardizing the success of the Democracy here; had there been no Non-Partisan ticket in the field, the Republicans would have swept the town, and California would have remained out of line. Max Popper, of course, will have a good position, which is deserved, and no Democrat will seek to deprive him of the office he seeks. I am positively assured that General R. P. Hammond desires no position from Mr. Cleveland. Although the work he did as President of the Democratic clubs contributed in a very great measure to Democratic success in the State, he will be content to leave the offices to his party friends. The statement that he was seeking a Cabinet or other appointment is wholly without foundation, therefore. If I am not very much in error he desires only one honor: To carry East the electoral vote of California. This honor is his, I think, and it is not likely that any of the electors will object.

* * *

Over Will Barnes' election there seems general satisfaction. His victory was a remarkable one, considering the conditions of the fight and the ability and standing of his chief opponent, Henry S. Foote. Mr. Barnes has made a competent and able official during his term of service as District Attorney, and I have no doubt that in the next two years he will be equally industrious and successful. Even with the new system of balloting the public does not forget a man who has done his duty—a fact that is shown by the election of Judge Slack. He certainly made no undue effort to secure success. His canvass was a dignified one, and his record told. These recent accessions to the Superior Court will do much to strengthen it, for they are nearly all good lawyers and gentlemen. Judge Troutt, though not a strong man, knows the law, and in his administration of it always exhibits courtesy. His fault has been a readiness to comply with the demands of Crimmins and Kelly, and I imagine criticism has rather cured him of that.

* * *

From the spectacular point of view, Saturday's procession was a great success. There is something very impressive in the sight of thousands of men marching to the rhythms of bands, their torches casting glaring reflections on the parallel lines of architectural enormities we call business blocks. The town was all aglow and the air full of soot. There were rockets, and roman candles and cheers enough to deafen an ordinary person, or Republican. It is wonderful how political enthusiasm induces a man to abandon his prejudices against cobble trotting. I saw citizens tramping over the illy-paved streets on the line of march who would under ordinary circumstances laugh at the idea. What legions of sore feet there must have been Sunday morning.

* * *

IVAN PETROFF, the United States Census Agent, who is accused of furnishing false information to the State Department in the Bering Sea affair, is well known in San Francisco, where he resided for many years before he entered the employ of the National Government. He has a checkered and romantic history, which he has long managed to keep a secret. In fact, only a few of his most intimate friends know aught of his personal affairs. When asked concerning his early career he always answers evasively. That he is a Russian, however, is apparent from his every word and gesture, and no one who has ever conversed with him will think of disputing for a moment that he is an educated and refined one.

* * *

Petroff really belongs to a titled family in Russia, and was trained for the army. When a mere youth he became involved, with several other young men, in a difficulty with the Czar's police, and was compelled to flee the country. Like all Russians, he spoke French and German fluently, and so he had no difficulty in making his way to this Coast, where he quickly put the ocean between himself and his royal master. When he arrived at New York he could not speak a word of English. He secured employment in a French printing office, where he wrote Parisian editorials and set them into type. The Rebellion had just then commenced, and some one told Petroff that if he desired to instantly become a full-fledged American he should join the army. He crossed into Massachusetts and enlisted.

* * *

On the way to the front some of his comrades taught him to speak English, and by the time his regiment had reached the scene of the conflict he could make himself understood. Before he had been in the service six months Petroff's officers discovered that he was an educated soldier. Consequently he rose rapidly from the ranks and finally became the color-sergeant of his regiment. In his second battle, I think, a party of skirmishers were detailed for some difficult duty, and one of the officers recommended that Petroff be sent to lead them. He performed the work with true Russian spirit and covered himself with glory.

* * *

I am sorry that I do not now recall the details of the affair. In his next engagement he planted the regimental colors ahead of the advance line upon a breastwork which his brigade was attempting to carry by storm. This feat was witnessed by several thousand men. A week afterward the brigade commander sent for him. He said:

"Petroff, you are entitled to a thirty-day furlough. Do you want it?"

"No," replied Petroff, "I prefer to stay here."

The General supposed that this answer was inspired by Petroff's valor, and he looked at him admiringly. As a matter of fact Petroff did not want a furlough because he had not a friend in the United States and knew nowhere to go.

"By Jove," said the General, "you are a brave fellow. You shall have the first commission that becomes vacant in your regiment."

* * *

Within a month Petroff was a Lieutenant, and before the end of the year he was Captain of his company. When the regiment was mustered out in 1865 he was its Major. After this, he drifted to New York where the Alaska Commercial Company discovered and engaged him to go to Alaska. This service occupied five or six years of his time, after which he came to San Francisco. At first he set type on the newspapers, then he taught French and German, then he translated Russian books for Bancroft, and finally he became one of that versatile historian's literary machinists and for a long time wrote "history."

* * *

When the Turco-Russian war broke out in 1877, Petroff began writing letters from St. Petersburg for the San Francisco papers. Some of them were very fine, and everybody wondered how the correspondent had managed to smuggle through the lines such bitter attacks on Russia. In the closer literary circles, I remember, there was some speculation with reference to the correspondent's personal safety. Petroff was perfectly safe, however. He wrote the letters in the third story of a Kearny Street lodging-house.

* * *

The letters attracted the attention of those in the secret, and showing as they did an intimate knowledge of European affairs, the *Chronicle* employed Petroff to conduct its Turco-Russian war department. He did it with signal ability and success. The *Chronicle's* war articles were quoted all over the

country. When the conflict ended Petroff became foreign editor, and for awhile it looked as though he was to be a permanent fixture in San Francisco journalism. But one day he passed in a foreign editorial. That evening the *Bulletin* reprinted it in deadly parallel with an editorial on the same subject from the London *Times*. The articles were exactly alike, word for word. This ended Petroff's journalistic career in San Francisco. He had made a fatal mistake. He had overlooked the fact that Sam Williams, of the *Bulletin*, also occasionally read the London *Times*.

* * *

The fate of the plagiarist is even harder than that of the "fakir," and Petroff, forever disgraced in journalism, soon left here for the East. In a year or two he returned as a United States Census Agent. He took the Census of Alaska in 1880, furnishing the only complete report ever made. Since then he has been constantly employed by the Census Bureau. It seems, however, that he has now involved himself in serious trouble. If Petroff has really supplied the State Department with false information regarding the Bering Sea affair, I think it is the result not of corruption, but of laziness. His reputation here was that he would resort to almost any trickery to avoid work. He produced many abler articles than the London *Times* editorial to which I have referred, and I believe he copied that from sheer indolence. Petroff is now past sixty years of age, and must be much lazier than when he resided here, fifteen years ago. He is one of the most accomplished linguists in the United States, if not in the world. He speaks and writes with the utmost fluency all the European languages, besides over a dozen American and Alaskan Indian dialects. When I last saw him he was working on the Chinese and Japanese, with Malayan on the side. He told me he acquired the Spanish in a single week.

* * *

I CANNOT FELICITATE the University team on its victory over the Olympic eleven. On the contrary, I am disposed to wonder at their placid acceptance of congratulations which the referee earned. I have never attended a match at which so many unfair decisions were rendered, and I have rarely seen rougher play. In the course of the afternoon some twenty-eight decisions were rendered by Mr. Zion, not one of which was given to the Olympics. The fellow was infamously partial. He transgressed all the rules in his efforts to give the University all the advantage possible. Time and again the defeated team was on the point of retiring from the field, but the fact that the game was being played for charity prevented them. As it is, however, Sherrard claims the victory, or at least a draw, and President Harrison states that all relations between the Club and the University must cease if Hunt refuses to play the match over again.

* * *

When time was called, at the end of the first half, Sherrard demanded the appointment of another referee. Though both teams had made four points, the request was refused, Hunt alleging *he* was satisfied. Repeatedly after that the Olympics drove the ball within a few yards of the University goal, and but for the atrocious decisions of Zion would have scored at least a touch. This individual watched every play, however, and was a greater assistance to Hunt than his best men or his cleverest play. I am sure Hunt would not have accepted the advantage the referee's partiality gave him but for his ardent desire to achieve victory at any cost. That is a poor excuse, however, for action unbecoming a gentleman.

* * *

After the match the Olympic men, in language more forcible than refined, expressed to Mr. Zion their opinion of himself and his conduct. Half a dozen of them insulted him in a manner to demand reprisal, but it seems the fellow was too much of a cad or a coward to resent it. If these matches are to be continued, the best plan would be to appoint as referee a man of standing and character whose decisions will not be prompted by partiality. There are a score of competent football players in town, many of them members of the University Club. They would undoubtedly decide with fairness.

* * *

To-day the Olympics meet the Stanford team at Palo Alto and on the following Saturday play a return match at Central Park. Football is rapidly becoming popular, and my impression is that it will soon attract as large an audience as baseball. For spectators it is almost as interesting as a prize fight.

* * *

THE APPEARANCE of Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Cutting, Jr., in "My Official Wife," will draw many Society people to the California on next Monday. The marriage of this pair was one of New York's biggest sensations, and there a sensation is enjoyed every day. Mr. Cutting is a very nice young man, with a huge income, who had the temerity to follow George Gould's example in choosing a wife. But Gotham's 400 would not accept the sacrifice of the heir of one of the oldest families with the same grace as was shown when the Wizard's son married Edith Kingdon. As a matter of fact, New York Society cares very little what the Goulds do.

* * *

In Cutting's case the circumstances were changed. From remote antiquity, whence nearly all our good Americans gain their aristocracy, the Cutting family emerged, every corpuscle in their bodies filled with the rarest sort of blue blood. There had never been a scandal in the family, and succeeding generations added to the cerulean quality of the fluid and the size of the bank account. Miss Seligman dawned on Robert at a summer resort; before the day waned they were engaged; a new week saw them married, and all was so quietly done that the report of the wedding was a very terrible shock to the youth's family and associates. I am not prepared to say how much Mr. Cutting cared for the opinion of his friends; I do know, though, that his wife set about making a man of him, and notwithstanding his millions, she put him to work in her theatrical company. Of course, he can't act, but he looks very much like a gentleman.

* * *

FLORIAN WALDECK, whose flight to Canada under disgraceful circumstances was one of the events of the past week, is a cad of the first water. He was only received in Society on account of his brother, Hugo Waldeck, who, besides being a talented librettist, is an honorable and competent business man. For his sake Florian was admitted to membership in several clubs and permitted by several families to enjoy the privilege of acquaintance. It was through Hugo he obtained a place in the warehouse of J. Kahn & Co., and his flight was an instance of the basest ingratitude. To properly characterize his conduct is impossible without the use of stronger language than I care to use.

* * *

Among his friends the sincerest sympathy is felt for Mr. Waldeck, who is an exceedingly sensitive man. I wrote some months ago about the manner this same Florian disgraced himself at the opening ball of the Concordia Club. Boasting that he could obtain admission after the lists were closed he succeeded in getting a ticket unknown to the Directors. The result was he was ignominiously ordered from the premises by President Neustadter. Hugo Waldeck felt this bitterly, and since then has gone out but little.

* * *

EVEN IF Nephew John Bell declines to contest the will of the late millionaire, there is liable to be interesting complications ere the estate is settled. Like most Scotchmen, Bell refrained from enlightening his family as to his business affairs, and the result is that they are compelled now to learn much that is not agreeable. Though the value of the property must approximate a million and a half at the least, Executor Stoacke, who had some small share in the profits of the commission business, says the total income is not more than $40,000. This is by no means an adequate return for so large an investment, and people are wondering now at the large scale of Mr. Bell's expenditures.

* * *

Those who know, say he rarely drew less than $100,000 per annum for the maintenance of his home and the various ranches he owned. His household was conducted on an extensive and expensive scale, and he made no effort to regulate or curb Mrs. Bell's expenditures. His children never knew a desire he was not ready to gratify. I am inclined to believe it will eventually be shown that the $40,000 income is merely that of the commis-

sion business. Considering the extent of his dealings it could hardly be much less.

* * *

The Donahue executors have not yet succeeded in disposing of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad. It is over a month since they received instructions to sell, and, so far, a purchaser has not been found. It is understood that several syndicates are willing to assume the responsibility of controlling the system, provided a price can be agreed on, but, so far, that happy condition of affairs has not been achieved. C. P. Huntington has been regarded as a possible purchaser, for it is known he has disposed of several railroad properties in the East, and it is presumed he must have a goodly sum of money to invest. My impression is that either Mr. Flood or Ladenberg, Thallman & Co., of New York, will be the future controllers of the property.

* * *

There is money to be made in Lake County. Hope deferred hath made sick the hearts of many of the old land owners, and they are disposing of their holdings at very low prices. Some one with a couple of million dollars might easily double that total by running a railroad from Ukiah to Lakeport and profiting by the rise in the value of land. It is a rich county this, if there were any means of transporting its products to market. Until some one with capital takes the initiative, there is little hope, however.

* * *

HOW MANY YEARS must elapse before the caste tendencies, so conspicuous in this country, develop an hereditary aristocracy? Of course, our institutions must be preserved as long as possible, but the day may come when the love of prefixes, called titles, will overturn the Constitution. This characteristic is not confined to the plutocracies of New York and San Francisco. It extends even to our jails. The convict who is serving out a murder sentence cuts a much bigger figure than the burglar or the footpad. In the social hierarchy at San Quentin, for instance, a distinguished highwayman has all the regard that in France is the prerogative of the *haute noblesse*, or in England is the prerogative of a Duke.

* * *

It is an honor to have the friendship of a perfect villain, and the man who finds himself cellmate of a Black Bart or a Sidney Bell feels he is enjoying the sole compensation that confinement affords. I knew rather better than I cared to admit after his conviction a Yale graduate whose bookkeeping got him into San Quentin. He was rather a pleasant kind of fellow, fond of pleasure, and an excellent judge of cooking and good wine. A respectable time after his incarceration I went across to commiserate with him on the disagreeable food he was compelled to eat, and to offer my services should he require them. He shared a cell with some prominent rascal or other, and did not appear a bit ashamed of his environment. "It must be dreadful," I said to him, "to have to associate with these criminals," pointing to a collection of striped suits strung around a heap of stones.

"But, my dear fellow," he expostulated, "I have nothing to do with such people. I can assure you I never associate save with murderers or train robbers."

* * *

A gentleman who enjoys great renown as a purveyor of literary tidbits to a magazine-hungry people has fathomed the secret of the good liver; I mean that he has discovered how to enjoy rare banquets at a small pocket cost. He pays court to the old ladies. That is not an evidence of a Columbus-like genius, of course, as all the books that have been printed on "How to get on in Society" lay down as the first rule: "Make love to the ladies of the gentler sex who have attained advanced years" (*sic*). But the gentlemen of whom I speak has discovered that this is absolutely true, and the manner in which he applies his knowledge and pays his court to the ladies of the gentler sex of advanced years is a marvel. I asked him why he neglected the fresh and youthful women of his acquaintance for dry and withered ones.

"Ah," he said, musingly, "the old ones probably don't know any more; maybe they are not as good company; perhaps they do get tiresome, but they are —— grateful."

* * *

The explanation I gave last week of how the Non-Partisan candidate for Mayor gained so much free advertising as Levi Rothschild Ellert has generally been regarded as the true one. Yet, inasmuch as it was the means of gaining him many votes that he never would have had, there is a disposition on the part of some of the gentlemen named to shift the responsibility. Had the miserable trick been successful, half the politicians in town would have claimed the honor of its paternity; as it is, it must go out now as the spontaneous creation of the chance union of a paint brush and a transparency. Among those who leave it fatherless is Barney Dougherty, Jr., who positively states that he had nothing to do with it; and I am assured that he deprecates the scheme that was to have robbed Mr. Ellert of votes. The most humorous feature of the whole matter was the *Chronicle's* sensational way of treating the supposed Jewish cognomen of Ellert; really, from reading the columns of my Republican contemporary I was led to believe that it was a serious crime to be a Jew. However, that may have been for political purposes only.

* * *

AN AMUSING STORY is told of a San Jose millionaire who recently returned from Europe. He is much given to amusing himself by an adroit and subtle style of chaffing, which is very difficult of adequate retort. Coming through Nevada a friend of his boarded the Pullman, carrying in his hand a small gunny-sack.

"For heaven's sake why don't you check that?" said the millionaire, pointing to the bag. "People will think you a small farmer instead of a rich rancher."

"I don't care," laughed his friend. "There are some plants in this I want to try in town."

However, the gunny-sack continued to be a a source of great fun to the San Jose man. As they were landed at the foot of Market Street he pointed out the rows of hack drivers and hotel runners.

* * *

"Better stick close to me, sure," he said. "Then they won't take you for a country bumpkin."

"All right," said the friend who still carried the sack. "I'll take your arm."

He did. As they started to run the gauntlet two myrmidons swooped down on them. "Russ House, Russ House," droned one. "What Cheer House," droned another. "I'm going to the Palace" explained the friend, "but this gentleman," pointing to the millionaire, "wishes to go to the Russ House." Instantly they transferred their attention. One swooped on a small valise he carried, another wrestled his overcoat from his grasp.

"Let go," said the millionaire, angrily. "Let go there." They took no notice. The friend was almost weeping with delight. Two other runners caught hold. In a minute there had been trouble but for a policeman.

* * *

"Let the young man go," he shouted. "Say, young fellow, w'ere do yer want ter go to, anyway?"

"To the California," was the answer. "You had better keep them off me, or there'll be trouble."

All this time the friend was roaring with laughter. Finally, under the guidance of the friendly policeman, the millionaire was steered through the crowd, and riding up town the tables were completely turned.

The Witness.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A LITTLE BROWN WOMAN.

The Little Brown Woman has a hard time in life, yet she is a Power.

She is pretty much of an angel—an angel with the eyes of a woman and the jaws of a bulldog.

Let a desperate, forsaken, sin-soaked man allow his moral nature to approach hers, and—snap!

Her teeth fastened upon the tail of his disreputable moral coat, and that is the end of him. This will be very disagreeable to him. He will endeavor to rid himself of her, he may drag her through the gutters of vice, but there she will stick.

And saved he is bound to be at last. Poor, bad man!

No more fun in being bad! And always a disheartening vision of the Little Brown Woman. And it generally ends in this way: Some day he will say, ruefully: "Boys, I'm going to settle down!"

And through it all the Little Brown Woman is happy. She adores kicks, and thrives upon oaths. To tell the truth, there is somewhat of her in all women. And her rôle is one loved by all. Rakes know this, and are fond of suggesting that they are all out of Little Brown Women, and of offering the situation with tears, and in deep, hollow tones of voice.

Such a Profligate once did so to a Little Brown Woman of my acquaintance.

He was suffering from *ennui* at the time, had nothing much to do, so he—merely in idleness—made love to a Little Brown Woman. She was a pronounced example of the type having the heart of an angel, the eyes of a woman, and the jaws of a bulldog. And without being at all *chic* in her line, she was feminine in a clean-cut way which proved alluring for a time.

But when he turned—or tried to turn—to his old haunts once more, he found to his surprise that all which was bulldog in her nature had fastened upon the tail of his moral coat.

It was truly annoying. He coaxed, he kicked, he argued, and then he gave it up, sitting down quite patiently to think it over. What was to be done about it?

There she was—an angel, with the eyes of a woman, and those jaws of a bulldog fastened firmly to his spiritual coat-tail. It was evident that she loved him because he was bad, and that there was little danger of his becoming too good.

And it became quite apparent that she had no thought of releasing those coat-tails, while it grew more and more of a bore. What could he do? Eventually he tried many things. First he removed his moral coat and hung it upon the picket fence of Public Opinion. For a while this Sad Profligate went his way rejoicing, feeling himself free, and going into places where the Little Brown Woman could not follow. But even a Sad Profligate finds it impossible to get on without a moral coat. And night came. And illness. And at such times the Spirit of Man longs for just such a coat as the Sad Profligate had discarded. So he strayed back again and stared hard at the picket fence of Public Opinion. There was his moral coat.

And there was the Little Brown Woman with the heart of an angel, the eyes of a woman, and her bulldog jaws still fastened to the tail of that miserable moral coat of his. Her soft, mournful eyes looked up at him with indescribable affection.

"I knew you would come back to me!" said she, gently.

The next day he met a Scarlet Woman, who was exceedingly captivating in piquant wickedness. They laughed, sang, and drank together. And he forgot all about the Little Brown Woman until the Scarlet Woman returned to Paris—whence she came.

At last one day he felt again a mild tug at the tail of his moral coat—which, by the way, the Scarlet Woman had torn and defaced in a manner truly shocking.

"I must go now," said he, sheepishly, to his friend, an Absinthe Cocktail. "I—I—have an engagement."

"What's your hurry?" asked the Cocktail, lazily.

"A business—er—matter."

And he went. And he went in response to a certain tug, tug, tugging, which had grown familiar now, at the tail of that disreputable moral coat. Heigh-ho!

"I knew you would come back to me!" said the Little Brown Woman, cheerily.

And the Sad Profligate ruefully rubbed his head as he looked at her.

"See here, now!" said he at last. "This is all very fine, but I never asked you to save me! Confound it all! I don't want to be saved! And, furthermore, I won't be saved! When, on earth, are you going to let up on this sort of thing?"

"I—I—l—l—o—love you so!" sobbed the Little Brown Woman.

For Little Brown Women have no pride. But the Sad Profligate was hurt. It was simply maddening. Was he, then, never to enjoy any more comfort in wickedness?

"It beats all," he muttered to himself, ceasing to be elegant. And for about a year the Little Brown Woman thought she had him saved, but at the end of that time the demoiselles of the silver necks again tempted him.

"Only one taste!" said he, and took it.

"Only one glass!" said he, and drained it.

Then he began immediately to run down the hill of Morality as fast as his legs could carry him. Not that it required much effort, for he, like water, sought but his level. The only trouble was with the Little Brown Woman who was there following close at his heels and tugging at his coat as hard as ever. It was no use. He could not get lost. And he became so enraged that he turned and kicked her—a moral kick, you understand—which struck her in the heart.

She was never well after that, though she hung on till the very last.

"Who has done this?" they asked of her as she lay dying. But they already knew.

"Nobody did it," said the Little Brown Woman, thinking she deceived them. This is the strangest form of self-deceit.

And, hearing this, the Sad Profligate came and stood beside her. Her bruised heart was still that of an angel, her glazing eyes were still those of a woman, while her drooping jaw still suggested the bulldog.

"I killed her!" cried the Sad Profligate.

But all were too polite to acknowledge that they believed him. Though they did.

"Hers was a sad life!" said they, as they went their way after covering the Little Brown woman with very white death-flowers. "And he will go straight to the devil now."

And at last he had blasphemed all—save one memory.

It was that of the Little Brown Woman.

And then it was that his emancipated legs asserted themselves.

For an hour the man had felt a ghastly tugging at the tails of his spiritual coat. He could see nothing, but She was there. He knew it. And now that his will was gone, and his legs independent in action, they carried him to a grave.

Nothing but grave-mould and withered grasses? He knew it. Death? There is no such thing. He knew that also now. For he had heard a voice say very distinctly:

"I knew you would come back to me!"

And his emancipated legs weakening suddenly, the Sad Profligate fell upon the grave of the Little Brown Woman as a child falls upon the bosom of a mother.

And that was the end of his trying to be bad.

"She'll never give me up, you see!" he explained to the devil, after a bit. "I tell you it's no use! I'm as good as saved! 'Tis sad—but 'tis true."

And even the devil gave it up, exclaiming, sadly, with a shrug of the shoulders:

"So be it! Let the next one deal!"

For he had lost the game to the Little Brown Woman, and knew it. And the Sad Profligate actually lived to become a Preacher, fighting the devil quite successfully upon his own ground. For, you see, he was familiar with all the highways and byways of devildom.

And the Profligate-Preacher walked henceforth in purity, being always filled with charity toward wits, rogues, brilliant lasciviæ, and dramatists. For this reason, perhaps, he saved many, not even excluding the latter class.

And at the last—when he also went away—he was met just at the Great Gate by a Little Brown Angel, with the eyes of a woman and the jaws of a bulldog.

And she said:

"I knew you would come to me!"—*Johanna Staats, in New York Truth.*

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BOOK NOTICES.

A delightful book for children is "The Beautiful Land of Nod." It is artistically gotten up, and contains an abundance of beautiful pictures to gladden the hearts of little ones. Far cleverer than the stuff ordinarily found in such volumes is the reading matter. The initial poem, from which the book takes its name, is a graceful bit of verse which I am sure babies of many generations hence will hear and learn long after the erotic efforts of the clever Ella have sunk into oblivion. Whoever has tried the task of getting up books for children knows how difficult it is to maintain the simple tone, the airy, dainty manner which is caught so well in this "Beautiful Land."

Another book for little ones is called "The Bunny Stories," the responsibility for which rests with John H. Jewett. The *dramatis personæ* are rabbits. They live at Runwild Terrace, and, according to the story, are very much like other plain, sensible and well-bred folks. The head of the family is a wise old fellow whom they call Deacon Bunny, and he has a collection of children, some of whom rejoice in the names of Browny, Pink Eyes, and Cuddledown. They have all sorts and conditions of adventures, getting into and out of trouble at considerable length. They have picnics and excursions and live very much as if they were real human beings and not members of the great and increasing rabbit family.

Most of us know "Dorothy Q," the "Boston Tea Party," and the "Battle of Bunker Hill," in the graceful verse of Oliver Wendell Holmes, but it is poetry one can read many times, and still feel the thrill of battle, and see "The red coats stretched in windrows as a mower rakes his hay." The charm of the maiden with the girlish bust and womanly air and those lips that lover had never kissed will live ages after the old canvas has crumbled into dust and the tarnished frame has lost the last trace of its gold. What if those close, shut lips had answered "No," a hundred years ago, we should never have known the charm of "Dorothy Q." The edition is charmingly printed and illustrated by Howard Pyle with graceful drawings, pretty arabesques, borders, and head pieces, besides any number of clever drawings illustrating the courtship of Dorothy, and the evening party in Boston Harbor.

In Clinton Scollard's latest volume, "Songs of Sunrise Lands," one finds some very charming poems. The East has given him a variety of beautiful scenes and subjects which he treats in graceful verse. One learns of the Sheikh Abdallah who in the long dull time of the Ramadan feasts so plenteously on roasted kid and Smyrna figs, nectarines fine, and golden flasks of Lebanon wine; of the Mosque of Sultan Hassan, without peer in the world, whose architect imagined himself greater than his master, and was slain. Melik, the Black, who so carelessly protected the lovely Princess Parizade, or Hadeth, the Maronite, who fought the foe in the breach at Der El Kamar. These are the interesting people Mr. Scallard writes about; and with such a book, a blue sky, some sherbert flavored with pistachie, it is easy to imagine one's self in the far East, listening to the mellow, musical call, *E-lim-in-ah-do*.

Some very charming stories of old colonial times are contained in "David Alden's Daughter," by Miss Jane G. Austin. The heroes and heroines are the people who came over in the "Mayflower," and the tales turn on their love affairs, their trials, their momentary successes, which go to prove the old adage that the course of true love never did run smooth. They are very interesting people, these Standishes, Bradfords, Carvers. They had all the loftier characteristics of faith, fidelity, patriotism. What their hands found to do on that bleak New England shore they did with all the might that was in them. I am afraid, though, that from these stories one obtains rather an idyllic idea of their lives. One receives the impression from the old records that the Pilgrim Fathers were made of stuff so stern that the softer emotions found no place in their hearts. But these graceful stories banish so sombre an idea. All had their romances, and clove to one another all the firmer because of the great difficulties that surrounded them. There are some dramatic stories among them. "Witch Hazel" and "The Proud Pulsifers" are tales that live in the memory even if one does forget the young and lovely Kate Carver, the proud and beautiful Barbara Standish, the spirited Dolly Cathcart.

"Helen Treveryan" is an Indian story told with an amplitude of detail, but without a great deal of descriptive skill. Since Kipling has told us so much of life in the far East, Indian novels have been appearing with considerable regularity. Seeing the brilliant life of Hindostan through the medium of a style like that of the much-abused Rudyard, and looking at it in the honest and commonplace prose of John Roy is very different. One finds Guy Langley interesting and Helen Treveryan very charming, but all of them would do much better if the canvas on which they are displayed were a little less extensive. Who cares, for instance, to learn that Guy missed a catch at an important cricket match, thereby losing the game for his side, or that Major someone or other knocked Dale's bowling all over the field. One would willingly leave out such stuff. It does not tell the story, and is inexcusable because irrelevant.

"Don Orsino," Marion Crawford's new book, is a brilliant literary effort—a continuation of his Roman series. The dialogue is admirable, witty, clever, artistic. The characters are people of high rank, exceedingly interesting. The plot is strong enough to sustain a novel of double the length. In fact, the book is one thoroughly worth reading, and I will speak of it at greater length next week. "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter," by Ambrose Bierce and G. A. Danziger, appears in book form beautifully printed and admirably illustrated by Theodor Hampe. When the story first appeared in the *Examiner* I expressed my impressions of it at length. The idea is a very beautiful one, but it is too long drawn out, and the idyllic tone is not preserved. The foundation of the narrative is an old German story some 4000 words in extent. This Dr. Danziger expanded and then, on his version, Mr. Bierce improved. I believe he rewrote almost the entire tale. Of course the book is well worth reading, but had it been half the length it would have been double as artistic.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Don Orsino," by F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Helen Treveryan," by John Roy. Macmillan & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Songs of Sunrise Land," by Clinton Scollard. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.

"Dorothy Q." by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.

"David Alden's Daughter," by Jane G. Austin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.

"The Beautiful Land of Nod," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Morrill, Higgins & Co., publishers.

"The Bunny Stories," by John H. Jewett. Frederick A. Stokes Co., publishers. For sale by all book dealers.

"The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter," by Ambrose Bierce and G. A. Danziger. F. J. Schulte & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

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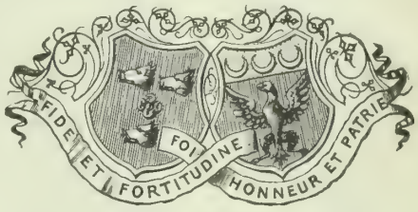

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PACIFIC COAST AGENTS

The Wave

A Society, Literary and Political Journal.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, November 19, 1892.

THE "INFLUENTIAL" PRESS.

Now that the smoke—I mean now that the asperities engendered among my esteemed fellow-citizens, the politicians, with reference to the possession of the municipal offices, are rapidly passing into history, I wish to embrace the opportunity of congratulating my esteemed contemporaries of the daily and weekly press upon their political influence. For several years I have noticed that, before the election, these literary bush-whackers play the braggart and the bully, often terrifying their readers and spreading dismay among the politicians, but that immediately thereafter (discerning that the voters have paid no attention to their vaporings) they sing with exceeding smallness. Usually, in the confusion that follows the ballot-boxing, these fellows escape unnoticed. They shall not be so fortunate this time. I am going to felicitate them on their "pull."

The *Examiner*, for instance, strenuously urged the election of Mr. Baldwin to the Mayoralty. From day to day it sang his praises, and discovered to its readers his multifarious virtues. It seemed to be equally desirous, however, to encompass the defeat of Mr. Ryan, Democratic candidate for Supervisor from the Seventh Ward. This I assume from the fact that on several occasions it said he was utterly unfit for the position. Mr. Baldwin was defeated by a minority of about 4500 votes, and Mr. Ryan was elected by a plurality of over 3500.

My esteemed contemporary, the *Chronicle*, throughout the campaign seemed frantically intent on defeating Mr. Ellert. For four weeks it called him names, slandered and traduced him. It summoned the gods to descend and wipe him out. In fact, at one time it appeared that unless Mr. De Young's lungs were made of leather they would surely burst, so boisterous was his vocalization on this subject. Mr. Ellert was elected over three strong competitors by a plurality of about 1500.

Several days before the election, my small (I refer to its brain) but esteemed contemporary, the *Report*, remarked: "The election of Auditor Smiley is an assured fact." Thinking to augment the tidal wave that was rushing toward Smiley, it printed several little squeaking editorials in his interest. They killed him. He was cleaned off the earth. Broderick's plurality is over 4000.

The same contemporary and the aged *Bulletin* did not like the Depot Act. They said it was a "railroad job," and roundly abused the "kids," who comprise the League of Progress, for advocating it. There is an ancient tradition, which has survived since the days of the Vigilantes, that it is dangerous to cross the path of the *Bulletin*. That journalistic monster is supposed to carry off babies and eat up little boys. But the gory locks and savage growl did not go this time. The Depot Act has been carried by an overwhelming majority.

My contemporary the *Post*, which conducted itself with much decorum, seemed to desire the election of the Republican ticket—National, State, and municipal. That was enough. All three were buried under an avalanche of dissenting votes. As for the *Illustrated Rasp* and Mr. Pixley's *Argonaut*, I shall merely condone with those whose claims they advocated. Mr. Easton is a very estimable gentleman. He would have made, as the public generally knew, a most enterprising, upright, and progressive Mayor. Originally, I have no doubt the voters intended to elect him, but one day Mr. Pixley put him at the head of his ticket and the *Rasp* published his picture. This settled his fate. The fact that he received only about 9000 votes out of a total of 60,000, must have been due to the frantic desire of the people to "copper" the *Rasp* and *Argonaut*. Editors Flim and Pixley always were hoodoos.

The *Call* appeared to have considerable influence of a sort of a negative character. I am quite certain, however, that this was due to the fact that for once in its life the *Call* was pulling in the same direction as The Wave.

THE DEMOCRATIC "VICTORY."

There is one thing of which I should like to remind Judge Sullivan, Mr. Dwyer, and the bosses of the Reorganized Democracy, now that they are contemplating the loss of the Mayoralty and the almost complete eclipse of the local Democratic party. It is this: If they had listened to the voice of reason when it endeavored to attract their attention, ex-Supervisor Colin M. Boyd would now be Mayor, and instead of some of their nominees being defeated and others elected by beggarly pluralities, the whole Democratic ticket would have been swept into office by from 10,000 to 15,000 plurality.

Two years ago, when the local Democracy was well nigh annihilated, the party cast in this city an average of 25,000 votes. This was with a registration of about 55,000. Cleveland, this year, with a registration of but a few thousand more, polled over 30,000 votes. With a good ticket and a united party there are at least 30,000 Democrats in San Francisco. The "management" of the Reorganized leaders has resulted in giving Baldwin 12,600; McDade, 18,000; Block, 17,000; Glynn, 16,000; Haley, 19,000, and the others similar totals.

There is here a falling off of from 6000 to 10,000 Democrats on the basis of the Republican tidal wave of two years ago. What will the Reorganized bosses do when they are confronted with the united Non-Partisan-Republican party two years hence? Those parties separately cast nearly as many votes as the Democrats. United they would sweep the Democracy off the earth. Two years from now it is quite probable that Kelly and Crimmins will stand (if they are then out of jail) in about the same position toward the Non-Partisans that the Old Democrats now stand toward the Reorganizers—a mere political fragment.

In my opinion, instead of rejoicing over the work of the last four months, the leaders of the Reorganized Democracy, like Pyrrhus, after his desperate battle, ought to exclaim, "Another such a victory and we are undone." But for the Cleveland tidal wave of a week ago, the Reorganizers would now be shouting, not *Vivé la Republique*, but *Vive qui peut!*

The absence from many of our social gatherings of Count Vladimir Nicholas Rumin, Knight of the Order of St. George, etc., etc., has been generally commented on. Persons desiring to communicate with the distinguished visitor should address their letters to the Count, care of the Drunks' Ward, City Prison, Old City Hall. Count Rumin is, among other things, Superintendent of Convicts in Siberia, and his opinions of the police are exceedingly strong. He says the San Francisco article is a pig.

* * *

The gloomy results of the Republican defeat have been rendered darker by the fact that Mr. Turner, of Stockton, has been battered to a jelly by Mr. Williams, of Salt Lake. The money that Darktown won on the election has enriched the backers of the Mormon gentleman.

* * *

If any one thinks that there are some old Democrats still voting for Andrew Jackson he should read the late election returns carefully. They will convince him that all the voting that was done was for Mr. Cleveland.

* * *

Since Kansas sent the sockless and whiskered one to the United States Senate she has lost all sen e of shame. It is said Mrs. Mary E. Lease will represent the Bleeding State in the upper house of Congress next year.

* * *

A judgment has fallen on Illinois for its Democratic majority. The little town of Red Bud was demolished by a cyclone on Thursday morning and M. M. Estee will shortly leave for Chicago.

* * *

Behind closed doors at New York, on Thursday, the Archbishops of America tried to answer the question: "What is a secret order?" It probably has something to do with secret sessions.

MUSIC.

SYMPHONIC ORCHESTRA CONCERT.

Doing its duty in the way of supporting energetic effort is becoming less of a remarkable phenomenon in the behavior of our musical public, and the attendance at the first concert given by the Symphonic Orchestra exceeded even the hopes of the most ardent well-wishers. At no local concert within recent years has there been such a complete gathering of professionals and amateurs and withal so apparently kindly disposed toward the collected personnel of players and incidental singers. The attention of the public has been thoroughly aroused and it is to be hoped will not be abated as speedily as past experience has shown it to be. The gain to the growing musical public in the bare fact of having the opportunities of hearing great symphonic works within easy reach is hardly to be overestimated, remembering the heretofore aching void settled upon us. No militating reason exists against the permanence of these concerts if the enthusiasm already raised be judiciously conserved and the standard aimed at is generously maintained.

Mr. Adolph Bauer, the conductor, has the credit of the whole enterprise. The amount of labor entailed in gathering together the players, enlisting the sympathies of the intelligent music lovers, and holding the attention of the press, requires an energy which few musicians are possessed of, and the success achieved was thoroughly deserved.

Such a ponderous instrument as a Symphonic Orchestra is not to be created within a few weeks without flaw or weakness somewhere, and the work done by it must necessarily have limitations in many directions. The point of view is not what remained to be desired in the performance, but that there was a performance of any kind where merit gave evidence of existence with lively possibilities of growing greater. For all practical purposes Mr. Bauer's band is fairly equipped. The quality of tone might be improved in several directions, and the strings generally could bear strengthening, particularly the first violins. The reeds in quality and volume are excellent and did good work. Certainly Mr. Bauer has brought together the best talent to be had.

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony in *C Minor*, the *piece de resistance*, and Wagner's Tannhauser Overture, gave all concerned full scope for display of ability. Mr. Bauer has a grasp over his orchestra which is allied with repose and the electric quality which impresses itself upon band and audience alike; his *tempi* are free from exaggeration, though in some instances rather under the average of speed, as usually given, and his ideas, as far as the orchestra has at present learned them out, are refined and vigorous. Mr. Beel, as first violin, appeared at his best, and made a thoroughly reliable leader. The performances were not without weak places, but the general result was more than could have been expected at a first bow before the public. The climaxes were reached without noise or loss of power, and the dynamics promise to be of true value with further rehearsal. The Symphony was welcomed with the enthusiasm which showed our musicians are alive to the epic magnificence of a mighty conception by the Master of Symphony. Wagner's Overture also gave the audience the sensation always present, however oft repeated the number is, of the quickening of emotional life responding to the divine frenzy of genius.

Nicode's arrangement of Chopin's Allegro de Concert proved interesting and strengthened a composition somewhat pallid despite its beautiful themes. Mr. Sam Fleishmann's appearance as the pianist in this composition was the sign for a rousing welcome. Of the returned students none appear to have made as good use of their time or talents while studying in Europe as this latest candidate for public honors. A technique which is certainly remarkably fluent, naturally produced, and having much tone which is agreeable allied to a modest manner begets the respect of an audience for this pianist. Mr. Fleishmann's exact status as a musical artist is not to be fully gauged by his playing of the Allegro nor of the enthusiastically demanded encore, a characteristic piece by Moszkowski, and it remains to be seen how much of distinction he will win in a mixed programme. His playing is that of a well-cultivated pianist and musician. In the capacity of composer Mr. Fleishmann will be heard at the next Symphonic Orchestra Concert through the medium of an overture, "Hero and Leander," which has won favorable *critiques* from reliable sources.

Two errors in judgment in connection with this otherwise excellently interesting concert were, first, its length, and then its vocal numbers. True to the traditions of the Tivoli, the singing held the audience in durance of the most villainous description. To say it was the blot upon the performance is mere evasion; it was a total desecration of the purposes, the use, and the beauty of the art of song. The efforts of these singers merit prayers for a lapse of memory. Schumann's *B Flat* Symphony will be given next week, and it is to be hoped the attendance will be as great as at the first concert.

LESLEY MARTIN.

LAWN TENNIS.

Of late but very little has happened in local tennis circles. The players evidently were in need of a little rest after such a succession of tournaments during the past two or three months. The programmes mapped out by the different organizations for this winter's contests will, no doubt, keep the players busy, and will afford tennis enthusiasts ample scope for speculation. It is hoped by many that the champion team of the Pacific States, the Hardy brothers, of Oakland, and the California Club's team, Stetson and DeLong, will again come together, as a match between them would prove very interesting, especially as the latter team have improved very much since their defeat by the former at the recent championship tournament.

On Thursday next, at the grounds of the California Tennis Club, the Club championship doubles tournament will take place. The entries up to date are not by any means what should be expected from such a prominent organization, but it is confidently expected that many more teams will enter in the next few days.

The entries to date are: S. Hoffman and W. B. Lee, A. B. Wilberforce and R. J. Davis, E. Schmiedell and H. R. Simpkins, Geo. DeLong and H. R. Stetson, D. E. Allison, Jr., and W. S Hobart, A. G. Field and A. F. Allen, and Whitney and Whitney.

In summing up the chances of the different teams it is conceded that Stetson and DeLong, from past performances, should win handily, that is, providing that Hubbard and Tobin will not enter, in which event the result would be rendered quite doubtful.

Schmiedell and Simpkins have shown wonderful improvement in team work, but their chances are lost sight of owing to the fact of their poor judgment, frequently letting balls go that land within four feet of the base line.

The ladies' single championship of the California Club is creating no little amount of interest. The prize, a magnificent silver salad dish, is well worth trying for, and as the ladies have been practicing hard for the event it is safe to predict a number of very exciting matches. The outcome at present seems to lie between Miss Susie Morgan, Coast champion, and Mrs. A. E. Wood of the Presidio. All the lady players, however, are close to championship form, and as surprises often happen in tennis it is hard to venture an accurate opinion as to who will be the club champion. The entry list for this event is not as yet complete, but up to date the following ladies have affixed their signatures: Miss Susie Morgan, Miss Mattie Gibbs, Mrs A. E. Wood, Miss Mira Lord, Mrs. Barry.

Mr. M. F. Goodbody, an English expert who has spent a very enjoyable vacation in the United States, has arrived in England and is loud in his expression of American hospitality. What little tennis he played while in America he enjoyed immensely, and was much impressed by the completeness of arrangements at the American club tournaments.

THE SCORER.

THE LEADING HOTEL.

The California Hotel has taken its place among the leading hostelries of the country' and the management have the satisfaction of knowing that it is regarded as the foremost on the Pacific Coast. The guests enjoy every comfort that comes from an intimate knowledge of the hotel business, and the experience of many years contribute to their enjoyment. Every effort has been made to make the *café* the best in America, and those who have traveled most are loudest in their praise of its many excellences. The *cuisine* is admirable, and the best that the market affords is to be found on the bill of fare at very reasonable prices. The *chef* is an artist, who gives his personal attention to the preparation of every dish.

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THE MUMMERS.

MISS MARLOWE.

Another opportunity of seeing Miss Marlowe hardly changes my estimate of her as an actress, but serves to accentuate the opinion I formed of her as a woman of charming personality. Unfortunately, theatre-goers, as a class, set histrionic ability above charms of face or figure; they pay for the former, and accept the latter as something that has its Alpha in the dressing-room and its Omega in the bedroom. Many of the successful actresses had no beauty; few of the successful actresses had no histrionic talent.

Miss Marlowe is not suited to Shakespearean roles; this is a general statement, which is based on a study of her performance in "Much Ado About Nothing." I might put the assertion in this form and say Shakespearean roles are not suited to Miss Marlowe, which makes a tremendous difference. In the first place I am not quite sure that Miss Marlowe has in her Shakespearean reading penetrated the crust of sound to the meat of meaning; there is more power in Master Will's sentences than she has been able to see, and while she has struggled for the proper interpretation of the sound she has not been able to master the matter. This is a very common misfortune among those who have undertaken the production of the legitimate, and I am constrained to admit that were it not for the vanity of theatre-goers, who will insist that they can catch Shakespeare's pearls of thought as they fall from the stammering tongue of some incompetent mummer, the Bard of Avon's work would long ago have fallen into oblivion, so far as stage use is concerned.

I should like to ask any intelligent person who sat in the Baldwin on Monday last if as much pleasure was had in witnessing the production of "Much Ado About Nothing" as has been had in the reading of it. If the answer is "yes," I will request the respondent to stand to one side and permit an intelligent person to speak. Shakespeare was not a plot-manufacturer; the value of his plays lies in the worth of his language, and one who cannot interpret his meaning need not seek to reproduce his sound. Were the language that is used in the play under discussion translated into primer words the gentle mummers in Miss Marlowe's company might please their audiences; but, unfortunately, in adapting it to the ears of Nineteenth Century people the mechanic did not alter words, but merely mutilated the matter.

It is a matter of no surprise to me that the Marlowe season has not been a success; as a matter of fact, I very much doubt if the present generation of theatre-goers will see a notable production of Shakespearean plays; not only do the actors seem to be lacking, but audiences no longer fight for seats for "revivals" of such pieces. Thanks to the daily education they receive from sensational papers, they are not content to listen to a pretty woman give parlor recitations of Shakespearean parts; they want real water, barb-wire fences, bursting sewers, and mad dogs; and when it comes to a choice between "Much Ado About Nothing," as per the Marlowe Company, and the real water, mad dogs, etc., I want the latter, too.——

Clara Morris, entirely restored in health, begins a brief season at the Baldwin on Monday evening. She opens in a play entirely new to the theatre-goers of this city. It is entitled "Claire," and is her own dramatization from the German of Richard Dok. In theme, sentiment, and structure it bears no relation whatever to George Ohnet's "Clare and the Forgemaster." It is a strong play in the line of Miss Morris' great power. It appeals directly to women, and wherever given has proved very successful. "Claire" will be given Monday, Wednesday, and Friday nights, and at the Saturday matinee. On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday nights Miss Morris will repeat her former success here, Sardou's "Odette." A large and uniformly good company surrounds her.——

Patti Rosa is growing rapidly in popularity, and the American public is fast recognizing the fact that she is practically without a rival in her line. Her appearance here at the Bush Street Theatre, next week, in her new play, "Dolly Varden," will present her at her best, for it is admitted that she is in better form this season than ever before. She has a company of exceeding excellence, it being especially strong in comedy and vocal talent. Miss Rosa will give no Wednesday matinee, but will substitute a special matinee on Thursday, Thanksgiving Day. At the matinee on Saturday a ten-dollar gold piece will be given to the boy or girl who has formed the most words from the name "Dolly Varden." Lists must be at the box office not later than Thursday.——

"The Shaughraun," at Stockwell's, continues to draw large houses. The mounting of this production is one of great effect, and with the cast can be seen a performance well acted. "The Shaughraun" will continue throughout this week and next, with a matinee on Thursday, Thanksgiving Day. Following "The Shaughraun" will be seen "Two Roses," in which Mr. E. J. Henley will be seen in a character more adapted to his power of acting. "Captain Herne," U. S. A," a military spectacle, will follow the "Two Roses."——

"My Official Wife" will be presented at the California next week, with Mrs. Seligman-Cutting in the leading role. Mrs. Cutting has the proud distinction of being the wife of one of New York's richest sons, who, too, appears with the company. Mrs. Seligman-Cutting has made a success of the part of Helene, and the play should have a good run here. Of course, everyone knows that Colonel Savage wrote "My Official Wife."——

Did ever an aspirant for the Mayoralty so lack dignity as Dr. O'Donnell? This curious person, who wields such a power in San Francisco, is utterly without sense of what befits his ambition. Perhaps if he did, however, he would poll fewer votes. To comment on the stupidity of his supporters is unnecessary. Whoever knows aught of this city, is aware the fellow is a loud-mouthed criminal entitled to no credit save for supreme presumption and unique persistence. I was on the corner of Stockton and Market Streets one evening last week when the Doctor hove in sight and rushed up to a little newsboy engaged crying the evening papers at the top of a small, shrill voice.

"Boy, boy, how fur be I ahead now?" he asked in husky, anxious tones.

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The Last Trumpet

IT was at least three-quarters of an hour after roll-call when, without any regular permission, Trumpeter Brisquet presented himself at the gate of the quarters. They did not know at first what was the matter with him. "Is he drunk?" "Is he sick?"

They heard him uttering little cries, and he was holding his sides. This was bearing scarcely in keeping with his situation of tardy comer. However, the doubts were of short duration, for a brief examination sufficed for the sagacious sergeant to discover that the delinquent was writhing simply from laughter. It is not usual to laugh till one weeps, and more especially when one returns at such an hour; one way of soliciting four days' confinement, a sentence he did not have to wait for.

"Four days to Trumpeter Brisquet for being absent at roll-call and for senseless hilarity," cried the sergeant.

This merriment had positively scandalized the corporal and the sergeant; to all their questions Brisquet had responded only by such a great laugh that one saw far down his throat.

Why did he laugh like that? Vexed at not knowing, the sergeant had decided in his rage to report such an unprecedented fact, and Colonel Ramollot, severe but just, thought he ought to give four days more to the sportive trumpeter. Lieutenant Bernard, scenting some grotesque story, visited Brisquet to inquire into the reason for such gayety.

"Come, Brisquet, what have you got to laugh at so, like an imbecile? The colonel is furious; he has doubled the punishment the sergeant gave you."

"O, Lieutenant—! hi—hi! ha—hou! hou! hou!—hi!—ha!"

"Come! come! are you afraid of nobody?"

"No—not at all—hi!—hi!—hi!"

It was impossible to get any more out of him, and the more enraged Bernard became the more Brisquet was convulsed with laughter. This was very trying; there must be something extraordinary under it, and at mess Lieutenant Bernard told about his useless proceeding. The trumpeter was considered as a man of no importance, but his case aroused everybody's curiosity, and the gentlemen charged Captain Lorgnegrut to try to find out the cause of such wild mirth.

So Captain Lorgnegrut went in his turn to the trumpeter. At the first words he addressed to him our man laughed as furiously as at Bernard's questioning. To be captain and not learn any more than the lieutenant and the corporal was annoying, so, although good to the soldiers, Lorgnegrut recommended four days longer for unrestrained levity.

Fresh reporting to the colonel, who added the four days more for the poor devil who, when told the news, burst out laughing in the sergeant's face.

This was all related at mess. Commander Vermoulu swore that it should not go on like that; he would go himself to that brute and they would know at last what it all meant.

A quarter of an hour later the commander, red as a tomato, and his eyes bulging out of his head, rejoined the gentlemen at coffee. Brisquet had not been willing to say anything, and the commander wished he might never be able to, for not content with laughing, he had actually choked.

"I came away," said the commander, "for I felt that I should run my sword into him, but good heavens! that fellow has got to speak for I am going to submit the case to the colonel; he is good, I know, but if that fool laughs in his face we shall soon see what will happen!" The commander kept his word, and next day Ramollot demanded of the jovial trumpeter:

"Here! now! what does this mania for laughing in the face of all your superiors mean?"

"Colonel, I—hi! hi!—allow—"

"I don't allow anything, know that! Explain all about it or you will learn what stuff I am made of."

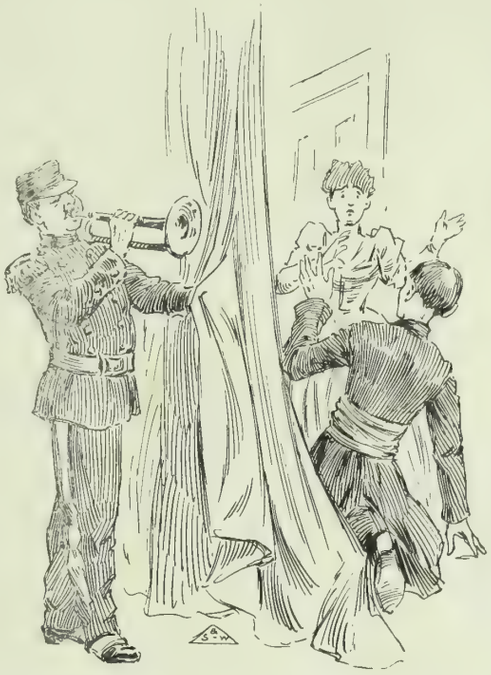
Poor Brisquet who tried to be serious was shaken by involuntary contortions that he strove to master.

At last he resolved to tell, and held his sides as he spoke:

"Let me laugh a little, Colonel, and— and in a minute I—hi!—hi!—hi!—I will tell you everything."

"Is it so funny?" answered the colonel, laughing in his turn, in spite of himself. "Well! laugh, then, only speak!"

Brisquet profited largely by the permission, and when he was somewhat calmer he began his story.



"Only—Colonel—it is something not for the lieutenant nor the captain."

"Is it possible? but the commander?"

"The commander—it—it concerns him—but—Colonel—it—it's not for him either."

"How is that, for gracious' sake?"

"That is to say, it concerns him so much that—that I couldn't tell him."

"Come, come, Brisquet, briefly, is it something that can be known?"

"This is it, Colonel: The commander's wife has a maid who is much taken with me. The other night I went to see her, thinking the commander had gone to the theatre with his wife. Caroline and I were enjoying my call, when suddenly someone rang the bell. I didn't know what to do; we were in the drawing-room and I didn't know where to hide. Caroline made me get behind the window-curtains; then she opened the door. It was the commander's wife who had come back."

"And then—?"

"I—I can't tell any more, Colonel—I—I cannot."

"No more! Confound you!"

"I can't say any more—Colonel—or—if I did—it would be necessary for you to swear not to tell the commander."

"I will tell him it is my affair."

"Ah!—yes—but—I am afraid he would make it his."

"Fear nothing. Tell the whole."

"I would rather go away, Colonel."

"If you try to leave I will have you arrested."

"I would like that better than—"

"Heavens! what do you mean? Have you got to have my word?"

"Yes, Colonel. You will know."

"Well! I give it to you."

"Yes, but, Colonel—you have not spat on the ground."

"What! Is it also necessary to spit on the ground? Well! I spit—you rascal! But if your story is not a funny one, you will hear from me. Mark what I say."

The colonel having spat on the ground, Brisquet continued:

"But the commander's wife was not alone."

"Ah! ha!"

"Colonel—it was—the parson who was with her!"

"The—Lord! the parson! it was the parson! That is nonsense."

"Oh! it was indeed the parson, Colonel, I saw him plainly, but he did not see me. The commander's wife came in and I heard her

say: 'Leave us, Caroline!' and she took off her hat, her cloak, and her gloves. The parson laid aside his hat and they began to talk.

"'What, you at this hour, sir, how does it happen?'

"'Madam, I saw the commander go away, and, at the moment of your return, believing you would be alone here, I came to make you a little visit to learn the news.'

"Then they talked about their health. She said that she was well, and he said that he was not well, that he suffered torments. She said that was very unfortunate, that he ought to take some medicine and some pills, to make him sleep, but he said:

"'Oh! it is not medicine that I need. It is not the body that is ill—it is the spirit.'

"'But tell me, how is that?' said she.

"Then he went up to her and took her hand and pressed it between his hands, and stared and stared at her. 'You are good, Madam, you are, you will forgive me, but—but I have been thinking of committing suicide!'

"'You, sir, you—you commit suicide?'

"Then the commander's wife began to appear uneasy, too.

"'Yes,' said the parson, 'the devil tempts me, Madam. I can no longer resist him. I must obey him or I shall kill myself.'

"'But, sir—yield to the devil; the good God never requires the impossible,' said she; 'yield, believe me, rather than commit suicide, for only think of the scandal for the church.'

"Upon that behold my parson on his knees before my lady. 'As you will, my daughter, so be it. I know that I am going to commit a great crime, but God will pardon me—yes, I yield—then—know all Madam—I—I love you!'

"She looked astonished. 'I will ring,' said she, 'if you do not rise and leave me!'

"'No,' said he, 'grant me one kiss or I shall perish; you will have killed me.'

"She boxed his ears.

"'What do you risk?' said he. 'A sin! I risk it myself. I will give you absolution and you will have saved me. Is that not preferable?'

"'Come! come! I beg of you! What if the commander should return?'

"'Just so! kiss me before he comes!'

"'But your salvation, sir?'

"'I could not resist my passion, not if the trumpet of the last judgment should sound at this moment!'

"He had almost touched his lips to hers, when, behind the curtains, I put my trumpet to my lips and began to sound the charge!

"This is why the commander's wife is sick and the parson has left the place; I tell you that, Colonel. I took advantage of the confusion to slip away without being noticed, and I came back to the quarters convulsed with laughter. You understand why I could not tell the commander."

"That is plain! that is plain. You have done well not to tell any of the officers, and now, if they question you, say that I have forbidden you to speak."

To cut short the curiosity of the officers, Ramollot told them that Brisquet laughed like that, because someone had told him that Sara Bernhardt had played Joan of Arc. —*Translated from the French of Chas. Leroy, for* THE WAVE, *by* E. F. DAWSON.

CARDS, STATIONERY, LEATHER GOODS.

As this is the season for invitations to parties, weddings teas, and receptions, it would be well for the readers of THE WAVE to know the best place at which to procure these necessary details of polite life. Sanborn, Vail & Co. have the best facilities for doing the finest kind of work, the excellence of which has been proved by the large number of orders they have received.

Here, too, may be found the latest styles in fashionable stationery. The tints in letter paper are changing constantly, and if one desires to be considered proper in this important matter, one must follow the dictates of the fashion makers. In leather goods Sanborn, Vail & Co. show a splendid stock of pretty goods. More attention has been given to purses, pocketbooks, and card cases in the past year than ever before, and the finest examples of the maker's art are to be found in the store of this firm.

Because of the charity baseball game, Harvard *vs.* Yale, which is to take place at Central Park, this Saturday afternoon, Sigmund Beel has concluded to postpone the Pop announced for that date to Saturday afternoon, November 26th. The Kruetzer Sonata, the Godord trio, and Flute and String trio having received the largest number of votes, will be given at the next concert. Donald de V. Graham, by general desire, will sing Beethoven's "Adelaide." This will be the last Pop this year. The season will be continued January 7th, January 21st, and February 4th.

The first of Wilkie's Palace Ballad Concerts will be given at the Palace Hotel on Tuesday, November 29th, instead of on the twenty-second as was previously announced.

YOUNG LOVE.

How nice it is to be engaged,
  How very nice, I ween,
It is when one or both are aged
  But six or seventeen.

For nobody objects at all,
  But all look wondrous wise;
And every night one makes a call,
  And lives on her "sheep's eyes."

And everybody says, "How nice!
  To part them would be wrong;
For, though they live in Paradise,
  It won't last very long."
—*Tom Hall, in Current Events.*

EXCHANGE THOUGHTS.

The Fresno *Republican*, which is occupying a large corner in the realm of political oblivion, asks pathetically: "What's the use of writing editorials, anyway, when you have nothing to say?"

The Stockton *Independent* stops the press to say: "President Harrison's 'squeal' is unmanly, undignified, and cold-blooded."

When the San Bernardino *Courier* feels deeply on a matter it falls into poetry, for proof of which witness the following blank verse: "A low-down, dirty, miserable, —— cur, Copenhaven by name, pretending to be a United States Marshal, had the impudence to interfere with the voters at Old San Bernardino, yesterday. He would have received a sound thrashing at the hands of Professor N. A. Richardson, but the cowardly villain did not have the courage to face a man, notwithstanding his unlimited gall."

Mr. Beals—I suppose you are one of the *old* New Yorkers—

Miss Forty-five (indignantly)—Not as old as you think, sir!—*New York Truth.*

Manager—What's wrong? The curtain has gone up, and the people are calling for the child-dancer. Where is she?

She's now in a row with her son-in-law, but she'll be there in a minute.—*The Inter-Ocean.*

Oh! dear! This is too bad. Here is the Sacramento *Bee* getting after poor old Pixley, as if the sick man hadn't enough to trouble him already. The *Bee* says: "Pixley, in the *Argonaut*, pauses long enough in his microscopical examination of the Pope's toe, to remark that he has been suffering politically from a swimming sensation in the head. Pixley must have lost a dollar and a half on the election. Nothing short of a financial embarrassment of this character could have so unnerved him."

She had made a motion, and the "ayes" were being counted. He whispered, "Your supporters are on the floor." And to this day he does not understand why she blushed so violently and hurriedly glanced down on her feet.—*New York Truth.*

The Oakland *Times* is probably right about this: "Wisest of all betters was he who pledged himself to drink two quarts of whisky in two hours. The exhilaration of the moment will probably compensate for the aftermath."

"Our club finds looking for new quarters pretty hard work."

"Why doesn't it apply at the United States Mint?" —*Kate Field's Washington.*

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The most difficult cases are solicited by Dr. B. W. Haines, who has had much experience in this work, and has met with great success and takes pleasure in recommending it to those desiring the best artificial denture that art and science can produce.

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PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

I note that birds of a feather continue to flock together: The little Broadway, of New York, enters California and drops into the anti-compact nest of the resurrected Mutual Fire. This gratuitous advertisement may hatch up business for these worthy underwriting bantlings, but the gullibility of the average property owner is not half as big as our pumpkins.

* * *

Eastern underwriters have in the past, do now, and will continue in the future, to waste considerable of their nerve force over the supposed general conflagration hazard of San Francisco. Without ringing up the old argumentative "chestnuts" of low buildings, redwood lumber in construction, foggy summers and wet winters, attention is called to the completion and recent adoption by the Harbor Commissioners of the fine new fire boat and tug, "Governor Markham;" through four lines of hose this water front protectionist throws 50,000 gallons per hour, and is capable of squelching any ordinary fire along the Bay front; as an auxiliary to the Fire Department, its importance will doubtless reach the very pockets of all woodworkers, lumbermen, and frame range owners, and a general clamor for largely reduced rates can be anticipated. The Fire Department is undergoing a thorough overhauling, and the Veteran Scannell, as Chief, has lost none of his energy and ability when it comes to forcing his progressive measures for the betterment of the Department through the Board of Fire Commissioners. Another chemical, by the way, has been added to the equipment.

* * *

Pacific Coast underwriters are rarely free from troubles internal. The Northwestern National has a President—the President has an agent in San Francisco, and because, forsooth, agents, brokers, and the people don't know and appreciate the fact, arbitrary demands for compact legislation is made, and, pending action, the resignation of the Company is filed and followed with a kind of bravado which to business men, to conservative men, even to underwriters thus far distant from that great beer and insurance centre, Milwaukee, appears most unbecoming. The "Credit Evil" was the N. W. N.'s *bete noire*, and even while the P. I. U. was "wrestling" with this and other problems this Company "shies its castors in the ring," and, like Don Quixote, wants to conquer the world. This blustering bluff has been promptly met by the quiet, persevering, and determined Captain A. E. Magill, of the Home and Phœnix, and, in case of a scrimmage, somebody will be Corbettized, and I venture the prediction it won't be Magill. The only trouble about the prospective "tilt" lies in the fact that this Milwaukee "beefer" has no business of any account to suffer in case of war; but the battle will not be fought out here, as the executive head of the N. W. N. will find out to his cost.

* * *

I am informed that John F. Siebe will take up the insurance business dropped by Fred Siebe, whose sudden death proved so great a sorrow to his many friends.

* * *

I note that the Hamburg-Bremen has wisely added Montana to Manager Herold's Pacific Coast Department. LOCAL.

THE SPOILS.

Though the victory is with the Democracy, I do not imagine there is aught to be triumphant about in the result. The average vote received by the party candidates is something like 7000 behind the totals of the '90 election. That, too, in the face of the fact that the last ticket was put up by the much abused Buckley. There is not the faintest doubt that had the Sullivan-Dwyer combination put up stronger men they would have carried the entire ticket from Mayor to School Director. However, they have all the patronage offices, by means of which they can keep their organization together for the next municipal fight. Still, the support of place-hunters counts for little after all. Crimmins and Kelly had everything and won nothing, actually, but the Superintendent of Streets, who happened, indeed, to be the Democratic candidate.

* * *

Of peculiar interest is the fight for the Federal offices. The contest promises to be exceedingly interesting as successive batches of new candidates come into the field. Upon what basis the majority found their pretensions to place I have no means of determining, but since the fight has been won I have most frequently heard the aspirations of those who took no part in winning it. But that is no new thing. Rumor says the fight for Collector is between ex-Mayor Pond and Bill English. I know of no one who has done more in the interest of the party than the ex-Harbor Commissioner. He is not a millionaire like the late candidate for Governor, and he certainly should have the place.

* * *

There are other men who deserve a reward for service in the cause of Democracy. I hear of Andrew Lawrence, of the *Examiner*, as a candidate for Naval Officer. There is little consideration given newspapermen by politicians, and in the distribution of spoils they fail even to get the crumbs. I believe Mr. Lawrence has many warm friends in Washington and he stands an excellent chance of getting the place. As his capabilities as an editor, correspondent, and reporter have been often proved, it is almost unnecessary to say he is one of the brightest men in the newspaper business.

* * *

The great question who carried the State for the Democracy might be answered in a variety of ways. There is no doubt that Cleveland's personality explains a portion of the large vote given him. The Senatorial aspirations of Mr. De Young were a potent factor. The efforts of the State Central Committee undoubtedly bore fruit and I am satisfied that the League of Democratic Clubs had a great deal to do with the political revolution. By Major R. P. Hammond, the President, and W. D. English, the Secretary, a vast amount of genuine work was performed. Circulars were sent all over the State. Some fifty men were employed to canvass the doubtful counties. Major Hammond spent his own money to the amount of several thousand dollars in the good cause, and predicted, just before election, that the State would go for Cleveland by a majority of about 500.

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FASHIONS: BY LETTER.

ANNE, DEAR:—How we are to overcome this tide of mercilessly changing fashions I am at a loss to know. No sooner have we discarded or reconstructed our numerous bell skirts, and settle down, fondly believing that, for a season at least, we will be correct in the short, round skirt with its increased fullness and simple trimmings which the local *modiste* has provided us with, when, alas! our dream is rudely shattered by one simple line from Paris: "Overdresses are coming in." Now, how can a San Francisco woman hope to be satisfied with her new frock, however attractive, if she knows of a later cut which her Parisian sister is reveling in? To be sure, we are not to know definitely for months to come what our fate is to be. I can't bring myself to believe we will ever get back to those atrocious affairs composed of yards upon yards of materials looped into fantastic forms by a net-work of tapes on the under side, but the word has gone forth, and the anxiety must be ours. I can only suggest that you be modest in the number of dresses you select for this winter's wear, that you may be better prepared for a fresh start in the spring, for I am convinced there will be a startling innovation among our next season's fashions.

Be sure that your new bodice is cut with straight lines running up and down as in the fashions of 100 years ago, giving a stiff, straight effect now so desirable (unless, of course, you prefer the Empire style which is quite as correct, though entirely different); all bias seams and slanting stripes, particularly at the curve of the waist, are decidedly out. The new cut has a tendency to broaden the waist effect, but the enormously wide shoulder puffs and trimming more than make up for this possible defect.

Some courageous and distinctly stylish New York girls have appeared recently on Fifth Avenue wearing the old-fashioned fur tippets, which, if not belonging to their grandmothers, were perfect copies of those old-time affairs They are cut with the point in the back, flare straight out over the drooping sleeves, and finish in front with two square tabs which reach the waist line. One stunning girl wore a costume of moss green and golden brown cloth combined, a mink tippet finished on the edge of the tabs by six mink tails, and a huge muff of the same fur completed a costume that, I am told, was exceedingly elegant and stylish.

Silk petticoats, notwithstanding the fact that they are now made in the most delightful colors and designs, are surely losing favor, and, strange and impracticable as it may seem, the lace-beruffled white mull affairs are coming back. I believe the husbands, fathers, and brothers are largely responsible for this change; question the male members of your own household, and if they hold any opinion on the subject, nine chances to one it will be in favor of the daintily laundried affairs; but thereby hangs the charm, and the laundry bills are, in consequence, startling to contemplate.

The new veiling comes in pale lavender tints, sometimes dotted with a deeper shade, but usually preferred in plain tulle, and is worn very full around the hat brim; as it is the latest fad among fashionable French women, I suppose it has the advantage of being becoming. Yours, NANCY.

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Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-fourth day of November, 1892, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the fourteenth day of December, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

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OAKLAND GOSSIP.

OAKLAND, November 15th. DEAR WAVE:—I had to take an extra cold shower this morning in order to convince myself that last night's revelry and beauty were not a delusive dream, that we really have a *bona fide* Temple of Thespia, and that the scene was not one of those dreams of enchantment that happens so often in "The Arabian Nights." At last I'm wide awake, and realize that I was not in a land of dreams, and that all our belles and beaux were living creatures, all most anxious to display their many charms, evening gowns and clawhammers. One of our Society dames, whose gown was unpaid for, must have been terribly embarrassed to have her seat directly under the box occupied by H. Kahn and family. You know he is a dry goods merchant and runs a dressmaking establishment, and his box was next to that of the swell McNears. How horrified exclusive George must have been to be seated so near a party not in his 99; but, then, a theatre could not be built small enough for the only ones who consider that they have a right to swelldom. Mr. Macdonough should have remembered Oakland's exclusiveness, and constructed a building not large enough to admit 1500.

Dear, I have to admit that I will never again go to the theatre in evening dress, for, as our carriage drove up, our breath was almost taken away by the jeers and yells of the populace, who had gathered outside. It was horrible, but we were not alone in our suffering, as the occupants of each carriage met with a similar fate, and we all wished that we had come in sensible theatre costumes, as did many independent and wealthy ladies, who are not subservient to the whims of "our set." Much to my regret, the Duff Opera Company opened the theatre, and the audience was cold as Oakland audiences always are Had Julia Marlowe or Salvini been on the stage, we might have been aroused from our lethargy, but it may be that we were paralyzed by our own greatness—the handsomest theatre on the Coast and full dress was too much for people who rarely have any pleasure that we do not seek elsewhere. Besides, we are too conventional to show that we have any feeling or independence. Many of the matrons envied vivacious Jennie Hall Lathrop, who was the centre of an admiring *coterie* of beaux who visited her between acts. She and her husband sat in Mr. Macdonough's box with the Glascocks and C. G. Yates. The F. Marion Smiths occupied a box, also the Ben Wrights and A. C. Dietz. Wasn't that stag party, whose seats were way down in the orchestra, too selfish for anything? Don't know why they couldn't have taken some of their numerous lady friends to whom they are under obligations for dinners, receptions, etc., but no! to go alone and have a banquet after gives more pleasure to the Athenian and Reliance men than the society of the most charming girl could possibly do. Those naughty men care only for their clubs, eating, and paper. I heard a Jackson Street belle inquire if Mr. Macdonough had a wife, and, upon receiving a negative response, she remarked, "It seems to me he would be a pretty good catch—he don't look so old." Oh, these giddy young (?) girls—they care only for money

On gazing around the audience it struck me that the beauty of our 99 was only a dream of the past, as they paled beside such beauties as Mrs. D. D. Crowly, Egbert Stone's wife, who was appropriately gowned, Mrs. Ben Wright, Georgie Strong, Mrs. Charlie Pierce, Mrs. Henry Taft, Mrs. W. E. Dargie, Mrs. Tom Dargie, Mrs. Charlie Allen, the Whitney girls, and many others whose names escape me. You see I no longer admire fair women. I'm weary of looking at bleached blondes and avoirdupois. Many of our professional beauties looked ghastly beneath the brilliant glare of the electric lights which are not conducive to rouge, powder, darkened eyebrows and painted lips.

Tom says that the most enjoyable part of the whole evening was the glass of iced beer that he took between acts, and for which he paid twenty-five cents in the café below. The mirrors, cut glass, brilliant lights, and a picture that was beautiful enough to charm a St. Antony, make another attractive place to keep the boys away from us girls. What is to become of us, heaven only knows. Helen's gown was as *décolleté* as ever. Why will she never take a hint?

But a truce to the theatre; you will think me mad on the subject. I've forgotten to tell you about the Democratic jollification that I witnessed from Mr. Glascock's window. The days of old when Bacchus reigned supreme were nothing to compare with the hilarity of our prominent Dems The Alliance boys, who, on every occasion previous to the election, displayed their natty uniforms, are dead broke and those same uniforms are put away never to be worn again.

The McElraths gave a farewell tea last week in honor of Mrs. N. K. Perine, who leaves this week to visit her married daughter, who lives in New Jersey. You remember Florence Perine? She used to be quite a belle with the Brays, Mays, and Laura Requa in Fruitvale. Isn't Major McElrath a gay man? He is an aristocratic southerner who came out here many years ago in search of an heiress. Billy Foote took him in tow and married him to his present wife, who is quite an extensive land owner.

Thursday will find me at Glen Una, where the marriage of Dot Handy and Frank Hume will be celebrated. I predict quite a career of married belledom for Dot, as she is a great favorite.

Do wish that a certain *coterie*, who give teas all the time, would produce some mode of amusement other than the tinkle of the mandolin—a seductive little instrument when well played, but torture otherwise. Dear, I'm weary from last night's dissipation, so will say adieu, FROU-FROU.

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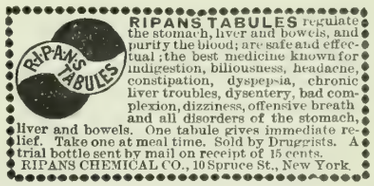

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MINING AND FINANCIAL.

Now that the excitement attendant to the Presidential election has passed, the stock market again claims the attention of the speculating public. For the last few days the old-time crowd is again on Pine Street, and the lobbies in both the San Francisco and Pacific Stock Exchanges are well filled, until standing-room is at a premium. Although the excitement is not as great as during the late rise in Belcher, still the most of the brokers are doing about as much business as they can conveniently handle. During the first three days of this week over 200,000 shares of stock changed hands in the San Francisco Board, mainly of the middle stocks Potosi, Chollar, and Hale & Norcross; on Tuesday, of Potosi alone nearly 10,000 shares were bought and sold.

THE WAVE has called particular attention to Con. Virginia and Ophir at the North End, and of Hale & Norcross and Savage, with Potosi, Chollar, and Bullion, of the Middle group; it is in the latter group, mainly controlled by Messrs. Hayward and Jones, that the attention of the speculating public has been attracted. Within the last week Potosi has advanced in price 150 per cent, rising from 90 cents to $2.30, the present selling price (Wednesday); Chollar advanced from 65 cents to $1.25, and Savage from $1.15 to $1.80

The principal buyer of these stocks has been Hirshfield who does most of Hayward's and Jones' business. By this it looks as though the insiders were the main buyers. All the news from the Potosi is of a very favorable nature, and a steady improvement in the ore vein of the up-raise. The joint up-raise of the Potosi and Bullion is about 80 feet above the 1100 foot level, and is in bunches of low grade ore that assay about $10, although on the street they say the assays are nearer $40 These stocks are a good gamble at the ruling figures, for should the improvement hold out for a few days more they will be selling for $4 or $5 per share. Not so many months back on a like development Potosi sold from $1.50 up to $10, and as history repeats itself, there may be another deal in store for Potosi and rest of the group. The improvement of the prices of these stocks has had its effect on the rest of the line, and all of them have advanced materially from Sierra Nevada on the North, right straight down to Overman on the south end. THE WAVE called attention last week to the important work going on in the Hale & Norcross on the 1800 foot level, and though the new cross-cut has not yet been started, the stock has advanced from $1.40 to $2. In the Gold Hill group Belcher advanced in last 24 hours from Tuesday morning's board prices, $1 60, to Wednesday's of $2.30. The news from the Belcher is of an encouraging nature, and Superintendent Sharon, who is on a visit at present to the city, reports that the north drift on the 400 foot level has been advanced 25 feet. The face is in porphyry with seams of low-grade quartz. From the Crown Point no change worth noting. There were shipped to the Carson Mint 501 pounds of bullion; coin value, $10,021. At the North End the Sierra Nevada and Union have still a fair prospect of finding ore. The west drift of the 900 foot level is now in 2630 feet, and is cutting clay and porphyry, which assays from $1 to $5.

As regards Con. Virginia, not much can be said, and the unfavorable financial showing the mine has made in the last month tends to depress the stock. She lost $13,000 over her receipts. This makes the mine in debt here and Virginia City about $25 000. According to the Superintendent's report, there was extracted last week and sent to the Morgan Hill 961 tons of ore; average battery sample $21.03 as against $25.43 per ton of the previous week. Bullion valued at $15,537 was shipped to the Carson Mint.

Superintendent Keating, of the Savage Mine, and Sam Jones, of Gold Hill, are staying in the city.

The California miners are now holding their annual session at Pioneer Hall, and is attended by over 500 delegates. The Association has now, according to Secretary Ralston, 4378 members.

Resolutions were passed approving of the Cammetti bill which passed at the last Congress carrying $14,000 for restraining dams, and from Senator Felton word has come that at the next assembly of Congress $450,000 will be appropriated. Senator Stewart, of Nevada, and Congressman Greary, of this State, addressed the meeting, and gave the hydraulic miners high hopes that the Government will so arrange matters that mining once again can be resumed in this State. Senator Jones and his fellow delegates have arrived in England to attend the Monetary Conference which meets next Tuesday at Brussels. Silver has been about 84¾ cents during the week.

At Salmon River, Siskiyou County, the Bogundes Mine is taking out and milling about $700 daily The Ball Mine has closed, preparatory to being sold for $500,000. Mr. Daggett is now running his mill on $200 rock. All the gravel mines in this vicinity are doing finely.

The Good Hope Mine, in Perris Valley, Los Angeles, has now been working about three years. In February, 1891, an ore body was found, since then they have been taking out about 10 tons a day that average $23 per ton; it cost about $5 for working, leaving $18 net balance. The amount of ore in sight is estimated at 75 000 tons. Messrs. Fawcett and Thompson, who are working the Norambaque ledge at Grass Valley, Nevada County, have just completed a crushing of 24 loads of ore from the upper tunnels of the mine that yielded $19 per load.

At the Stock and Bond Board local securities were in active demand; California Electric was largely dealt in, and Spring Valley Water Stock declined badly down to 96, a break of 4 per cent in the last few weeks. The following sales were made: Spring Valley, 340 shares at 98½ to 96; San Francisco Gas, 265 at 70¼ @ 70; California Electric Light, 1200 at 21¼ @ 20½; Pacific Gas Imp., 200 at 79½ @ ¼; Hutchinson, 110 @ 2½; Hawaiian Com., 650 at $1 @ 65 cents; Safe Deposit 5 @ 50. Also 2000 Omnibus Cable Bonds at 115, and 9000 Spring Valley 4's at $91.75.

SURETY.

SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, November 14th. DEAR WAVE:—Oh dear, who would have thought a simple little letter like mine would have raised such a commotion? But it did. The C. L. A. S. were all broken up. They had hoped to keep the secret of "The Mother's Trial" to themselves, and so continue the work of purification. They had a slate prepared with a number of names, a kind of "expurgational index" on which they were to act at successive charitable meetings, and now they can't decide whether to go on or not. They, that means the Scribe, wanted Mrs. C—— out, and she also advised dropping Mesdames C—— of the East side, and C—— of the western portion of town. She objected to Mrs. W—— being admitted as a member, while there are others whose turn may come later.

The work of reform began in politics, then invaded religion, and now charitable circles are agitated over it. Oh, why don't they try to lift up instead of pulling down? Of course it was done in the cause of sweet charity and by a society of charitable ladies. I wonder how they would treat the master whose work they boast of doing. The temperance people have become intemperate in denunciation, and the cultured, refined and kind-hearted ladies throughout the city can hardly believe that such a thing could happen in this city of churches. The Democrats and the Pratt Home Directors are happy. The latter gave a chrysanthemum show, but the C. L. A. S. did not join, and their receipts will not tax any vault to keep. The calls of that institution on a long suffering public begin to be offensive. Girls won't spend money for such purposes and the men here haven't got it to spend. I heard a pretty girl bemoaning the lack of young men. Frank C—— has gone to Chicago to bring home a wife—an insult to our pretty girls, who will have to emigrate if they ever want to marry.

Maurice Bruce is engaged, so he is no good for the rest of us. Will B—— is too busy with law cases, and he does not spend much time courting girls.

There are several engagements to be announced, but I dare not announce them until after "The Encyclopedia" deigns to have them appear in the *Mercury*.

BABBLER.

The third sale of horses at Souther Farm takes place next Wednesday at ten o'clock; the catalogues can be found at Killip & Co's, 22 Montgomery Street. Nearly one hundred horses will be offered, without reserve. The horse-buyer can attend these sales with the knowledge that no poor animals will be put up; that every representation made is honest, and that no advantage will be taken of the buyer. At Souther Farm are some of the best roadsters in the State.

"OUR SOCIETY"

Blue Book, containing the names, addresses, and reception days of the leading Society people of San Francisco, and the principal social centres of the State, is now in a state of preparation for the opening of the Society season of 1892-93, and will be issued November 1st. We will be particularly careful in the selection of names to grace the pages of the Blue Book, and will eliminate many which have appeared in former publications. It will be kept on file exclusively at all the clubs, fashionable hotels, theatres, summer resorts, etc.

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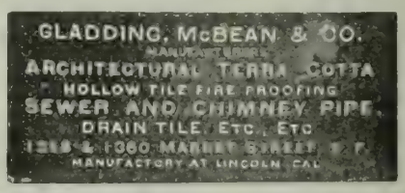
Instruction is PRIVATE, every detail of the gymnasium is here, including Spray and Shower Baths.

A limited number of gentlemen taken.



A WOMAN'S ADIEU.

Our love is done!
I would not have it back, I say,
I would not have my whole year May!
But yet, for our dead passion's sake,
Kiss me once more and strive to make
Our last kiss the supremest one,
For love is done.

Our love is done!
And still my eyes with tears are wet,
Our souls are stirred with vague regret;
We gaze farewell, yet cannot speak,
And firm resolve grows strangely weak,
Though hearts are twain that once were one,
Since love is done.

But love is done!
I know it, vow it, but that kiss
Must set a finis to our bliss.
Yet when I felt that mouth meet mine
My life again seemed half divine,
Our very hearts together run!
Can love be done?

Who cares if this be mad or wise!
Trust not my words, but read my eyes.
Thy kiss bade sleeping love awake—
Then take me to thy heart; ah, take
The life that with thine own is one.
Love is not done!

—*By Anne Reeve Aldrich, in Figaro.*

IF my readers will glance over their mental note-books they will see recorded there the fact that I said Private Iams, hung up by his thumbs for hurrahing for Frick's assassin, was almost properly punished, and that no Court would decide otherwise. Well, when he sued for damages he was beaten. I still maintain that he should have been hung up by the neck.

FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

FRESNO, November 16th. DEAR WAVE:—Who wouldn't entertain when success crowns every effort, as it did at the Nourse-Miller "at home" last Friday. That was one of the prominent events of the season—perfect in every detail. Mrs. Nourse and her charming daughter, Mrs. Miller, received their numerous guests in the drawing-room, and were assisted by Mrs. J. G. Rhodes. At the tables presided the lovely Oothout girls, pretty Lizzie Thorn, and the entertaining Miss Wheeler, all gowned in dainty, light colored silks. The entire house was gorgeously decorated, and I felt loath to tear myself away from the charming scene. The orchestra in the library was screened from view by potted palms and chrysanthemums. The refreshments were as dainty and delicious as were the pale La France roses that were used in such abundance in the dining-room. All in all, it was the prettiest affair in the "at home" line given here in several seasons.

The Ladies' Aid Society held a fair last week, and the ladies of the Episcopal Church give a chrysanthemum fete to-night. Pretty maids and matrons will preside at the different booths, and coax the shekels from the pockets of our Society *poor* (as usual) Thursday evening the W. T. Tuppers give an "at home"—dancing from 10:30 P. M. Their residence being inadequate for the successful entertainment of their hosts of friends they have agreed to confine this affair to the Cotton Club and a few young people. Miss Gillespie is the guest of honor on this occasion. So many of our Society matrons have young ladies visiting them at present that I look forward to many evenings of social pleasures. Mrs. Creighton's lovely sister needs no introduction—her beautiful face has taken masculine Fresno by storm, even the ladies acknowledge her to be "quite the most charming little woman."

Miss Ethel Hardin, of Santa Rosa, is the guest of the Maupins, and Imp isn't the only one who thinks "brown eyes" the "*greatest attraction* in this lovely world."

Mrs Reichman's cousin will spend the winter here, and will be a welcome addition to our "swell set." Mrs. R—— is an admirable hostess, only she confines her entertainments to too small a circle to please Imp.

Isn't it quite too glorious for anything, Will's election, and H. Z. Austin's, too? *Now* there can be no possible delay to the uniting of Oroville, Fresno's interests, or Oakland. I hear H Z—— and the stately Effie will receive Hymen's blessing in January. How long some Fresnoans are in returning from their summer vacations; can it be they fear Society's scowls? I called on Lizzie and Esther Monday; the latter's rooms at the Hughes are perfectly lovely, but I sincerely hope they won't prove attractive enough to keep Esther and Phonse from the club parties and theatres this winter. Tom and Lizzie are going to housekeeping after a short wedding trip. More anon.

IMP.

SACRAMENTO AFFAIRS

SACRAMENTO, November 16th. DEAR WAVE:—At last the people are beginning to waken up a little. The ball was set rolling by the Unitarian chrysanthemum show, a very nice thing of its kind, and the ladies surely owe a debt of gratitude to Miss McConnell, as, I understand, she furnished all the flowers of which there were 100 varieties. The entertainment part was very good. "Blossom" Wilsey plays unusually well for a girl of her age. I missed Emma Felter's name from the programme; she always sang for the entertainments given by this church, even when refusing others; but she is residing at Oakland where she has a class. Alice is engaged again; I know not if it is the same man. Carrie has left us for a short visit to your city; and I am told that the theatricals have been given up. Jennie C—— is about to embark once more upon the sea of matrimony, and, contrary to all expectations, it is not the good-looking "drummer." Let us hope that the butcher's son will prove a more exemplary Benedict than the minstrel. I am invited to a swell card party at the Clarke's; there are to be 150 guests. I can only add my hope that no uninvited ones will appear; as happened "once on a time" to a host, who followed a like calling to this one. The party was at its height when a distinguished-looking stranger was noticed; every one began questioinng and wondering who he could be; finally the host could stand no longer the apparent mystery, and determined to accost the stranger; so, advancing, he asked in an apologetic tone, "I beg your pardon, but who are you?" The stranger smilingly replied, "Why, don't you recognize me?" The host, becoming angered, shouted, "No, I do not; and you had better explain." Whereupon the unknown continued, "Why, I am the corpse you helped to lay out; coming to life, and hearing sounds of merriment, thought it would do no harm to join the festivities." Curtain.

The "sweet singer" has left town for a brief spell; he seems rather fickle. Mamie and Bessie Crouch have returned to us; wonder if they mean to remain? Mamie is an awfully stylish girl. The Esoteric Club is to give a series of parties this winter, the first to come off on the twenty-third; they were a great success last year, and we girls are overjoyed at the thought of having them again. We have a new man, so Ned will have to take a back seat, for, of course, the last must always be first, with the girls, at any rate; he is really quite attractive—at least, Maye told me so.

What a good time the men have; when they get tired of us all they take little "business trips" to your city. Why, there's Wilbur, Burke, Bob Devlin, and goodness knows how many others, who go every week or so; and I suppose "Dollie" will continue his visits through the entire winter. But enough for the present. Yours, NINA.

STOCKTON LIFE.

STOCKTON, November 15th. DEAR WAVE:—Woe is me! Alack, adav! instead of placidly munching candy and reveling in numerous boxes of new gloves won on the election, here I am bemoaning my ill luck. But misery loves company and I know my sad fate is shared by others, so in a measure I am comforted. Yet I rejoice that the election is over, for if our men have won all they *say* they have, and I have not found one as yet who confesses to having lost, they can afford to be generous and celebrate their victory with not only one, but two or three dancing parties. I should think the men would feel envious of the good times we girls are having. Since Daisy Ryan has been here we have had but one affair to which men were invited, that was the Peter's Hallow E'en party, but we have had two luncheons, one given by Georgie Dixon, whose guest Daisy is, and the other by Mrs. Hewlett. What did it matter that mostly married ladies were invited for we few girls who were present were all the more appreciated and admired. Then Mrs. Sperry gave a theatre party. I went with George Earl that night, and Mrs. Hewlett chaperoned us all to "Cavalleria Rusticana" last Friday evening. I *do* wish Dr. Reid was my brother, he is so attentive and so considerate, and not a bit like the majority of our men, having an idea about "Haas," and "the Club"

How desolate we shall all be this winter! Bertha, too, has deserted us and is traveling eastward with her aunt, Mrs. Sperry. Estelle will join them on this side, and when they have crossed the pond Mary and Beda Sperry will meet them and all will spend the winter in Egypt.

Calla Hill and Miss Ackley have gone to Seattle, and through the Sound country, expecting to be gone a month. I suppose it is a sort of farewell trip for Calla has relatives there and doubtless wishes to see them all once more before entering into matrimony. Arthur seems to be far above the sordid cares of life and exists in a little heaven all his own. Ah me! "There's nothing half so sweet in life as Love's young dream."

Marion DeVries and his wife are making periodical trips to San Francisco to purchase furniture and hangings for the new home. With unlimited means at their disposal it is bound to be a perfect bower of beauty, and I am anxiously awaiting cards for a tea or reception I am sure they will give for a housewarming. Mrs. Arndt has been entertaining Miss Livingston of San Francisco. Miss Caro Earl is the guest of Mrs. A. M. Noble, and Miss Evelyn Sperry, of the Big Trees, will spend the winter with Mrs. George B. Sperry.

Ida Weller's marriage takes place to-day at two o'clock. George Housken is to be Tom's best man, and I have already told you the other attendants most of whom hail from Woodbridge. I echo the complaint of "Imp" of Fresno. Why *will* people get married on Wednesday too late for my letter? You will have to wait untill next week for an account of the ceremony from THE SPINSTER.

LOS ANGELES LIFE.

LOS ANGELES, November 18th. DEAR WAVE:—We had a sample of man's inordinate vanity down here last week that was positively amusing. The Unity Club, which by the way is the most progressive literary organization in the city, began a series of lectures which will continue throughout the winter, occurring on each Wednesday evening. Three speakers are announced for an evening, each one limited to twenty-five minutes. The first one on the initial programme was J. D. Lynch, of the *Herald*. His topic was "From Los Angeles to New York." He began at eight o'clock sharp. At 8:30 he had just arrived in Gotham by way of New Orleans. Returning immediately to the starting point, he proceeded to cross the continent by another *route*, taking in Yosemite and San Francisco *en route* and dwelling upon the beauties and advantages of both. At 8:50 he had arrived in Nevada; the women in the audience were asleep, the men were yawning and looking at their watches, but the doughty Colonel kept relentlessly on and dragged his unwilling victims through the California and Virginia Consolidated Mine, giving *en passant* a biographical sketch of his own mining career in connection with this bonanza. As the hands of the clock pointed to nine, and the speaker was just launching out on a fresh anecdote, the President of the Club rose to his feet and signaled pointedly "Time's up," Just sixty minutes from the time that modest editor opened his oration he took his seat. His successor, a modest and gifted woman, cut her twenty-five-minute talk short in order to give the *Express* city editor a chance to air his ideas on "Characteristics of American Cities" which he did in an aimless sort of a fashion, introducing many witless and pointless jokes.

This week we are to have a grand wedding—the Hall-Stewart nuptials, which will be celebrated in one of the biggest churches with great pomp There will be a dozen attendants, and they say the bride's gown is exquisite. I'll tell you all about it next week.

O. Stewart Taylor and his operatic troupe of locals gave "The Chimes of Normandy" last week at the Los Angeles Theatre. Taylor himself was the poorest of them all, but his handsome costume and ambrosial locks made up for many deficiencies. J. P. D——, as the fisherman, was "too cute for anything," but is quite heart-broken because some one said he ought to shave his mustache, part his hair in the middle, and assume the role of Serpolette next time His small stature and falsetto tenor *would* fit in admirably with a feminine part

General McCook's daughter is to be married on the thirtieth to an Ohio gentleman. The wedding will occur at Redondo Hotel, where the McCooks are quartered, and, of course, will be distinctively *militaire*.

The Democrats have been literally painting the town red ever since election returns. Great interest centres about the municipal election now, and it will be a struggle, I suspect, between Rowan, the urbane, and Tufts, the corpulent, as to which shall be Mayor.

To-morrow we are to have a Woman's Parliament, which continues two days The object is to reform the methods of woman's philanthropic work. It is a distinctly feminine affair, and "no gentlemen need apply" for recognition. KIT.

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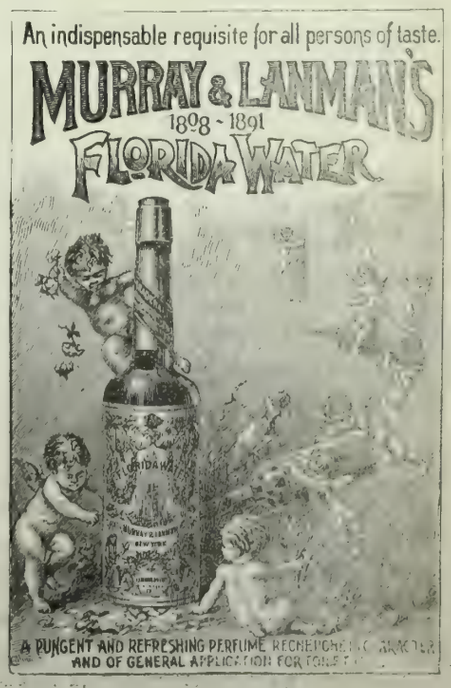

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7:30 A. M. } Week 5:00 P. M. } days. 8:00 A. M Sundays	Camp Taylor, Tocaloma, Point Reyes and Way Stations.	8:45 A. M. } Week 6:15 P. M. } days 8:15 P. M. Sundays
7:30 A. M Week days 8:00 A. M. Sundays 5:00 P. M. Saturdays	Tomales, Howards, Duncan Mills, Cazadero and Way Stations.	8:45 A. M. Mondays 6:15 P. M Week days 8:15 P. M. Sundays

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7 30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*12.15 p m
.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
7.00 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, and Calistoga	6.15 p m
*7.30 a m	El Verano and Santa Rosa	*6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7 15 p m
8 00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton	*8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Martinez	12.15 p m
3 00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4 00 p m	Martinez, Stockton, Merced and Fresno	12.15 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4 00 p m	Benicia, and Sacramento	10.15 a m
4.00 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.15 a m
4.00 p m	Vacaville	10 45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8 45 a m
5.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	10.45 a m
5 30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	9.15 a m
5 30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	9.15 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
‡7 00 p m	Vallejo	‡8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡7.45 a. m.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p. m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.38 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.03 p m
12 15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.30 p m
*2 30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.37 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, Gilroy and Principal Way Stations	*9 47 a m
*4.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
‡11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	‡7.30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		In effect Apr. 24, 1892.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5.00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

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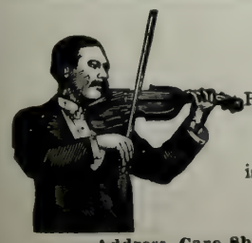

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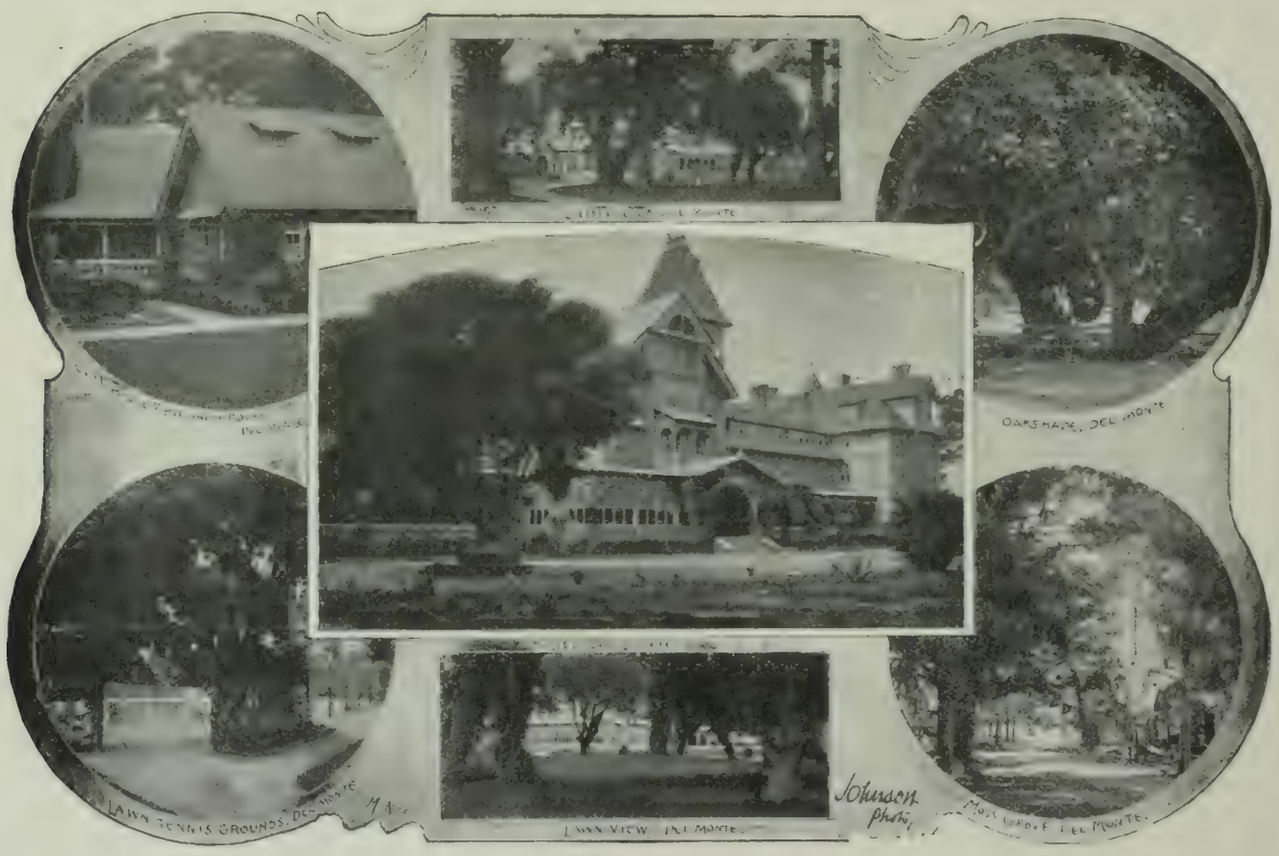

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THE WAVE

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

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SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 26, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

The portrait presented with this issue of THE WAVE is that of the Hon. Jeremiah Lynch. In publishing it at this time, I do so for the purpose of bringing to the attention of the people all over the State a man who has done much for California. Senator Lynch served the people well in the Legislature; he broke the power of Buckleyism in the State; made boodleism not only unpopular, but positively dangerous, and assisted in making possible the recent Democratic victory in California. He will be a candidate for a seat in the United States Senate, and has all the elements of success. Senator Lynch has traveled extensively, has observed closely, and to whatever he has set his hand he has been successful.

SPLASHES.

THE BOHEMIAN CLUB does not seem to be securing new members with the degree of celerity that the Directors anticipated. This is sad. Somehow or other the vogue of the institution is declining. It is fast growing what it will eventually end as—a second edition of the Pacific-Union Club, the dullness of which is proverbial. Of course it will continue to give jinks—but the men who made them of interest are all dead or gone hence. The remaining handful who still write papers are becoming the veriest chestnuts. There is no new talent pressing forward for recognition. The latest accessions are not the young men. The present Board is making no attempt to keep up the interest or to gather in the aggregation of members who belong. There used to be punches every now and then, occasional receptions to distinguished actors were agreeable features of the past. It is about time President Gerberding bestirred himself. It is true he has done much in building the new clubhouse, but more is required to keep the institution going.

* * *

At least 200 of the total membership of the Bohemian Club are simply in it for the sake of the occasional entertainments that used to be so agreeable a feature of the institution. If they find nothing to repay them for their attendance, is it likely they will continue their monthly five dollar contributions to the support of the others?

* * *

I cannot but think the Press Club lost an excellent opportunity of bringing itself into notice by neglecting Miss Marlowe. She should certainly have had a reception. To-day she stands at the head of the handful of star actresses who dare still to play in the legitimate drama. Besides, she belongs to the modern era. Her absence of affectation, her lack of mannerisms are distinctly *fin de siècle*, and by a young and progressive institution, as the Press Club is, should be recognized. The Press Club needs enterprise if it is to take the place that belongs to it among the social institutions of the city.

* * *

THAT THE BASEBALL MATCH on Saturday last was a success from any point of view, save attendance, I am not prepared to assert. It was certainly the largest crowd of smart people Central Park has ever contained. There were scores of fine equipages, huge coaches, at least a dozen large drags, and smaller carriages without number. The grand stand was gay with dark blue and crimson, and from the long lines of seats looked out a thousand pretty faces. Society was out in force—not only the 400 and its cliques, but clubdom, in all its glory, and the vast crowd of respectable people who, if they are not "in the swim," could be without especial exertion.

* * *

The spectators were so interesting that really I did not concern myself much with the game. Doubtless it was good ball-playing from the amateur point of view. Considering the gentlemanly exponents are, some of them, very wealthy, and others have expectations, that none are bound to gather a living from the ball-field, and that all are immersed in leisure, law, or business, they really played excellently. No one exhibited especial brilliancy or particular viciousness; incidents were neither numerous nor exciting. There was a good deal of cheering, though, and a terrific braying of tin horns, and I really believe many of the beauteous onlookers who waved flags and displayed their colors, believed they knew something about the game. There must have been at least a score of parties. I saw a dozen myself, and I am short-sighted. It is interesting to note, in conclusion, that Harvard won.

* * *

IT WILL BE GOOD NEWS for those who intend passing the summer of 1893 at Castle Crags to learn that popular hostelry is to be in complete charge of Manager Schonewald. The climate of the upper valley agrees better with him than that of Monterey and he has persuaded Secretary Douty, of the P. I. Company, to permit him make it his headquarters. His position now is that of General Manager of the Company's hotels, but Castle Crags is to have the benefit of his immediate attention. Mr. Clough will have full charge of Del Monte subject to the supervision of Mr. Schonewald. That he will prove a worthy successor, those who have so long known him in his capacity as head clerk cannot doubt.

* * *

Mr. Clough is a man of ability and character. He is thoroughly versed in the requisites of successful hotel management, and no one knows the details of the Del Monte custom better. Besides, he is a general favorite. I may add that he was appointed at the express desire of Mr. Schonewald, who is aware of Mr. Clough's capabilities.

* * *

"BARONESS META" has made solid the reputation of H. J. Stewart. That "B. K. Hal" was not a great opera the majority of people will agree with me. In comparison to Professor Rosewald's composition, however, it is as Verdi's "Othello" to Cellier's "Mountebanks." It had agreeable harmonies running through it; in the orchestration there was evinced some knowledge of instrumentation. The libretto had piquancy and a degree of cleverness—all of which characteristics are absent from "Baroness Meta." Between it and "Columbus," performed a few Saturdays ago at the Verein, it would be ridiculous to institute a comparison, for the latter had melodies in it both sweet and valuable. I did not hear a single tune that anyone could even whistle on Friday night.

* * *

To say the huge audience which filled the Grand Opera House was bored conveys the most meager idea of the utter tedium of the performance. That Professor Rosewald, who is a smart business man, should deal so serious a blow at his reputation as a musician surprises me. "Baroness Meta" is not even mediocre. It is merely a stupid attempt in a line of endeavor in which his lack of ability was made very evident to everyone. It was not necessary to know music to long for the end. The sole relieving feature was Miss Maud Berry's singing. She has a good voice, a

fine stage presence, and any amount of confidence. She evinced considerable talent in the manner she played the part, and if the music had been at all grateful would certainly have scored a success.

* * *

However, Professor Rosewald acknowledges his error, throws down the score, and bids adieu to operatic composition. His experience with the "Baroness" cost him $300, and this without a penny for the opera, without a nickel for his services during rehearsals, and without a dime for directing the production. Of course, we all know that many of our friends have paid more than $300 for the mere pleasure of seeing their own books published; but Mr. Rosewald is not that kind of a plum I sincerely regret that he has been at a financial loss in his opera. An irresponsible evening paper that would assault the character of any man if there was ten cents in it for the editor made a most cruel and malicious attack on Rosewald. It stated that he had received $2000 for his services and made some singularly disagreeable insinuations against him.

* * *

As a matter of fact, Rosewald loses in money $300 by the experiment. The Woman's Exchange promised him $1500 for expenses; in case the net proceeds reached $2500 he was to get $500 more. The net proceeds were a good deal over that amount, but the expenses are just about $2305. Where the unfortunate composer wins is not evident. The opera was a splendid thing for the Woman's Exchange, but was a sad matter for Mr. Rosewald.

* * *

THE LOUGHBOROUGH BALL, on Wednesday evening last, was the social event of the season, so far. It was also one of the most successful dances given this year. There are few houses in San Francisco better adapted for entertaining on a large scale. The *suite* of apartments on the first floor, decorated in the most modern style with toned walls, and ceilings adorned with a simple and graceful design, set off effectively the gathering of handsome women and pretty girls in swell costumes. In the centre is a spacious hall in which is a huge fire-place surmounted by an exceedingly handsome mantel-piece in polished redwood with carved columns. Around it are wide divans upholstered in leather. The effect is really very rich.

* * *

The dancers speedily found their way to the ballroom down stairs. This is a spacious apartment toned in blue. At one end is a large chimney-piece. On the ceiling a light design in gold is very effective. The dancers were numerous and active, and while the music lasted there was little chance of indulging in fancy figures. Supper was spread in the same room, the guests, in the meantime, returning to the parlors, where Huber's Hungarian band discoursed agreeable melodies. As this was the first large gathering of the season the gowns had all the beauty of novelty and freshness. There were very few of the old girls present. The gathering was composed mainly of debutantes of the last two seasons, and some of them were very charming. Miss Helen Perrin and Miss Alice Merry bore off the honors. Both are decidedly pretty.

* * *

Miss Josephine Delmas, another debutante, was much admired. Miss Jennie Catherwood wore a gown of some soft gray material, and looked very bright and pretty. Miss Moulder, in a very handsome gown, was one of the most effective-looking girls in the room. Miss Edna Robinson, in pale blue, Miss Finlay, Miss Mamie Scott, Miss Moore, Miss Marie Zane, Miss O'Sullivan were handsomely gowned, and appeared to excellent advantage Two debutantes made the affair the occasion of their coming out—Miss Fanny Loughborough and Miss Bertha Welsh. Both were handsomely gowned and will certainly be popular during the season. The supper, by Ludwig, a very sumptuous repast, was spread about one o'clock. Afterwards the entire crowd remained an hour or more before going reluctantly home. The host and hostess are certainly to be congratulated on the success of the party.

* * *

BALLS GIVEN for young people exclusively are more interesting and far jollier than those at which matrons and maidens are mixed. No matter how agreeable the married woman is matrimony raises a barrier between her and her more or less fortunate sister. She depresses the spirit and dampens the enthusiasm of the girls and reduces the youths to the servitude of conventionality they are compelled to maintain. A dance at which there were present but members of the younger set, the debutantes and the belles of past seasons, was that of the Calliopean Club on Saturday night last. Union Square Hall was the scene of the festivity and was very prettily decorated for the occasion. Draperies of soft shades and foliage made a pleasant background for the multitudes of swell toilettes and hid such harsh architectural details as might have dared obtrude their angularities

* * *

Perhaps not all but most of the beauties had responded to the Club's invitation. They made a delightful array of charming, fresh-looking girls, nearly all of them positively good-looking, and not one plain, save by contrast. Of course, the gowns were both rich and beautiful, at least I should judge so by the comment of a shrewd maiden who assured me some were imported and all were costly. The color effects, I know, were very harmonious. Some of the prettiest girls have appeared at other affairs to better advantage, but this is not deplorable, as a belle with moods is apt to be far more brilliant on occasions than one who is unvaryingly lovely.

* * *

Miss Hilda Hecht, a pretty, piquant, and decidedly clever maiden, carried off the first honors. Miss May Lewis, a very handsome girl with splendid arms and shoulders, Miss Helen Frank, who looked very charming, Miss Greenbaum, whose superb figure an unusually handsome gown showed to advantage, were all noticeable. Miss Raphael, Miss Herzog, Miss Levy, and Miss Liebes also looked very well. One could mention a dozen more whom it seems invidious to omit, but space is exacting. An excellent supper was served by Ludwig at midnight, and afterward dancing was continued until a very early hour Sunday morning. The Club, its President, Ernest Peixotto, and the floor manager, Mr. Ehrman, deserve congratulation for the success of the ball. I believe the Club intends giving another later on in the season.

* * *

COTILLION No. 1 takes place next Friday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall. Doubtless the attendance will be large, and I am certain the arrangements will be as perfect as usual. The same people will have charge of the supper and the decorations. Experience has certainly demonstrated their fitness. The Hungarian band furnishes the music. Mr. Sheldon leads with Mrs. Elicott. The fancy dress cotillion that follows Miss Hager has charge of. She has asked to assist her Miss McNutt and Miss Maynard.

* * *

Interest is, of course, centered in the debutantes. Quite a delegation of maidens make their *entrée* the local Swim. Some, of course, are habituated to the usages of Society in other cities; others will date life and experience from December 2d. Here are the names of the debutantes and of those who for the first time will take part in the Club's cotillions: Miss Helen Perrin, Miss Scheely, Miss Furth, Miss Wilson, Misses Borel, Miss Hooper, Miss Cone, Miss Catherwood, Miss Edith Conner, Miss Wilcox, Misses Murphy, Miss Kittie Pierce, Misses Delmas, Miss Morrow, Miss Alice Merry, Miss Martin, Miss Grant, Miss McDonald, Miss Loughborough, Mrs. Elicott, Mrs. Huntington. Of course, there are others. The army and navy will be very adequately represented.

* * *

WHERE ARE THE MEN? is a question I have heard reiterated a hundred times this season. Where indeed? We have at least a core of debutantes—by far the most attractive set of girls who have come out here in years—but to the meager list of men no corresponding editions have been made. It seems Society is too busily engaged rearing heiresses to devote even a minor amount of leisure to its boys. Male novelties are confined to a handful of army or navy officers, as the case may be. An occasional youth just home from college is admitted, but there is no effort made to recruit the dancing service from exterior darkness. Here is an error. The first requisite of a successful hop is an adequate supply of men. If for some reason or other they are

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not to be found in the ranks of the so called elect, they must be sought for outside.

* * *

Another male characteristic that the girls have taken to commenting on is indifference. The attentions maidens receive in other parts of the world are unknown here. At dances half the men stand round the doors. There is rarely an effort made to return civilities. How few think of organizing entertainments which could be taken as a specific effort at reciprocity. At a dance not so many weeks ago my attention was attracted to the manner in which a sweet young girl, who, but a few days before gave a tug party, was neglected by the very people who had been her guests. Yet the chances are she does not dream of retaliating, and doubtless will again invite the same selfish set.

* * *

The spirit of resentment is a potent factor in securing attention. It is unpleasant to be called to account for a lack of politeness. If a few of the girls would make their male friends understand that a little is expected of them, they may obtain much. If, however, they condone such offenses, then must they expect a continuation of the treatment.

* * *

It is a consolation to realize that the supply of army and navy men is far beyond the average this season. Not only is the Presidio plentifully supplied with youthful warriors whose brass buttons glow with the freshness of new paint, but the navy is more than adequately represented. Up at the Cosmos Club there must be at least a score of mariners attached to various segments of the fleet. The "Monterey" is soon to go into commission and some of the contingent are to go on her. However, there ought not to be a scarcity of dancing men for the first two or three cotillions. They will certainly prove a godsend to the girls who are fond of dancing.

* * *

The second meeting of the "School for Scandal" takes place on the evening of November 30th, at the residence of Mrs. Henry Williams. This time the entertainment is to be musical. There is plenty of talent in the Club ready to be utilized and I predict a pleasant entertainment. Mrs. Rountree will render piano solos. There are also to be recitations and some singing. So far, the organization has entirely failed to justify its name.

* * *

Quite a number of people spent Thanksgiving at Del Monte. Several parties were made up for the occasion and everyone had a very agreeable time. I hear there is to be quite a gathering at the Queen of American watering places at New Year's, and people have already commenced engaging apartments. It is to be hoped that the baths will be open. I have no doubt but that they would be a signal inducement by themselves.

* * *

Misses Marie and Kate Voorhies left England for America on the 16th, and consequently are again in this country. They will pass the Winter season between New York and Washington, coming to New Orleans for the Mardi Gras. Miss Florence and Miss Lillian Reed are to return to San Francisco December 1st. They will occupy their new residence, 1624 Jackson Street. A pleasant entertainment is promised by the Misses Dimond. In the near future they are going to have some private theatricals at their home on Washington Street. So far the rehearsals have progressed most satisfactorily. Miss Dimond, Miss Hillyer, and Frank Owen have the leading parts.

* * *

The fashionable colony at the Richlieu gathers strength daily. Among the latest additions are Mrs. Redington and Henry Redington, who move over from San Rafael on the 1st for the season. Mrs. Hellman, wife of the President of the Nevada Bank, and her family returned from their tour abroad and are also installed at this hostelry.

* * *

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller has recovered from her recent illness, much to the joy of a large circle of friends. On Tuesday evening last she gave a theatre party, followed by a supper. Both proved exceedingly enjoyable.

* * *

Mrs. Jewett gave an elaborate lunch yesterday afternoon in honor of Miss Jennie Catherwood. The table decorations were very beautiful and the *menu* sumptuous.

* * *

Mrs. Charles Webb Howard gives a tea this afternoon at her beautiful home in Oakland. The guests of honor are Professor and Mrs. Martin Kellogg and Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Wilsey.

* * *

The fact that teas are generally railed against as a form of entertainment unspeakably dull does not prevent a number being given. It seems Society favors them in the concrete if they are denounced in the abstract. There are several large teas to take place this afternoon and on the *tapis* for next week are several more. Miss Dutton gave one on Friday afternoon last that was very well attended. A string band discoursed music in the hall. The parlors were crowded with the hostess' friends, among them being many of the season's debutantes. A corps of pretty girls assisted Miss Dutton to receive her guests.

* * *

The Ames-McCutchen tea promises to be a very pleasant affair. *Tout-San Francisco* will be there and an agreeable time is sure to be had. It is to be the occasion of introducing to Society several debutantes, Miss McCutchen, Miss Bee Hooper, Miss Grace Martin among others. Miss McCutchen, a pretty and charming girl, is quite a clever violinist. She is an enthusiastic member of the ladies' orchestra.

* * *

The Abbey-Cheney Amateurs' entertainment promises to be a great success. The programme arranged is one of the greatest interest and includes the first reading in costume of Edmund Russel's series. The members of the Club will give instrumental solos, and besides there will be selections by talented vocalists, which will prove decidedly interesting. I believe the souvenir programmes are to be very handsome. A beautiful design has been made and something thoroughly artistic is promised. The concert will be a Society event as many of the best people in town have indicated an intention of attending.

* * *

Whoever goes to Central Park this afternoon will see a football match that will be worth looking at. Stanford and the Olympic teams join in combat, and whoever wins will know there has been a fight. Sherrard says his men are in excellent condition. Ricketts has gone in for training, and vows that nothing under a cyclone will compel his retirement. Joe Tobin may possibly kick another goal, and Dr. Wood and Porter vow to find their way through the enemy's rush line, be it ever so strong. Clemmens, of the Stanfords, is calmly confident of victory. The game takes place rain or shine, and certainly will be worth a trip to the Park.

* * *

MAJOR HORACE PLATT is an authority on woman's rights. Not that he believes in female suffrage or aught of that kind, but he has made a specialty of the laws pertaining to the property privileges of the gentler sex, and has become an expert. One does not expect the Major to be instructive as well as amusing. It seems like asking too much of one man. Still, he surprised the Century Club Wednesday afternoon of last week by going into the question as technically as though he were a lecturer on conic sections from Berkeley. The ladies listened with deep interest to his explanations, but they did not applaud, and only laughed in an uncertain way when the lecturer explained that the reason women do not vote is because the great majority of them have no ambition in that direction.

* * *

The history of the world, Major Platt announced, furnishes no instance of the gentler sex ardently desiring anything and the boon being refused. Altogether it was quite an interesting talk, and the thanks voted the lecturer were earned.

* * *

Such has been the success of the Saturday "Pops," that Mrs. Carr and Mr. Beel will open a new series to-day. The concert, which is the twenty-fifth, will be given at Irving Hall, and the sale of seats assures a decided success.

* * *

THE PRESENT Board of Election Commissioners, when it retires from office, will be entitled to a special medal. I venture to say there were never created five other men willing to take the chances they have taken for

four months past, and if all of them succeed in getting through the year with nothing more than the obloquy that always attaches to blind political partisanship, they may consider themselves fortunate. I have carefully observed the work of the Board during the past four months, and I find that collectively and individually they have violated the law and wasted the public funds again and again, until the record has become perfectly appalling.

* * *

In the first place the law requires the Election Commission to appoint the Precinct Officers, of whom there are about 1800, from the tax roll months before the election. This was not done. At the last moment the appointing power was given to the County Committees of the two principal parties. The Democratic County Committee happened to be under fairly good auspices this time, and it yielded a number of comparatively decent men, but Kelly and Crimmins on their part put forward the worst set of ruffians and hoodlums, especially in the districts in the lower part of the city, that were ever collected under the roof of an election booth. The result is fraud and chicanery of every description. If justice is done, many of these election officers will yet land in San Quentin prison.

* * *

It is no wonder, now that the names and records of some of these men are being published in the newspapers, that the ballot boxes were stolen, the ballots torn up and thrown away, the votes incorrectly counted, the booths broken in pieces, and in two instances burned up, and the election generally turned into a roaring farce. For all this there is no one to blame except the Board of Election Commissioners. Of course, they will swear they did the best they could, but it is untrue. Crimmins and Kelly could not have done worse had they sat in person, as they did by proxy, in the seats filled by Sanderson, Smiley, Durst, O'Brien, and Tilton. But the manner in which the election was carried on is not all of the indictment. They purchased 300 steel ballot boxes for which they paid $11.30 each. No one was asked to bid or submit plans. A favored contractor received the contract.

* * *

This same contractor has sold the same identical boxes in Los Angeles, San Jose, Sacramento, and other cities where they were used, at from $3.50 to $5.50 each. For posting the election proclamations the Board paid $1 each. The highest price ever charged for such work by the San Francisco Bill Posting Company is 20 cents. The official ballot was ordered printed without advertising for bids and when the bill came in it amounted to $800 The paper was procured similarly. It cost $9000. The Board allowed Marcellus A. Dorn, the attorney for the Republican County Committee, $6000 for his services in the Supreme Court and before the Commission. Knight and Heggarty were allowed $1500, and Lawrence J. Welch $2500. All the lawyers were employed in defiance of law, and the payment of their fees is illegal. The bill for publishing the official ballot presented by two evening newspapers amounted to nearly $25,000. The bills of the other newspapers will probably exceed $50,000.

* * *

If the Board of Election Commissioners were in league with the boodlers to loot the City Treasury they could not have attacked it more shamelessly. The late election will cost the people of San Francisco $350,000 if it costs them a cent. The most expensive one ever known heretofore has never reached $150,000. But the Commissioners have accomplished one thing of which they little dream. They are the last of their kind. They have paved the way for the destruction of the "Board of Election Commissioners." If any such body ever again handles the election machinery of this city it will not be composed of the Mayor, Auditor, Attorney and Counselor, Tax Collector, and Surveyor Assessor Badlam and County Clerk Reynolds, the then registration officers, carried the State for Hayes in 1876. But they caused the destruction of the system under which they operated, just as these five men have discredited the present system. If the coming Legislature does not abolish the Election Commission as now constituted and place the enforcement of the election laws in the hands of a non-partisan body, the Democracy deserves never again to carry the State.

* * *

TWO MEN ARE DEAD: Martin Kelly and Phil Crimmins. I do not mean that they have departed this material existence for that bourne from whence no politician ever returns, but that they are politically as dead as door nails. I understand that the degree of death which attaches to a door nail is incalculable Last summer Mr. Crimmins said, "Never mind, we'll carry the town, sure." Those who thought this was an idle boast and laughed at it, have seen that Phil was talking by the card. Had the Third Street boss been able to vote the 10,000 fraudulent names on the register, as he intended to do, there is no question that he would have "carried the town." But the Non-Partisans and Reorganized Democrats made it too warm for these bummers and the day was lost.

* * *

Martin and Phil, having sowed the wind, are now reaping the whirlwind of defeat. There are none so mean as not to take a kick at them. The Third Street Saloon party has already divided into two hostile camps. One of them, led by Mr. Blattner, late Sheriff Expectant, declares that it is no longer feasible to "do politics" with Martin Kelly. Another faction, led by ex-Convict Northey, declares that Crimmins is a chronic loser and it is madness to think of longer following him. "A man," remarks Mr. Northey, "who will get full after he is beat and go round hitting his friends on the head with a slung-shot ain't fit to do politics in this town. He ought to go to Arizony."

* * *

Moreover, I am told that a coldness has already sprung up between Martin and Phil themselves. It is said that an account of stock has been taken in the Third Street refectory, and in a few days the partners will divide the whisky and cigars between them and retire from business. This will practically remove the Third Street Saloon party from the scene. Without a saloon, of course, there is no party. Phil, I am informed, will visit the Legislature this winter, while Martin will go South and spend the cool weather in a warmer and more generous clime. His health has been seriously impaired by the large amount of soda water which he has been compelled to absorb during the campaign, and he needs a period of relaxation in which to recuperate.

* * *

Of course, all this is predicted on the contingency that both these gentlemen will be permitted by the Grand Jury to continue their residence in San Francisco. If the Grand Jury, to be impaneled in January, should become obstreperous, both might be compelled to depart suddenly for Honolulu. Of one thing, however, I am assured. Their political reign in San Francisco is at an end. Two days before the battle of Waterloo Bonaparte's spirits were never lighter and his plans never promised better. Within forty-eight hours his great army was flying in every direction, and he was himself a fugitive. Crimmins and Kelly are even worse off than the Little Corporal at Waterloo. There were still a few Frenchmen left to cry *Vive l'Empereur* after that disaster, but the Republican party is now from one end of the State to the other unanimously denouncing Martin and his partner. The Eastern bosses are, I hear, charging them with the responsibility of losing the State for Harrison. If they were compelled to go to work next week they could not elect three delegates to a City Convention, so completely has their machine collapsed. Their political deadness is even more complete than that of a door nail. They are deader than a mackerel.

* * *

ELECTION TALK still fills the air, and if your acquaintances have ceased expressing opinions on just how it was done, they have begun to speculate on the results. Among the many who are losing no opportunity of "getting even" is Oscar Lewis, whose Republicanism is above reproach, and who dies harder than any partisan in town. His motto is, "Defeated, but not gagged," and on every possible occasion he throws discredit on the great victory. Only a few days ago he met a number of friends in a popular resort, and opened the discussion by asking what the Democracy would do with the surplus. Chris Chismore thought it would take care of itself, and that possibly it would draw interest.

* * *

"Draw interest," cried Lewis; "why, there won't be enough of it this time next year to

pay Cleveland's car fare from the White House to the Senate Chamber."

"Don't worry," Chismore replied; "don't worry. I guess things will come out all right. Prosperity will reign; business will improve, and we will have a chance of proving that Democracy is good for the country."

"You will, eh? Well, let me make a proposition to you. I bet you $500 that four months to a day after Cleveland is inaugurated ninety per cent of the business houses in San Francisco will be closed—yes, sir, ninety per cent, and that's a low estimate." Mr. Lewis spoke very seriously. "Of course," he continued, "I'm ready to bet on that—$500 to $450; $400 to $375; or $200 even."

"I'll take $500 worth," said Chismore.

"All right; but you had better settle the debt now. I'll call it square in drinks for the crowd; four months after the fourth of March, when Mr. Cleveland will be inaugurated, is the Fourth of July."

Then the crowd laughed a loud, irritating laugh, and the liquor was passed around.

* * *

THE NEW RAILROAD seems to be a "busted" proposition. While it had a splendid reason for existence, the power that called it into being was not calculated to give it a good or solid foundation. There was too evident with some one in the project a desire to get "even," then all the people were not united; some wanted a new road because California needed it; others gave their names to the plan because they did not desire to be omitted in the construction contracts; others were ambitious to sell worthless land along the proposed line; and others went "in" for the luxury of being bought out. There were some honest men in the scheme; but what was likely to happen, aside from what did happen, with such a lot of selfish, self-seeking, opportunity-stealers as these I have mentioned?

* * *

Already some of the projectors are engaged in a controversy regarding the claims of each to being the real, Simon-pure, name-blown-in-the-bottle originator of the Great Salt Lake Railroad. E. L. G. Steele, who published a book for Ambrose Bierce as a form of penance for his connection with the Sugar Trust, has emitted a column article against Henry Sonntag, in which he pays a very high tribute to Mr. E. L. G. Steele, and is correspondingly vulgar in his comments on Sonntag. Aside from being without the trivial corroboration of facts, Mr. Steele's interview is decidedly misleading. If I were not in possession of the facts, I would certainly believe, from reading Mr. Steele's remarks, that Mr. Steele was the man in whose brain the road originated, and that he was the only person who has yet given it any thought. But, being fortified with knowledge, I am of the opinion that his claim is a clear case of Steele.

* * *

In the first place, Henry P. Sonntag is entitled to whatever honor may lie in having originated the Great Salt Lake Road. I distinctly remember that Alvinza Hayward and W. S. Hobart, now dead, met in his office one day, and talked the matter over with him. This was after Jones' failure to buy the San Francisco and North Pacific. Sonntag asked why it wouldn't be a good idea to have the road owned here. Hobart said he'd give $100,000 as a starter to it if Hayward would do the same, and the latter agreed.

"Make it a quarter of a million between you," cried Sonntag, "and we'll put it through."

Then and there the Great Salt Lake was started; a meeting was called; nineteen men were present; Steele wasn't among them. Mr. Stetson was Chairman. There were sixteen different opinions expressed on how the road should be built, one opinion on calling another meeting, and one opinion on adjourning until the following Monday. In the meantime, Mr. Sonntag went out for subscriptions. Before the next meeting Mr. Stetson sent word to Mr. Hayward asking him to invite Mr. Steele to be present. Hayward did so, and when the people gathered, Mr. Steele was represented by a six-page letter, in which he stated that he did not think the road could be built. The document was handed around, and then Mr. Steele walked in, asked for the return of his letter, and became a member of the "projectors." Now, he says he did it all.

* * *

Just a moment more on this matter. Mr. Steele, Mr. Hayward, and Mr. Sonntag were appointed a committee on collections; immediately afterward Mr. Hayward resigned as a member of the directory. Why? The meetings were sparsely attended after that. Why? Well, I'm not positive, but I know that after the line was surveyed up Martinez way it was found that Mr. Steele had purchased a lot of land at Antioch, through which the Great Salt Lake Road would have to go! It will be remembered that the *Report* has been yelping for this Great Salt Lake Road. Why? It has lost no opportunity of showering abuse on anyone who did not yelp in concert. Why? Well, I'm not positive, but the property that Mr. Steele bought at Antioch was owned by a member of the *Report* family.

It is strange what motives make a man public-spirited.

* * *

A RICH STORY going the legal rounds about John C. Pearson tells how he made an everlasting enemy of ex-Judge Hornblower. As a mining secretary this person has earned a reputation which puts him outside the law of libel. It is quite impossible to describe his career without reference to the Penal Code. His frequent escapes from justice are a reflection on district attorneys of bygone days. The office that he plies his vocation in is the stamping-ground for as interesting a collection of hangers-on as I have ever seen. Some spend their days there; others, less regular in their visits, look in to get the latest quotations. The *menage* includes, also, an office-boy, a beauteous typewriter who signs herself G. C. Neil, and a Mr. Brown. Who the latter is, on one has ever known exactly. Not that the gentleman is uncommunicative, but that he seldom tells the same story twice.

* * *

In some unaccountable manner Mr. Brown obtained possession of a parcel of Central Pacific shares. Not the watered edition, but the first issue which connoisseurs of values regard so highly. Of course, he confided to his friend, Pearson, the find, and both put their heads together for the purpose of realizing as much as possible out of it. A graceful little scheme was thought up, and the services of ex-Judge Hornblower, a mutual friend, whose offices are across the corrider, requisitioned for its execution. A great lawyer is the Judge. The value of the situation was not lost on him. He drew up some kind of a legal document setting forth all sorts and conditions of interesting claims, and Miss Neil made it a thing of lucid beauty by the agency of her typewriter. This he mailed to Senator Stanford, and proceeded then to await developments.

* * *

The days flew by without an answer. They became weeks, and not a line from the railroad man.

"Just let me have a word with the Governor," said Hornblower, "and it will be all right. Old friend of mine, you know."

But Pearson declined the proffered assistance. The ex-Police Judge counseled the adoption of strong measures. Pearson was again negative. He wanted the magnate to take his own time. One day later he gave his legal adviser to understand that he had made up his mind to drop proceedings. His face wore an admirably assumed expression of dejection. Hornblower acquiesced. He had no other recourse. He grumbled, and smiled rather grimly when Brown confided to him that Secretary Pearson had sold the stock for $4000.

* * *

"He says it's always best to deal direct," lisped the innocent Brown. "But I suppose, Judge, you made a nice stake out of it."

"Oh, yes—oh, yes," said the Judge.

A few days later he found on his table a bill. It ran thus:

Judge Hornblower Dr. to G. C. Neil,
To typewriting complaint in case of Brown *vs.* Stanford, $10.

It is said that the eminent jurist has done nothing since but vow revenge.

* * *

THE BEAUTIFUL ESTIMATION matrimony once enjoyed in the eyes of poets and artists is a reminiscence of early and better days. The church still sanctifies it as a sacrament, but the divorce courts relieve it even of sentiment. In the light of *fin de siècle* philosophy there is nothing startling about this brief anecdote to Professor Lisser, whose name is prominent among local pianoforte instructors. Having a large *clientele*, he is not required to exercise the same degree of patience that made Job's reputation. He occasionally expresses opinions, indeed, that, to say the

least, are unprejudiced. Among the most ambitious and indolent of his pupils was a very pretty girl who might have made a fair pianist had she been endowed with sufficient talent.

* * *

For some time the Professor put up with her unfulfilled promises of practice. Finally, after she had blundered through a particularly easy selection, he said to her:

"You haf do brains. I will no longer teach you, Miss. Vat are you good for? For nothing at all but to marry. Go home, child, and find some husband for yourself."

She is now the object of one male's adoring worship, and occasionally plays a waltz in very good style.

* * *

AS AN ADMIRER of journalistic enterprise, I cannot but congratulate the city editors of the several dailies on the lengthy lists of names they published Saturday morning last. Who would have imagined so many interesting and intelligent people had witnessed "Baroness Meta?" Would the performance have been complete if the purchase of tickets at an exorbitant premium had not also included the mention of one's important name in the papers? It is doubtless very interesting for Mrs. Jones, who is, of course, a "real lady," to find herself figuring in the social hierarchy as a fashionable participant, but I fail to see the advantage of it all from a newspaper standpoint. The custom of converting one's columns into an unexpurgated blue book seems to have gone out of date in nearly all the large cities of the country, but it lingers here in all it ancient tiresomeness.

* * *

That most people are happiest when in print is uncontestable, but that pleasure cannot be shared by the bulk of the reading public. It is always the same crowd, alas, who appear. The old familiar names keep recurring with such frequency that one is forced to believe even their owners must be tired of them. It is improbable that they experience the especial emotions dedicated to such occasions, nor is it likely they will purchase a score of papers to send to absent friends and relatives to exhibit the sublimity of their social status. As a method of obtaining circulation, names are useful only when unusual. The man or girl who sends an edition to the four points of the compass is he or she who is not accustomed to publicity.

* * *

THE CHANGES on the *Examiner* do not affect the truth of the *Call's* story. Andy Lawrence, who made a splendid city editor, threw his lot with the *Chronicle* this week, and Mr. De Young gains from Mr. Hearst's loss. Mr. Lawrence is hot on the trail of a Federal office, and merely takes up work on the *Chronicle* until the fat place turns up. Mr. Noble becomes city editor of the Monarch He has been for some time the editor of the Sunday *Examiner*, and has certainly made a bright paper. He will proceed to put the local department in possession of some bright ideas, and we may expect a snappy San Franciscan page. His place will be filled by Mr. Tufts, one of Mr. Hearst's very bright young men.

* * *

Of Mr. Tufts little is known. He is such a good newspaperman that no one can guess his profession by his looks. I am told he was taken to one of the principal clubs the other night and introduced to a game of poker. Simultaneously with the disappearance of his last dollar it was learned that he was a journalist, whereupon all his money was restored to him.

* * *

Tom Williams, who has just returned from the Hawaiian Islands, is enjoying the pleasure of receiving well-earned congratulations. His entertaining correspondence from the Peaceful Isles gives the best insight into affairs political that has been shown for years, and sets at rest for some time to come—at least during the life of the present generation—the matter of annexation. After his rest, he will go to Washington as special correspondent for the *Examiner*. Mr. Moffatt, whose fine tariff articles afforded so many chances of fight for Republican editors, will probably get a place with the new administration. He certainly deserves it.

* * *

THE SENATORIAL FIGHT promises to prove interesting. Everyone concedes the Legislature Democratic on joint ballot, and the question is, Whom will it elect? Three candidates are at work tooth and nail. Steve White is one, W. W. Foote is the second, and Jeremiah Lynch is third. Though a great speaker and statesman, there are many reasons urged against the selection of the Los Angeles lawyer. He is suspected of railway sympathies. For some time he represented the Southern Pacific in the South, and at Fresno he opposed the anti-railroad plank in the Reformers' platform. Besides, he hails from a section of the State hopelessly Republican, and it is thought his aim might be to secure places for Los Angelan friends to the detriment of the office-seekers of San Francisco. And so it goes. Besides, the *Examiner* is opposed to his candidacy because of his contests with George Hearst, which Will Hearst has never forgiven.

* * *

Here is where W. W. Foote has the advantage. The *Examiner* is alleged to favor his candidacy, and when the struggle comes will fight for him. Still, the anti-Cleveland cry will be raised against him, and Sullivan and Dwyer will use such influence as they possess in opposition. The position means a great deal this term because of the patronage to be dispensed.

* * *

It seems to me Jere Lynch has a good working chance for the place. Certainly he is making a strong fight, and if energy counts will have a good many votes at the first caucus. He stands well all round. With the Reformed Democracy he is popular. The Non-Partisans are ready to do battle for him, and his old Buckley enemies are routed. He is in the battle to stay, however. The general impression seems to be that this Legislature will be comparatively honest. None of the three men I have mentioned will put up money to buy the place, and there is a chance for the cleverest politician to carry off the honor.

* * *

THE AIR IS LADEN with the shouts of the office-seeker. Never before in its history has the Democratic party been as popular as it is now, and it is safe to say that had all the gentlemen who are now seeking Federal patronage devoted as much work to getting votes as they are to hunting office, Cleveland's majority in the State would have been tremendous. But the army now seeking places are not the men who carried the State; the major portion of them put their Democracy to sleep four years ago, and never aroused it until Cleveland was elected. It is not in evidence that they even voted the ticket; and it is positively known that some of them refrained from aiding the party either by financial aid or personal service.

* * *

However, if any of them believe that this after-election enthusiasm will influence Cleveland in their behalf they are suffering from a dullness of apprehension that is very serious. The President is uncommonly well posted in the politics of California, and knows the difference between a Democratic hawk and a Mugwump henshaw better than any man in the State. He knows the men who have worked for years to lay the foundation of the present success, and I would advise the howling dervishes of the Democracy to save their efforts for a more promising season.

* * *

IN WHOSE INTEREST, may I ask, is the Blood Horse Association meeting operated? If it is for the sole purpose of rewarding the bookmakers for their kindness in going to the Bay District Track, it would be as well to say so at once, and then the lovers of honest sport will keep away. Time and again I have pointed out the danger of handing over the race track to the "booky," but the gentlemen who are engaged in "pulling the limbs" of the unsophisticated have shown no disposition toward heeding the warning. Some of the decisions that have been given at this meet have been notoriously unfair, and the wrath of the spectators has vented itself in loud and prolonged hissing. This is not conducive to the popularity of horse-racing. I am afraid that some day one of those strong-armed jockeys, who appear to get mounts for the sole purpose of pulling horses, will be hanged from the grand stand by their own stirrup leathers; and I will write the epitaph: "Serves them right."

* * *

Of course, I understand quite well that the horsemen are not raising horses for their health; nobody thinks they are; but they should give the outsider a comparatively "square deal" for the entrance fee. The

methods that have prevailed at the Bay District will result in one thing: The construction of a new track, on which honest horse-racing will be guaranteed. That must come very soon, or the gentlemen's sport will cease to attract people. With MacDonough, Fair, and some others on the turf, it seems as if we should have an opportunity of witnessing some good races, and if these horsemen will combine to start a new association, they will find that they will have plenty of backing. Horse-racing can be made as popular as football, and ladies will attend in as great numbers, if their escorts have a guaranty that the sport is honest, and that no betting judge will overlook the offenses of palpably unfair jockeys.

* * *

BY ALL APPEARANCES the new Olympic Club building will be ready for partial occupancy, at least, by January 1st. It is an immense edifice. The gymnasium is a magnificent room illuminated from the roof. The swimming tank will exceed expectations. Altogether the Club will be on entirely a new plan and cannot fail to take high rank among the social institutions of the city. Admittedly, it is the premier athletic club of the Coast. Without being elaborately adorned the offices, parlors, library, and the billiard-room are very pretty. There is an air of simplicity about the decorations that from an artistic point of view is pleasing. Mr. Schultz is to be congratulated on the results of his labors.

* * *

Just now the lockers are being moved from the Alcazar quarters to the new building. The finishing touches are being put upon the huge swimming bath, and the programme for the grand opening is being arranged. It is to be a great affair. Mr. H. J. Stewart has composed an ode, which will be given by a number of trained voices. General Barnes is already preparing an oration which he says will not resemble a single one of the speeches he has made in late years.

* * *

IT WAS ONLY a practice game that the Olympics and the Stanford men played on Saturday last, at Palo Alto. The original agreement called for a regular match, but later on in the week Clemmens telegraphed to Sherrard explaining that his team was crippled, and asking a postponement. The result was that only seven of the Olympic men went down, six of whom participated in the game, Basil Ricketts acting as referee. The balance of the eleven was made up from Stanford students and one or two High School boys who happened to turn up conveniently. Before play was called a stipulation was entered into between the elevens that Sherrard's team should not be regarded as representing the Olympic Club, and that the match should be regarded as an informal one.

* * *

To all intents and purposes Clemmen played his ordinary team and put up a very good game. They are quick and snappy, are strong in backs and have a number of excellent all-round players in training for these positions. Indeed, there are twenty-four men at the training table from whom to select an eleven to beat Berkeley with. Compared with the University team, Palo Alto's rush line is lighter, but the players are all strong and active, and are thoroughly under control. The feature of Saturday's game was the excellent work of Joe Tobin, who certainly distinguished himself. The drop kick with which he scored a goal was exceedingly clever as it was made from the thirty-five-yard line after a neat bit of play in eluding the Stanford advance.

* * *

Throughout the afternoon the best and kindest feeling prevailed. The play was very easy. To-day's match, however, will be conducted on a different basis. It is quite possible the Olympics will score a victory if its usual team can be gathered together. But that is the difficulty.

* * *

We will have an opportunity of witnessing another game of baseball for the benefit of charity early next month, the contestants to be picked nines from the Pacific-Union and Bohemian Clubs. Last year the game between these organizations was exceedingly enjoyable, and the one on December 10th at the Haight Street grounds should beat it in interest. Mr. "Bob" Grayson is managing the contest, and he has promised to get the men afield every day for practice. The entire proceeds will be divided between the California Woman's Hospital and the Fruit and Flower Mission. The players are: Pacific-Union—Messrs. Kittle, Bosqui, Bourne, Ralston, Eyre, Atherton, Murphy, Danforth, Delafield, and Dean. Bohemian Club—Messrs. Owens, Small, Flagler, Stevens, Chase, Wood, Coleman, Storey, Dickman, and Dimond. Next week I shall give the positions in which these gentlemen will play.

* * *

I am sharpening my pencil for San Rafael again. The news has reached me that the young people of that interesting burg are preparing to open an amateur dramatic war on its good citizens. Among the plays that will be produced are "Who is Who?" and "Sunset." It was with one of these that the amateurs attacked the town last season. Of course, one can't be too hard on the young people; they charge "no gate," and, as a matter of fact, they can't be much worse as mummers than some of our amateurs are as baseball players. The following ladies and gentlemen will take part in the performances: The Misses Lichtenberg, Mrs. Francis, and Miss Leviston, Messrs. H. G. Gardner, E. C. Evans, Francis, and Muirison.

* * *

Theodore Wores is in Kioto, reproducing the Japanese scenes that he loves so much. I understand that he has finished a large picture, six feet by four, for the World's Fair.

* * *

BETWEEN PRESIDENT HARRISON and the National Republican Committee, there exists but little cordiality. Not only did the great little man object to Chairman Carter, but he was opposed to the rest of its personnel. Being rather frank, he took advantage of such opportunities as were offered to become severely critical. His comments on the conduct of the campaign were more interesting than charitable. In their tilts, which were quite frequent, the President displayed an arrogance that was almost unbearable. After a severe experience of this character a certain member whose reputation for keen wit and political sagacity is National, opened proceedings in a very solemn voice:

"Gentlemen," he said, "the task is useless. We cannot elect Harrison, try how we may."

A dead silence fell on the gathering. What did it portend?

"What news have you got?" asked a colleague anxiously.

* * *

"The very worst," he answered.

"Will Indiana and Illinois go Democratic?" another interrogated, knowing the speaker's experience.

"Worse than that even." He sunk his voice to a melodramatic whisper.

"Tell us what it is, then. Let us know the worst."

"Early this morning I received a spiritual warning. A warning!" He paused. "I learned from it that the Lord is jealous of Ben Harrison and has thrown all his heavenly influence for Cleveland."

Of course, everyone laughed, but the warning was realized after all.

The Witness.

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THE HUMMER.

"Ain't she a hummer? Tell me; ain't she?" He rubbed his fat, oily hands together, and smiled, as it seemed, all over. His sharp eyes twinkled, his mouth expanded, and his very corporosity shook with pleasurable emotions. Andy Shinehauer, the manager of the Temple Theatre, was highly pleased, there was no doubt about that. When he propounded that question he hardly expected anything but an enthusiastic assent. And indeed, young Beemer, of the *Echo*, found it hard to keep from the infection of enthusiasm. This girl with the flying feet and the dancing eyes was certainly enchanting. Clever, moreover, in no limited way. She had beauty of face and form, grace and talent. Since she had come to the Temple that theatre had done a hitherto unparalleled business. It was only an up-town theatre, to be sure, but—well, there was another round of applause, and Miss Goldsmere was responding to another encore.

Beemer watched the stage awhile, and then said: "Who is she, anyway, Andy? I never—nobody ever—heard of her before. Where did you—"

Andy replied airily, waving his right hand vaguely away from him, and shrugging his left shoulder, "picked her up, my boy, picked her up. I discovered her, no matter where. But say, ain't she a bird? Come and have a lobster with me, will you? Miss Goldsmere's coming with us, when her act's over."

That settled it. Beemer went, and become a worshiper at the Goldsmere shrine. He tried hard to resist. He had always vowed that no personal inclinations should ever tinge the views he expressed in the *Echo*. He was, for a young man, as yet almost untainted with the mercenary, sefish spirit, very scrupulous But—under the glance of Miss Goldsmere's eyes, at the hark of her caressing voice, he gave way, and—admired her, uncritically, completely. Besides, as he said to himself, she really was clever. She had originality. She was fresh—delightfully youthful. Oh, there was most certainly prosperity in store for the Temple Theatre.

It was really remarkable, the way the influential journals of the town took Miss Goldsmere up. Remarkable, that is, in view of the fact that Manager Shinehauer was spending nothing, directly, for newspaper columns. Now it was this daily that printed a glowing account of the fairy of the flying feet who was electrifying the *habitués* of the Temple; now it was a well-known *littérateur* who delivered himself of a high-flown panegyric in her honor.

All the while Andy smiled and gloated over a filling treasury. He was always smiling. You never saw him in a gloom. There were always little suppers after the theatre; Miss Goldsmere would be there, some dramatic critics, and perhaps a rich admirer or two. This was Andy's game; he gave the suppers, Miss Goldsmere did the rest. And, as for the smiles that shone all over his face, they were quite excusable. When he had taken the Temple, it had been, well—a perpetual frost. Now—thanks to Goldsmere—it was a paying property. Whereupon—behold his smiles!

It is the nature of men to be sheep-like in their tastes. No sooner had a few of the exquisites, the young men who knew their way about the town, been to see the Goldsmere, than the whole gilded youth flocked to the Temple. Then they talked—at the clubs, over their cigars- of the new favorite. It was always, "Well, I'm going to drop in at the Temple and watch Goldsmere dance," or "Now, the mystery is, where's she from? Does any one know?" or "I think I'll take some girls to the Temple. That show's going to be the fashion, I can see that sticking out. And I intend to be in the van." And, in fact, the enthusiasm did spread into the really exclusive Society, and swelldom began to talk openly of visits hitherto made furtively and with a zest born of secrecy.

The inevitable admirers were not missing. Many and many a young blade laid his heart at the tinkling feet, only to receive a little pout and a laugh at the absurdity of him. And yet,—she was so gentle, so sunny, that even the rejected of her went on admiring—which is a task of Hercules. The mystery about her increased the fascination. No one could discover where she lived, or who she was. Andy, the manager, may have known; but he would say nothing. It was always, with him, a smile, and satisfied, "Hummer, ain't she? What? Oh, just picked her up. Made her, my boy, made her. And now she's evening up. Great, ah!"

The season was drawing to a close. Manager Andy was more smiling than ever. He met young Beemer, of the *Echo*, on the day before the Temple was to close for improvements. "Come and have a bird!" he cried out, lustily.

After dinner, wreathed in cigar smoke, mellowed by wine, Beemer laid his hand on Andy's shoulder, and said, a little solemnly, "Andy, old man, I'm in love."

"Pity. Bad for the liver. Have some more Madeira." Andy filled his own glass, and held it up to the light.

"Moreover," Beemer went on, "I mean it—seriously. If she'll have me, it's marriage, and good-bye to—well, lots of things. Now, the girl has been much sought after. She's refused—oh, dozens of fellows, fellows I know. But—they weren't the right kind. This girl wants a man—with a mind."

"You bet! And she's got—" Andy stopped, and sipped a little at his wine. "H'm. You were saying?"

"I don't see how you—however, that's the way it is with me. Now, I come to you, because, you see, it will affect you."

"It will, eh?"

"Decidedly. It's Miss Goldsmere." Beemer watched for the surprise on Andy's face, but it came not. He only smiled serenely. "Naturally, in the matter of contracts—" Beemer began again. But Andy waved a fat hand aloft. "I don't think you'd better bother Miss Goldsmere. Mere fancy of mine, but I really think you'd better not." Beemer looked disappointed. But he saw that Andy seemed to move that topic aside, and so he gave way, too.

It was the following afternoon. Andy was walking along swiftly, a traveling cap on his round, comfortable-looking head. He saw Beemer in the lobby of a hotel, and called to him.

"Got an item for you, my boy. Put it in the *Echo*, will you, that Manager Shinehauer goes to Europe to-day, accompanied by his wife, well-known under her stage name of Miss Goldsmere, the trip being chiefly on account of ill-health of their little boy."

He was gone. Beemer stood still, with eyes staring. Then he whispered softly. "Well, I'll be damned!" he said, earnestly. He seemed quite certain of this, judging by his tone. Then he added, watching Andy's retreating figure—

"Well,—ain't he a hummer?"—*J. Percival Pollard, in Figaro.*

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PACIFIC COAST AGENTS

A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

If you have not yet realized the painful fact, permit me to remind you Christmas is but a stone's throw off. Within a month the season of gifts and plum pudding will be upon us. Woe then to our petty savings, which the festival dissipates as the wind does dead leaves. Then it is one longs for the privileges of solitude, we yearn to be saved from our friends. We mourn the obligations incurred, the dinners dined, the dances danced. If it were but possible to assume hermit's robes for December and return into the gay world in early January, how many of us would eat turkey on Christmas day? If it were a *menu* of gruel and boiled potatoes, would not an intact bank account compensate?

Before me is a pile of books, nearly all intended as Christmas presents. Some of them are beautifully illustrated, and nearly all are printed on the smoothest and shiniest of paper. From grave to gay they range—there are boys' books and books for babies. Books of travel, translations, poetry. Here, for instance, is "The Praise of Paris," a sumptuous volume, entertaining and informative, full of fine pictures and dainty sketches. If ever foreigner knew Paris, Theodore Child did, and his criticisms and descriptions give one an idea of Lutetia that the perusal of a thousand other volumes fail to suggest. One meets *le grand couturier* in his studio, and watches *le grand coiffeur* dress the hair of his noble and beautiful patronesses. With the graphic art of which he is master, the author makes us see the *boulevards* and realize the *boulevardier;* he comments on *Tout-Paris*, explains the constitution of Society and the decay of the Faubourg Saint-Germain. By way of contrast then, take up "Barbara Dering," the latest novel from the pen of Amelie Rives-Chandler. It seems this literary *enfant terrible* has turned religious. It is the old Barbara she gives us, she who perambulated round with her dogs and jumped fences like a boy, who loved wandering through the woods and watching sunsets. She has the same turbulent moods, the identical vulgarities that distinguished her beloved heroine. In the second or third chapter Barbara marries Dering, and then her troubles begin. Neither was easy to live with. They fought on pretexts slighter even than those which serve for precipitating ordinary domestic infelicities. Of course there are a few great moments. One finds them at huge verbal intervals in all Miss Rives' books. In this one there is a strange, hysterical vulgarity. One cannot but wonder if Barbara's experiences have aught autobiographical about them. Her model for the original was herself. Is it possible that Jock bears resemblance to Mr. Chandler.

What say you then to the "Life of Lincoln," by Charles Carleton Coffin? You will believe me when I assure you the book is so readable that one forgets the occasional barbarities of a style quite the reverse of elegant. The life of the "greatest American" is almost an epic. However democratic all of us, we are still hero-worshipers, and there is something admirably strong and yet pathetic about this man. He suggests more than he gives—an admirable characteristic in men as in books. After that go in for nonsense and look over "The Dragon of Wantley," by Owen Wister. Who has not heard of this interesting monster who committed such a variety of havoc round Wantley Manor? This latest history is doubtless more correct if less romantic than the old tale which describes the destruction of this legendary beast by a brave knight of that period. The narrative is decidedly amusing and the illustrations are clever and artistic. Indeed, if the dragon did look anything like his picture, I should have held him in holy horror myself.

After the Dragon is a memory return to America and run over "Along New England Roads" with me. The interest we all feel in this starting-place of our race is exhibited in the deep interest which the tales of Miss Wilkins have aroused. Here are episodes, bits of life and scenery, stories—an interesting *mélange* full of a good literary flavor which I am sure you cannot but appreciate. Or take up "Some Strange Corners of Our Country," in which C. F. Lummis describes the Wonderland of the Southwest. Through the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, the Pueblo cities and the homes of the cave-dwellers he takes one, describing *en route* the great American desert and the prodigys characteristic of it. Like other travelers he waxes enthusiastic over the Grand Cañon which he speaks of as the world's utmost wonder. Indeed, he succeeds in making one comprehend the necessity of visiting the place. This book is very charmingly illustrated.

A charming edition of the "Lady of the Lake," Sir Walter Scott's beautiful poem, would make an acceptable Christmas offering for some one or other. The book I have here is bound in white and gold and pink, and makes one of the prettiest volumes I have seen this season. The illustrations are done in half tone, and have the soft clearness characteristic of that process. I don't ever remember finding the poem in so pretty a dress before. Another charming volume is "My Uncle and My Curé" translated from the French of Jean de la Brète. It is a graceful and attractive tale told with Gallic wit and cleverness, and through it one finds numberless pretty pictures which add an agreeable interest to the narrative.

Of children's books I have quite a selection that I am sure you would find pleasure in looking over. Here is "The Admiral's Caravan," by Charles E. Carryl, full of humorous and clever illustrations by Reginald Birch. It is a volume of the quaintly humorous character that children love so. Another is a book of "Cheerful Cats," by J. G. Francis. This is full of the most amusing pictures. Cats are represented in a variety of attitudes, engaged in curious occupations, indulging in all sorts and conditions of funny tricks. This is a book to delight the heart of childhood.

For children of larger growth there are several new books, one of the most attractive of which is "The Boy Travelers," by Thomas W. Knox. They are in Central Europe this time, and what a delightful journey the author enables them to make. They see all the sights and talk about them in a light, entertaining way that tells one a great deal without any stiffness or formality. And such loads of pictures, scenery, monuments, street scenes, buildings—it is a perfect art gallery, this book. "Dr. Dodd's School," by James L Ford, is a capital boys' story of school life. It is difficult to write a tale of an American school that comes within 100 miles of "Tom Brown," but there is in Dr. Dodd's boys plenty of audacity and humor, and they certainly succeed in enjoying themselves. I can recommend it to children of mature ages, also. "Tom Paulding," by Brander Matthews, tells of a brave, bright boy who went treasure hunting in the streets of New York. What he did and how he did it, the adventures he has and the narrow escapes make up a fascinating story that is, like "Dr. Dodd's School," entertaining for the old and young.

You see I have given you quite a long list of volumes. Before concluding let me advise you to buy for your dearest friend "Scenes from Nature." It contains six photogravures, beautifully done. They are really artistic scenes, especially "On the Fence," which, if it were not so charmingly bound, one would feel like cutting out and framing. But, with a book like this, that would be a sacrilege.

ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Scenes from Nature," Frederick A. Stokes Company, N. Y., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Dr. Dodd's School," by James L. Ford. Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y., publishers. Payot, Upham & Co.

"The Boy Travelers in Central Europe," by Thos. W. Knox. Harper & Bros., Franklin Square, N. Y., publishers.

"Tom Paulding," by Brander Matthews. The Century Company, N. Y., publishers.

"A Book of Cheerful Cats," by J G. Francis. The Century Company, N. Y., publishers.

"The Admiral's Caravan," by Chas. E. Carryl. The Century Company, publishers.

"The Praise of Paris," by Th. Child. Harper & Brothers, publishers, N. Y.

"Life of Lincoln," by Chas. Carleton Coffin. Harper & Brothers, N. Y., publishers.

"Along New England Roads," by W. C. Prime LL.D. Harper & Brothers, publishers.

"The Dragon of Wantley," by Owen Wister. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Barbara Dering," by Amélie Rives. J. B. Lippincott Company, publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Lady of the Lake," by Sir Walter Scott. F. A. Stokes Company, N. Y., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Some Strange Corners of Our Country," by Chas. F. Lummis. The Century Company, publishers, N.Y.

"My Uncle and My Curé," by Jean de la Brette. Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers. Payot, Upham & Co.

"A Month Early is Better than a Day Late."

Our importations this year comprise the finest selection of art novelties that could be found in European and American art centers. Now is the time to select suitable holiday presents. Our stock is one of the largest in the United States. New Store. New Goods.

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The Wave

A Society, Literary and Political Journal.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, November 26, 1892.

PECULIAR SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

When Mr. Dibdin sang that song about the "sweet little cherub that sits up aloft and looks out for the life of poor Jack," he undoubtedly had in the eye of his mind a class of special interpositions that pass unobserved by everybody except the deepest philosophers. That something does look after the safety of those hardy men who go down to the sea in ships has long been to me a patent fact. Of whatever the unseen Providence consists, it must certainly also take care of poor Jack's stomach, else how could he survive to such a green old age on hard tack and salt horse?

Recently I have observed that Mr. Dibdin's marine preserver seems to be concerning itself with others than our tough, but esteemed, fellow citizens who plough the raging main. A few days ago the newspapers contained an account of the wreck of a freight train on a Western railroad. During a violent storm the train ran into a broken trestle, and, like the shipwrecks of Victor Hugo, none of the crew were left to tell the tale. I say none were left to tell the tale. I am wrong. Three ragged tramps were concealed in one of the cars, stealing a ride. This car was the only one that did not go into the trestle. All the trainmen were killed.

The other day a Mexican named Jesus Maria, with four horses started to haul a ton of dynamite up a steep mountain grade in Montana. He qualified for the job by getting gloriously drunk. Oblivious to everything on earth except the black bottle he had stowed away in his coat pocket, he drove off a 200-foot precipice. When the dynamite landed on the rocks below it exploded and tore a hole in the mountain nearly as wide as the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. The horses and wagon were obliterated, and Maria—it seems credible only on the theory of a special Providence—was blown 500 feet into a pond of water, and escaped without a scratch.

On Saturday morning last, Mr. Mike Sullivan, an esteemed citizen of the Potrero, who is engaged in grading operations over there, turned out of bed and lighted his pipe, in accordance with the custom at the Potrero of taking a smoke before breakfast. Mr. Sullivan had charge of a powder magazine which contained half a ton of black and fulminating powder. His pipe is not supplied with a spark arrester, but nevertheless he entered the magzine—I suppose for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not it had blown up during the night. In a playful mood Mr. Sullivan began kicking the kegs of powder about. Finally he kicked a keg of dynamite. Bang! The powder kicked Mr. Sullivan 100 feet into the air, and he landed—unhurt.

If these three incidents had occurred at widely divergent periods, a theory, based on the inherent probability of the survival of the worthless and the idiotic might be subject to entertainment; but here they are, all compressed into a single week. What do *I* think about it? I accept the Pike County theory of special Providences. Little Breeches, it will be remembered, was lifted bodily out of a snow bank and landed within the warm confines of a sheep corral. There is but one hypothesis—Angels.

A GREAT INVENTION.

There is a gentleman named Rudolph connected with the Free Public Library whose inventive faculties are likely soon to make him famous. He has devised a vote-registering machine which promises to relegate ballot-box stuffing to the realm of the lost arts. Instead of making an X after the name of a candidate on the ballot, Mr. Rudolph provides each elector with a punch. When the spaces after the names of the candidates for whom the elector desires to vote have been punched out, the ballot is fed into a machine which winds it upon a roller and registers it. The machine is so constructed that the ballots cannot be removed, and, as it records the number of votes cast for each candidate, all counting and false tallying is done away with.

If Mr. Rudolph's machine does what is claimed for it, he is already one of the immortals. That we are rapidly approaching an era when our daily lives will be regulated by machinery seems to be no longer to be doubted. Cash registers, double-entry bookkeeping, and bell punches have been invented to make men honest. Why not have a voting register to insure honest voting and counting?

A machine for jealous wives to fasten to their husbands, so that upon the return of their lords they may know where they have been, will follow along with the detective camera, and an appliance to prevent public officials from stealing. The last will be the *chef d'œuvre* of invention.

There is an idea that ought to be developed with Mr. Rudolph's register. That machine may stop false voting and counting, but how about stuffing the precinct registers? The machine cannot tell who does the voting. We already have the height, complexion, age and residence of the voter. Why not have his portrait? Photography now is almost as cheap as printing. The picture of the elector could be attached to his name on the precinct register, and counterfeiting physiognomies would then be impossible.

A vote-registering machine and a photographic precinct register would have a tendency to baffle the political bosses for some time to come. I detect but one difficulty in machine voting. Would the average plug-ugly selected by the average Election Commission to conduct the ballot-boxing, possess sufficient brains to turn the crank of Mr. Rudolph's register? I doubt it.

GIVE US LABORERS.

What provision has been made to supply the labor market in the spring? The Chinese are leaving the country, and in the kitchen, in the orchards, on the farms, and in the vineyards, how shall we replace him? It has never occurred to the large-headed statesmen, who passed the restriction and registration acts, that the white men on the Coast are, like themselves, gentlemen, and will not work; that the wives of these white men are as their own wives, ladies; that their sisters, aunts, and sisters' friends are all ladies, and will not labor.

The great men who have so kindly made our laws for us have never guessed that we were dependent on the Chinese, and that the Chinese were thoroughly independent of us. Had the conditions been reversed, the Mongolian would have registered; would have sat like the criminal that he is not for his picture to adorn the Political Rogues' Gallery, and would have remained with us until we learned how much we needed him in this beautiful State of California. Our great men do not appear to understand that California is a State by herself; that the laws that are the life of New York and Illinois are the death of us, and that in the whole Union no Commonwealth could better afford to stand by herself, independent, separate, and alone. We are on the edge of the country; from the rest of the Union we differ in climate, in money, and in customs; we are divided from it by vast barriers, and are thoroughly independent of the Nation if we were allowed to make our own laws, but we are not independent of labor. Having driven away the workmen, what shall we do with the work? We have no blacks, as they have in the South; no Hungarians, as in Pennsylvania; no Poles, as in Illinois; our poor are all in the almshouses. The people who come to California do not seek work; our immigrants travel in palace cars; they come not to invest their capital of muscle, but their money; and we sell them ranches, but cannot give the labor required to work them.

As the Chinese are leaving California, I am confidently expecting our statesmen to furnish labor for us. Probably they will take off their coats, and go to work themselves.

Newspapermen all over the country, irrespective of race, creed, party, or color, voted against Mr. Harrison. They did not care to assist in perpetuating an administration that could tolerate Holy John Wannamaker, who will be remembered after his piety is forgot as the man who denied the use of the mails to *Printer's Ink*, a journal that every advertiser, editor, and publisher should read. However, I said some time ago that *Printer's Ink* would flourish when the Wannamaker race was quite extinct, and I think that George P. Rowell & Co., and Mr. Romer have the laugh on pious John.

MUSIC.

"BARONESS META."

Charity plays a role set off with a full complement of satiric ornaments in connection with the arts as practiced locally. Fashion decks itself becomingly at the call of La Carita, while music lies prostrate in abject abnegation. Charity has seemingly but to express a necessity for the shekels when Fashion demands the aid of music, treats the divine art to its usual quantum of contempt, and makes the long-suffering muse to earn the uttermost fraction that can be extorted from the public purse. Charity is a pious necessity all well enough in its way, but with an overpowering habit of diverting the arts to its own uses without even the silhouette of an apology.

To see the Grand Opera House crowded at exorbitant prices ought reasonably to indicate the performance of some remarkable work by remarkable artists, producing for the first time a triumph of art before the assembled brilliance of talent, intelligence, and gilded culture of our opulent city. The generous support accorded to deserving artistic enterprises is such a characteristic of San Francisco, (witness the cordiality and enthusiasm which greeted the efforts of Augustin Daly's players on the occasion of their last visit here,) that it was a trifle disappointing to find the occasion so bravely attended and costumed was nothing more than the production of a comic opera by amateurs. The distinction lent to the occasion was finally found to be that of fine clothes, a halo of advertisement, and the entire absence of artistic interest. Where or what was the expensive privilege of witnessing the production may best be left unanswered, perhaps the chronicles of the mystic doings of Society might be persuaded to divulge the secret.

"Baroness Meta," with libretto and music by J. H. Rosewald, is remarkable, at the least, for its resemblance to "Der Wildschütz," a comic opera in three acts, by Albert Lortzing. Lortzing, having the advantage of a trifle like several decades of seniority with considerable popularity in Germany, can hardly be accused of robbing our local composer. The resemblance in plot and many other points is presumably one of those accidents which sometimes befall the most original minds. Mr. Rosewald, too, has been equally unfortunate in the matter of his music. He seems to have been seized upon by ideas which have already made themselves felt in the works of composers who rose to distinction in the manner of writing catch tunes and dances fifty years ago. On the authority of Balzac, ideas have a personality and attach themselves to certain individuals. Mr. Rosewald is to be commiserated upon having been made the victim of the onslaught of ghosts of twice too many long-departed ideas whose crudeness only equals their attenuation. The spirits of rhythms long ago relegated to the realms inhabited by third-rate dance-writers have insidiously crept into Mr. Rosewald's score, along with them cadenzas and scale passages the grandams still respected by reason of age, though fallen into decay. With a fine bouquet of well-sustained unison, harmony severely simple enough to please the most fastidious, and unspoiled by a single inadvertent melody, the three acts of this opera proceed in a holiday of dullness relieved by frequent familiarities from Lortzing and reappearances of unexpected moderns. The principal duty of the orchestra appeared to be to make playful response to the voice parts in a style of careless elegance.

The book of words had exhilarating intentions with here and there poetic flights approaching the broad sweep of Mr. Pickering's Poets. Certain passages, a trifle broad in their suggestions, may be excused on the ground of poetic license. Mr. Rosewald is to be congratulated on the possession of a sense of humor which is incomprehensible to the vulgar and cultivated alike, and also upon a style proceeding from a well of English thoroughly and incontestably defiled. Count, Countess, Baron, and Baroness have a giant touch of satire in their composition which speaks volumes for the realism and truthful observation of the author.

Of the amateurs who took the leading characters, Miss Alvina Heuer made the most of her opportunities, acting with spirit and appearing at ease before an audience. Miss Maude L. Berry with a voice of some compass and strength, did acceptably the title role, while Mr. A. M. Thorton, Mrs. Dickman, and Mr. Victor Carroll filled other characters suitably from the amateur standpoint.

LESLEY MARTIN.

LAWN TENNIS.

The California Tennis Club had two important events billed to take place during the week, but too late to give the result in this issue.

On Thursday last the gentlemen's double championship was called with eleven entries all evenly matched; and to-day the lady players of the club are to try conclusions for the club championship and the elegant silver trophy emblematic of the same to be won three times, not necessarily consecutive as in the gentlemen's. An elegant second prize will be offered the losers in the final round.

Although there are not many entries in the ladies' event, the contests, nevertheless, should prove quite exciting. It is considered as quite likely that the final contest in this event will be between Mrs. A. E. Wood, of the Presidio, and Miss Susie Morgan, the Coast champion, in which event a close and exciting match will surely ensue, as in practice there is very little to choose between them; and as they are both essentially back-line players, should they come together it is safe to predict numerous rallies.

Of course, Stetson and De Long are picked as sure winners in the gents' doubles. Their victory over the Coast champion team, the Hardy Brothers, of Oakland, in an exciting four-set match on Saturday last, at the California Club, makes their chances more certain. Wilberforce and Davis, Allen and Field, and the Whitney brothers are not to be overlooked, however, as they have been playing exceedingly well in practice.

Allison and Hobart are anxious to meet the easy team Collier and Collier, and have practiced hard with that object in view.

Allison succeeded in winning the Olympic Club tournament last week; it was a class handicap and in the final Allison gave his opponent odds, but beat him handily 6-2, 6-0.

The contest between the Hardy brothers, of Oakland champions of the Coast, and Stetson and G De Long, of the California Tennis Club, took place at the California Club's court on Saturday last, and while it was only a friendly practice bout it is doubtful if ever a more scientific contest has been played in a match or otherwise on the Pacific Coast.

In justice to the champions it must be stated that it was their first day's play on these courts, but their clever placing and driving and the closeness of the score, however, makes it quite evident that they were not bothered to any great extent on that account. Stetson played a very clever game throughout and his smashing of high balls was remarkable, but the playing of Geo. De Long was a revelation; his driving and smashing was a surprise to the champions who on many occasions during the contests were obliged to stand calmly by and gaze at De Long's return go swiftly past them.

The sets resulted as follows: The first set went to the Hardy brothers, 6-3; the second, third, and fourth being taken by Stetson-De Long, 8-6, 8-6, 9-7 respectively. In singles Sam Hardy ran away from Stetson six games to one, while De Long defeated Sumner Hardy six games to four. A return match between these teams is one of the possibilities of the near future.

THE SCORER.

THE UNIVERSITY CLUB PROTESTS.

I have received the following from the Manager of the University football eleven. The letter explains itself. My criticism was not unjust, at least if the opinions of competent observers who saw the game through are to be accepted. I had heard the decisions of the referee so severely commented on, and had discussed the matter with both members of the Olympic team and many old football players that I imagined my paragraph was moderate. Of course, I have no interest in desiring to hurt the Berkeley boys, but when gentlemen whom I know as such, and who would not wittingly do an injustice to their enemies much less to competitors in a friendly sport, state to me a condition of affairs that calls for comment, I purpose criticising. I imagine some members of the Olympic team will have something to say in this regard:

Editor THE WAVE,

DEAR SIR:—In last Saturday's issue of THE WAVE there was an editorial in which the University football team was severely censured for unfair play, and in which the referee, Mr. Zion, was accused of gross unfairness.

I hope you will pardon me for suggesting that you were misinformed in regard to the facts of the case. Your informant was evidently a member of the Olympic Club, who, smarting under his defeat, tried to win through the press a victory he was unable to achieve on the field. In the first place, the statement that "some twenty-eight decisions were rendered by Mr. Zion, not one of which was given to the Olympics," is a mistaken one, as you may see by referring to the official score of the game. That many more decisions were in favor of the University than of the Olympic Club, is, however, a fact; but when a team like the Olympic eleven protests at all times, with no shadow of evidence to support its claims, justice requires that these objections should be ignored.

But, if I interpreted your article aright, the great mass of decisions were not so much questioned as two that were made towards the close of the game, when the Olympics had the ball very near the U. C. goal, and it changed hands by a play that was not generally understood. But the plays and Mr. Zion's decisions were explained in the next morning's *Examiner* by Mr. Edwin Fish, the official scorer of the game and a gentleman who understands football.

I beg sir, that you will verify the statements which I have submitted by comparison with the official score of the game, and that you will express your altered opinions in the next issue of THE WAVE. A notice such as that of last Saturday can create a strong sentiment against the University, and in justice to us it should be retracted, if upon further examination you find that it is untrue.

Very truly yours,
WALTER S BRANN,
Manager U. C. Football Team.

Armour's Extract.

A graceful act of hospitality is to offer your evening guests a cup of Bouillon before leaving. Use Armour's Extract of Beef and boiling water; add salt, pepper and a thin slice of lemon to each cup. Serve with plain crackers. There are many ways of using Armour's Extract. Our little Cook Book explains several. We mail it free.

Armour & Company, Chicago.

THE MUMMERS.

"MY OFFICIAL WIFE."

It is a surprise to me that among the plays written lately so few are good. We have so many playwrights who give a loose rein to their muse that it must really be design that keeps the dramatic quality of the pieces so low; were it simply general inability to produce something not bad, once in a while a good drama would break from the dull monotony of mediocrity, and we would have a chance of congratulating ourselves on the fact that stage literature had not entirely gone to the bow wows. As a rule, the theatre-goer has recently been fed on the husks and slops of the drama, and I am inclined to think that when the next genius of the stage appears with a worthy production there will not be enough to appreciate it to make it a paying investment. It may be that our friends the playwrights are of the opinion that already the stage has so vitiated the public mind that a good drama would be too far above the heads of the masses; anyway, there is a growing disposition to pay small attention to the piece and save the trumpet for the people who appear in it. For instance, when an actress becomes engaged, that fact is advertised to the exclusion of the merits of the play, if it happens to have any. Should she succeed in gaining a divorce, the play is entirely lost sight of, and all the money is spent in making public the fact of the legal separation. And when she gets married—well, witness "My Official Wife" and Mrs. Seligman-Cutting.

I cannot tell how repulsive to Mr. Cutting must be the newspaper notoriety gained at every city as he swings around the dramatic circuit; but inasmuch as he keeps his hand to the plow there must be some recompense. That he finds it in the play I doubt. "My Official Wife" is as bad as any dramatization that Mr. Gunter could easily make. It is loaded with a lack of dramatic interest that even the much-advertised Seligman-Cutting wedding cannot render excusable. Whatever was good in Colonel Savage's book has been carefully eliminated, but the bad has been as conscientiously retained. When I say that, the reader will readily make up his mind how near the play comes to being the one for which we have been looking. "My Official Wife" is so lacking in all that a good play should be, that I am confident it will be a success if the management is wise enough to retain Mr. and Mrs. Seligman-Cutting. Why salaries are wasted on some of the other members of the company I am quite unable to tell. I have not the slightest conception of the part of Mr. Lenox, or the leading man is ignorant of what that fairly good character should be. Colonel Savage showed no disposition to make of the diplomate a buffoon, and, heaven knows! we suffer enough through our misrepresentatives abroad without having them appear as low comedians on the stage. There is an unattained desire to make of Lenox a replica of "Old Horse," and only the respectable propriety of the lines saves the part from this awful fate.

Mrs. Cutting gives a very enjoyable performance of the part of the fair Nihilist, and arouses some enthusiasm that is not altogether a tribute to her appearance and rank. Of her husband, nothing. God gave him a nice social position, a good figure, and a wealthy father; and to a poor devil born on the Bowery granted the gift of histrionic genius.

"My Official Wife" will be continued next week.——

Patti Rosa has done a capital business at the Bush Street Theatre this week. This actress never changes, and the friends she has made are charmed with her the more they see of her. While her company is not as good as it might be, yet the star atones for all deficiencies. Next week she will be seen in a farce-comedy satire on hypnotism, entitled "Miss Dixie," in which she has made a great success.——

"The Shaughraun" has been a winning play at Stockwell's, and the performance has been the best given by the stock company. Next week a change in bill is announced, and "Two Roses" will be seen at this popular playhouse. The company has in preparation "Captain Herne, U.S.A," in the production of which much interest has been awakened.——

Clara Morris appeared at the Baldwin on Monday, in a new play, "Claire," that, while suited admirably to her emotional powers, was by no means original in plot or treatment. It partook so much of the sort of pieces in which this actress has been seen, that enjoyment of her performance was considerably marred. Miss Morris has entirely recovered from the depressing illness that affected her on her last visit here, and in consequence acts with her old-time robustness and vigor. On Thursday evening she appeared in "Odette," which play she produces this evening. Next week she will be seen in "Rose Michel."——

One of the coming attractions at the California will be James T. Powers in his new piece, "A Mad Bargain." His company is a strong one, and includes Peter F. Daly, Julian Mitchell, Frank Kendick, W. W. Allen, Frank Howard, Richard Carle, John Frees, Frank Author, Rachel Booth, Lillian Chantore, Rose Cooke, Delia Stacy, and Leona Forrest.——

"Incog," with Charles Dickson as the star, is one of the attractions booked at the California for an early engagement. The piece was very well received on the last visit, and the lookout therefore is favorable.——

The annual season of extravaganza begins at the Grand Opera House next Saturday night, when the American Extravaganza Company which has already given those delightful spectacles "The Crystal Slipper" and "Sinbad," will present its latest production, "Ali Baba" or "Morgiana and the Forty Thieves." This piece has been a greater financial and artistic success than any of its predecessors, and from all accounts the Oriental story of the exciting adventures of the Woodcutter of Bagdad is framed in even more gorgeous style than were the versions of the Cinderella and Sinbad stories. The scenery is all from the brush of Fred. Dangerfield.

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MAPLE HALL, PALACE HOTEL

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Artists—Miss Maud L. Berry, Mrs. Chas. J. Dickman, Wm. C. Stadfeld, Victor Carroll, Alfred Wilkie, R. Fletcher Tilton, Accompanist, S. G. Fleishman, Solo Pianist.

Season Tickets, (reserved)	$4 00
Single Tickets, (reserved)	1 25
Admission,	One Dollar

Tickets may be had and seats secured at the office, Palace Hotel, to November 29th (inclusive), and at Sherman, Clay & Co., Wednesday, November 30, or of A. Wilkie, 1403 Octavia St.

BALDWIN THEATRE

Al. Hayman & Co., - - - - - Proprietors
Alfred Bouvier, - - - - - - Manager

Commencing Monday, Nov. 28th

Second Week

CLARA ✦ MORRIS

And an Excellent Company including J. M. Colville under the management of E. N. Price

AS ROSE MICHEL

An Original Translation and Adaptation from the French by Clara Morris

Beginning Saturday, Dec. 3d, at Grand Opera House

"ALI BABA"

Seats on Sale Tuesday, November 29th

NEW CALIFORNIA THEATRE

Handsomest Theatre in the World

Al Hayman & Co. ..... Proprietors
J. J. Gottlob ..... Manager

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 28th

LAST WEEK — LAST MATINEE SATURDAY

A Great Dramatic Treat

ARCHIBALD C. GUNTER'S

MY OFFICIAL WIFE

MINNIE SELIGMAN CUTTING

—SUPPORTED BY—

Frank M. Sanger's Company

BUSH STREET THEATRE

M. B. Leavitt, - - - Proprietor and Manager
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MONDAY, NOV. 28th

The Only Fun in Town — Last Times
Only Matinee Saturday — Final Fun

PEERLESS Patti Rosa

AND HER SUPERB COMPANY

IN THE COMEDY-FARCE SATIRE ON HYPNOTISM

MISS DIXIE

ALL NEW SPECIALTIES

STOCKWELL'S THEATRE

L. R. Stockwell ..... Lessee and Proprietor
Alf Ellinghouse ..... Business Manager

Monday, November 28th

E. J. HENLEY --- AUBREY BOUCICAULT

—AND—

Stockwell's Company of Comedians

IN THE GREAT SUCCESS

TWO ROSES

In preparation, CAPT. HERNE, U. S. A.

IRVING HALL

25th ✦ SATURDAY ✦ POP

TAKES PLACE TO-DAY

1 String Quartette — Hayden
2 Song, "Adelaide," (by desire) - - - - - Beethoven
Mr Donald de V. Graham
3 Cello Solo - - - - - - - - - -
Mr Heine
4 Song - - - - - - - - - - M. V. White
Mr. Graham
5 *Kreutzer Sonata - - - - - Beethoven
Mrs. Carr and Mr. Beel

*This work having received the greatest number of votes.

ADMISSION, 50 Cents

GRAND OPENING

Monday, November 28, 1892

The Highly Artistic and Stylish ✦ Hair Dressing Parlors

—OF—

SIMON AND ROBERT RUBERTI

221 Powell Street, cor. Geary - - San Francisco

HYPNOTIZED.

ARTHUR H. BARENDT.

The men with hyphenated names, the men of brain-muscle, the men so full of nerves that a section of them ought to look like a cut cable, the doctors of psychology and all their band of mental scientists had striven to exercise their influences on me in vain.

The great Anglo-American, Kranklin-Krown, the Russian Mettahitch, and the only Smythe of London, England, had focused their hypnotizing eyes upon mine only to find me as unaffected as if they had practiced on a deal plank or the Democratic majority of '92.

I boasted, to myself alone be it said, of my powers of resistance, and I knew that these controllers of the intellect had a secret admiration for the man upon whom they could work no change. I believe that had the Great Nap himself set his belittling gaze on me I should have remained unmoved and undiminished.

And yet! And yet!

Here I had entered this man's store as I had done every day of my life for months. I sat down in the chair, threw my feet upon the stool and commenced to read my paper—all unsuspecting, I waited.

Suddenly I felt a peculiar influence, I knew it at once, for, in a slighter degree, the hypnotists I have referred to had often tried to take me unawares, but such are the subtle workings of that abstract thing, the mind, mine had spontaneously assumed a repellant phase, and I had always been as well aware of what was being attempted as if I had been specially prepared for it.

This time, as I have intimated, the influence was stronger. I looked up from the paper and encountered a man's brown eyes. They were not remarkably intellectual in their glance, nor yet were they stupid. There was nothing out of the ordinary in them. His yellow-brown skin was smooth, his face stolid, but—his mouth was working, slowly, steadily, with machine-like precision. The eyes were set in a yellow-white, the teeth, as regular as could be, were dazzling in contrast to the dark skin and black-red thick lips. I watched him for a time, he quite unconscious of my scrutiny.

The more I looked the more uneasy I felt. This was nonsense, I said to myself. I'll shake myself together, I thought. Then I found I could not move a muscle. I was set in that chair as though I had been carved out of wood; I was a part of it. I knew what "inertia" was better than any definition could have taught me. I turned my head away. In an instant the calm face, the expressionless eyes, and the incessantly-moving jaw were before me. It was the jaw which tantalized me. I tried to divert my gaze to his cheek. I studied every mark, every hair, every wrinkle of his face; but, more powerfully drawn than by a loadstone, my eyes fell back to the jaw and my eyelids moved up and down in consonance with the jaws. I turned my head again, and again that maxillary mill was before me. I thought of the mills of the Almighty that grind exceedingly small; I thought of the fearful din of a 240-stamp mill in an Alaskan mine, but nothing, no nothing, was so utterly discomfiting, so persistent in its working, as those silently munching jaws!

I felt that for once my powers were to be tested to their uttermost, and I had a presentiment of defeat. If I could only rise and face him then I might have baffled his powers; but I was on my back and paralyzed in every limb, my head alone moving from side to side at will.

I braced myself with what seemed to be superhuman power for the struggle. I would not yield without a terrific fight. I raised my eyes to his and looked into their cool meaninglessness. They were unaffected; apparently they were unconscious of the struggle, of the intense light pouring from mine. Back, back again my eyes fell to the ever-moving jaws. If I could only stare them into a cessation of their motion; but no, they went on, the very movement was gnawing at my brain. Hot and cold waves chased over me from head to foot. I was yielding, I knew it. Inch by inch that jaw was grinding me down. I tried to clutch my chair but my arms failed to respond. A cold sweat came out all over my head, my hands were not alone clammy but wet under the tense mental effort I was making to withstand that incessant munch.

My gaze, which had always been as fixed and as steady as a marksman's, began to quail. I closed my eyes once, twice, thrice, in a blind effort to gain strength with which to offset that endless grind.

Once the jaws backed away and I believed that victory was mine, but before the strain could be lifted for a second those two rows of regular white teeth were again moving with their clockwork regularity. Terror, such as I had never known before, was taking hold of me. Here was some terrible power, some incombatable influence before which I knew I was laying down all the mental energy I possessed. I, whom no one had been able to control, was yielding to the influence of a jaw which moved incessantly.

As the mind does, when under great strain, so, in my case, the frivolous thought of how many men had been controlled by an incessantly-moving jaw behind bed curtains flashed over my mind, and I fancy I smiled. If I did it must have been very faint, for in an instant my mental energies were battling, repelling vainly this gruesome influence.

The battle could not last much longer. I was getting exhausted, slowly but surely my forces were slipping away from me. My eyes were growing heavier, my senses more numb, the hypnotic spell, if such it were, was spreading over me, and I was yielding—going, going——gone!

* * * * * * *

Then there was a sudden change, something was snatched away from me. I was jerked suddenly forward, and the gum-chewing, colored barber had shaved me while I dozed.

"OUR SOCIETY"

Blue Book, containing the names, addresses, and reception days of the leading Society people of San Francisco, and the principal social centres of the State, is now in a state of preparation for the opening of the Society season of 1892-93, and will be issued November 1st. We will be particularly careful in the selection of names to grace the pages of the Blue Book, and will eliminate many which have appeared in former publications. It will be kept on file exclusively at all the clubs, fashionable hotels, theatres, summer resorts, etc.

FALSE ECONOMY

Is practiced by people who buy inferior articles to food because cheaper than standard goods. Infancs are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist sell it.

SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS.

READY FOR Christmas!

A GRAND STOCK OF Holiday Goods.

DON'T DELAY PURCHASING.

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Auction Daily at 1 and 8 p. m.

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JAPANESE CURIOS

Consignment direct from Japan, comprising Thousands of Antique and Modern valuable articles too numerous to mention. The entire Collection will be sold without reserve or limit. Chairs provided for Ladies who are specially invited.

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Terms: CASH.

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Business and Professional Men need more exercise than they get in their employment. They should take a course in

Gymnastics, Boxing and Fencing

As they do not care to go to athletic clubs, they should take a course at

Frank Allen's Private Gymnasium

26 O'FARRELL STREET

Systematic methods are used in reducing flesh, and the scientific building up and strengthening of the body is a feature.

Instruction is PRIVATE, every detail of the gymnasium is here, including Spray and Shower Baths.

A limited number of gentlemen taken.

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CHAMPAGNE

DELBECK & Cie EXTRA DRY REIMS

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Leland Stanford Jr. University

—VS.—

Olympic Club

CENTRAL PARK

November 26,'92, at 2:30 p. m.

TICKETS, 50 Cents

RAIN OR SHINE

PHYSICAL CULTURE

FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

The San Francisco Fencing Academy

S. W. COR. POST AND MASON STREETS

PROFESSORS: LOUIS TRONCHET, ALFRED DE SMET

Special classes twice per week for young ladies between the age of 10 and 15 years. Terms reasonable.

EXCHANGE THOUGHTS.

Here, now, Mr. Editor, this isn't right. Give the Democracy a show. The *Inter Ocean* says: "The spots on the Tammany tiger and the rings on the wild cat's tail will make good targets for Republican bullets during the next four years. Get ready for the sport. There will be no 'close season.'"

The Sonoma *Democrat* knows what's what in paper weights: "The scribbler who set afloat the item that ex-Senator Tabor uses a gold nugget worth $20 000 for a paper-weight has been put to shame by a schoolboy who wants to know what he uses for a derrick. A gold nugget of the value stated would weigh sixty-five pounds."

Here are two paragraphs taken from the same paper on the same day; if they do not show a perturbed editorial mind, I'll eat the hand that penned them. The Stockton *Independent* says:

"Already the baneful effect of the free trade triumph is seen in the sudden halt in the extension of industrial enterprises. When so much evil is done by a threat, how much greater will be the damage by its execution?

"Secretary Foster says there is no deficit in the treasury. The shortage is in the appropriations."

"Ballot looks dreadfully downcast. Has he been changing his view any since the election?"

Comet—No; he is only viewing his change—what little he has left.—*The Inter Ocean.*

The Republican press is very much disturbed over Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet. The San Jose *Mercury* says: "Judging from all the rumors about it, Cleveland's Cabinet is going to be about as complicated a piece of furniture as Victoria Woodhull Martin's proposed anthropological bureau."

A brief remark from the Oakland *Times:* "The closeness of the vote on the Depot Act amendment is another instance of the average stupidity of the people. They got the idea into their hydra head that it was "a corporation snap," and voted against a measure that is not only a benefit but almost a necessity. Vox populi vox donkey."

AS "SOCIETY,"

Within the true and real meaning of the phrase, grows and develops in the United States, there grows and develops with it a cultured and refined taste in all things. This indisputable fact accounts for the great popularity which the Pommery and Greno Sec Champagne is lately acquiring in the more select circles of American Society. For a long time past this wine has been almost exclusively used among the royalty and nobility of Europe, more particularly in England and Russia. Its intrinsic merit commends it to the critical and discerning judgment of those who have the means to indulge in the best of everything that is to be had. Persons who intend to give select entertainments should be particular to have this wine on the table, and bear in mind the Prince of Wales' opinion: "There is no headache in Pommery Sec."—*London Journal.*

FASHIONABLE STATIONERY.

At Sanborn Vail & Co's are the latest styles in fashionable stationery. The tints in letter paper are changing constantly, and if one desires to be considered proper in this important matter, one must follow the dictates of the fashion makers. In leather goods Sanborn, Vail & Co. show a splendid stock of pretty goods. More attention has been given to purses, pocketbooks, and card cases in the past year than ever before, and the finest examples of the maker's art are to be found in the store of this firm.

I desire to call attention to the splendid window display that this firm makes. There is no better evidence of the fact that the holiday season is approaching that can be found here. No windows in this city are more attractive, and the large crowd that may be seen there every day enjoys a very artistic treat. In every department Sanborn, Vail & Co have renewed their stock, and the best lines of goods carried in the city will be found there.

NEWEST STYLES IN HAIRDRESSING.

The opening of the hairdressing parlors of Simon and Robert Ruberti, on Monday next, will interest the fashionable world. They are two gentlemen of the highest skill as *coiffeurs*, and have studied the very latest styles at headquarters. The Messrs. Ruberti are eminently fitted to undertake the task of artistic hairdressing. They are clever and have ideas. Their establishment, on the corner of Geary and Powell Streets, is handsomely fitted up, and around the walls are pictures showing all manner of hairdressing and all styles of hair cutting.

NOTES.

The first of the series of "Ballad Concerts" to be given on Thursday next, in the Maple Hall, Palace Hotel, under Alfred Wilkie's direction, promises to be a notable and fashionable success, judging from the long array of names of the leading Society people who act as patrons. The programme is excellent, and as all the artists are well and favorably known, there will doubtless be a crowded house on the occasion. The ballads, glees, and madrigals, will be a very refreshing novelty to our concert-goers, and Mr. Wilkie's judgment in this matter should receive a sincere and hearty endorsement.

* * *

The eleventh anniversary of the institution of Pacific Parlor No. 10, N. S. G. W., was celebrated by a very pleasant ball at Pioneer Hall on Friday evening last. The affair was probably the most enjoyable in the history of the Parlor.

* * *

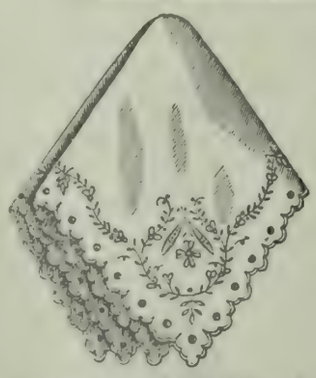
An entertainment is to be given next Tuesday evening in the parlors of the First United Presbyterian Church, by the Violet Circle of King's Daughters. Quite a number of clever vocalists and instrumentalists have volunteered their services.

The Carson City *Appeal* calls attention to an interesting fact: "General Weaver, without a dollar to aid him, carried nearly as many States as Harrison, who was backed by the money power of 100,000 office-holders."

Gabley—The soldiers who fought and bled to save the Union should be forever dear to their countrymen.

Snapley—Yes, but at a hundred and twenty millions a year aren't they a little too dear?—*Kate Field's Washington.*

New Importation



From the Orient

Japanese Silk Handkerchiefs

And MUFFLERS

THE MOST EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT EVER BROUGHT TO SAN FRANCISCO

O'Connor, Moffatt & Co.

INCORPORATED 1892.

111 to 121 POST STREET

OAKLAND GOSSIP.

OAKLAND, November 24th. DEAR WAVE:—Like all Oakland affairs, the opening of the theatre was a blaze of glory, and the rest of the week at that place was as dull as a tomb. Nearly every one spent their ready money for the purpose of displaying their new gowns, family jewels, and swan-like necks, and were obliged to sink into oblivion for a short time so as to recuperate. Just as I told you weeks ago, the millionaires (?) who subscribed toward the $10,000 bonus for the theatre, are now making the wildest efforts to get out of their part of the contract, but Mr. MacDonough insists that they shall keep their word, as the theatre was opened before the time that the contract called for. It's going to be endless fun, as Tom says that if many of them do pay what they promised in a moment of reckless bravado, Mr. MacDonough will have succeeded in accomplishing more than do their butchers, wine dealers, grocers, and dry goods purveyors. Don't say that I'm hard on the poor fellows, for it is a well-known fact that many of the subscribers have not the funds with which to pay their share of the bonus, but they thought it would look well to see their names on the swell list, and they never dreamed that the theatre would ever materialize.

Quite a party of "our set" went to Marion Albright's dramatic reading last Wednesday evening, and, *sub rosa*, dear, these same dramatic readings are becoming most terribly monotonous, but Marion really has talent and was kind enough to come to the rescue of the Dram-Attics, so we all had to go. Then it was rather amusing to witness the love scene from "The Russian Honey-moon," that she and Jack Wilson gave. Why did they not render something new? It is strange that Jack never seems to weary of learning love passages, but it is whispered that he gets them off on the new victims that he meets in San Francisco and other places The Bandurria Club gave some of their entrancing selections; Harry Melvin and Shafter Howard sang. By the way, have I told you of Marion's engagement? Good news, isn't it? Another of the "stage-struck" girls off the list.

After all my plans it was my misfortune to miss the train, and I didn't have the pleasure of attending the wedding of popular Dot Handy and good-natured Frank Hume, which was a very pretty affair. Wasn't it lucky that Dot held the winning card? You know there were two girls in her set whose mammas tried to make matches for them. He is a good boy—wealthy and easy to manage. We all wish them both lots of happiness.

Saturday I attended the baseball match with the swellest coaching party from this side, and we girls thought ourselves so very pretty that we imagined ourselves the cynosure of all eyes. There were Allie, Floy, Nellie, May, Emma, Mamie, Frou Frou, and our chaperons were Hettie and Corrinne, while our escorts were Vic, Will, and Everett. Two of the girls were frightfully jealous of Everett's attention to Mamie. The poor girls had better reconcile themselves to the inevitable, as his devotion to Mamie has an air of seriousness—took her to the opening of the theatre. Have you ever noticed, dear, how the I——s palaver over our East Oakland heiress? They sang over her as if she were the only living creature in the world. Vic and Everett are Yale men, and the former expatiated upon the glories of that institution, until we girls bet on the Yale team, and, as you know, lost. Vic must have been the finest student and best athlete of his time while at Yale. He can tell more stories! Did you see Shafter Howard? He looked magnificently remarkable in a rather dark suit, high hat, and white gaiters.

What a chatterbox Gertrude Bayley is! She does not seem to care what she says, nor where she says it. Perhaps she considers her manner *chic*. Handsome Mrs E. L. G. Steele's son, Ed, has blossomed into a Society beau; he had two nice-looking little girls with him at baseball.

It was exceedingly kind of the Ladies' Orchestra to come over here and play for charity last Saturday evening. Several of the members are from this side, viz., the Hush girls, Etta Tucker-McNear, Alice Herrick, Jean Wellman, and (this is a sublime secret—hear,) Frou Frou. We are not musical experts, and it is most unkind for people to criticise our efforts, especially since we so dislike to display our beauty before a critical public. Don't say "What conceit," but we really are a handsome set of girls, and always wear pretty gowns. Our selections are always first-class, but a trifle difficult for amateurs.

Last night young Salvini played "Don Cæsar de Bazan," and captured the susceptible hearts of the Oakland maiden. Theatre parties are going to become the fashion on this side, and I'm going to-night with a party of U. C. boys to see "The Three Guardsmen."

If Mrs. F. M. S—— has any fault to find with me I wish she would do it personally, and not criticise my orthography through the medium of a popular evening paper; besides, she should know that printers sometimes fail to decipher my peculiar chirography, and, since mamma is one of the "Eothen" ladies, and went through all the agony of helping to find a name for that never-to-be-forgotten Club, it is most likely that the correct spelling would be known to me. Well, Mrs. F. M. S—— is a good-natured fault-finder, and, since I feel that her eagle eye is on me, I forgive her, if she will only consent to shield and pardon the many indiscretions of sinful

FROU FROU.

SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, November 22d. DEAR WAVE:—There is a lull in Society just now. The victorious managers of the "Pratt Home" are resting on their laurels, while the C. L. A. S. are moving heaven and earth to eclipse all past affairs by the brilliancy of the Kirmess now drawing near. The unfortunate affair of the taboo of the Y——s has rendered exertion necessary, and as a consequence I have been run to death, for, as I have given my word to write up the histories of the participants, I have found it necessary to attend sewing societies, committee meetings, and some small dinners, that I might hear every bit of gossip as it falls from the lips of the purifiers. Tom says the ladies should engrave on their shields "Heal thyself," but then that is neither so easy nor so pleasant as curing others. What the "committee on purification" leaves undone won't amount to much.

I heard one of them say it was a good thing ——'s husband did not understand French I don't know what she meant, but guess I shall find out by and by.

Clarence is getting up a benefit for Trinity Church. It is going to be very swell. You know he is very high cast. They are going to give scenes from "Patience," with pretty Miss Withrow in the principal role. I wonder he doesn't have Lois S—— and Georgie R——? Lois used to sing a great deal, and Georgie is just as cute as can be in opera-bouffe. We used to give operas here, "The Mikado" and such and Georgie was a star.

How did the occultation occur? Albertina has lost all hopes of queening it in Washington Society because her pa got the consent of the people to stay right here. Too bad, but Tom says there never was anything in it—that Mr. Crandall was just a blind for your De Young.

These are awful busy times. The artists of the China Club are working day and night. One paints and the next one erases. They know such an awful lot there anyway. I'm going to the sale, and I'll bet you a box of gloves every woman there will speak to me because they want to sell their wares.

Our town is undergoing a metamorphosis—new stores and better ones—and the result is one to make us proud.

The Council has ordered lights on Julian Street, but have not yet learned that the park is dangerously ill-lighted. It is a place for deeds of darkness, and a shame to an intelligent government.

Next time I will tell you all about Thanksgiving. Some of us have good cause to celebrate because sins have not been found out, others have different motives. May you eat your turkey in peace is the wish of

BABBLER.

My friend, the editor of the Oakland *Tribune*, is printing a journal for the education and enlightenment of all. Among other things he says: "Those who may be still interested in the comet can see it from Oakland almost any clear evening with the help of a good opera-glass in the northeast heavens over the Piedmont hills. It may be distinguished from a common star by its fuzzy outline."

J. D. FRY, President HENRY WILLIAMS, Vice-President
J. DALZELL BROWN, Secretary

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This Company is authorized by law to act as administrator, executor, guardian, assignee, receiver and trustee, under the supervision and direction of the Courts. Executes trusts for married women, in respect to their separate property, and acts as agent for them in the management of such property.

Receives deposits subject to check and allows interest at the rate of two per cent per annum on daily balances. Issues certificates of deposits bearing fixed rates of interest.

Receives deposits in its Savings Department, from $1.00 upwards and allows the usual rates of interest thereon.

Rents safes inside its burglar proof vaults at prices from $5.00 per annum upwards according to size. Valuables of all kinds may be stored at low rates.

WILLS DRAWN AND TAKEN CARE OF WITHOUT CHARGE

BENNETT'S
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THE CELEBRATED
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ADDRESS:—
MR. VALENTINE HUBER
Musical Director and Manager of the Hungarian Orchestra
CARE OF SHERMAN, CLAY & CO'S MUSIC STORE

TO A SCRAP OF SEA-WEED.

FRANCIS S. SALTUS.

Neglected flower that in the ocean blooms,
Poor exile from the fragrant groves of earth,
What sorrow rises in thy salt perfumes,
To what sad thoughts thy humble charm gives birth!

Tossed by the tempest and fluctuant tide,
The vulgar plaything of the slimy eel;
Crushed by the vessel's keel or cast aside,
What bitterness thy injured heart must feel!

Thy lovely sisters blush on field and lawn,
The lily, pink, and rose are kin to thee,
Yet thou are destined, from grim night till dawn,
To hide thy envy in the turbulent sea.

Alas! none know why thou wast strangely torn
From leafy woodlands and rich orchards blest,
Nor why thou shouldst not have been sweetly born
A tuberose to grace my darling's breast.

Unless the eternal in his august might,
A sacred usage for thy beauty found.
And made thee to fulfill some sacred rite
Upon the ghastly foreheads of the drowned.

—*Figaro.*

THE MOWER'S SONG.

The mower's song! am I of clay?
The birds sing sweeter than in May!
I hear the mower's sickle clear,
It is his joy-time of the year;
I hear him sing amid the hay.

If life hath gone cross-wise to-day,
It paineth less—the bitter way,
If through that sorrow I may hear
The mower's song.

He riseth early for the fray,
Strong-arm'd he sweeps the clover'd spray,
Singing his simple songs of cheer.
There comes no shadow I may fear
With morning and that merry lay—
The mower's song.

—*George Alfonte.*

He—Can I hope for another waltz this evening?
She—Won't it make your wife jealous?
He—Not at all.
She—I'm afraid my card is full to-night.—*Truth.*

A MID-WORLD EPISODE.

I was walking down Bromfield Street in Boston on a stormy day in December. The narrow sidewalk covered with ice and trodden snow, and the sharp pitch of the street, made pedestrianism a venture bordering upon rasnness. As I was in somewhat of a hurry, I pushed by a couple of fat, cautious, waddling gentlemen, and started at a swinging pace down the treacherous incline. Suddenly I was aware that my feet had slipped from under me. Then came a flash, followed by darkness.

* * * * * * *

The same street stretched before me, only I was walking in the opposite direction. A hat was lying in the gutter, which struck me in the most whimsical way as being exactly like my hat. I was about to pick it up and examine it, when I noticed a group of men carrying a heavy object into an adjacent drug store. I pushed forward with curiosity, and was astounded to see that the heavy object was myself, hatless, my face deadly white, with some drops of blood clustered on the hair.

The men staggered into the drug store and I followed them. They laid their burden on the counter, and the druggist came rushing from a back room in frightened haste. He ruthlessly tore open the bosom of what I shuddered to perceive was my best coat, loosened the underclothing, and bent down in a listening attitude. I shall never forget the expression of his face as he turned and looked up without lifting his body.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the man is dead!"

I laughed outright at the preposterousness of the statement. My voice was perfectly audible to myself, but none of the others in the room seemed to hear it; at least, none of them turned to look at me. I heard one of the bystanders say that he would report the case at once, and the druggist nodded silently toward the telephone. As for me, I could endure the farce no longer, and walked out with a distinct consciousness of elation, as if I had suddenly become rid of a great burden, or had realized some long-desired hope. The snow was falling thickly outside, but I felt so strangely happy that the whirling storm seemed more beautiful than the fairest June sky I had ever seen.

I walked up Tremont Street, my heart leaping with an undreamed-of joy in mere existence. On the corner of the first block whom should I meet but dear old Doctor S—— who had brought me into the world, and who had been my best friend and counselor until three years before, when blood poisoning, contracted during a critical surgical operation, had carried him off. The recognition was mutual, and we fell into each others' arms with exclamations of surprise and delight.

"Why, doctor! God bless you! I thought you were dead."

"My dear boy! I didn't know that you had escaped."

I looked at my friend in blank amazement. "Escaped!" I cried. "What do you mean? Escaped what?"

"Flesh," cried the doctor, briefly, while the same old laugh seemed to ring in his kindly voice. "Bones!" And he beamed upon me with his face like a plastic chunk of sunshine.

I looked down at my tweed suit and cork-soled shoes. Then I gazed upon the doctor's expansive waistcoat, peeping through his half-buttoned mackintosh. "I don't see that I have even escaped my clothes—or that you have, either," I replied dubiously.

"If you don't believe that you have escaped flesh and bones," said the doctor seriously, "try walking through that lamp post."

I advanced incredulously to the post, backed off with a laugh, then moved up again with the doctor's hand on my shoulder—and melted through the solid iron, or, to speak more exactly, the solid iron melted through me.

"Now follow me through this old apple-woman," chuckled the doctor; and in an instant we had permeated a half-bushel of wormy fruit and a dame as withered and gaunt as the trees that bore it.

"Are you satisfied?" cried the doctor, as he dragged me through a solid wall into the privacy of two closeted politicians, who never noticed our intrusion in the least.

"Perfectly, so far as ocular demonstration goes," I replied, admiring the nonchalance and familiarity with which the doctor leaned upon the shoulder of one of the politicians, and, from force of habit while in the flesh, proceeded to examine his tongue. "Yes," I continued, "I am satisfied that I am not what I was, but will you have the kindness to explain why we both retain the same semblance as when we were in the body?"

"Certainly," replied my friend. "We do not—that is, not really. In a very brief space of time now—perhaps before these wire-pullers have arranged their slate—you will begin to *experience* me as I do you. Your present notion of form is a mere reminiscence. All newly-escaped persons, that is, all who have recently rid themselves of the flesh, retain for a time a certain sense-consciousness, as the eye, which has been gazing upon a bright object, retains the image of that object after the lids are closed. But as that image gradually fades away, so will your reminiscence of bodily form fade. Presently you will no longer see, but *experience*, which is a much more vivid and delightful operation of the soul. With the transformation which ensues, all the strangeness and unfamiliarity of the mid-world, as we call it, will pass away, and you will not feel the least embarrassment, for instance, in walking through the poor, dull-sensed bodies of people or treating them in any way you please."

As the doctor spoke I became gradually conscious that his protruding waistcoat and voluminous mackintosh were fading away. In their place appeared nothing, at first, but a little whirling column of mist. Presently that too vanished, and the doctor's voice grew fainter and fainter, till it utterly ceased. In place of seeing or hearing came such a sudden vivid realization of the presence and reality of my friend, that I glowed to the centre of my soul with an unspeakable warmth of love and joy. The air about me seemed to quiver with a penetrating yet unseen life and light. I was about to enter into the perfect and unutterable ecstacy of a spiritual being, when——Bromfield Street opened its slushy, dirty length before me; a compassionate by-stander assisted me to my feet, while another brought my hat out of the gutter, saying:

"Well, my friend, your head had a pretty sharp rap on the curb! I guess you must have lain unconscious for a minute or more."—*Paul Pastnor, in Kate Field's Washington.*

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BULLION MINING COMPANY.—LOCATION of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the twentieth day of October, 1892, an assessment (No. 40) of twenty-five cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, room 20, No. 327 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-fourth day of November 1892, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY the fourteenth day of December, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

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FASHIONS: BY LETTER.

ANNE, DEAR:—It must be so, that some poor women, unfortunate in the possession of artistic ideas, sit in the lofts of the dress-making establishments of Paris and evolve patterns for new gowns between breakfast and supper. To what else can we ascribe the endless change in fashions than to a desire to earn a meal? You may rest assured that no other motive could inspire the remarkable number of changes that the fashion-follower has been treated to lately. It is not so long ago that you could almost get through a season with one gown; now you must look at the fashion columns as you do at the weather reports, and you will find that the styles are as mutable as climate. There is no survival of the fit—or the fittest in dress; the eternal fitness of things has absolutely nothing to do with your costume, and, Anne, dear, you may as well make up your papa's mind now to a large expenditure for gowns; there will be no escape for even the humblest of fashion's slaves. All this I had intended telling you last week, but lack of time prevented me.

I have just seen the pattern for a most stylish and picturesque gown, and as it is one of the prettiest of the season's changes it is needless to say that it is from Worth, and is just beyond papa's limit. It is an adaptation of the First Empire style, but lacks the eccentricities of that fashion that made you look hideous in your last. To be effective it should be of velvet, and the range of colors may be exhausted. It is a princesse dress, easy fitting, and with a flowing skirt. The short waist is made to appear shorter by the aid of a very wide sash. It gives one the usual appearance of being nearly all lower limbs, as Miss Pond was in the habit of saying when she taught our youthful ideas not to shoot the paper balls. The pattern I speak of will be made into a currant red velvet, and will be worn by an exceedingly swell girl for calling. The black sash is fitted on the sides, and drawn into a large knot in front with a bow and ends at the back. The high collar, like grandpa's stock, is, of course, of black, too. The long close Empire sleeves have a puff covering the elbow, with the balloon puff above. The collarette is of fur, and being from Worth, is the pelt of the beautiful silver gray fox. Of course, you can't imagine anything more effective than this gown for calls, afternoon receptions, teas, day weddings, and the theatre. The hat that goes with this costume is of black felt, the rolling brim faced with moss-green velvet, and the feathers black ostrich.

One of the handsomest tea gowns I have lately seen is made of pale pink silk, with a yoke of garnet velvet embroidered with gold, and nearly covered with spangles. The silk is gathered slightly full to the yoke in front, and falls in straight breadths to the foot; by princesse breadths the back is fitted to the figure. About the throat the neck is cut low, and is encircled by a band of garnet velvet, extending down the front, where it joins a heavy fall of lace. Underneath the arms other garnet velvet bands start, confine the front breadths, and are tied in a large bow, with lace ends. Tight-fitting sleeves of embroidered velvet, like that of the yoke, have shorter oversleeves of the prevailing pink, of course, and are made full above the shoulders, being left open to show the rich embroidery beneath.

In keeping close to the fashions here, we shall have to wear furs, although we are in as much need of them as are our Eastern sisters of our parasols in winter. Everything will shortly be trimmed in furs, and when the fashion is carried to its limit, the morning gown, the tea gown, and the street dress all are bordered in fur; the skirt, the garter, the glove—wherever an edge is, there fur will be. But why not? The furrier must live as well as the tailor or shoemaker, and certainly no trimming will make a dress look more *chic* than a well-chosen piece of pelt.

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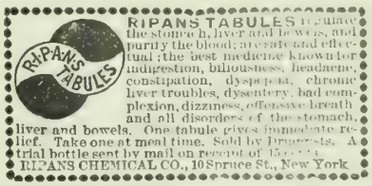

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MINING AND FINANCIAL.

The past week, outside of a few temporary flashes of dealing, has been a series of dull sessions, and, what was worse, each session saw lower prices of all the active stock, none of them being able to withstand the pressure brought to bear by commission brokers wishing to realize, until the corporal's guard who congregate at the San Francisco and Pacific Boards were afraid that there would not be sufficient left to buy a Thanksgiving turkey. Toward the close of the week, under the active purchases of Dr. Fox and Stoutenborough, the price of Potosi was forced up to $2.50 per share, but when the stock reached this figure, Joe Marks, Paxton, and Walls began selling; this brought other sellers into the field, until at the present writing (Tuesday) the stock has declined to $1.40 per share. The decline in Potosi carried with it the other middle stocks, Savage, Chollar, and Bullion. From the quantity of stock being sold by brokers whose clientage is largely at Virginia City it looks as though the several crosscuts in Potosi have turned out a failure; anyhow, THE WAVE would advise its patrons not to buy for a reaction, but to wait and watch results. The 1100 foot level, on the prospect of which the stock advanced is now in low-grade ore, and is not improving any as work progresses. Should they begin cross-cutting on the 1800 foot level, another jump may be expected. In the Gold Hill group, Belcher has been the best sustained stock, and under the active buying of Gollin and Goldman the stock kept at $2. On Tuesday, under the heavy selling of George W. Kelley, Coffin, and Gauthier, of the Pacific Board, the stock declined until it sold at $1.65, at which price 1500 or more shares were sold.

The news from the 300 foot and 400 foot levels is not of such a nature as would warrant the purchase of the stock at the present figures, and though they may put the shares up a little on milling ore proposition, it cannot stay there without some further improvement in the above levels. At the North end things look a little better, especially in Ophir. On the 1565 foot level some bunches of ore was found that assayed for $5 to $15. This is not sufficient to warrant any speculator to be anxious to get in, still a certain morning paper has been bulling the stock on the strength of this until buyers thought it was a buy, and the latter part of the week it was carried up to $3.25 per share, but by the selling of Bannan, Grey, Walls, and Cope the stock started down the hill, Ackerman trying to stop the break by taking 500 shares of Bannan at $2.75, and Gurnett, 500 of Walls at $2.65, but this had little effect, the stock not rallying any, but closing weak at $2.60.

Con. Virginia and California was well sustained during the week, and though it weakened at one time to $2.60, it quickly rallied to $2.80, at which figure Joe Marks bought considerable. At the close the stock was in good demand at $2.70 per share. According to Superintendent Lyman's report, there was nothing new from the mine. During the past week there was extracted and worked at the Morgan Mill 980 tons of ore; assay value, $23.02 per ton. Bullion shipped to the Carson Mint, $16,460, this being the first shipment on the November account. If any change for the better takes place, it is likely to be in the above two mines, as at present they have the best outlook, but there is no particular hurry to get any shares, as a series of assessments are to be levied which will tend to still further depress the market.

The mining industry of the United States is now waiting anxiously to see what action on the silver question the International Monetary Conference that assembled to-day (Tuesday) at three o'clock at Brussels, will take. It is one of the most representative bodies that has yet met. Fully seventeen countries of Europe sent delegates. Those on the part of the United States are: Senator Allison, Congressman McCreavey, Hon. H. W. Cannon, Senator Jones, and President Andrews, of Brown University.

The several Stock Boards adjourned on Thanksgiving Day, it being a legal holiday.

The first gravel mine to be listed at the Pacific Exchange was the Mayflower, of California. This is one of the richest mines of the State, in one year alone producing $363,000. The gravel pays $3.50 per ton when washed through 24 foot sluices, and $5 to $5.50 when crushed at the mill. The last return of the gravel was $14.50 per ton. There are fifty men employed in the mine. The shares are mostly held by Frenchmen. The mine shipped $6000 on Monday. The Champion Mine, at Nevada County, which has been paying 10 cent dividends, has declared one of 50 cents. This is notable, as in the last month the Company has expended $17,000 in doubling the capacity of its 15-stamp mill and making other permanent improvements. A rich strike has been made in the Pea Vine District, Nev. Mr. Sellers, from a ledge at a depth of 7 feet, took ore that assayed $100 per ton.

Work on the John Neddy Mine in Aurora is progressing as fast as circumstances will warrant. The ore averages about $35 per ton. The output of the Alaska Treadwell Mining Company for the month of August was $80,775 from 9000 tons of ore the expenses were $26,330, a net profit of $54,446. A shipment of $36,000 was received from the Union Mill on account for the Tuscarora mines. We note quite a number of mining superintendents in the city, among them being Superintendent Sharon, of the Belcher and Yellow Jacket; Superintendent Keating, of the Savage; Superintendent Jackson, of the Holmes; Superintendent McDonell, of the Sierra Nevada; and Kincaid, of the Occidental. Ruling price of silver has been about 84⅝ cents per ounce at New York.

For the month of October the amount of dividends disbursed by the mines of the United States was $1,025,600, and for the 10 months of the year $11,427,000, the result of 77 mines.

W. L. Duncan, one of the oldest members of the San Francisco Board, has sold his seat. J. C. Flood and Nat Messer are expected to return from their Eastern trip in a few days.

Dividends have been declared by the following incorporations: Contra Costa Water, 50 cents per share; Geary Street P. & O. Railroad, 50 cents; and Pacific Lighting Company, 50 cents. Assessments have been levied by the Gould and Curry, 25 cents; Con. Imperial, 3 cents; North Gould and Curry, 10 cents per share.

At the Stock and Board Exchange business was light, Spring Valley Water Stock still showing signs of weakness. This is attributed to the incoming Board of Supervisors who, it is thought, will make rates of more advantage to the city than the company. The following sales were recorded: Spring Valley, 130 shares @ $97.25 to $96.50; San Francisco Gas, 445 at $70.25 @ 71.25; Pacific Gas Improvement, 415 at $9.50 @ 9.25; California Electric Light, 330 at $20.50 @ 20.25; Atlantic Dynamite, 10 @ 48; Giant Powder, 10 @ 43; California Insurance, 10 @ 83; Hutchinson Com., 100 @ $2.50; Hawaiian Com., 100 @ 35; 100 @ 30 cents; also 5000 bonds of Southern Pacific Branch Railroad @ 105, and 2000 Spring Valley 4's @ 92.

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SACRAMENTO AFFAIRS.

SACRAMENTO, November 2.th. DEAR WAVE:—We really are becoming quite gay; there was Jennie's wedding which came off just to late for me to tell of it in my last letter, two club parties and the Clarke's The last named was a very pleasant affair, none of the unpleasant predictions being verified.

Effie and Charlie are as happy as if they had never been engaged before, and my advice is for them not to defer the wedding day. They surely are sufficiently acquainted.

The "Amico" party was very enjoyable, "the kids" of four years ago are all grown and have added some new members to their old list. They always have such a good time at these affairs.

"The Ideal" is a new club formed of the old members of "La Gastie" of other years. Our ultra swell club, however, is the "Amico," whose initial party took place on Thanksgiving Eve.

Jennie is married again aud gone on her second wedding tour. It is not every girl who can rid herself of husband, child, and married name, and assume other responsibilities as quickly. Am afraid she will find Tuscarora rather slow, but then Jud and his pretty wife can visit her and help to make things lively.

Mary J—— is going East to study music, when another young man will be left to wear the willow. I had thought to chronicle their marriage ere this.

I do wish our girls would not enter into engagements which are to last indefinitely. It seems to be characteristic of this place. We seldom have a wedding until we have begun to give up all hope. The one exception to this was Delia; she surprised everyone and it really was a relief; she is settled in her new home at Victoria, where she and her friend Mae enjoy life at its best. Mrs. Van seems to have deserted us; if the married set follow the example of some of our girls and absent themselves we will be desolate indeed. Mame is still with Mrs. Crocker and has no idea of returning. We will be thankful for what we have as long as the other girls stay here. Laura is to remain away all winter and so is Et; but I believe Mabel C—— is on her way home; as she hates to go out she will not be of much assistance in livening things up. Those girls have neither one of them half the life of their mother.

I heard, not long since, that the Jack Reiths thought of returning here shortly to take up their permanent abode. If the report be true, as I hope it may not, I shall take it upon myself to send them a piece of advice embodied in just one word, *don't*.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Lindley have given up housekeeping and are living with Mr. L—— Senior; the other girls are still at Colorado Springs To the great delight of his numerous friends, Frank J—— was re-elected; it was no surprise, as no one could be found who could defeat him. Added to those already received are the hearty congratulations of NINA.

FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

FRESNO, November 24th. DEAR WAVE:—My equanimity is disturbed, my risibles moved, and hilarious is my mood since reading Arsenic's last letter. The base, bold villain has *at last* discovered Imp's identity, and is "delirious" over the discovery. Well, well! And I live in a house with an elevator! O me! and I addressed those swell wedding invitations! You must pardon my laughter, dear WAVE, but it's too amusing, *quite!* But to think after two years of sublime secrecy, two years of mistaken identity, two years of blissful ignorance, the dear, sweet Arsenic has unearthed me at last, and I am brought shame-faced to make my bow to the Fresno 400, and in the house with an *elevator* Oh, oh, oh! But this is rich! Why, you precious little innocent Arsenic, if I could afford to reside in either of the buildings in town owning elevators do you imagine, for one minute, I would be in the same business with you? Not much! I would be airing swell clothes, hobnobbing with our swell set, giving the most elegant entertainments in our 400, altogether outdoing the leaders themselves. I would not be content with the position of *follower*. Nay! nay! I'd be a *leader*, and of the swellest set in town, too. And I addressed those invitations! O dear! how I wish I had been intimate enough with the family to perform even that humble service for them on that swell occasion. Dear Arsenic, with my most distinguished considerations I beg of you do *please guess again!*

Pretty little Lizzie made her most graceful bow to Hymen last Wednesday evening. Nan says it was a shame we all didn't see her in her white faille silk, she looked so pretty. Tom was pale and interesting as all proper grooms should be. Mrs. Will didn't look very ill; to the contrary quite as rosy and pretty as the bride. Will wants to marry off the other sister, then Nancy, then Corrine, and he will have earned his seat among the saints. Our kind sisters, brothers or brothers-in-law can't (with all their good intentions) do much for us poor girls with the Fresno eligibles while lovely Mary Roscoe continues visiting us. Will, Frank, Am, Stony, and Johnny are in the regular procession every other evening to Mary's house.

What a small affair the opening '89-'90 was! Not more than twenty or twenty-five couples on the floor. Why they didn't make it an invitation affair (as they have done in several seasons past) is beyond me. I didn't see one new dress, either; but I hear the girls are saving their new gowns for the ball to be given by the club during the holidays. The Episcopal Chrysanthemum Fete, last week, was a splendid success, and would bear repetition. The 400 were in attendance, and thoroughly enjoyed the social dance. Stately Mrs. Butler graced the occasion with her sweet presence. Miss Long, the elocutionist who recently took up her residence here, gave an exhibition of her ability, and won hearty applause. Our Mrs. Ockenden will stand comparison still with any fair elocutionist I have ever heard.

The audience that greeted Miss Marlowe last night at the Barton was a representative gathering of our swell set. We had a few visitors, among them the Marceaus, of your city. Mrs Marceau was magnificent in a Worth gown, and her diamonds quite made my mouth water. The handsome Colonel was as attentive to the little lady as usual, and we girls all sighed with envy. Lovely Mrs. Barton occupied her box with a party of friends. The General Mullers, Alphonse Newhouses and Mrs. Woodworth occupied their *loge*. All three sisters were charming in light evening gowns. Kittle, Brown, Tarpy, Wallenberg composed a stag party in another *loge*. The Deardorfs and lovely Miss Stevens were in another, and the Lee Gundlefingers and friends in a fourth; Greys, Cobsons Terrys, Phillippses Helms, and many others of our 150 were in the audience, all interested spectators to a most finished performance. Yours, IMP.

LOS ANGELES LIFE.

LOS ANGELES, November 24th. DEAR WAVE:—We women have been very busy down here the past week. First of all we had the Woman's Parliament and 5 o of us turned out to listen to papers read by women philanthropists who advocated reform with a big R Really, some features of this Parliament were too amusing for anything and Madge and I enjoyed it hugely. The woman who spoke on dress reform had blackboard illustrations to point her morals. She herself wore a gown *a la Jenness-Miller*, but the speaker who followed—she was the exact image of the figure on the blackboard which represented the victim of corsets high heels, and tight collars. She had the same stout figure, large abdomen and bust; her gray hair was banged exactly like that of the caricature; her gown had high puffed sleeves, and, worst of all, a dirty, fagged-out train. Her topic was "Higher Physical Culture," but she talked about Christian science and was about as intelligible to the average listener as is Madam Blavatsky's "Secret Doctrine." The funny part of it was that the philanthropists were entirely unconscious of the discrepancies and listened solemnly to her production These women are all going in for dress reform. The President and nearly all the speakers emphasized this point by appearing in short-waisted, baggy sort of outfit. They created no end of public sentiment, but whether they will accomplish anything further remains to be seen. All the officers appointed I noticed were strictly Unitarians, though they advertised the Parliament as an entirely non-sectarian affair. It would have been in better taste to say the least of it, to have recognized some other church women beside their own. Another reform these women propose to make is in the matter of carrying on the financial business of the church. They openly and emphatically denounced church fairs, bazars, and suppers, but the President wound up by advertising a church supper which would occur shortly when pamphlets containing the papers read at this Parliament would be sold for the benefit of the church. To be sure the ladies concerned promised they'd never do so any more and wouldn't this time only they had the trinkets all made to sell for Christmas and couldn't waste the time or material already spent. I'd have sent all the trinkets to Zululand before I'd sacrifice a principle for lucre.

Another thing I noticed which illustrates the unreasonableness of which the men are always accusing us women. As the Parliament was about to adjourn for noon, one of the women philanthropists urged everybody to go down to Illinois Hall for lunch "to help out a struggling church," she said. Almost before she had resumed her seat another philanthropist was on her feet to announce that her pet charity would serve an excellent lunch, and would the ladies please patronize that? Meanwhile there are a score or so of women in this city who are trying to earn an honest livelihood by running restaurants where as good and as cheap a lunch can be served as at any church bazar, but no philanthropist pleads for them. They are simply women struggling for a living, What is philanthropy, anyhow, and where does it begin and where end?

Apropos of church lunches, the ladies of a high-toned, full-vested choir, Episcopal church gave a bazar here last week. They served a two-bit lunch each day and solicited all their friends to come and help swell the church funds. Madge and I went in company with three other friends. We are business women and time was precious. We usually lunch at a quiet, neat little restaurant kept by a woman who is making an honest endeavor to support herself. Everything is served neatly and promptly and we never pay over twenty-five cents for our luncheon, and sometimes not that. Well, we sacrificed ourselves, as the sequel will show, in the cause of religion We arrived at the hall where the bazar was given promptly on time, but scores of people were there before us. We were shown seats at a long table made by putting planks across two saw-horses. We sat in camp-chairs and our chins reached just to the top of the table, the incline of the chair throwing our heads forward so that, as Madge sententiously remarked, it would not have been a difficult feat to eat without using our hands at all. We waited just fifteen minutes before any of the pretty girl waitresses were apparently aware of our presence. Then one of them brought me a glass of water and another period of waiting ensued. In ten minutes she came back and brought each of us a plate of chicken pie, and our spirits and appetites rose accordingly. When she had whisked away we discovered that we had no knives, or forks, or spoons, not even a piece of bread that we could utilize, so all we could do was to sit and stare at that chicken pie and watch it grow stone cold. At last we succeeded in making one of the waitresses see our frantic gestures and made known our wants. She disappeared and presently came back with one knife and one fork, which we divided and used on the installment plan, while our hungry companions looked reproachfully at us. At length we could endure this no longer, and Madge, in desperation made a bold raid on the improvised kitchen and captured three knives and two forks with which she ignominiously retreated. And such cutlery as it was! Ye gods and little fishes! The ladies had evidently ransacked their kitchen drawers to find knives and forks bad enough for a church luncheon. Bone-handled, broad-bladed knives three-tinned steel forks, and Madge actually ate with a potato knife. Three gentlemen at our table used one bone-handled, rusty-bladed knife between them, and seven of us used the jelly spoon to stir our coffee with. It was two o'clock when we had finished our luncheon. KIT.

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7:30 A. M. } Week 5:00 P. M. } days. 8:00 A. M Sundays	Camp Vacaville, Tocaloma, Point Reyes and Way Stations.	8:45 A. M. } Week 6:15 P. M. } days. 8:15 P. M. Sundays
7:30 A. M Week days 8:00 A. M Sundays 5:00 P. M. Saturdays	Tomales, Howards, Duncan's Mills, Cazadero and Way Stations.	8:45 A. M. Mondays 6:15 P. M Week days 8:15 P. M Sundays

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7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	†12.15 p m
.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
7.00 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, and Calistoga	6.15 p m
*7.30 a m	El Verano and Santa Rosa	*6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton	*8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Martinez	12.15 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, Stockton, Merced and Fresno	12.15 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Benicia, and Sacramento	10.15 a m
4.00 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.15 a m
4.00 p m	Vacaville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.00 p m	Europen Mail, Ogden and East	10.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	9.15 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	9.15 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo	‡8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

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‡7.45 a. m.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p. m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.38 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.03 p m
12.15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.30 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.37 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, Gilroy and Principal Way Stations	*9.47 a m
*4.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7.30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:25 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton and Cloverdale.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:25 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

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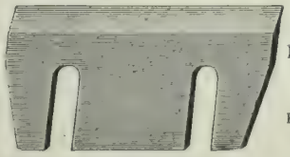

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"Rosedale," is to be revived in Oakland at the new and beautiful Macdonough Theatre, December 14th and 15th, for the benefit of the Reliance Athletic Club Building Fund of that city. The fact has been brought to the attention of every household in Oakland.

It has particularly engrossed the attention of Society people, and through them the information has been communicated to hundreds of people in San Francisco who have made up their minds to witness the performance. There is no question that the audiences, will be the largest and most brilliant that have ever assembled in Oakland.

This is assured now, as Oakland has a theatre in which such audiences can appear to advantage and at the same time enjoy the performance with the same luxurious ease that they could in any theatre in the country. The Macdonough Theatre is one of cheeriest and most cozy and richly appointed in the United States, and aside from the pleasure which the play and the occasion will undoubtedly afford, will well repay a visit from the fashionable people of the metropolis.

The Reliance Athletic Club of Oakland is the leading association of the kind in that city. It comprises about 300 members, all young, intelligent, educated gentlemen of the best families, whose good sense impels them to spend annually reasonable sums in building up lusty constitutions and encouraging physical development. The President of the Club is R. M. Fitzgeral, one of the most popular young men on the Coast. The Vice-President is J. A. Ames, and the other members of the directory are P. H. Remillard, Harry Coleman, J. W. Tompkins, J. C. Wilson, Jr., Carl H. Abbott and S. G. S. Dunbar.

There is a warm place in the heart of every Oaklander for the Reliance Club, because of the excellent manner in which it pursues its liberalizing policy, because of the excellent free entertainments which it gives every season, and because of the aim it has in view in devoting the proceeds of the entertainments to the equipping of a Club building which shall be second to none on the Coast.

The building in which the proposed club-rooms are to be located is now in course of erection at the corner of Seventeenth and Clay Streets and San Pablo Avenue, and has been especially designed for the uses of the Club. It will have an average area of 100x125 feet. It will be of brick, three stories in height, and cost $75,000. The interior will be finished in richly carved oak. The floors will be of highly ornamented parquetry, and the walls of the library, the reading-room, the directors' room and the parlors will be hung with tapestry and works of art.

In the gymnasium proper there will be every gymnastic machine or contrivance which can, in any manner, tend to the development of the human frame. There will be hundreds of lockers and suites of baths furnished with almost oriental richness. The Club will take possession of these quarters on the first of next March.,

There is a great deal of satisfaction expressed by the friends of the Club over the selection of "Rosedale." This has been occasioned by a desire to see the beautiful piece once more, and also because, while a fine play, it is known to be not beyond the attainments of a company of amateurs, especially the amateurs who have been selected for the present occasion.

Like the beneficiaries, the company is also taken from "our set," and they have the added attraction of dramatic talent and a knowledge of dramatic art.

The company first appeared in "Damon and Pythias" for the benefit of Oakland Parlor, Native Sons of the Golden West, and achieved a grand success. The male members then formed a company which they called the Jackson-Street Minstrels. They were joined by the Alice-Street Quartette. Now, Jackson and Alice Streets are among the thoroughfares which contain the swell residences on the other side of the bay. That was an indication that the swell families were interested in the undertaking and such was the case.

The third triumph of the company was achieved in Gillette's "Held by the Enemy." In this enterprise, the company displayed a daring that was remarkable. The success of the Charity Company in a "Russian Honeymoon" is still discussed in drawing-rooms in Oakland. The play was produced in the private theatre of Mr. Edwin Goodall, in his beautiful residence on Jackson Street. It was played two nights and was attended by brilliant and critical audiences, the capacity of the auditorium being taxed to the utmost.

The company, while heretofore playing for charity, now appears for an organization which is always charitably inclined. It will appeal strongly to the appreciation of hundreds of its old admirers and readily find a place in the estimation of those who see them for the first time. The cast of "Rosedale" is as follows:

Elliott Gray	J. C. Wilson, Jr.
Matthew Leigh	P. H. Remillard
Colonel Cavendish May	H. A. Melvin
Sir Arthur May (child)	——
Miles McKenna	Lester Herrick
Bunberry Kob	Alex. Rosborough
Farmer Green	James F. J. Archibald
Robert (a servant)	B. E. Sherman
Romany Bob	Jas. F. J. Archibald
Dockeye	B. E. Sherman
Lady Francis May	Miss Marion Albright
Lady Adela Gray	Miss Minnie Campbell
Rosa Leigh	Miss Maud Morrell
Tabitha Stark	Mrs. Elizabeth Beck
Sarah Sykes	Miss M. Hanlon
Primrose	Miss Minnie Campbell
Mother Mix	Miss Lucie M. Donovan

Mr. Wilson is a young gentleman of handsome stage presence, a sweet voice and decided dramatic ability. He has sustained all the leading male roles in the Charity Company and is esteemed by all who know him. He is versatile and clever in every role he assumes. He has appeared as the father of "Esmeralda" in the beautiful piece of that name, as Cinna in "Julius Cæsar," as Dionysius in "Damon and Pythias," as Colonel Charles Prescott in "Held by the Enemy," as Alexis Petrovich in "A Russian Honeymoon," and in a number of other characters. In all of them his work has been acterized by uniform excellence which guarantees fine portraiture of the romantic character of Elliott Gray, in which he appears in the forthcoming entertainment.

P. H. Remillard has sustained the character of Damocles in "Damon and Pythias," Major-General H. B. Stamburg in "Held by the Enemy," Koulifoff Demetrovich in "A Russian Honeymoon," and several other characters. Mr. Remillard has created a very favorable impression by the acting he has done in the characters mentioned.

H. A. Melvin is one of the best-known young men in Oakland. He is a singer, a writer, a story-teller, a lawyer, a judge, and a good actor. With all his engrossments, he finds time to appear on the stage for charitable benefits, and the list of his triumphs before the footlights would be almost as long as the list of his stories.

Lester Herrick is a young man of magnificent presence with unquestionable dramatic ability. He will make a mark in Miles McKenna as he has in all the roles he has assumed in the plays presented by the Charity Company.

James F. J. Archibald distinguished himself as one of the endmen in the Jackson Street Minstrels, and in "My Lord in Livery," at the residence of Mrs. Dunham, Oakland. He has also entertained audiences at the residence of General Dimond in San Francisco, in "Sixes and Sevens" and "The Happy Pair."

Alexander Rosborough is in demand for all the performances, and the comedy parts gravitate toward him, as has the part of Bunberry Kob in this piece.

There are seven female parts in "Rosedale," and it would be difficult to find a greater variety of character than is displayed in these roles. Miss Marion Albright, the leading lady, among a number of other successes made a great hit in Poleska, in "A Russian Honeymoon," having but just returned from Chicago, where she studied Delsarte in the Conservatory and was awarded the first distinction in the test recital in which all the students of that institution took part. Miss Minnie Campbell is a dramatic reader who has studied in and graduated from the College of Oratory in Boston, Emerson College, and the Lyceum School of Acting in New York. Mrs. Elizabeth Beck is an accomplished elocutionist and dramatic directress. She has charge of several classes in elocution in leading academies on the other side of the bay. Miss Maud Morrell is one of the most talented amateur actresses in Oakland. There is a naturalness and grace in all she does which makes her appearance a welcome feature in all the performances in which she takes part. Miss Lucia M. Donovan is a young woman, but quite talented. She has appeared in a number of amateur performances in both San Francisco and Oakland, and in every one of them distinguished herself. Miss E. Hanlon is a pupil of Mrs. Beck's. She is also possessed of dramatic ability and will make a hit in the minor part which she assumes in this piece. The management has decided to make use of the novelty of auctioneering seats for the first performance in order to do away with the unpleasantness which always results from the sale of seats on a certain day for an entertainment which is sure of a large attendance.

To obviate this, the seats, therefore, will be auctioned off in Macdonough's Theatre on the night of Thursday, December 8th. Admission to the sale will be obtained by the presentation at the door of a ticket for the performance on the 14th and 15th of December, to which there is a coupon attached. This ticket will be exchanged for a ticket for a reserved seat which has not been sold at a premium at the auction.

The sale will be conducted by W. J. Dingee of Oakland. It is the first time it has been undertaken in an amateur performance in that city, but it is meeting with favor by all the friends of the Club.

Incidental to the sale there will be a grand vocal and instrumental concert and dramatic recital, in which Miss Maud Morrell, Miss Marion Albright, H. A. Melvin, and Dr. T. B. Richardson will take part.

The tickets are for sale now, and are being eagerly bought up. They may be procured from members of the Reliance Club.

Accompanying this number of THE WAVE is a supplement, in which appears potraits of the members of this celebrated company of amateur players.

MISS MAUD MORRELL
A. J. ROSBOROUGH
HARRY A. MELVIN

MISS MARION ALBRIGHT
MISS MARY HANLON
MISS MINNIE CAMPBELL

F. H. REMILLARD
J. C. WILSON, JR.
MRS. E. BECK

MISS LUCIE DONOVAN
J. J. ARCHIBALD
LESTER HERRICK

OAKLAND AMATEUR THESPIANS.

Organized as "The Charity Company" to present "Rosedale" at the McDonough Theatre, December 14th and 15th, under the auspices of the "Reliance Athletic Club."

DECEMBER 3d

Price 10 cents

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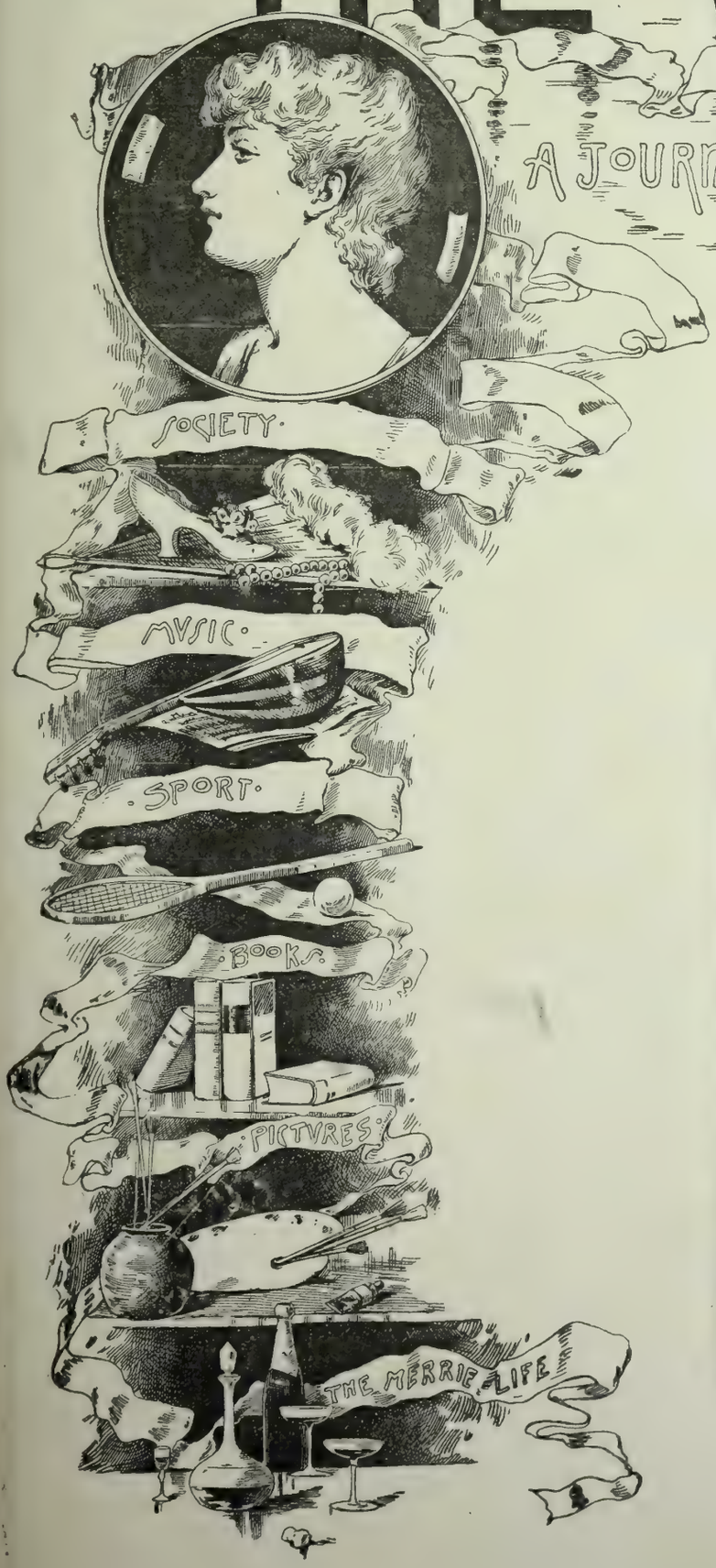
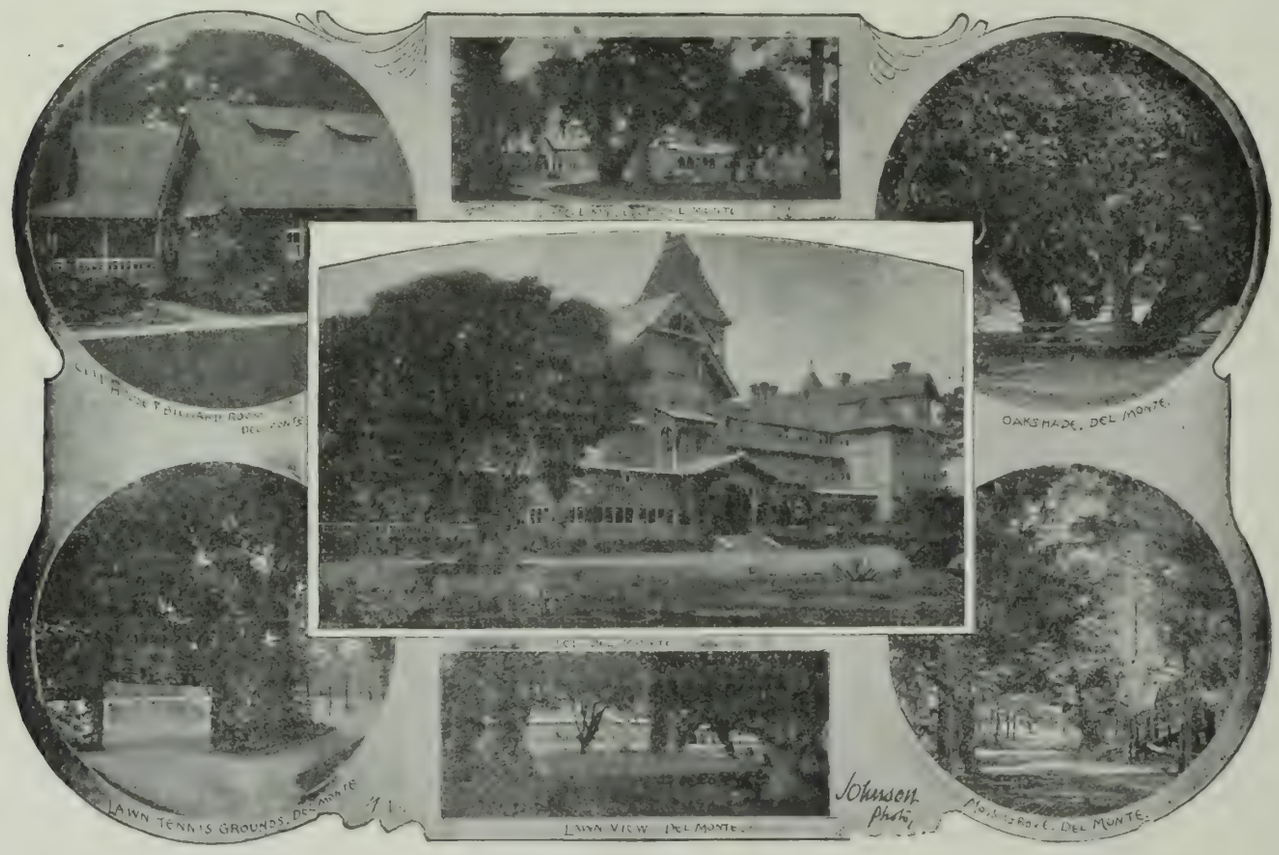


EUGENE F. BERT.

AMERICA'S FAMOUS SUMMER AND WINTER
· · RESORT · ·

"Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flowers."

HOTEL DEL MONTE



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THE WAVE

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

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SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 3, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

Eugene F. Bert, whose portrait appears on the front page this week, has made a splendid success in the short time he has devoted to his profession—the law. Although still a very young man, Mr. Bert has gained a practice that is at once enviable and remunerative. He found time, not long ago, to engage in politics, and had the honor to be elected to the Legislature, where he made an excellent record, but lately he saw that there was more lasting fame in success in the law, to which he now devotes all his energies.

SPLASHES.

IT IS THE INTENTION of the Blythe heirs to incorporate, issue interest-bearing bonds, construct a five-story building on the gore lot, to cost a quarter of a million, and rest easy for the term of their natural lives. I use the word heirs advisedly; as although the Supreme Court has decided that Mrs. Hinckley is the only person entitled to the property of the late Mr. Blythe, her attorneys are co-heirs to a huge extent. Gaining justice cost Florence Blythe just exactly forty per cent of her wealth! That is a large sum to pay for the privilege of getting one's own, but it had to be expended. General W. H. N. Hart and Colonel Henry I. Kowalsky won the case; Hart employed associates, paid the running expenses in Court and for the maintenance of Florence and her relatives, and procured the evidence; he will positively receive a half million of dollars for his personal exertions.

* * *

That is about as a large fee as any lawyer has ever received, and it will become notable in the history of jurisprudence. But for the past ten years Hart has been kept poor in his efforts to take care of the case and his clients. I believe he can show vouchers for the expenditure of nearly $90,000. His associates will divide a plum whose size will permit three or four exceedingly large and juicy bites. It is hardly possible that Mr. Hart could have proved his case without the assistance of Mr. Foote and Mr. Boalt, who attended to its purely legal aspects.

* * *

When the leases of the tenants of the buildings expire, the structures will be torn down, and a large, revenue-paying block will be erected. I suppose the property on Market Street is worth $6000 a front foot; the rents have not been paying anything like a fair interest on that sum. The Mexican property is hardly worth paying taxes on, at present. It is unproductive, but it is not likely that Mr. Hart, who will be one of the incorporators, will consent to its sale. There are vast possibilities down there, which if unrealized for twenty years, will yet make the acreage worth more than the $6000 a foot property on Market Street.

* * *

I SERIOUSLY OBJECT to the manner in which the football players disappointed their friends on last Saturday; when a game is announced it should be played if the only people on the field are the contestants. In my opinion, the matter of postponement is taken out of the jurisdiction of the clubs after a contest has been advertised. If the enthusiasts here are anxious to make football popular, they must keep their contracts with the public, at whatever cost. It is hardly likely that the decision that gave the game to the Stanford Club by default last Saturday will stand. I am informed that the manager of that team telegraphed to the captain of the Olympics announcing a hitch, and proposing a practice game. Believing that this is what the contest would amount to, a number of the Olympic men did not appear on the field, and, handicapped by the loss of his men, Captain Sherrard could not play a match game.

* * *

I am not prepared to state that the Stanford Club seized the opportunity to claim the game, but they stated their readiness to play, and they were declared the victors. It seems as if our clubs are showing a disposition to forget the amenities in their anxiety to make a record, and, as a result, there has been much unpleasantness stirred up. If the game is to become fashionable, it must be conducted on other lines; and the earlier the clubs discover this and profit by their knowledge the better.

* * *

The appearance of Camp and McClung will give a new impetus to football, and an opportunity will be given of witnessing how the game is played at its source. Unless the Olympic Club can make arrangements to secure a coacher their splendid form will go for naught against the strategy of their opponents. While the team is the best on the Coast to-day, it cannot expect to maintain its place against the 'Varsity Club, whose men are in constant practice under the eye of accomplished trainers. The game to-day should be an interesting one, and as Lieutenant Finley promises a storm, the weather should be warm and clear.

* * *

SOCIETY rested this week in expectation of the Terpsichorean necessities of the first cotillion, which took place last evening. The few events that claimed the attention and presence of our 400 were not of first importance, and the time that might have been given to them at another season was not spent away from the *modistes*. I was told that some very beautiful costumes were to be worn on Friday evening, and I sincerely hope this is true, as the fashions set at the cotillion will be carried through the winter.

* * *

The present month promises to be very gay, and the excellent start it got from the cotillion should have a good effect on prospective hostesses. Among the affairs mentioned for the future is a bazaar at the Presidio, December 23d. It will be followed by dancing in the evening.

* * *

Among the debutantes who were to dance their first german at the cotillion last night are the Misses Hooper, Miss Alice Merry, Miss Schneely, Miss Furth, of Seattle; the Misses Dodge, of Boston; Miss Wilcox, Miss Tobin, Miss Pierce, Miss Gvant, Miss McDonald, Miss Conner, Miss Delmas, Miss Loughborough, Miss Charlotte Moulder, Miss Helen Perrin, and Miss Emily Cardlan, and others whose names I can't recall.

* * *

Probably the cotillions this year will differ from those in the past only in the particular of the music, which will be furnished by the Hungarian band. Heretofore, all carriages left at the Seventh Street entrance, but this year the manager has perfected arrangements by which one set of carriages will take the dancers from the Seventh Street entrance and another from the Stevenson Street side. This will avoid confusion, and save tedious waits. Mr. E. H. Shelden lead the german, of which, and the people who were there, I will speak at some length in the next issue.

* * *

The second of the series will be the fancy

dress Leap Year ball, at which all the ladies who dance must appear in fancy dress; chaperons and wallflowers, too, will be required to appear in fancy dress or have their hair powdered. The men will be expected to wear knee breeches, which ought to add much to the beauty of the scene. Of course, the army and navy officers will be permitted to appear in their uniforms.

* * *

TO DIFFERENTIATE teas is even more difficult than distinguishing marriages. In that important ceremony the leading characters on whom attention is concentrated are never the same, whereas at a reception the solitary difference between hostesses and guests is a change of place. One meets the same people at all of them. Their costumes vary, it is true, but that is because the season is in its teens, not on account of wealth of wardrobe. However, there is sometimes a characteristic to be discerned, and that of the Ames-McCutchen tea, on Saturday evening last, was the number of pretty young girls gathered there. The aspect of the San Francisco maiden varies. One day she looks perfectly charming, and the day after the charm has vanished. Whether the prettily-decorated rooms have aught to do with it or not, the fact remains that the buds as well as the blossoms looked their best.

* * *

Mrs. Ames and Mrs. McCutchen were assisted in receiving by their daughters and by a bevy of maidens in evening dress. However, it was an easy crowd to entertain; it split into groups and all it asked of the hostesses were moments of talk and occasional introductions. Among the pretty girls present were Miss Bee Hooper and the Misses Dodge of Boston, who are out here for the season as guests of Mrs. Ames.

* * *

Mrs. Charles Webb Howard, who is certainly one of the cleverest and most interesting women in Society, gave a charming reception at her home in Oakland, last Saturday. The interior of her residence is most attractive. Decorated in modern style, between the tones of ceilings, walls, and furniture there is a harmony which is as agreeable as it is rare. In the subject of education Mrs. Howard is deeply interested. The guests of honor were Professor Martin Kellogg, of the State University, and Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Willey, of Oakland, who have done more, perhaps, than others to train the young idea in the way it should go. The affair was a tribute to the excellent work they have done; and it is the more noteworthy because so few ever take thought of feeling, much less expressing, gratitude to those who, during the formative period of our lives, have done so much for us.

* * *

The first notable affair of the week was the theatre-party given by Mrs. Catherwood. A jolly party of young people were escorted to the California where the performance of "My Official Wife" was greatly enjoyed. The evening was closed with a delicious supper at Mrs. Catherwood's residence on Pacific Avenue.

* * *

I must not forget to say that it is reported that Mrs. Catherwood purposes giving a domino party this month. This certainly will be something to look forward to, as probably no one in town knows better how to make a success of an affair of this kind than the lady mentioned.

* * *

THE PRIVATE THEATRICALS given by the Misses Dimond were thoroughly enjoyed by a large number of young people on Tuesday evening last. As they were something out of the common, and their success was unqualified, it is to be hoped that they will be repeated. The large parlors were equipped as stage and auditorium, and presented an excellent substitute for a theatre. "The Curtain Raiser" offered excellent opportunities for the display of considerable histrionic talent on the part of Miss Anna Deuprey.

* * *

The farce, "Sixes and Sevens," had an enjoyable production, with the following cast: Colonel Scrimming, Sam Knight; Mrs. Scrimming, Miss Juliet Tompkins; Hector, S. Milton Latham; Major Teddington-Locke, Frank Owens; Mrs. De Lancy (a widow), Miss Nellie Hillyer; Jessie Wheaton (an heiress), Miss Eleanor Dimond. A leap year german followed, and was by no means the least pleasurable feature of the entertainment. Miss Houghton made a charming leader.

* * *

The social event of last week in Washington was the wedding of Archibald John Frederic McBean and Miss Amelia Paulina De Mendonça, daughter of the Brazilian Minister. While the affair was exceedingly quiet, owing to the death of Mrs. Harrison, yet sufficient of Washington's great ones were present to make it the most notable wedding of the season at the capital. Mrs. McBean is one of the handsomest young ladies of Washington, and as she is brilliant, winning, and wealthy has had a host of admirers. I understand that the young couple will arrive in San Francisco in the near future.

* * *

THE CONCORDIA CLUB'S entertainment to-night should be a very pleasant affair. It is just possible that the postponement from Thanksgiving night to date has given those who will participate an opportunity of getting a closer knowledge of what is expected of them, in which case those who are there merely as onlookers will not regret the delay. The feature, of course, will be the minstrel performance, in which ladies will act as interlocutor, Mistah Jones, Mistah Thompsing, and the end men. If anyone can suggest a plan that promises to be more productive of pleasure than an entertainment of this kind, I should like to hear of it.

* * *

The costumes will be appropriate to the characters the ladies undertake, and nothing will be omitted that the "real" minstrels have on the stage. I am told that several new dances will be introduced on this occasion, and Professor Love promises some surprises in the way of "solo steps" and breakdowns. The attendance at the Club should be very large, and the efforts that have been made to gain invitations show that the unique entertainment has aroused more than the ordinary amount of interest.

* * *

CLUB GOSSIP has been scarce this week. The Olympians have divided their time between talking football and their removal to the new house. As President Harrison predicted, the quarters will be opened by January 1st, but it will be six weeks probably before they are completed. I really doubt the advisability of moving on that date. It is just probable that many of the contractors will be released from liability, and that the Club will be left to finish the building for itself. Even if this chance is remote, it might be well for the Building Committee to see that the contracts will not be violated by a legal acceptance of the structure, such as moving would constitute.

* * *

I sincerely hope that the Bohemian Club will accede to Colonel Harry Brady's demand for more liberal donations to the library. As I have pointed out before, the Bohemians have one of the most valuable reference libraries in the State, which, by the exercise of a little judgment and the expenditure of a few dollars a month, could be made the best in the country. The policy of saving everything for a future time and starving all the present committees to make others rich in a year or two is not calculated to give entire satisfaction. Some of the members who objected to the remarkable similarity of the *menu* during the last few weeks were invited to wait until Thanksgiving.

"You will see why the luncheons and dinners were so closely related," said a director.

Necessarily, the members waited, and I am informed they are eating the Thanksgiving dinner yet.

* * *

THE EVENT of next Saturday will undoubtedly be the baseball game between the Pacific-Union and Bohemian Clubs at the Haight Street grounds. Aside from the fact that the teams will "swat the sphere" (as the baseball editors say), for sweet charity's sake, sufficient interest centres in the personnel of the clubs to insure a good attendance. From more than one standpoint the contest last year was the most enjoyable ever seen here. That the receipts will be large, I am quite certain, and there will be as many spectators present as graced the football match between Yale and

Richardson & Robbins' Plum Pudding—A Delicious Dessert.

Harvard. The charities to which the money will go are the Fruit and Flower Mission, the California Woman's Hospital, and the Maria Kip Orphanage.

* * *

For the past week the weather was not such as would woo the most enthusiastic player to practice; yet in the clubs concerned the games have created a good deal of talk, and Bob Grayson has been coaching his men up in the Pacific-Union Club, while Ed. Small has been doing the same for the Bohemians. The result is that the teams will play a magnificent theoretical game. Here are the players and their positions:

BOHEMIAN.		PACIFIC-UNION.
Owen	Pitcher	Bosqui
Lang	Catcher	O'Neill
Flaglor	1st Base	Bourne
Stevens	2d Base	Kittle
Chase	3d Base	Ralston
De Pue	Short Stop	Atherton
Small	Center Field	Danforth
Coleman	Left Field	Eyre
Woods	Right Field	Boyd
Dimond, Cloman	Substitutes	Dean, Delafield

* * *

AN UNUSUAL AWAKENING has taken place in the concert-giving world, which is a strong indication of the vitality of the artistic feeling in the community. Though there will probably be few great attractions visiting us, our local atmosphere will not be allowed the usual eventless calm. The last of the Popular Concerts for this season drew a crowded and appreciative audience. Repetitions of favored numbers, Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata" and the greatest of songs, "Adelaide," were the chief attractions. These now thoroughly established concerts resume on January 7th. The last of the Hermann Brandt Quartette Concerts for this season was memorable for an unusually excellent programme capably given. The continuance of these concerts is earnestly to be desired, as they represent the best interests of chamber music.

* * *

A recital by the Wednesday Afternoon Club, directed by Miss Eleanora Connell, passed off with credit, and the work done by the pupils of Mr. H. B. Pasmore was received with interest and attention. Mr. Alfred Wilkie's Ballad Concert was fairly patronized, and the performers earned sufficient distinction.

* * *

For Tuesday next the concert of the Abbey-Cheney Amateurs is announced at Irving Hall. The refined cultivation of the piano-playing and the native talents of the debutantes, assisted by Mr. Edmund Russell in his costume recital, deserve unusual attention. Mr. Bernhard Mollenhauer's concert on Wednesday, at the same hall, promises something remarkable in violin-playing, and his support will be of equal interest.

* * *

For the benefit of the Polyclinic, "His Majesty" will be produced in February, and already the arrangements have taken shape. The libretto is from the pen of Peter Robertson, the well-known dramatic critic, and, I am told, is quite a clever bit of writing. The music is by Mr. Stewart, whose work in "Bluff King Hal" was kindly mentioned. Mrs. Williams has the leading lady's part, Donald De V. Graham leading man, and Charley Dickman is the comedian.

* * *

The School for Scandal's second reception was held at the residence of Mrs. Williams on Wednesday evening, and proved even more enjoyable than the first. The musical programme presented was quite a good one, and those present brought a delightful evening to a close with dancing.

* * *

Mrs. Hillyer returned to San Francisco this week from Washington, after an absence of some years. She is the wife of Judge Hillyer, and was well known here and in Virginia City in the '70's.

* * *

I saw Fred Yuengling on the street the other day, as handsome, self-possessed, and as unperturbed as if he were not on his way to Australia to escape service in the famous Baroness Blanc's divorce suit. Mr. Yuengling is the son of the brewer, and is as rich as a young man can well get. He is a clever, good-looking chap, who had the misfortune to be named as co-respondent in the divorce case that set New York blushing a short time ago. There was some talk of letting the case go by default, and the statement has been made that the Baroness and Yuengling would then marry. He leaves, by the advice of his father, for Australia on the next steamer.

* * *

Arthur Shattuck, who had the misfortune to be spoken of as an American when he sought the nomination for County Clerk before the late unlamented Democratic Convention, has struck something much more remunerative than politics. Mr. Shattuck has an inventive genius, and while never able to beat a man whose name is Haley for a municipal office in this city, has evolved several labor-saving devices that promise to make him very rich. He left for the East a few days ago to make arrangements for the sale of the patent on a car coupling, whose adoption will make him wealthy and famous.

* * *

Lieutenant Blow, of Admiral Brown's staff, possesses unusual mechanical talent. He is engaged, just now, in perfecting the model of a new revolver which, I believe, will completely supersede the present weapon. His theory is to balance absolutely the stock and the barrel, enabling the user to fire with greater accuracy and comfort. The barrel is also lengthened, which, of course, gives longer range. There is a modification of the chambers which permits ten instead of six discharges. Altogether, the weapon is a distinct advance, and experts who have examined it are enthusiastic over its capabilities. Should the Government adopt the pattern, which it probably will, Mr. Blow will realize a large fortune. European governments are willing to pay large sums for such improvements.

Richardson & Robbins' Potted Ham for Picnics and Teas.

* * *

The dinners given by the Pacific Yacht Club at their house at Sausalito last winter were thoroughly enjoyed, and the directors are anxious to continue the pleasure this year. A series of duck dinners will be given, beginning on Saturday evening. In a circular announcing this pleasant fact, Mr. Gaskill says: "A tug will leave Mission Street Wharf, No. 1, at 6 o'clock; returning will leave Sausalito at 11:30 upon that evening, which will convey the members directly to the clubhouse, and bring them back after the dinner, unless too heavily loaded. If too heavily loaded, optional with the member whether he returns or not upon the tug." Other very interesting information is given, and I regret that space will not permit me to give it publicity.

* * *

The ninth annual commencement exercises of the Hahnemann Hospital College were thoroughly enjoyed at Odd Fellows' Hall on Thursday evening last. There were eight graduates. Dr. George H. Martin delivered the address of welcome, and the Dean, Dr. G. E. Davis, presented the diplomas.

* * *

Claus Spreckels, Jr., who has been in the East for a long time, arrived in the city on Thursday.

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The wedding of Archibald Treat and Miss Bosqui will be celebrated at the home of the bride in Mill Valley next week.

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The Curtis trial is dragging its weary length along, and the police show no diminution in their vindictive desire to send "Sam'l o' Posen" to the gallows. But their chief witness, who was to testify that he saw the shooting, that he knew the man who did it, and that he could recognize Curtis as the murderer, was a serious disappointment to the prosecution. He was utterly unable to identify the prisoner. It seems to me that no jury will convict on the evidence thus far submitted, and the sooner the county is saved the expense of fruitless trials the better.

* * *

I have received the following, and am very happy to have been the cause of gaining something for this excellent charity:

SAN FRANCISCO FRUIT AND FLOWER MISSION.—SAN FRANCISCO, November 28, 1892. EDITOR THE WAVE:—Dear Sir—The young ladies of the Flower Mission desire to thank you for the kind Thanksgiving appeal made in their behalf, and to assure you that it met with a most generous response. Believe us, most gratefully yours. PHENIE ARMER, Sec'y.

* * *

THE ABSORBINGLY interesting question in this town at the present time is, Who is going to "advise" Mr. Cleveland as to the distribution of Federal patronage on the Pacific Coast? Eight years ago the ruling Democratic politicians went to Washington and

struggled for months to establish an agency which the President would recognize, but Cleveland refused to the last to permit anyone to dictate to him. Justice Field, during that contest, backed by Jesse D. Carr and Senator Stanford, developed considerable knocking-out power, but even they combined were unable to secure anything like what is known in Federal circles as a "pull."

* * *

Knocking-out power consists, you must be aware, of the ability to demolish an office-seeker. If, as happened several times under Cleveland's former Presidency, a man succeeded in procuring the favorable consideration of his name at the White House, one of the three gentlemen mentioned could call on the President and say something that would settle his "hash." It was in this way that Justice Field quieted the aspirations of Senator Dennis Spencer. In the Stockton Convention Mr. Spencer compared Field to Jeffreys, and in a general way "ripped him up the back." Then he became a candidate for United States District Attorney. Field went to Cleveland and said, "This aspirant will be personally offensive to me, sir," whereupon the President consigned Mr. Spencer to the waste basket. In the same way the claims of William D. English for the position of Collector of the Port were disposed of by Jesse D. Carr, and finally, when the leaders of the local Democracy returned to San Francisco, after remaining four months in Washington, they had not secured so much as a Custom House Inspectorship.

* * *

It turned out afterward that Edward Curtis, who was merely a friendly visitant to the White House, had more influence than the entire California Democracy. Cleveland knew Curtis well enough to talk to him, and in the course of ordinary conversation he used to say, "Ned, who is this fellow they call Smooth Bore Ellis? He seems to have a powerful pull for Collector of Internal Revenue." Then Curtis would go on and elaborate Ellis' connections. Thus it fell out that Judge Hager became Collector of the Port, Ellis, Collector of Internal Revenue; Judge Lawton, Superintendent of the Mint; Stuart Taylor, Naval Officer; W. J. Tinnin, Surveyor of the Port; R. P. Hammond, United States Surveyor-General—not one of whom had been identified with the English-Foote anti-railroad faction of the State Democracy.

* * *

All this explains why William D. English, Stephen M. White, W. W. Foote, and Frank J. Moffitt attended the late Convention at Fresno determined, if possible, to send a delegation to Chicago opposed to the nomination of Cleveland. None of them had ever obtained a favor at his hands. But they found the Cleveland sentiment at Fresno too strong for them, and even the *Examiner*.

* * *

I may be in error, but my opinion is that the most influential man, so far as Federal patronage is concerned, in California at the present moment is Colonel John P. Irish. It is well known that Irish attended the Fresno Convention at Cleveland's express request, and that while there he was in constant telegraphic cummunication with Secretary Whitney, ex-Mayor Grace, and other New York Cleveland leaders. The *Examiner* attempted to make out that Irish went to the Convention in the interest of the Southern Pacific Company, but this was utterly untrue, and most of the delegates knew it. Irish, I am told, was sent to Fresno to keep track of the opponents of the President, so that when they came forward to procure crumbs Cleveland might have their records handy. Moreover, after his speech in Metropolitan Temple in this city, it is well known Irish went East in a hurry. It is not so well known, however, that this was in response to a telegram from Cleveland himself.

* * *

The rest of the story may safely be left to the imagination. My imagination easily leads me to the conclusion that if Colonel Irish desires to do so he can secure for himself one of the fat Federal offices of this Coast and assist or demolish other aspirants. Before I conclude this paragraph, however, let me relate a story. It was told me by a frequenter of the White House during Cleveland's Presidency and will serve to forcibly illustrate the situation I have been endeavoring to describe. One day Colonel Irish was summoned to the White House very suddenly. When he arrived Cleveland said briefly, "John, I wanted you to lunch with me; I am alone to-day."

Irish did not know exactly whether this was complimentary or not, but he sat down and for half an hour Cleveland chatted about a hundred things. After luncheon they went into the President's private office, and while there Cleveland handed Irish a newspaper clipping. "Those people do not seem to like you," he said.

* * *

The clipping was an editorial from the *Examiner*. It was only forty lines in length, but within that space there was compressed about as fierce a "roast" as the Colonel ever received. Irish read it in silence, and returned it without a word. The conversation was then resumed. When about to take his leave, Cleveland handed Irish a commission to proceed at once to California and Oregon and inspect, on behalf of the Government, the construction of one of the aided railroads, a branch of which was then being built.

When the Colonel reached the open air he gasped, "Great heavens, what a misfortune! If that paper had only given me a column roast he might have made me a foreign minister!"

* * *

THE LIST OF CANDIDATES for the United States Senatorship, which already contains the names of many distinguished Democrats, has, during the past week, been swelled by one that, it seems to me, is certain to complicate the entire campaign. The name is that of the late President of Wells, Fargo & Co's Express Company, Mr. Lloyd Tevis. Of course, I presume the other candidates will smile at the mention of Mr. Tevis' name and perhaps say, "Oh, we'll take care of Lloyd," but my private opinion is that they will soon discover—provided the rumors I hear come anywhere near being well founded—that they cannot take care of Mr. Tevis. In fact, I have already received assurances that many gentlemen possessing influence in Democratic politics are scarcely able to recognize their preferences since it was announced that Mr. Tevis desired to be United States Senator from California.

* * *

Mr. Tevis, as is well known, is past sixty years of age, and many times a millionaire. Like Senator Stanford, he has political resources, personal friendships, and powerful connections that extend everywhere in business and politics. For forty years he has been building them up, as all great business men do, and when it becomes necessary to use them they cannot be brushed idly aside. It was similar connections which enabled Charles N. Felton to secure the short term Senatorship two years ago, and it was such a personal following which enabled Senator Stanford to elect a Legislature overwhelmingly in his interest. Mr. Tevis, I understand, resigned the Presidency of the Express Company last spring solely to enter public life, and he now desires to round off his business career with a term in the Senate. In short, he thinks that he and Senator Stanford would make not only the two most influential but the best-looking Senators that ever sat in the Federal Senate from any State.

* * *

It has been stated that from the start the other leading Senatorial candidates, Foote, White, and Lynch, have had difficulty in pledging the Democratic legislators elect, from which it would appear that some missionary work has already been done in Mr. Tevis' interest. The Legislature will consist, according to the official returns, of sixty-one Democrats, fifty-two Republicans, two of the People's Party, three of the People's Party and Democracy, one Independent and one Non-Partisan. On joint ballot sixty-one will elect, and in the Democratic caucus thirty-one will nominate. If a caucus is not held, it is said already that Mr. Tevis will lead in the voting. At any rate, the candidacy of the great expressman is calculated to complicate the fights that are being made by the others, especially that of Mr. Foote. Many of his interior supporters will melt away when it is formally announced that Mr. Tevis has entered the lists. So far, however, I understand, his candidacy is a profound secret.

* * *

The fight will have some elements of surprise in it aside from those I have mentioned. It is generally conceded that Mr. White has a strong following; he gained delegates while he was stumping the State, but I doubt if they will remain with him. I'll tell

you why. This northern portion of California covers a large area of ground, and when you reach its southern extremity you are in Los Angeles. Well, Los Angeles bears us up here small love; it never will forgive San Francisco for growing so large and great and prosperous, and, whenever opportunity offers, loses no chance of injuring her big sister. We were vitally interested in the passage of the Depot Act; it meant more for us than we knew, and, true to her instincts of destruction, Los Angeles sought to defeat the measure. Los Angeles gave a majority of over 7000 against it. Well, the people up here will not forget that.

* * *

When it is remembered in the Legislature that there are few Democrats down Los Angeles way; that the North gives the majorities; that the people of the whole State are interested in the Depot Act that our little sister of the South tried to kill, it will go hard with a candidate who comes from the South. Why should we shower honors on the son of a district that is inimical to us? In the race for supremacy San Francisco fears no city on the Coast; but she does not turn her other cheek to be slapped while her face smarts under a recent blow. Why should we send to the Senate a man who will push forward his district to the detriment of the North? Please remember when the decisive ballots on the Senatorial question are counted that I said the people up here have long memories.

* * *

The Lamp-shade and Cushion Tea to be given at the residence of Mrs. N. D. Rideout, 1950 Washington Street, on next Saturday, should be an enjoyable affair. It is for the benefit of the Pioneer Kindergarten Society, and this fact alone should result in gaining a large attendance. The patronesses are all well known, and their efforts, combined with the objects of the tea, should make it a success.

* * *

THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS elected last month to manage the affairs of the city during 1893 and 1894, has, I am informed, begun its auspicious career with a mild family row. Of course, the trouble is over the distribution of the committee chairmanships, and if the programme that has been partially agreed upon is carried out the foundations for Democratic defeat two years hence will have been securely laid. It seems that ex-Mayor Pond, who gave the Reorganized Convention a character by acting as its Chairman, named seven of the Supervisors. Having performed this signal service for the city, he now arrogates to himself the prerogative of bossing the organization of the new Board. Under the ex-Mayor's direction, therefore, James Denman (Twelfth Ward) has blossomed out as a candidate for Chairman of the Finance Committee.

* * *

This position is supposed always to be held by the prospective Mayor, and Denman is to be the Pond-Sullivan-Dwyer candidate for that office two years hence. But Jefferson C. James (Eleventh Ward), who was not one of the seven named by Pond, has antagonized Denman's ambition, and between them a lively contest is going on. One or the other is said to be almost certain of securing the place, but a majority of the Supervisors elect, at whose hands they seek the honor, know that neither is qualified for it. A third candidate is Christian Reis (Sixth Ward). For several years Mr. Reis held the office of City Treasurer, and he is intimately acquainted with the financial intricacies of the government. He is a financier of recognized ability. But singular as it may seem, the very fitness of Mr. Reis for the position of Chairman of the Finance Committee is the chief reason why Mr. Pond and the Reorganized bosses are determined he shall not have it.

* * *

Of course it is useless to inform these gentlemen that they are making a mistake. Indeed, it is useless to inform politicians of their mental obtuseness on any subject. Their heads resemble billiard balls, both in circumference and contents. But, as my whole life has been passed in giving good advice to somebody, I shall not on this occasion shirk my responsibilities. If the local Democratic party is to be built up during the next two years and placed on a footing to carry the city in 1894, it must be done by exposing the incompetency, mismanagement, and corruption of the expiring Republican *regime*.

* * *

Mr. Denman is an honest man, but by nature nothing more than a legislative obstructionist. He originates nothing and opposes everything. Mr. James is also an honest man, and, withal, a progressive and intelligent one, but he is without the time, patience, or industry to perform this work. Mr. Reis, on the other hand, is cool, levelheaded, patient, capable, persistent—the very man to dig deep into the financial secrets of the retiring vandals and emblazon them in all their enormity. Besides, he is a wealthy man and has nothing else to do. If he is not made Chairman of the Finance Committee I shall thrust my thumbs into the arm's eyes of my waistcoat, and whistle the dead march in Saul. The Supervisors will have lost their golden opportunity.

* * *

At a caucus a few days ago the new Board unanimously agreed not to recognize Sands W. Forman as a Democrat. Although a Democrat actually he was elected as a Non-Partisan. Neither will Mayor Ellert be permitted to name the committees. He is a Republican. The chairmanships will be distributed about as follows: Printing and Salaries, Mr. Hinton; Judiciary, Mr. Rogers; Streets, Mr. Day; Water and Water Supplies, Mr. Denman (provided he does not become Chairman of the Finance Committee); Health and Police, Mr. Kennedy or Mr. Ryan; Fire Department, Mr. Montgomery; Street Lights, Mr. James (with the same proviso); Public Buildings, Mr. Reis; Hospitals, Mr. Goodwin; Licenses, Mr. Forman; Outside Lands, Mr. Heyer. The two last-named committees correspond with the Committees on Federal Relation and Public Morals of the State Assembly. The four might be consolidated and called the Committee on Last Year's Birds' Nests.

* * *

A NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY is of much more value than the ordinary citizen believes. For its excellence of typography and its general accuracy I welcome the latest issue of "N. W. Ayer & Son's Newspaper Annual." This publication contains some very interesting facts regarding the papers of this city, a few of which I cannot refrain from calling to the attention of the advertiser. In the first place, the "Annual" shows conclusively that the circulation of my esteemed contemporaries, the *Argonaut* and *News Letter*, is falling off so rapidly that before a great time these poor journals won't have a reader left. This is very sad, but as the least observing of advertisers must have known it, the figures in the "Annual" will not be much of a surprise. Only a few years ago the *Argonaut* and *News Letter* were quite extensively read, and while, of course, never having the circulation they so mendaciously claimed, they still had a fair number of readers.

* * *

The reader of weekly journals has had a change of appetite, and while before he was pleased with the warmed-over dishes of reprint that Mr. Pixley served each week, he now demands the original matter found only in THE WAVE. A year ago, the *Argonaut* claimed a circulation of 17,000; by its own figures it has lost 5000; that is a remarkable falling off; indeed, I do not think that any other paper in San Francisco, outside of the *News Letter*, has lost as many readers as 5000 in any year since its existence. The *Argonaut* now claims a circulation of 12,000. Its claim is false, and it dare not show its circulation statement; it has not more than half of that, if as much. The *News Letter* says it has 12,000; it does not print one-third of that number of copies, and it does not dare deny this. These journals have been obtaining money by false pretenses long enough from advertisers, and it is about time that their system of thievery was stopped.

* * *

I am afraid the *Wasp* is dead. Poor old journal, it has had a hard and tumultuous journey to its grave. Under successive mismanagers it sunk lower and lower, until at last it fell into the horny hands of a man named Flynn, who was shoved into brief notice by a remark made by Arthur McEwen. "Nobody seems to know this man Flynn," said Mr. McEwen; "but I must say this of him: He has succeeded in making the *Wasp* even worse than it ever was before, and no one else in town could have done that."

* * *

If I am not in error about Flynn, he was office-boy in the *Chronicle* for many years, until he succeeded in gaining some local reputation as an oarsman; then he got up a match with a

rival, and by the exercise of great good judgment bet against himself. To the surprise of his friends, Flynn lost the race! After that he bought real estate, and acquired—after the facts in the boat race transpired—quite a reputation as a sporting authority. He disappeared for some years, and was next seen driving through the Park in Superintendent-of-Streets Gilleran's low-backed car. While he has succeeded in killing the *Wasp*, I doubt that all the stories Mr. Moran tells of him are true. He has, of course, queer ideas of economy, but they will not, I fear, explain the fact of his having been dropped from the membership rolls of several clubs.

* * *

IN BY-GONE DAYS when the sun shone brighter than it does just now, and the Rose Leaves sailed gayly around the harbor in the "Frolic," when Charlie Peters gave beer suppers in his studio, and Emil Carlsen entertained the gang with strange rhapsodies on Philistinism, Porter Ashe, given charge of the residence of his brother Will, proceeded to install himself and his bosom friend Lan Mizner there with due regard to the comfort of both. As I have stated, this was long ago—ten months, perhaps, more even, and they were younger and more frolicsome than in these wet and dreary days. For a week, at least, they lived the placid existence of reputable householders and then decided that variety being life it was necessary to give a party. Something in the nature of a paschal supper was selected as offering possibilities both of amusement and novelty, and invitations were sent out forthwith.

* * *

Of course, the guests were expected to contribute to the larder, and throughout the day odd parcels of groceries and provisions kept pouring in upon the cultured colored person whom Mr. Ashe had installed as major-domo. The most important donation was made by Arthur Price—a large parcel of candles of the variety that adorn Catholic altars after Easter. Huge, fat, highly-colored illuminants, they were the very accessories the hosts required to set off their table. It was an event, that supper. A smoky yellow radiance streamed from the thick, oily wicks, harmonizing charmingly with the amber tones of the circulating medium, which, of course, was beer. Dan O'Connell had made the Welsh rarebit, and to the salad half-a-dozen gifted artificers had given of their skillfulest. However, like other good things, the affair finally came to an end, and, as the last guest bade a tearful farewell to his hosts, Mr. Mizner had an idea.

* * *

Two of the blazing candles he conveyed outside, set one at the south and the other at the north end of the small grass plateau that served as a species of front garden. How strange they looked, these barbaric dips, one can easily imagine. They burned fiercely without a care for the breezes—a cyclone could hardly extinguish their fat, yellow flames. Two or three early wayfarers stopped to gaze, and then along came the policeman, who, of course, imagined them an attempt at arson. He was palpably Irish, stout, and aggressive, and there was no gainsaying the emphatic thunder of his knock. A window opened.

"Fwhy don't yez take thim candles in? Do you'se want to burn down ye'er house? Come now, in wid thim or I'll arrist some wan for attempt to commit incendryism."

Out through the darkness rang a voice sonorous as that of the *muezzin* of St. Saplica's Mosque.

"*Lama Sabancthana*," it said.

* * *

Then came a pause. Again the deep voice sounded through the night with an effect inexpressibly weird.

"*Lama Sabancthana?*" There was a tinge of interrogation in the tones.

Down on his knees, thrilled to the marrow with a superstitious terror, went the policeman. He beat his breast as though he were in church.

"Pardon me, yeer Honor. Shure I did not know there were any foreign saints living here."

The tale is still told with deep unction in select Rose Leaf circles.

* * *

THE STATEMENT is made seriously by my esteemed contemporary, the New York *Sun*, that Dan O'Connell is in Gotham for the purpose of selling his opera, "Bluff King Hal," and that he has excellent chances of success. I must beg leave to doubt this. With all possible deference to the *Sun;* with all due respect to the composer, Mr. Stewart; and with all proper kow-towing to Mr. O'Connell, I insist on submitting that the person who would purchase "Bluff King Hal" for professional production has not been liberated from the asylum. As I pointed out at the time, the libretto is annoyingly dull, the music tiresome, and the scenes borrowed. The thing would not escape death at rehearsal. There is no originality in the music, and Mr. O'Connell succeeded in proving that he could write whole pages of stuff without betraying an idea.

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As a matter of fact, it is about time that we were through with the amateur compositions, singers, performers, and authors. They are becoming exceedingly tiresome, and are a serious menace to good professional work. Not their least objectionable fault is their attitude toward honest criticism. Covering themselves with the mantle of their fiendish amateurishness, they say they should be exempt from the pen of the critic. As a matter of fact, if criticism has aught in it likely to deter them from a repetition of their sin, it should be used more unsparingly than in the case of their less crimeful brother, the professional. When their productions may be witnessed without seeing "the man at the gate," they should be exempt from criticisms. When newspapers do not recklessly mislead their readers into purchasing tickets for the performances, they should escape the pen; but the instant they charge admission they cease being amateurs, and should be held accountable for all their offenses. If honest criticism has succeeded in holding down the muse so sparingly shared between Messrs. Stewart and O'Connell, if it will save us from a repetition of the offense of a couple of weeks ago, it is not misused. The people of this city are tired of amateur performances; they suffer enough from the misapplied efforts of professionals.

* * *

THAT CLARA MORRIS possesses as much, if not more, histrionic power than Sarah Bernhardt, critics admit. It is power without polish, however. Her plainness of face, her crudeness of manner, are relieved by no touch of elegance, of refinement. If her enunciation is admirably distinct, her voice is a trial to cultured ears. If her weeping, her expressions of emotion are characteristic of a boarding-house lady lamenting a decamped lodger, they are none the less poignant. The tone is vulgar, but too terribly real. Had this woman been given a particle of taste, which so many dramatic persons have without a scintilla of genius, she might have shone beside Rachel. Her faults have been commented on, raged over, sworn at, without inducing the vaguest effort toward reform. Years ago, when she was a member of Daly's Company, he poured forth torrents of expletives, but she never altered a note of that awful voice.

* * *

Rather a funny tale is told of Arthur McEwen's first experience of Miss Morris. He went to see her in "Claire," and at the end of the first act rushed out with a fine expression of pain and disgust on his face. He almost collided with Al. Bouvier, who inquired:

"Mac, what's the matter?"

"The matter," exclaimed McEwen, "the matter is broken glass, rats' tails and files—that is Miss Morris' voice."

* * *

THE PRESS CLUB shook hands with two favorite sons on Saturday night, Mayor-Elect Gilroy, of New York, and Mayor-Elect Ellert, of San Francisco. The reception was quite a pleasant affair, and when President Todd bade the feasters desist so that a flow of soul might be enjoyed there was a large crowd of journalists, politicians, and business men present. Mr. Todd spoke of the tremendous influence of the Press, and begged Mr. Gilroy to tell how he had been elected. Gotham's new Mayor said he owed it to the votes, and then referred to the climate here, which, he said, was the finest and best he had ever enjoyed. Next day the storm came up. Then L. R. Ellert spoke on the influences of the Press. Two forces combined to elect him Mayor of San Francisco, he intimated. One was that part of the Press that was for him; the other, that part that was against him. He did not say, but I am inclined to the opinion that of these the latter was the greater.

* * *

Some of the war horses neighed after that. Max Popper made a rattling talk, which was

well received. Jeremiah Lynch got a splendid reception, and made a capital speech, broad and clever, and undeniably the talk of the evening. Judge Coffey's remarks sparkled with epigrams; he kept the crowd laughing, and made way for Gavin McNab, who told how he elected men to office in San Francisco. General Sheehan made a first-rate speech, after which the flow of soul ran in smaller channels. The affair was altogether enjoyable, and the only regret was that sufficient notice had not been given of the event until after it had passed.

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The event of the evening was the formal christening of the Club's cat. This is a sable kitten, whose arrival was contemporaneous with the incoming of Tombstone Thompson, Chaplain of the far-famed Whitechapel Club, of Chicago. Mr. Thompson, as sponsor, vowed all sorts of vows on its behalf. Beer and sandwiches, *ad lib.*, were partaken of, and everyone admitted the "Late Watch" a success.

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THAT PROFESSOR ROSEWALD believes my criticism of his opera animated by malicious motives I know. He imagines himself selected as an especial object for attack, and really thinks what he has done another might do and be complimented. Therein he flatters himself. In his way, Rosewald is a very clever man; he has more general intelligence and quickness than any musician in town. He can make an excellent speech, can reason cleverly, and I feel certain he would prove an admirable critic. Without being a great violinist, he plays correctly and with real expression. His gifts, however, are of the intellect rather than of the emotions, and, had he less persistence and energy, undoubtedly he would not be so shining a mark for criticism. However, it is not my province to extenuate, but simply to speak of matters as they are. A little truth-telling is highly necessary in this community.

* * *

I cannot refrain from giving this little tale, even though Professor Rosewald has had rather the worst of it recently. It was after the Saturday Morning Orchestra had exhibited its two score or so of pretty faces at the Grand Opera House. The fashionable audience has loaded the director's ears with plaudits. The maidens had all shaken his good right hand, and he felt that even a musician's life had occasional moments of felicity. Desiring the laudation of more discriminating ears, he hied to the Bohemian Club, and there, with an especially weary expression on his face, sat Donald Graham.

"Ah," said the triumphant one, "did you hear my girls play to-night at the Opera House?"

"Yes," growled the vocalist.

"Great performance, wasn't it? I have never seen so fine an audience. Great talent some of those young women have. What did you think of it?" He waited for more congratulations.

"Think of it?" said Graham, a look of disgust replacing the weariness. "I thought it was rotten, sir."

And again silence had full sway.

* * *

CRITICISM IS NOT LOST on the *Call*, it seems. That journal is giving the lie to the rumor of its decrepitude, and looms up in a way most disconcerting to its rivals. For years I have never thought of opening the paper, but now I read it with interest. Actually there are ideas in it besides the news, and so far the *Examiner* has had the monopoly in that quarter. For much of the improvement City Editor Frank B. Millard is to be congratulated. A clever and clear-headed newspaperman, his light was hid under the *Chronicle* bushel for years. But he has made a record for himself in his new capacity and, besides winning circulation, has made it necessary for the men interested in the life of San Francisco to read the paper. That is a great deal. For years past the *Call's* editorial has been the best in town. Now its local is receiving recognition. It is interesting to learn that Octogenarian Pickering is behind the improvements and that he purposes pushing the *Call* ahead at full speed.

* * *

Out of his private resources he is buying a new press, and actually has decided to rehabilitate the old editorial rooms on Clay Street. He is sending a correspondent to Washington, Harry Todd, is going to improve his telegraph service, and, I verily believe, before long will be advocating a new sewerage system, a new charter, and sundry other innovations of a modern and startling type. Stranger things have occurred.

* * *

One of Australia's best-known artists, P. Fletcher-Watson, arrived from the colonies by the last steamer. A notable water-colorist, Mr. Watson has devoted much of his attention to architectural subjects, in which line he stands very near the top of his profession. He is a brother of Thomas Watson, the famous English architect.

* * *

THE STATEMENT has been made so often that Justice Field would resign in order to prevent Mr. Cleveland from enjoying the pleasure of appointing his successor when fast-approaching death would create a vacancy on the Supreme Bench, is likely to have some truth in it. I do not know of anything that would give the President-elect more pleasure than appointing Field's successor. Justice Field, as a matter of fact, has outlived his usefulness; he does not possess the confidence or respect of the people, and those who know him best are least inclined to pay him reverence. No one understands Justice Field better than President-elect Cleveland, and his resignation would cause small regret at Buzzard's Bay. Yet I doubt that Field will resign. It is just possible that he realizes that the dignity that hedges a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States has saved him from criticism that might break forth if he were a private citizen without the protection of powerful corporations.

* * *

Even had Justice Field stood higher in the estimation of the public than any of his associates, even had he been noted for any quality that makes men great, his supposed connection with the cold-blooded murder of Terry would have caused his followers to fall away; but as he was, a small, tricky, truckling, pettifogging lawyer, without the ability to do aught but crawl into the favor of the powerful, he lost all the respect that honest men may have had for him.

* * *

Cleveland did not appoint him Chief Justice because he knew him, knew him intimately, and was afraid to trust him. And now, the old man, with the hand of death reaching out for him, will seek to gain a small revenge on the President-elect that no man big enough to be honest five minutes out of the twenty-four hours would contemplate. I am informed that if Field resigns, Judge McKenna will be appointed to the vacancy. There is a warm friendship existing between the ladies of the White House and members of McKenna's family, and as the present administration has not been free from apron strings it is said that the Oakland lawyer will get the place. Any change would be to the advantage of the Supreme Court and the people.

The Witness.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

RESPECTABILITY REBUKED.

A SINGULARLY DISREPUTABLE VIEW OF THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

BY ARTHUR McEWEN.

I have been waiting in vain for some more exemplary person than myself to rise and proclaim the large fact that the chief good conferred on the country and mankind by the recent Democratic triumph is its smashing rebuke to Respectability.

The few are always the Respectable. Rome had them in the *Boni*, the good people, who had that profound distrust of the masses which ever has distinguished the better classes, and who stole everything in sight, of course, including the offices, as was, is, and ever shall be the way of the Good.

The few alarm us by telling of the defects and dangers of government by the many—showing that the mob is ignorant, coarse, prejudiced, brutal, and venal. And that is nearly all true. But government by the many still is better than government by the few—the Respectable. That is history.

Observe the state to which the Republican party, the party of Respectability, was brought, and the state to which it had brought the Government. A little knot of rich Pennsylvanian manufacturers, headed by that narrow, bumptious Scotch egotist, Carnegie, and spiritually blessed by the association of John Wanamaker, whose piety alone saves himself and his church brethren from perceiving what a rascal he is, had possession of the party. In the service of this group of rich and respectable nobodies was the Harrison administration. Persuaded of their intellectual and moral as well as financial superiority, these men deemed it natural that the common millions should submit to their rule, for the millions' own good. To that end the Respectable Few practiced political methods that in sheer criminality could not have been exceeded by so many convicts. If the corruption, the felonies, which these good and rich and pious persons instigated and committed could be brought home to them in the courts they would spend the rest of their lives in jail. Yet it is doubtless true that no sense of wrong-doing disturbs their respectable souls. The necessary legal fiction that the king can do no wrong—that the Supreme Court's decisions must be accepted as finalities—was assumed by them as a rule of practical conduct. The ease with which they had robbed the people inspired them with contempt—not undeserved—for the common herd. And the step from contempt for a fool's mental incapacity to contempt for his rights is an easy one, particularly when there is the propulsion of self-interest.

The Carnegies and Wanamakers are wicked men from the same cause that induces their self-righteousness, because they have small and dull minds. A great thief, a great tryant, may be a lovable man on his personal side, but little thieves, even though their stealings be great, are intolerable, since their egotism encompasses them with illusions as to themselves. They, like their crimes, are detestable.

And more detestable than the Carnegies and the Wanamakers are the smaller imitators of the Carnegies and the Wanamakers, their sincere admirers, and their toadies from thrift. The country is full of them—coolies of commerce, willing niggers on the plantations of the plutocracy. Who so capitalistic as the capitalist's clerk? Certainly not the capitalist. Who so Respectable as the liveried flunky of the Respectable man? Who so fashionable as the woman on the outskirts of fashionable life? Who so military as an army surgeon, or so statesmanlike as a Senator's secretary? Who shall number the petty males with votes who hold opinions, not because they have had the brains to think them out for themselves, but because they are the sort of opinions which it is Respectable to hold? These simian automata, the rank and file of the army of Respectability, keep most of the stores in this Republic, do most of the bookkeeping, stand behind most of the counters on salary, and do nearly all the preaching. They do not run the newspapers, but the newspapers are run for them.

The Respectable apple-cart has been upset by the election—upset by the coarse, ignorant, unwashed but relatively decent mob. There's some manhood in the mob.

On election night I visited the rooms of both the State Committees of the parties in San Francisco. I was struck with the difference in the sort of men gathered in them. The Democrats, whooping with joy, were not very well dressed. There was scarcely a silk hat among them, and they swore some, and laughed boisterously, and the faces, if good-humored and intelligent, were not refined. But they were vital fellows with steam in them; natural men, not concerned at all about the impression they might make on anybody. At the Republican headquarters it looked like a meeting of bank directors who had heard a discouraging annual report from the Secretary. White hair and white beards, and eye-glasses and black coats and spotless linen and sedateness of port distinguished most of them. In respectability the Democrats could bear no comparison at all. Yet in brains, character, and possessions the Democrats could more than match these Republicans, man for man.

What is respectability? It is a thing of negations, of abstentions and really of very little worth when it is genuine. When it is bogus it is the refuge of wicked mediocrity, the sum of mediocrity's sins.

I do not undervalue self-control, self-denial, and avoidance of evil conduct, but a man may practice all these virtues and still not be Respectable; or he may be Respectable and yet be a wretch. I do not undervalue, either, clean linen, good clothes, and dignified manners, but shall things so easy to acquire as these set the man who has them up above others without them, or indifferent to them, as beings superior in the profounder essentials of manhood, gentlemanhood?

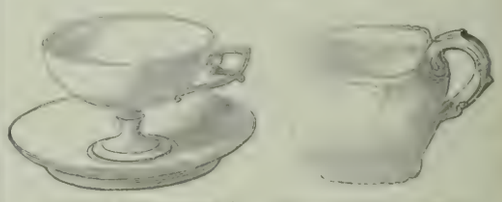
Good Lord, give me a tepid man, a man whose brain makes it seem to him the best and most virtuous of fates to be like those of his neighbors who are a little better off than himself, and for a hundred dollars I can transform him from a shabby, furtive creature into so good an imitation of a Respectable man that no expert could detect the counterfeit. Add a small income and a pew, and there will be no counterfeit. It is so easy for the average man to refrain from doing rash things, self-indulgent things, violently foolish things, since all these things cost money and entail other unpleasant consequences, that he deserves no credit at all for not doing them. Yet such abstention, plus decorous raiment and gravity, constitute Respectability, genuine Respectability, Respectability that is to be approved, applauded, and commended to the wildly inclined as an example.

But the uniform of the army of Respectability, if not respectability itself, is to be had for so very little that the discerning are not wont to accept the high popular estimate of its value. It commonly betokens nothing more than what a man desires to seem. It can be so readily used as a substitute for deeds which cost much perhaps, and indicate more, that the wearer is justly subject to the requirement of proof that his outside is a reflex of his inside—precisely as a banker or lawyer who achieves prominence in Sunday-school work is under obligation, if he prizes the confidence of his worldly fellows, to let it be known that he has not made a special study of the extradition laws of his country.

One may be Respectable and yet be a man, but the easier it is to be Respectable the less worthy is one apt to be. The dull and selfish and commonplace person finds no trouble in being Respectable; with him it is a mere matter of clothes and demeanor, an enormously profitable investment, drawing dividends of unusual consideration and esteem. But the impulsive man, the warm-hearted, the generous, the many-sided man, the man who has two natures at war, and is forced to fight to keep the worse under, the man who can repent as well as sin, who has brains and a body and the force to do something individual in life—he finds it hard to be Respectable. Indeed, if he is a little larger than the average of his type he is apt to abhor Respectability, for that it is made use of so universally by the Carnegies and Wanamakers, big and little.

That's the way the country felt when it got up on November 8th and smote the smug, clean-shaven face of the Republican party, and tumbled it with its decorous coat, and white shirt, and rigid demeanor, and booty-laden pockets into the ditch. And it rises from that ditch looking very unclean, and disreputable and thievish, with the plug hat of pretense smashed over its self-righteous nose, and its dull, insolent eyes blackened, and its displaced linen dickey showing a shockingly cheap and dirty undershirt beneath. The people found the party out and put it in the way of ridding itself of the Wanamaker spectacles and seeing itself as others see it—as it is.

The San Bernardino *Courier* is honest, if not discreet. Among other things it says: "We naturally expect to be differed with."



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A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—It has not been lost, this week of rain and storm. I have consecrated it to your service by plunging into a very Sahara of Christmas books. Oases I found few and far apart, and but for the steady downpour, I might have died of dryness. Some one has said that criticism is best which tells us what to avoid. On that basis I feel myself justified in whispering, don't read until after the New Year. Typographically I have nothing to complain of. They are all admirably printed, these piles of volumes. I find myself, time and again, deserting text for illustration. A veritable carnival of engravings are they. But I don't intend to convey the idea that fine feathers necessarily cloak inferior birds. *Au contraire.* Perhaps this pictorial abundance is but a recognition of the fact that the holiday season is necessarily busy, and that few of us have more time than will suffice for leaf-turning. Even you, Miss Matilda, are doubtless knitting something, perhaps embroidering tie-cases, handkerchief-boxes, or something similarly sad. The custom of littering dressing-tables with gaudy and garish creations of disfigured silk and mismated shades should be abandoned. Artistic results are attained by constant practice, not by an exuberant energy developed only two weeks before Christmas.

By far the most entertaining book I have found this week is not a novel, nor even a collection of new jests. It is called a "Handbook of Literary Curiosities," and no writer's table should be without it. Apart from mere utility, however, the handbook is already a necessity. You will find it full of bright, clever, and eminently readable little essays on such subjects as epigrams, compliments, criticism, literary forgeries, claimants, mixed metaphors, famous hoaxes, puzzles, enigmas, and a hundred more. The idiomatic phrases that stud conversation and writing are explained, their origin given, and instances of their use adduced. Turn to parodies for instance and you have a series of the cleverest ever written. Here is Swinburne's on Tennyson's "Higher Pantheism," which commences

"One who is not we see, but one whom we see not is:
Surely this is not that, but that is assuredly this."

There are a dozen verses, each cleverer than its predecessor. How many of us know of Calverley who wrote "Story of a Cock and Bull," in imitation of Browning and who so deliciously parodies Tennyson's "Brook" in his poem "The Tinker." Some of us who read know that Swinburne has occasionally poked fun at his own style, but very few of the nice people who buy "Lucille" are aware that Lord Lytton is the most complaisant plagiarist in English literature. Against him the famous poem, "The Heptalogia," which no one ever hears of now-a-days, was directed. Indeed, if you will turn to the article on "Plagiarism," you will find a liberal extract from it, and a complete *exposé* of the noble lord who laid so many foreign authors under contribution. One characteristic about "Literary Curiosities" that deserves especial mention is the happy manner in which they are written. It would be difficult to imagine the vast mass of material of which this book is composed handled with more conciseness, skill, and elegance. William S. Walsh has an exceedingly neat style, which is as lucid as it is compressed. Let me give you a word of advice in conclusion—buy this book to be amused, the instruction will follow.

Another instructive and interesting volume is Walter Besant's "London," which, I take it, is a valuable contribution to the histories of the world's metropolis. Of his captivating style it is difficult to say much that more graceful pens than mine have not said more effectively. To find facts illuminated with all the graphic skill of a great fiction writer is delightful. He invests sober records with a charm that must be missing from the work of the mere sifter of evidence. This book must take the place of the standard work on London, just as it would be difficult to conceive anyone writing a more entertaining book about Paris than Theodore Child's "Praise." Of course, there are scores of pictures in this book of Besant's—churches, monuments, manor-houses, castles.

That Alfred Lord Tennyson added much to his fame by this latest volume of verse I cannot admit. Still, one would sacrifice a good many of those dreary dramas of his for "The Death of Œnone." That, I think, will find its place among his best. She was the wife whom Paris deserted for Helen, and to her, seated sad in a cave, he comes, no longer beauteous as a god, but wounded by a poisoned arrow, "lame, crooked, reeling, through the mist," and begs she will exert her healing skill for him. He says:

"Œnone, by thy love which once was mine,
Help, heal me; I am poisoned to the heart;'
'And I to mine,' she said. 'Adulterer,
Go back to thine adultress and die!'"

He groaned and leaves her, and dying is found by the shepherds, who kindle a funeral pyre the light of which Œnone sees, follows, throws herself beside her husband:

"And mixed herself with *him* and past in fire."

The poem has a few of these pictured phrases which jewel the pages of the dead laureate's works. Œnone "hears a wailing cry that seem'd at first thin as the batlike shrillings of the dead when driven to Hades." "By the long torrents' ever deepen'd roar." "The shriek of some lost life among the pines." St. Telemachus, the haggard anchorite, who in the desert hears the voice of God: "Awake thou deedless dreamer, lazying out a life of self-suppression, not of selfless love," is also worth reading. "Akbar's Dream" has fine lines but is theological. "The Bandit's Death," "Charity" and others are conventional, but the "Silent Voices" and "God and the Universe," are poems none of us would willingly lose.

"Essays on Literary Interpretation," by Hamilton Wright Mahie, are sympathetic studies of great writers. That on Rossetti is very beautifully written. The one on Browning will surely satisfy his worshipers, and I don't imagine the lovers of "St. Agnes' Eve" and the "Ode to Autumn" will find the essayist a bit less enthusiastic in his appreciation of those priceless poems than they are.

A pleasant enough tale in its ways is "Witch Winnie's Studio," by Elizabeth W. Champney, which tells very charmingly of art life. Another nice book for little ones is "The Little Sister of Wilfred," whom, if she was a bit like Mr. Plympton's picture of her must have been a charming baby. "Elsie at Viamede" tells of some of the Nation's naval struggles in an agreeable conversational style. It is by Miss Martha Finley and should prove an appropriate Christmas gift. "Dear" is another charming book for children. She, of course, is very sweet, has rather a hard time of it between circumstances and conditions, but it ends happily as all nice books should.

But what am I to say about J. M. Barrie's latest—that it is weak, very weak, stupid even. "A Holiday in Bed" is the best of the series of esseys, but really it is not a bit clever. One cannot but think there is more fact than fiction in the sketch "Four-in-hand Novelists," which relates the efforts of a novelist to lose his reputation.

Until next week, fare thee better than even. I have done this. ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"An Earthly Paragon," by Eva Wilder. McGlasson, Harper and Brothers, publishers, N. Y.

"A Fisher Girl of France," from the French of F. Calmettes. Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers, N. Y. Payot, Upham & Co.

"Muriel Howe," by Angelina Teal. Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers. Payot, Upham & Co.

"West and East," by Laura C. Read. Charles H. Sergel & Co., publishers, Chicago.

"Dear," published by Roberts Bros., Boston. For sale by A. M. Robertson. Price, $1.00.

"Elsie at Viamede," by Martha Finley. Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers, New York.

"Witch Winnie's Studio," by Elizabeth W. Champney. Dodd, Mead & Co, publishers, New York.

"A Holiday in Bed," by J. M. Barrie. New York Publishing Company, N. Y. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"The Death of Œnone and Other Poems," by the late Alfred Lord Tennyson. Macmillan & Co., publishers

"London," by Walter Besant. Harper and Brothers, publishers, New York.

"Handbook of Literary Curiosities," by William S. Walsh. J B. Lippincott & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey. Price $3 50.

"Essays in Literary Interpretation," by H. W. Mahie. Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers. Payot, Upham & Co.

"The Little Sisters of Wilifred," by A. G. Plympton. Roberts Brothers, Boston. For sale by A M. Robertson. Price $1.

Murray Brown—Aren't you positively ashamed to meet your creditors, Madison?

Madison Gall—I don't meet them, Do you suppose I would associate with such people?

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The Wave

A Society, Literary and Political Journal.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, December 3, 1892.

COLONEL MORGAN'S REPORT.

The reception accorded to the report of Colonel R. P. Morgan, expert of the Railroad Commission, by that portion of the local press which finds its profit in "fighting" the Southern Pacific Company, proves that the railroad question, so far as they are concerned, has been removed beyond the domain of reason. Colonel Morgan was formerly Transportation Commissioner of Illinois, and is, as his report shows, a railroad man of intelligence and experience. He was employed by the Railroad Commission to investigate and report whether rates of transportion for persons and property in California, as compared with other States, are reasonable or unreasonable.

In executing this commission he has produced a collection of arguments which ought to receive respectful attention, at least. That they are not going to receive any attention whatever on the part of the press referred to, is clearly evident. Being unable to understand or refute them, the average anti-railroad editor thinks he has discharged his duty to his readers when he charges that Colonel Morgan is a "tool" of the Southern Pacific, and that his arguments are "inspired" by Mr. Stubbs and Mr. Towne.

But I submit that this will not do. The "inspiration" of Colonel Morgan's arguments is immaterial. The question is, are his arguments sound? Can they be refuted? There's the rub. Colonel Morgan says that, when density of population, the volume and character of business, the cost of fuel, the capital invested in construction, the local traffic and the gradient difficulties are all considered, the rates of transportation in California are not unreasonably high. Facts and figures are deduced to sustain these assertions. On one class of traffic, the transportation of green fruit eastward, he asserts the railroads must be losing money.

If these statements are incorrect, it ought to be an easy matter to contradict them. Mr. Leeds, of the Traffic Association, who is a railroad expert of no mean capacity, if he has truth on his side, should have no trouble in answering Colonel Morgan's arguments. When he has done so the case may be submitted. In the meantime, I am sure neither gentleman can be answered with a sneer, and certainly no one will be edified, now that the railroad controversy is about to enter the realm of argument, by a display of how much more the anti-railroad editors of this town know about operating railroads than those who are engaged in the business.

WANTED, A PHOTOGRAPH OF MERCURY.

Mercury was the son of Jupiter and Maia, daughter of Atlas, and was conspicuous for what the ancient writers politely call "adroitness." Born in the morning, he fabricated a lyre and performed upon it before the sun had fairly reached the zenith. At nightfall of the day of his birth he ran off a band of Apollo's cattle. One evening Vulcan invited the precocious lad into his house. After his departure the great artisan discovered that some of his most valuable tools were missing. The youngster had stolen them.

So "adroit" had he become at the end of his first week upon earth, that he was known throughout the celestial regions as the champion crook of his time. He robbed Venus of her *cestus* and attempted to steal the thunderbolts of his father, Jupiter. He would have succeeded had they not proven so infernally hot that he could not handle them.

Thus it was that Mercury's "adroitness" caused him to become the God of Thieves, and the ancients used to paint his portrait on their doors, supposing that its presence there would prevent the intrusion of other marauders. So strong a hold had his personality on the Romans, that the merchants and traders of the Imperial City held a festival in his honor once a year. Then they sacrificed a sow, sprinkled themselves from his fountain, and prayed that he would absolve them from all the frauds and perjuries of the previous year, and confer on them the art of plausible lying, so that they might again impose on their customers.

Having heard the other day that some of the officials at the City Hall had sacrificed a sow, I hastened to that building to ascertain whether or not the portrait of Mercury had been painted on any of the doors. I found several faces carved in the keystones of the entrance arches, which a close inspection led me to fancy resembled the pictures of the thieving god that have come down to us from antiquity. A Dublin policeman, however, to whom I applied, informed me that the faces were those of the contractors who had constructed the building. As if the monument of their rascalities were not sufficient, he observed, they must have their ugly "mugs" perpetuated in the sandstone arches.

But, I am satisfied that Mercury's portrait is not on any of the doors of the City Hall for another reason than the statement of this veracious policeman. The building is full of thieves. Two safes have been cracked in it within a week and the Board of Election Commissioners holds daily sessions at the Registration office. Moreover, I observe that the Board of Supervisors meets twice a week without interference from the police, in the basement station.

These things are proof positive that the Roman Deity's portrait is nowhere on the outer walls. But it ought to be placed there at once. A mass meeting should be called and a subscription started to pay Swan, the painter, for a first-class representation of the celestial youth as large as the dome of the Hall of Records. If this is not done we shall awake some fine morning and discover that the retiring politicians have carried away the entire structure.

A FINANCIAL JOB.

The Monetary Conference now being held at Brussels, it seems to me, at this distance, bears some of the features of a stupendous deal in silver. I may be in error, but the proposal of Alfred de Rothschild, the English banker, that the foreign governments shall make monthly purchases of silver nearly corresponding with those now made by the United States, looks like a scheme to bull the white metal in the interest of English capitalists who have "loaded" up with it for the occasion. Perhaps I am unduly suspicious of Mr. Rothschild, but if I question his disinterestedness it is not because I object to his making a good turn on the capital he has probably invested in the purchase of American silver, but because, like all Americans, I hate to see a foreigner get the better of us.

The fact is, Europe now no longer finds herself equal to the task of ignoring American finance. Our balances are becoming a factor so important in the transactions of foreign money centres, that the slightest disturbance on this side of the water is felt all over the world. Heretofore, European capitalists have laughed at our financial schemes and took advantage of our misfortunes to squeeze us.

The fact, therefore, that Mr. Rothschild is now squealing is a satisfactory sign. The American delegates to the Conference should decline to enter into any arrangement with him. Let us treat him coldly, as he has often treated us when we were loaded and seeking a chance to unload. In short, let us try to "bust" Mr. Rothschild, just as he and his ancestors have so frequently tried to "bust" us.

I trust the American representatives at Brussels will use their influence to produce the very "crash" which the English banker seems to fear. We can stand it. Let us see if he can.

The attention of advertisers is respectfully called to the announcement of The Wave's great Christmas issue. This will be the largest edition of a weekly journal ever published on the Coast, and will be the finest literary and artistic paper ever seen here. It will not be merely an advertising sheet, nor will it be a dry, statistical reprint of dull figures. It will sparkle with stories by the best writers; well-known poets will contribute, prominent painters will give pen sketches of their famous works. Among the notable features will be three magnificent reproductions of the most noted paintings of last year's *Salon*. These are absolutely the most valuable pictures ever given with a journal in this country, and are worth at retail $2.50.

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JUSTICE T. B. MCFARLAND

THE GREAT BLYTHE CASE.

MUSIC.

SECOND SYMPHONY CONCERT.

In most respects the programme given by the Symphonic Orchestra at the second concert was as interesting as the first, and in the particulars of the vocal numbers was greatly preferable in contents and execution. Schumann's *B Flat* Symphony, Marche Hongroise from Berlioz "Damnation de Faust," an overture, "Hero and Leander," by S. G. Fleishman, the prelude Siciliana and Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana" and an aria from "Der Freischutz" make as varied and grateful a programme as can be put together and one which is quite unexceptionable here where anything at all in the shape of the larger forms of instrumental music has been utterly neglected excepting for the Philharmonic Society's performances, for several years. It is not to be expected that the work of the orchestra in each particular will stand criticism; even among celebrated organizations with the refining influences of time and assidious care ideal performances are rare, so that with the recently brought together local body of players limits and defects are quite in order, the public generally having nothing further to do than to accept any performances from them, however rough, as a great good thing. Due allowance being made for necessary inadequacies, the Symphony was given with sufficient enthusiasm by conductor and band to make its joyous mood clear to the large and interested audience, who appreciated particularly the *finale allegro animato* given with more certainty of attack and general distinctness of rhythm than the preceding movements. Schumann's characteristically vigorous rhythms demands strong and clear accents, which the orchestra has, however, not yet attained to. Produced by Schumann in his happiest season, the time of his marriage with Clara Wieck, the great and admirable *artiste* to whom the world of music owes so much, this symphony bears the impress of the optimistic views which bore a strong part in Schumann's mental attitude before disease had warped it. The Schumannesque spirit breaks through the symphonic form, and in the Scherzo with the double trio, one of the most interesting features of the work, is essentially characteristic of the composer. The whole composition deserves repetition at the hands of the orchestra, especially as its reception was almost enthusiastic.

Mr. Fleishmann's overture has the usual elements of modern programme music, and its style aims at realism. Without creating an impression of power of distinct individuality the piece has views of originality within it, and is the result of evident study and care. Like the majority of compositions written for classic programmes, the memory retains a stronger image of the programme which in the end quite obliterates the setting forth. Though worked out sufficiently clearly the subjects have not this distinction of strong self-centered impulse. The orchestral treatment suggested rather the monochrome than variety or brilliance of coloring. Conducted with extreme modesty by the young composer the overture was very cordially received.

Mr. Ferd. Schuetz appeared as vocalist, singing with some *esprit*, thorough stage confidence, and sufficient artistic ability to be welcome and in place at these concerts. It is impossible, in remarking on the performance, to everlook the groggy condition of the horns, who improved every occasion to fall in fragments throughout the pieces, and at last fulfilling every prognostication in collapsing regularly. Mr. Bauer conducted with energy. Mozart's Symphony, in *G. Minor*, will be the central attraction at the next concert.

LESLEY MARTIN.

THE GREAT BLYTHE CASE.

At last the Blythe case is ended, and the daughter of the millionaire comes to her own. The most important friend and witness that Mrs. Hinckley had before and at the trial of her cause, was her step-grandmother, Mrs. Kate C. Perry, widow of the late James Crisp Perry. A wonderfully shrewd and far-seeing woman has Mrs. Perry proven herself to be. From the first moment little Florence came to her care she watched over her every interest with fidelity; and it is due to the genius of Mrs. Perry, who taught little Florence to write and also to understand what her father wrote, possibly framing for the child many tender expressions for her unknown California papa, that the child found the keys that opened up his paternal heart, so that of all this world and the people in it, there was nothing and none that he loved to tell of to his friends as he did of his little Florence way over in England. Every scrap of paper, everything that helped prove Florence's case was saved and brought to this State by Mrs. Perry, and its efficacy has been proven. Mrs. Perry is still young and good-looking, nothwithstanding she is called grandma. Nothing will redound more to the credit of Florence than a full appreciation of the great kindness and care exercised over her by this grandma from babyhood to womanhood and a world of wealth.

Of the claimant much can be said. She is modest, kind, and generous, possessing much affection for those she loves; in fact, she has the controlling traits that will make her a woman of mark. The experience of her own trials have developed her sympathies for others.

EXCHANGE THOUGHTS.

Well! well! This is too bad! No wonder the Santa Cruz *Sentinel* man mourns: "The northern editors saw no liquor for sale at Pasadena."

Even Boreas is not safe from the wit of the Oakland *Times*, which says: "The storm has furnished another very strong argument why telegraph and telephone wires should be placed under ground."

Here is a pointer, a trifle indefinite but good, from the San Bernardino *Courier* to the police: "Whenever a suspicious character appears in our city, the police should allow them to leave town as soon as possible for the city's good."

If my friend Green, of the Colusa *Sun*, will give the names of these "Democrats," THE WAVE will assist in shouldering them into oblivion: "Certain men go to a Democratic convention, help to nominate a candidate, and then turn around and try to defeat him. Those men are not Democrats."

This, from the South San Francisco *News*, sounds queerly, but I guess it's all right: "Seldom if ever did Thanksgiving Day turn up so opportunely as did the one we celebrated in South San Francisco last Thursday."

Phosphorus is a brain food. Matches are now made without it.

The family skeleton often comes out of the closet to take an airing in the divorce court.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

With summer and sun behind you,
  With winter and shade before,
You crowd in your regal splendor
  Through the autumn's closing door.
White as the snow that is coming,
  Red as the rose that is gone,
Gold as the heart of the lilies,
  Pink as the flush of the dawn.
Confident, winsome, stately,
  You throng in the wane of the year,
Trooping an army with banners
  When the leafless woods are sere.

Sweet is your breath as of spices
  From a far sea island blown;
Chaste your robes as of vestals
  Trimming their lamps alone.
Strong are your hearts and sturdy
  The life that in root and stem
Smoulders and glows till it sparkles
  In each flowery diadem.
Nothing of bloom and odor
  Have your peerless legions lost,
Marching in fervid beauty
  To challenge the death-white frost.

So to the eye of sorrow
  Ye bring a flicker of light;
The cheek that was wan with illness
  Smiles at your faces bright.
The children laugh in greeting,
  And the dear old people say,
"Here are the selfsame darlings
  We loved in our own young day,"
As, summer and sun behind you,
  Winter and shade before,
You crowd in your regal splendor
  Through the autumn's closing door.

—*Harper's Bazaar.*

TIMES CHANGE.

"Two summers never were the same."
  I never knew, Love,
Why spoke the sage, but now exclaim,
  "'Tis all too true, Love."

Last year and this!—as fair as then
  Our skies are glowing
And clear as ever, thro' the glen
  Yon stream is flowing;

But you that just a year ago
  Were all devotion,
Now let the tides in tumult flow
  On Cupid's ocean.

No more for me alone you don
  Your daintiest fleeces,
But sorely pierce my heart upon
  Daily caprices.

Your ways, you say, are mine, and yet
  Your ways are fretting,
And you, that used to be my pet,
  Are pettish getting.

So to the words I join my name
  With his who spake them:
Two summers never *were* the same,
  For women make them.

—*Rowan Stevens.*

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THE MUMMERS.

CLARA MORRIS.

One may be permitted to question the utility of such a play as "Rose Michel" without assuming to detract from the art that makes it so objectionable. Had the title role of this play been intrusted to another than Clara Morris, I doubt if the play would have possessed the sickening horror that is its only reason for being in the repertory of this splendidly emotional actress. Clara Morris and I have never agreed on the position of art to the stage. She has held that it may be employed to the limit in presenting the meretricious, whose lessons of immorality must needs be pardoned, as they are taught in the name of art; I am of the opinion that it may be carried to the extent of a public offense, as in the case of some of the plays which she presents, for which there should be a proper punishment.

It is certainly very gratifying to me to see that the public is gradually coming to my way of thinking; and while a reckless few, who insist that journals shall be sensational, and who take murders, suicides, and heinous crimes as butter for their toast in the morning, show at Morris performances in lessening numbers, and assisted by a well-managed claque, give the actress curtain calls, there is yet a growing sentiment that we must decry on the stage what we will not discuss in the parlor. It will be noted that I did not write *drawing-room;* those who have drawing-rooms *and* parlors are in such a hopeless minority here that the theatre managers really do not care how they feel toward a play.

We are such peculiar creatures that we accept the good unconditionally, but demand a reason for the bad; what defense may be offered for "Rose Michel?" What lesson does it teach that anyone of us cares to remember? In what respect does it contribute to that that we would recall ten minutes after the curtain falls on the tear-sodden stage? "Rose Michel" belongs to the morgue literature of the stage, and should have no place in the repertory of an actress who seeks the favor of an American audience.

I am credibly informed that Clara Morris will not return to this city. The reason for this I do not pretend to know; for my own satisfaction, I believe that it is owing to our difference of opinion on the position of art to the stage. While the actress has made a success in the East that may compensate her in some measure for her extraordinary efforts, she has not in late years been a favorite here; and yet I have seen her do more meritorious work here than she has ever done in the large cities of the Eastern circuit. But San Franciscans apparently do not care for the plays in her repertory; the small number that do cannot make an engagement a success. It will not be denied that she is one of the strongest actresses on the stage; I doubt that there is another woman before the American public now who can better illustrate an emotional character, who can more truly depict the lives and passions of those who are removed from the sheep of Society; whose art will show better the apotheosis of meretriciousness; yet all her genius cannot rob her presentations of the scarlet letter with which they are emblazoned. The people of San Francisco do not demand a high class of morality on the stage; they do insist, though, that there shall be some pretense made to cover the indecent. That is, probably, why Clara Morris says she will not return to San Francisco.——

At Stockwell's the presentation of "Two Roses" has been a splendid success. Each week sees an improvement in the *ensemble* work of this company, and the city is to be congratulated on having a stock company adequate to produce plays of a high class. The production of the melodrama "Captain Herne, U. S. A.," on Monday, December 5th, at this theatre, will be the introduction of melodramatic spectacles at this house since its opening. The production as it will be given by Mr. Stockwell will be one of great scenic effects, with a grand introduction of Battery D, National Guard of California. Mr. Lawrence Hanley has been engaged for this production. "Captain Herne" will follow "Two Roses." For the holiday attraction at this house will be on the boards, Fanny Rice in "A Jolly Surprise."——

"My Official Wife" will be followed at the California next week by Clara Morris. This will positively be her last appearance in this city. She will be seen in some of her most famous impersonations. She will play "Camille" on Monday night, "Renee de Moray" on Tuesday and Saturday nights, "Odette" on Wednesday night and the Saturday matinee, "Rose Michel" on Thursday night, and "Claire" on Friday night. The attraction following Miss Morris will be James T. Powers in his new piece, "A Mad Bargain," which is said to show Mr. Powers to better advantage than did the "Straight Tip."——

Henderson's American Extravaganza Company arrived here from Denver on last Tuesday, and the force of carpenters and mechanics connected with the organization immediately took possession of the stage of the Grand Opera House, and have already succeeded in transforming the theatre into a thoroughly equipped modern playhouse. Electric footlights and border lights have taken the place of the former old-fashioned gas appliances, traps have been cut, lines hung and the scenery, properties, and other paraphernalia of the great "Ali Baba" spectacle are now in readiness for the opening to-night. The company in its entirety has been brought here, and it is promised that the piece will be given in every particular as well as it was during its long run in Chicago last summer.——

An "opera bluff in three acts" is what the author of "Bill's Boots" calls the piece that will be presented at the Bush Street Theatre on Monday. That it has been accorded a hearty welcome in the East does not presage a success here, yet from the story and the people in the cast I will be disappointed if the play does not take well. From what I have heard of "Bill's Boots," it is a good deal like a box of mixed candy; there is a very much of everything in it. The story deals with the fortune that an eccentric old man left in his boots, and the efforts made to discover the wealth furnish some of the mirth. However, the plot is incidental to the fun-making.——

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The Lakeport *Avalanche*, speaking of THE WAVE'S effort to have a railroad started through that paper's fertile territory, says: "THE WAVE shows the state of affairs in a proper light, and it is to be hoped that that excellent paper will give a hand in awakening the capitalists and others to the beauties and resources of Lake County, and assist in getting a railroad, but let it either be direct from San Francisco or Pieta: by the way of Ukiah is too roundabout."

The Oakland *Times* says: "Mrs. Lease is already tasting some of the novelties of political life. The papers are beginning to call her by her first name, just as they call men politicians Jim ——— and so on. They have started very respectively with 'Mary,' but in a month we wager it will be 'Mamie' and

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Wednesday Night and Saturday Matinee....ODETTE
Thursday Night ..... ROSE MICHEL
Friday Night ..... CLAIRE

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THE young curate whose fortune it had been to take the beautiful Miss Alnwick in to dinner had no sooner discovered that she had been to his beloved chapel that very morning than he grew luminously enthusiastic.

"Oh," he said eagerly, "it is really perfect. There is nothing like it in this part of the world. The late Mr. Vanbenfield's father had it built on plans of his own. He was an eccentric; it was quite a King of Bavaria fancy. Did you notice how the light streams in through the stained glass of the east window?"

Miss Alnwick smiled. "You are very devoted to the chapel," she said, "and I don't wonder. It is really one of those places where you feel as if the gentle mantle of God were spread over you. But, do you know, a great curiosity almost took me away from the service this morning. There was a white face, with such burning eyes, sitting just across the aisle from me, between two men who seemed to be guards or—"

"Oh, it must have been that poor Marleigh. He is hopelessly insane. He has rich relatives and so he is kept in a private asylum a few miles from here. His is a peculiar case. Sometimes he raves and becomes frightfully violent, and then there is only one thing in the world that will calm him—music. It softens him immediately."

"I sometimes think that we frivolous people rarely realize what good the arts may do. I wonder if I may ever be able to soothe a savage breast with music, or—But, tell me about this man. Is there a story?"

"Well, there is an outline. He was a composer of music, young and full of enthusiasms. Then came the most horrible of afflictions, deafness. He was so young, it came so suddenly; then his mind gave way. But there is still that kink in the shattered brain; music soothes away all his violence. Now, I consider that—"

But the hostess had nodded in a swift, circular way to the ladies, and Miss Alnwick rose with the rest and passed into the drawing-room.

A cloud of smoke soon filled the dining-hall.

II.

When the afternoon sun gilds the windows and paints the aisles in the Chapel of St. Saviour's there is a picture within that you may hardly see elsewhere. By a queer manner of placing the windows and letting in the light, the whole interior of the building seems to swim in gold. Withal, it is a deep, restful air there; the sense of peace and great quiet is very gentle upon all the place. The organ pipes, up in the high loft, shimmer tenderly down upon the heavy brass tablets that testify to the imperishability of the Vanbenfield family. Because of the colorfulness of the place, its peace, and its perfect seclusion, Rose Alnwick had gone there quite often of late, on just such an exquisite afternoon as this was, to read or dream. Sometimes, too, she climbed into the organ loft and played a little on that glorious organ there; but this was not often, for the music seemed to awake too many echoes there and to break the perfect peace.

This had been such a drowsy afternoon! Somehow, almost imperceptibly, the book had slipped from Miss Alnwick's hand into her lap; the head had fallen back a little, and then—

Why is it that we almost instantly become aware of it when anyone is looking at us intently? Do we not almost invariably turn and find eyes fixed upon us? This is when we are awake. With some people this strange premonition is just as active while they sleep. Miss Alnwick was one of them. She awoke with a horrible feeling; she knew that someone was staring at her. And yet, it was absurd to suppose that anyone—

Then she saw that between her and the organ loft the white face and burning eyes of the maniac, Marleigh, gleamed at her menacingly. She scarcely suppressed a shriek. Her hand clutched the pew tensely. Something in the gleam of those eyes told her that the man was dangerous. How could he have eluded his guards? But that was of little moment now that—

He was coming toward her. She looked about her wildly. Was there no escape? No; the mad man was between her and the door. The windows were far out of reach. She began to pray, vaguely, incoherently. The sun was streaming in at the glorious upper panes; was all that beautiful, sun-lit world without to be taken from her so suddenly, so awfully? Still those eyes! And still that gradual approach!

What was that the curate had said about music? The only thing that—! She began to tremble in joyousness, and then the horror of her position smote her again. To reach the organ loft she must pass the maniac.

He was a very little way off now. She could feel the terrible throbbing of her heart; tears seemed to be choking her. A downward shaft of sunlight flashed on a long knife that the maniac was carrying open; a wild fierceness showed upon his horrid face so void of reason.

She was praying.

"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." There were sobs in her voice. It was too cruel! So young, so fair! "Lord deliver us from evil!" Her eyes fell on the hymn book lying before her.

Suddenly the maniac stood still, and some of the horrible fire in his eyes began to die out. Up, high up, rose that glorious voice, the voice of Miss Alnwick. "Nearer, My God, to Thee." She was singing the glorious hymn as never mortal sang it before. Had she ever sung before? She hardly knew. She knew only that she must reach the organ loft, and that to keep the maniac quiet, she must go there singing.

She rose in her seat, a beautiful figure, with the terror about the great, trustful eyes, and the agony of desperate resolve about her white face. The rays of the dying sun, streaming through golden-colored glass, haloed her hair, her brow, her eyes. She was like a spirit, not a woman.

Slowly, step by step, she approached Marleigh. Oh, the exquisite fervor of that voice! The whole chapel seemed to thrill in the beauty of it. Now the words were German. That pathetic ballad, of Andreas Hofer, how appropriate it was. She sang the line "Andreas Hofer betet, allhie zum letzten Mal," wondering if this were not also her own last prayer in life.

She was only two yards from the maniac. He held the knife loosely now, and there was only a grave expression of interest on his face. He was listening intently.

She passed him. He turned and followed her, very slowly. Perhaps, if she had at all hurried her pace at this time, who knows—? But she walked no faster than before, still singing. But the horror of it was all the more intense, because she could *feel* his eyes now, without seeing them. Never was there so much tenderness, such pleading, in a human voice! It was enchantment, bewilderment. But the physical strain of it was telling on her.

She reached the organ with a final, triumphant burst of song. As she began playing wild, fierce things from Wagner, she saw that white face below her, she heard a terrible buzzing in her ears, she almost fainted from sheer physical and nervous exhaustion. But she saw a dreamy look of satisfaction stealing over the maniac's pale features, and she knew the battle was won if only she could play until someone came to look for her. Surely they would miss her soon!

Out through the dewy twilight floated the thunderous grandeur of that music. It streamed from the chapel like rays from the sun. Within, the place was growing dark; the player at the organ could only dimly see the body of the chapel, but always that naked white face stood before her and below her.

When they came, at last, all the people from the hall, they found Marleigh sitting there, smiling and beating time. Miss Alnwick was playing so that they all listened spell-bound. It was not like earth music. It was of the beyond. It had heights and depths, passions and harmonies, that none had ever heard before, that none ever heard again.

The young curate finally went up to her. "It is all right now, Miss Alnwick," he

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assured her, gently, "they have taken him away. You must come away now and try to forget this horror. They are all anxious—"

But Miss Alnwick went on playing that music that was not of earth.

J. PERCIVAL POLLARD.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOOTBALL CONTROVERSY.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 28th. Editor THE WAVE.—DEAR SIR—In the last issue of your journal appeared a communication signed by Mr. Walter S. Brann, Manager of the U. C. Football Team, in which he purports to correct certain alleged misstatements appearing in THE WAVE of the previous issue. Among other things he says, "I hope you will pardon me for suggesting that you were misinformed in regard to the facts of the case." If the editor of THE WAVE was misinformed he certainly did not show it in the article in question. In fact the statements therein made were so accurate and the comment so just that I was led to believe that the editor of THE WAVE had himself attended the game; and those statements of facts made in the article in question can be verified not only by every member of the Olympic team, but by many unprejudiced outsiders who witnessed the game, among them several members of the University Club.

Mr. Brann next speaks of an "Official Scorer of the game," and of "Mr. Edwin Fish, the Official Scorer of the game." Now, as a member of the Olympic Club, I would like to know by whose authority Mr. Edwin Fish was appointed "Official Scorer," or by whose authority any one was appointed "Official Scorer?" Mr. Sherrard informs me that he never agreed to the appointment of such scorer and never heard it suggested that one be appointed; therefore, I must take it for granted that Mr. Brann imposed upon himself the task of appointing an Official Scorer without consulting the Olympic representatives. But this appointment does not seem to have taken place until after the last game, as Mr. Fish was not heard of in that capacity before, but was known as Berkeley's hired coach. And it seems Mr. Brann took good care to appoint the hired ex-coach of the University team, who, in his reports of the game, has exhibited the unreasonable partiality of the most enthusiastic student in Berkeley. To verify this last statement I need only refer to his reports of the first and third games. But I do not intend to criticise Mr. Fish, for, of course, as he was brought from the East to coach Berkeley, and did coach them for a while, he has a natural pride in seeing them win and in recording their brilliant plays.

Mr. Brann again says: "I beg, sir, that you will verify the statements which I have submitted by comparison with the official score of the game, and that you express your altered opinions in the next issue of THE WAVE." The only official score of the game is the one kept by the referee, and as the referee was Mr. Zion, and as Mr. Zion's acts as referee are under discussion, it would prove nothing for him to verify anything the U. C. may say; we will take it for granted that he will verify their every utterance.

Mr. Brann's letter is not even deserving of dignified consideration, as it contains evident indications of insincerity. He knows that when he speaks of "Mr. Edwin Fish, the Official Scorer of the game," that he is seeking to trifle with both the editor of THE WAVE and the members of the Olympic team. He knows that the only positions held by Mr. Fish were reporter for the *Examiner* and Berkeley's hired coach. His only object in speaking of Mr Fish as the "Official Scorer," must have been to hoodwink the subscribers to and editor of THE WAVE.

Mr. Brann does not pretend to justify or protect Referee Zion; he does not state that Mr. Zion was impartial in his decisions, but he says, "When a team like the Olympic eleven protests at all times, with no shadow of evidence to support its claims," etc., etc. It seems folly to attempt to answer such idle generalities as these, especially in view of the fact that Mr. Brann in conversation with myself as well as other members of the Olympic Club, has stated that although he was on the touch line within twenty feet of the players, he was too excited to see the plays upon which the rank decisions were made against us. This being the case, one would suppose him disqualified from making the assertion that we had no *shadow of evidence* to support our claims.

And now, in conclusion, since Mr. Brann has seen fit to refer to the *Examiner* of November 13th, let me quote briefly from that issue. The *Examiner* says: "In the following scrimmage Pierce's interference permits an advance, Sherrard claims not in play, referee decides it was, and ball goes to U. C. on fourth down." "A similar interference is made by the Olympics, and Ricketts drops on the ball, but the referee decides that the ball was not in play, and the ball is given to U. C." Please notice that on "*similar*" interference by the Olympics the referee reversed himself and gave the ball to the U. C., and this, too, when the Olympics were within six feet of making another try and perhaps a goal. Very respectfully,

FELTON TAYLOR.

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A figure so benignly sweet—
Across my brain will often flit
The saying of an old-time wit,
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When Julia carves with dainty hands,
Whose every touch is light and neat,
The toughest breast should tender grow,
The dryest joints new flavor show—
"Grace before meat."

When Julia carves, her gracious smile,
Which gives to me a welcome sweet,
Sends through my heart a curious thrill—
Devotion doth my spirit fill:
"Grace before meat."

—*F. P. Morix, in Kate Field's Washington.*

LET ME BELIEVE.

Let me believe you, love, or let me die!
If on your faith I may not rest secure,
Beyond all chances of peradventure sure,
Trusting your half avowals sweet and shy,
As trusts the lark the pallid, lawn-lit sky:
Then I would rather in some grave obscure
Repose forlorn than living on endure
A question each dear transport to belie.
It is a pain to thirst and do without,
A pain to suffer what we deem unjust,
To win a joy and lay it in the dust;
But there's a fiercer pain—the pain of doubt;
From other griefs death sets the spirit free;
Doubt steals the light from immortality!

—*Figaro.*

"My friends tell me that there is a magic spell about my writings," said the author, complacently, as the editor looked over some of his manuscript.

"Yes, I guess there is, but I prefer Webster's style of orthography myself" replied the editor, as he handed the manuscript back.—*Truth.*

That grand organ, the Santa Cruz *Sentinel*, snatches victory from defeat thusly: "Our candidate for the Presidency was lost in the storm, but we have the consolation of knowing that our climate can never be snowed under."

J. D. FRY, President HENRY WILLIAMS, Vice-President
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OAKLAND GOSSIP.

OAKLAND, November 29th. DEAR WAVE:—The fear that some dreadful catastrophe is going to befall us is upon me—thanks to the croakings of our men of science—and I fear it will be almost an impossibility for me to collect my thoughts sufficiently to write of last week's happenings and those in prospect. The treat that last week can boast of is Salvini, whom we went to see in all his plays and fell deeply in love with; May Tubbs was specially demonstrative, in her terms of admiration; so was Bessie Wheaton. One evening the greater part of the Charity Company was there and they took the leading ladies of the company, too, which was a novelty for the charity boys. If the friendship which exists between a well-known couple in that company does not terminate in a real love affair, I will treat to the champagne. They will give fine representations of "Rosedale," on the fourteenth and fifteenth, and I have promised to give them my patronage, but, in return, they must give at least two entertainments a year to the girls. On the eighth they intend giving a big pow-wow at the theatre, and the various members of the company will give a display of their talents, and then the seats will be auctioned at a small premium. Only those who have invitations will be admitted. Tom thinks it would have been better to have put a good price on the tickets and not have gone to the trouble of an auction, but Phil, Jack, Lester, and Harry are running the affair, and it is useless to give advice.

The gay and festive Athenians are weary of my constant fault-finding, and have promised to have a "Ladies' Chirps" some time before Christmas. They have also partly promised to give us the use of their rooms for a charity ball (wonder if they will turn that famous picture to the wall), but *sub rosa*, dear, all the members of the Club are not of the *haut ton*, and the attendance of their lady friends might prevent the exclusiveness that "our set" always try to have—even at our charity gatherings. Last week the "Chorister Boys" gave a concert, and womanly Bessie Lee Wall gave a recital, and Mrs. Bachelder sang, and in the near future we will have the entertainment in the new home for young women. The affair will last several days, and all the ladies and girls who find the pleasures of home life burdensome will have an occasion to treat us to a display of their talents and beauty as there is to be booths of all nations and character acting, in costume, and music, dolls and refreshments for sale, so the poor homeless girls in Oakland will soon have a refuge from the snares and enticements of this wicked place, and it is to be hoped that the home will be better managed than the Fabiola and various other places for which a suffering public is always furnishing funds.

Nina Pringle's party was a perfect success, and she made a charming hostess, always was on the *qui vive* for the pleasure of her guests. Just think! December is upon us, and Nina's was the first dancing party of the season. Would that some others would follow her example. Among those who looked especially pretty were the McKees, Whitneys, Robina Moore, Cullens, Mrs. Charlie Comstock, Rae Vrooman, and Grace Bartlett. Some of the beaux with whom I danced were Shafter Howard Dr. Richardson, Harry Pringle, Jim McKee, and Louis Ralston.

By the way, ask pretty Ed Vinzent, with the flute-like voice, how he managed to lose a young lady's sealskin cap while taking a drive one night when the moon was not in all her glory.

Rhodes Borden and Harry Coleman are neglecting the Oakland maiden and seek most of their pleasure on the other side. After a little they will be as great strangers as Robert Grayson, who used to be the life of every party over here. For the neglect of the first two I do not care, but Floy, Bessie, Allie, and Amy spend many useless hours in lamenting their desertion. Tom dined with a gay party on Jackson Street Thanksgiving Day, and says that the little *affaire du cœur*, that exists between Annie and Cleve is becoming quite serious, and all the boys who are devoted to this gay young bachelor fear that he is going to make the lady Annie D——.

Was going to tell you of a dinner that I had at our swell hotel with Dr. Richardson but haven't time, so adieu. FROU FROU.

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LAWN TENNIS.

The rainfall on Thanksgiving eve placed the courts of the California Tennis Club in excellent shape for the Club's first double championship tournament on Thanksgiving day. The clubhouse balcony was very comfortably crowded, as was also the Scott Street veranda, by friends of the different players, and an enthusiastic crowd they were, taking advantage of every opportunity to cheer the many clever drives, lobs, smashes, and volleys of their favorite teams. The entry list was not large, only eleven teams taking part, but this deficiency was lost sight of owing to he fact of there being no defaulting, every team being at the courts ready to play at the appointed hour, something very rarely heard of in our local tournaments. Stetson, S. Hoffman, and Wilberforce, as tournament committee, deserve every credit due for their smooth manipulation of affairs which went off without a hitch.

The first match in the preliminary round was between the Collier brothers and Field and Allen, a rather unfortunate collision for the former team, as they only afforded but little amusement for their opponents who won easily by a score of 6-4, 6-3. In justice to Paige Collier it must be said, however, that his playing was far above that of his more experienced brother.

The Whitney brothers had no easy time in defeating Hooper and Mitchell. With the exception of the final match, it was the only match that took more than two sets to decide. Score 6-4; 4-6; 6-3.

De Long and Stetson had a very easy snap with Eyre and Keeler, and won by a score of 6-0; 6-0.

In the first round Wilberforce and Davis defeated Bishop and Bradshaw easily. Score 6-3; 6-1.

Field and Allen met the Whitney brothers in this round, and were successful by a score of 7-5; 6-2.

Hobart and Allison tried their utmost to dethrone the kings when they met De Long and Stetson, but their efforts were met with great consideration by their opponents, who won handily. Score 6-3; 6-3.

Simpkins and Schmiedell, the heretofore unknown quantity, had their hopes shattered, not, however, without a struggle, by the musical team, Lee and Hoffman. Score 6-3; 7-5.

The semi-final round began with a match between Wilberforce and Davis against Allen and Field. The former team played a very strong game throughout the first set, and were beaten by a close score of seven games to five.

In the second set Davis played unusually strong but Wilberforce did not play with the dash and accuracy which characterized his play during the first set.

Field and Allen won the last set much as they pleased. Score 6-3.

De Long and Stetson walked through Hoffman and Lee; 6-4; 6-2.

The final round for the cups between Field and Allen and Stetson and De Long resulted, after five hotly contested sets, greatly to the surprise of the large audience assembled, in a clever and plucky victory for the new team, Field and Allen. Score, 6-4; 3-6; 6-1; 1-6, 7-5. Great credit is certainly due the winning team, for it seemed to all a foregone conclusion that Stetson and De Long would win, and after their recent defeat of the Hardy Brothers (champions of the Pacific Coast), everyone expected a walk-over. The game put up by the winners was a revelation to even their best friends, who did not think them capable of such good work. Its best features were the brilliant smashes, good volleying, and swift backhand strokes of Allen, together with Gerry Field's hard drives, accurate lobs and his cool and collected style of play at most critical points of the match. De Long played his usual hard swift volleying game, but did not score as many of his "bump" shots as usual. His head work at the net was excellent. There are many who think that Stetson's game was not at times up to his usual standard, but, be that as it may, the genial Secretary says that he has "no excuses to offer."

All voted the tournament a great success, and after the final match adjourned to the cozy clubhouse, where, in many a glass of sparkling punch, they drank to the success of the new champions.

The ladies' tournament, on Saturday last was another grand success. There was quite a gathering of spectators, but owing to the threatening weather a good many that would have been there preferred to stay indoors.

Every match was stubbornly contested, but Miss Susie Morgan, the Coast champion, clearly demonstrated her superiority and won rather handily, defeating Miss Lord in the final round by a score of 6-4; 6-3

Weather permitting, the ladies defeated by Miss Morgan were to have played on Wednesday last for the second prize. Those who were to play are Miss Gibbs, Mrs. A. E. Wood, and Miss Lord.

The gentlemen's teams defeated by Field and Allen will probably play to-morrow for second prize. Collier and Collier, De Long and Stetson, Davis and Wilberforce, and Whitney and Whitney will play off for the prize.

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MODISTE

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FASHIONS BY LETTER.

Anne, Dear:—It is really too bad that so many of our girls, whose fathers are rich enough to purchase for them the best materials and the newest styles, have not any one about them to suggest becoming colors. At the big dance, last week, I saw dozens of girls whose gowns were of the most expensive stuff and in the newest fashion—creations to drive their poorer sisters home with envy—yet there had been shown in choice of colors a lamentable ignorance of true effect. One of the prettiest dresses—a charming gown of pink, and not unlike one I described to you a few weeks ago—was worn by a decided blonde, on whose ample figure it was not seen to advantage. If the girl, whose papa can afford to give her a new costume for every reception, had only money enough to purchase taste in color effects, I think M—— would be the best-dressed girl in San Francisco. But an eye for color does not accompany a rich purse, Anne; and you, who must get along on short commons and reversible materials, would have worn gray, that soft, delicate shade that is so becoming to blondes. That tone is all the rage in Paris, and I'm told that at a recent reception there the ballroom looked like the chapel of a sister's convent. But before the next cotillion you will see half the blonde girls in town in gray.

* * *

One of the handsomest dresses I have seen lately came from Paris, and, strangely enough, was worn by a lady whose name rarely appears near yours in the Society items. Nothing handsomer and nothing quite so expensive has been seen at a gathering of the clans of the 400 in some years, and only once in a while, when some Easterner, anxious to dazzle the eyes of Californiennes, attends a ball do you see anything that approaches it in style. The fabrics are the very richest-ivory white repped silk, brocaded satin, and orange velvet. Aside from the carriage and dignity necessary to carry such a combination, one must possess a huge income to preserve it from being a lone chick in the wardrobe. The crossed front and round backed corsage, and the skirt front are of the plain silk, while the brocade shows being in the train. At the top and bottom of the front is a galloon border of gold net, whose design is applied in orange velvet. In order that the corsage may have an accentuating and becoming color, the orange velvet is made into crossed draperies in the bust and short puffed sleeves. From under the corsage, and fastened in the side of the train by a large bow of the orange velvet, starts a wide scarf of point lace. That makes a very beautiful dress for balls or receptions—and I happened to see it worn by the hostess when a few of her friends were calling on her one evening.

* * *

Really, in their efforts to change the fashions, and give us something new every Saturday, the style makers have now and again, like the weather clerks, to fall back on something we have had before. We will soon have an opportunity of seeing how our foremothers looked, and those of us fortunate enough to have family portraits can study the coming fashions from them. An evening dress that will be popular reminds one very much of the styles of 1830, in the short-waisted bodice and full skirt. The costume is made of Undine silk in white, a kind of bengaline with irregular cords, with four narrow overlapping lace ruffles around the skirt, and three huge frills of lace, one above the other, much the same as in sleeves. The epaulettes, shaped like petals, are embroidered with mother-of-pearl sequins and gold thread. The same handsome traceries cover the braces and belt. This is a very pretty costume for the debutante, and I should urge that you advise Jennie, if she has not chosen her coming-out dress, to have it fashioned after this mode. It is an attractive gown, and has that most desirable quality in a bud's dress—simplicity.

* * *

Brocades will probably form the basis of most of the handsome evening gowns this winter. There is a dignity about a heavy brocade that makes it very attractive to the lady who desires to be stylish. You remember our stout chaperon at Del Monte, last summer? "Girls," she said, "when you are as fleshy as I am, you will have to consider more than dress. That is an essential, but time ranks before it. I mean that you will have to get to the dining-room first, so that you can withdraw early; then get a conspicuous seat—and never leave it for a moment while there is a soul about. Your brocade shows to greatest advantage when you are sitting."

The dowagers will, as usual, wear brocades.

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MINING AND FINANCIAL.

At the Stock Exchange, for the last few days, outside of Potosi the fluctuations were not of sufficient variance to attract the attention of the majority of the dealers. One reason for the apparent dullness was on account of the telegraphic service between here and Virginia City being out of order by reason of the heavy storms. Early in the week, on Monday, it was whispered on the street that Hayward was buying Potosi, which at this time was selling at $1.30; under the active buying of Joe Marks it advanced to $2; but Hirshfield, who also has a large clientage at Virginia, began selling the middle stocks [illegible] Chollar and Potosi, until he had the latter selling at $1.75; but on Tuesday Marks again had a buying order and purchased over 2500 shares carrying the price up to $[illegible], and then Ives, who also does business for the inside, began buying, and advanced the price to $2.20. Around these figures the stock fluctuated until Bob Morrow, who is in his natural element when he can bear stock, began selling the stock, and took out whatever backbone there was, and the stock declined to $1.90. The street is mystified about the stock; and, believing Hayward is back of the deal, they say the old man is likely to make things hum.

While no cross-cutting has as yet been done (mention of which I made in last week's WAVE and said another jump could be expected) on the 1 00-foot level, still bunches of ore have been encountered, which, although promising and favorable, not too much faith should be placed in them, and the speculator must proceed with caution. At the South End New York made a spurt and advanced from 30 cents to 55 cents, at which figures several thousand shares changed hands, Stauf and Paxton being the principal buyers. The rise in this stock was attributed to a working test of 100 tons of ore which gave good results, and as there is quite an accumulation of ore at the mine it will be milled. In the Gold Hill group of mines, Belcher, Crown Point, Yellow Jacket etc., there is no particular news to report, and although Belcher held at $1.80 on the news that the average battery sample assay was $32.78 per ton. There was shipped last week to the Brunswick Mill 356 tons of ore, this week 427 tons. But the whole group shows signs of weakness, and from the present outlook should sell for lower figures, and as Challenge and Confidence will be assessed, it will not tend to increase the speculative value of these stocks. At the North End Sierra Nevada, Union, Mexican, Ophir, and Con. Virginia remained during the week at about the same figures, rising or falling 15 or 20 cents as a few hundred shares were bought or sold. There was no news of an encouraging vein received from these mines, the usual prospecting work going on. According to the Superintendent's report the Con. Virginia and California last week extracted and sent to the Morgan Mill 963 tons of ore average, battery sample, $25 90. Bullion valued at $16,946 was shipped to the Carson Mint.

Quite a sensation was created in the San Francisco Board at the close, on Wednesday, when Morrow sold Bannan, of the Pacific Board, 3000 shares of Hale & Norcross at $1.60 per share.

There will not be any particular change in the majority of the mines until their financial condition is posted which must be done the fifth of December, it being the first Monday of the month.

In the outside districts embracing the Bodies, Tuscaroras, Quijotoas, etc., no glimmer of hope can be held out to the stockholders, as there is no market price for the shares, and, with the exception of an occasional sale of 100 shares, they might just as well be off the Board. The Overman shipped two bars of bullion valued at $6569. Belcher has bullion shipped this week valued at $12,250.

What the outcome of the Monetary Conference will be is hard to predict, but from the plan proposed by Alfred de Rothschild, for the European Governments to buy £5,000,000 per year for five years, and which it is thought they will accede to, much relief will come to the silver mining industry. Two mines in the vicinity of Plumas, the Happy Hollow and the Pioneer Hydraulic mines, have each paid their owners $750,000. At Nevada City rich gravel has been struck in the Odin drift gravel mine; the strike was made in the upraise from the main tunnel; three different carloads went $1.50, $16, and $29 per load, which is exceedingly rich, and from the pitch of the ground it is thought the channel will prove to be large; there are 16 men employed. At Shasta, the Iron Mountain Mine shipped, per Wells, Fargo & Co., 13 silver bricks, or 2145 ounces. It is claimed that since the Sierra Buttes Mining Company purchased the Uncle Sam Mine, a net profit of $148,000 has accrued to the stockholders. The Cortes mines, Eureka, Nev., have paid their shareholders, since January, 1892, in dividends, $95,000, and the Eureka Con. in the same time, $12,500. The Ontario mine, which has been paying dividends for 14 years, usually $75,000 at the end of each month, has missed this month, and is likely to pass many months before resuming. The amount of dividends paid by incorporations for the month of November was $367,300, of which the mining companies paid $157,300.

There is to the credit of the Con. Virginia so far on the November account, $33,407.

A dividend of 10 cents per share has been declared by the Standard Mine.

Assessments have been levied during the week by the Commonwealth 10 cents, and Challenge Con. 25 cents per share.

At the Stock and Bond Board less business was done in the past week than for many months, embracing the sale of 200 Spring Valley Water @ $97 50 and $98; California Electric Light 150 @ $20.75 and $21.50; Hawaiian Com. 55 shares @ 5 cents, and [illegible]000 bonds of Spring Valley Water 4's @ $91 75; also 20,000 of new series Street R. R. bonds, the Park & Cliff House R. R. @ 90 to 80. The amount in issue is $350,000; they have three systems of service out: one of $650,000, one of $350,000 and one of $700,000, all 6% per annum.

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SACRAMENTO AFFAIRS.

SACRAMENTO, November 30th. DEAR WAVE:—What a blessing it was that the storm held off until after "The Esoteric" party and Thanksgiving. The past week was quite gay; the swell party on Wednesday, then the holiday, and on two other nights Salvini. But first I must tell you about the party. Old Turner Hall looked quite fine with its new papering and frescoing, and the decorations helped it still further. No matter how many new halls we might have, am sure we should all prove constant to this one; some say it is because the floor is so good for dancing, but I think it is because we always have such good times there, it would really seem as if the old place were a Mascot in that respect. But here I am moralizing and not telling you of the guests. There were about 200 present, all looking their best; the men are a little better in taking the girls to parties than to the theatre, but that is not saying much, for out of that large number attending, not more than twenty girls had escorts. It is really too bad as a number of our most attractive girls are compelled to remain at home because the men are too selfish to put themselves out a little, or too stingy to spend the money.

On Thanksgiving Day we all went to church, of course, and offered up our prayers of gratitude in that we are alive and have enough to eat. Salvini was fine. I had the good fortune to be asked to sit in a box with Mary and Ed, and I tell you it was a treat. I hope it is not true about her going East to study music, and so does Ed. As usual, the men stalked in alone, while the prettiest girls in town came with their mothers or fathers. I was disappointed at seeing Dr. M—— there with another man, as I thought he was one exception to the usual run. I hope some one will ask me to go and see Julia Marlowe, for I hear she is lovely. Mrs. O—— has returned after spending Thanksgiving in Oakland. The Salisburys have gone East; how very quiet she was this summer.

The Episcopal Fair is to come off next week, and, I hear, promises beautiful tableaux with our sweetest girls in them. Ella and Maye say it is to be fine and they ought to know. I am surprised to see that Clara T—— still lingers with us, contrary to her usual custom at this season; wonder if the "sweet singer" has anything to do with it; perhaps she is taking Ruth's place while that young lady is in your city. In regard to the young man, I would give the girls a bit of advice: Don't be too pleasant to one of whom you really know nothing, even though he can sing love songs with a superb voice and impassioned manner.

Jennie McFarland has been visiting her cousins, the Clarkes, and numerous entertainments have been gotten up in her honor, chief among them was the whist party, given by Jennie Lindley. The Stevenson girls are with us again. Phebe has a formidable rival in the dark-eyed one. The girls are lamenting the two Hales as the winter season rolls round; they have taken up their permanent abode in your city. The dancing parties will not seem complete without Reuben. Julia S—— says she misses Prentice as much, almost, as she would Frank.

"The Undine Club" were preparing for a swell ball, but owing to the death of their President, of course, postponed it. This death is the second among our young men within a month; to the bereaved families we tender our sincere sympathy. In my next will try and tell you about the fair, which, I suppose, will be held in Pythian Hall, as that seems to be the favored locality for those affairs. Yours, NINA.

SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, November 29th. DEAR WAVE:—We are so busy now about the Kirmess that nothing else is talked of or even dreamed of. Mesdames Dr. Hill and Dr. Prevost are the leading lights of that society, and as they have full charge of the affair, the Kirmess cannot fail of being the most successful affair ever given here. These ladies devote the most of their time to charitable enterprises, and, as they are exceedingly courteous, very generous, and truly magnetic in manner, receipts will be astonishing. They have secured a host of assistants, but there are some young ladies who declined the invitation.

I think it strange that Stella and Kate should have objected to Addie and Sallie, as the latter are among the most popular girls in town; but then this town is in an objecting mood. Some people even object to showing their pedigree.

The managers tried to induce Grace Spencer to assist, but she was flinty as her father. Mrs. S—— is one of the most truly charitable ladies in this town, but she has the knack of keeping her good deeds out of the papers, and she takes no stock in this blowing-a-trumpet-before-you style.

Grace N—— and young Barker have been engaged to act as curiosities. They will draw well, but I guess the young men will be cautious how they linger around her booth for fear mamma may have a blacksnake along. Stella will be the presiding genius in the American booth. I believe she will personate the Goddess of Liberty, and be costumed in one of the *grande toilettes* worn by her grandmamma in her *salon*. Cora will assist, and it was intended to have one act of "The Rivals" but I believe that has been abandoned. Mrs. W—— could not be induced to lend her presence as she is a trifle nervous over the Harvey divorce case, which promises to be of unusual interest to our 400. The honest truth is, she is actually scared because she fears her name will be dragged in. I don't see how it could; she is such a discreet lady, and gives such beautiful dinners.

Rosalie's blood is up. She threatens to bring a suit for defamation, and that will ventilate a good many of the others. It is too bad that business interests call D. B—— to the city, but then a trip across the bay is good for the health. I ran into the Escholtzia Club's reception Saturday. Miss O—— was the presiding hostess. She is a very stately woman, not so entertaining as Mrs. T——. I will tell you about their sales soon. BABBLER.

FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

FRESNO, November 29th. DEAR WAVE:—Another week in innocuous desuetude for our *jeunesse dorée*; not one entertainment in the swell set, not even "an attempt" in the other sets. 'Twas ever thus with unfortunate Imp. She either has a deluge of social affairs to write up or none at all. I haven't lacked amusement personally, tho', for I can assure you the faces of some of our "know-it-alls," were a positive treat when they read "Arsenic's" last, in which she finds her mistake over my identity. These aforesaid faces assumed looks of surprise, then disgust, to think they had been entertaining and hugging to their precious hearts a false belief all these months. Ha! Ha! I wonder who will be the next victim?

W. D—— entertained a small party of "congenial spirits" at a "mit" dinner last week, and I hear the *piece de resistance* was "mits" head, served *a la* "punch bag." So unaccommodating of Mit to dishonor W. D——'s check, just when he was making an elegant impression.

The boys had an attempt at a meeting Friday evening, and decided on the evening of December 26th for a swell ball, invitations to be sent to members of the 150 *only*. The tippling matrons, of clubhouse fame, the married flirts, the giddy girls and boys will be left out entirely, as this affair is to establish the precedent and be very swell or nothing. Now the Society leaders and our swell matrons can have no possible excuse for remaining away from this function, and I do hope they will attend and add by their presence to the air of elegance that used to surround the '89–'90 dances.

Dr. and Mrs. Cooper give a small At Home to-morrow evening in honor of their young guest. This is the Coopers' initial effort, but I trust it will be followed by many such affairs; their elegant home is perfectly suited to entertainments in the social line. Miss Long, the elocutionist, has undertaken the task of getting up an entertainment for the benefit of the Library Fund. As all amateur entertainments are more or less a bore, let me suggest a dance as an attraction for the younger set—the dance, of course, to follow the dramatic entertainment.

"My Official Wife," by the Seligman-Cuttings, is promised us soon; Johnny and Lee have spoken for boxes so as to miss nothing of the acting of Mr. Cutting, of the McAllister band. Lee seems to be getting a trifle rusty, and Johnny's jolly laugh is not heard as often as we could wish. Yours, IMP.

LOS ANGELES LIFE.

LOS ANGELES, November 29th. DEAR WAVE:—There's something wrong somewhere. The other night, at a meeting of the Science Association, the seventy or eighty learned people present sat in sedate and dignified silence, and listened to a paper from the Secretary of the Association on "How to Make Abalone Soup." Her subject ostensibly was "The Abalone," but, while her dissertation would do admirably for *Life*, or the comic column of a penny newspaper, it shot wide of the mark when read as a scientific paper before a scientific organization whose members naturally expected something of scientific interest on this branch of conchology. Was it any wonder that when the President called for discussion there was a long and deep and profound silence that spoke volumes.

The event of last week in a social way, was the reception tendered by Mrs. F. A. Eastman to Miss Julia Marlowe. The gossips are busy now trying to account for the reason why Mrs. Eastman paid this marked attention to the pretty actress, and persist in saying that Barrett Eastman is engaged to Miss Marlowe. This isn't so, though, for he recently denied it in a dramatic journal which published the engagement as a bit of news. He wrote a very bright letter, too, in which he said that, unfortunately for him, there was no truth in the statement.

The second Exchange party of the season came off last Tuesday night. These affairs are semi-public balls, to which any one who has the necessary dollar, and can pass the critical eye of the committee, is admitted. It was resolved in the beginning that full evening dress would not be tolerated—they were simply little "small and early" dancing parties, and the lights were to be rung down at midnight promptly. I went last Tuesday night and wore a simple costume as I supposed the rest would, but what do you think? I haven't seen more elaborate evening dresses this season than were disported there that evening, and I find on inquiry that the dressmakers were literally swamped with orders for the most elaborate ballroom gowns. The funny part of it was that about one-half the ladies, who, like myself, supposed that the original rule would be adhered to, appeared in street costumes, and nearly all the gentlemen wore business suits. Imagine the contrast: A lovely belle in white gauze, *decollete en traine*, clasped in the arms of a partner arrayed in a checked tweed suit. Are we provincial as Lillian Russell says, or is this cosmopolitan or metropolitan? I confess I am puzzled over the queer antics of "Society." A woman in red—absolute scarlet from gloves to slippers—was the observed of all observers. She danced with Mr. C—— nearly every set.

Hamlin Garland is here, and will give readings next Saturday night under the auspices of the Ruskin Art Club, whose destinies are presided over now by Mrs. Judge H——, who, though people tell me she has considerable literary ability, is a decided social snob.

The Hall-Stewart wedding reception occured on Wednesday. The wedding was a very pretty one, but the bridesmaids' gowns were too high-colored to be in good taste, the pink was too pink and the blue too intense. Just a mere hint of color is prettiest, if one must have any colors at all, so thinks KIT.

A FINE HOLIDAY DISPLAY.

Among the presents that will be bestowed at Christmas this year will be some of those boxes of exquisite stationery that Sanborn, Vail & Co. show. This firm has devoted much attention to their stock of writing material, and everything that is required in the desk is to be found at their magnificent store in handsome profusion. The holiday display already made by this firm is as pretty as may be seen anywhere. I desire to call attention to the splendid window display that this firm makes. There is no better evidence of the fact that the holiday season is approaching than can be found here. No windows in this city are more attractive, and the large crowd that may be seen there every day enjoys a very artistic treat. In every department Sanborn, Vail & Co. have renewed their stock, and the best lines of goods carried in the city will be found there.

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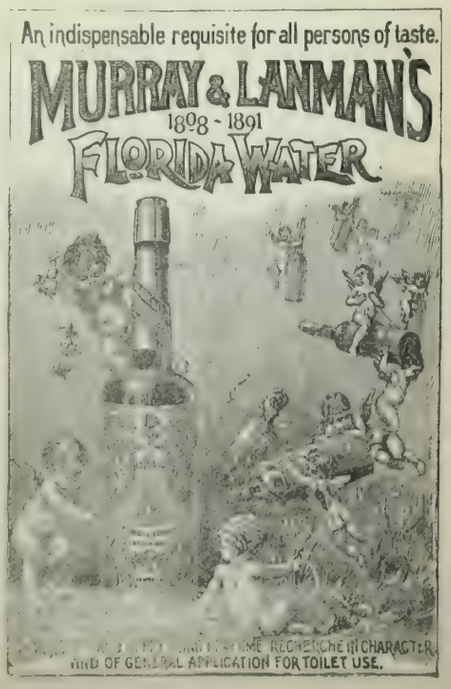

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From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere and San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:40 A. M.; 3:30, 5.05, 6:20 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 1:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6.25, 7:55, 9:35, A. M.; 12.45, 3:40, 5.05 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6.50, 8.20, 1.55 A. M., 1.10, 4.05, 5.55 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 5:35 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:40, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:55 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days	Leave San Francisco. Sundays	Destination.	Arrive San Francisco. Sundays.	Arrive San Francisco. Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:50 p m	8.50 a m 10.30 a m 6.10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale and Way Stations.	7:50 p m	10:30 a m 6.10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:50 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:50 p m	10.30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10.40 a m 6:05 p m	8.50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6.05 p m	10.30 a m 6:10 p m

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs' Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay; Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Bartlett, Calpella, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Cummings, Willits and Eureka.

Excursion tickets from Saturdays to Monday: To Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $2 25; to Healdsburg, $3.40; to Cloverdale, $4.50; to Hopland, $5.70; to Ukiah, $6.75; to Sebastopol, $2.70; to Guerneville, $3.75; to Sonoma, $1.50; to Glen Ellen, $1.80.

Excursion tickets, good for Sundays only. To Petaluma, $1.00; to Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg, $2 25; to Cloverdale, $3.00; to Ukiah, $4.50; to Hopland, $3 80; to Sebastopol, $1.80; to Guerneville, $2.50; to Sonoma, $1.00; to Glen Ellen, $1.25.

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(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE	FROM NOVEMBER 1, 1892.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*12.15 p m
.....	Niles and San Jose	†6.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, and Calistoga	6.15 p m
*7.30 a m	El Verano and Santa Rosa	*6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7.15 p m
8.00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton	*8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Martinez	12.15 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, Stockton, Merced and Fresno	12.15 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Benicia, and Sacramento	10.15 a m
4.00 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.15 a m
4.00 p m	Vacaville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	10.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	9.15 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	9.15 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
†7.00 p m	Vallejo	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡7.45 a. m.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p. m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.38 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.03 p m
12.15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.30 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.37 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, Gilroy and Principal Way Stations	*9.47 a m
*4.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7.30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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[In effect November 1, 1892.]

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. Sundays—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:10 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO to MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, A. M.; 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.20, 7.45 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, A. M., 12 M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip Saturdays at 6:30 P. M. Fare, 50 cents round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.30, 7.58, 9:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:15 P. M. Fare, 40 cents round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.55, 8.15, 9:55, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:40 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:40, A. M.; 12:45, 2.15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:10 P. M. Fare, 25 cents round trip.

Leave San Francisco	Through Trains. Destination.	Arrive San Francisco.
7:30 A. M. Week days 1:45 P. M. Saturdays 8:00 A. M. Sundays	Camp Taylor, Tocalomi, Point Reyes, Tomales and Way Stations	10:25 A. M. Mondays 12:15 P. M. Week days, except Mondays 6:10 P. M. Daily
	Hopland,	
7:30 A. M. Week days 1:45 P. M. Saturdays	Duncan Mills, Cazadero and Way Stations.	10:25 A. M. Mondays 6:10 P. M. Week days

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Sunday Excursion—Round trip tickets: Point Reyes, $1; and Tomales, $1.50.

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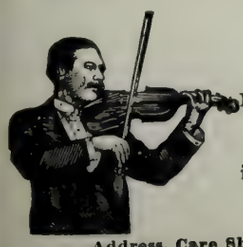

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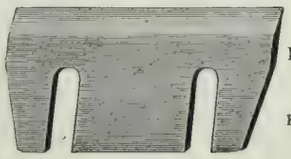

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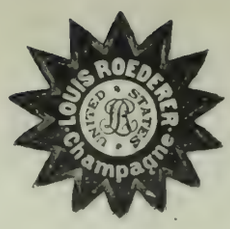

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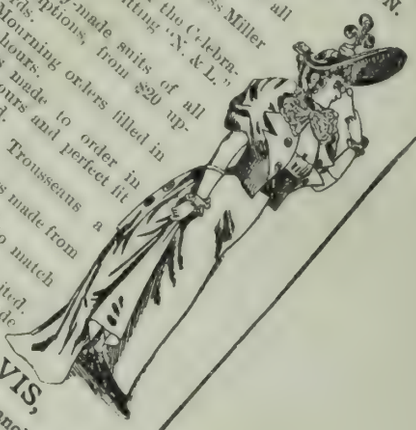

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The Wave

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

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SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 10, 1892.

SPLASHES.

FOR YEARS PAST the season has opened with the first cotillion. This time Mrs. Tevis inaugurated the winter with a tea, and since then festivities, if not legion, have at least been frequent. The sombre dullness of November a variety of small balls, small dinners, and large receptions have relieved; and though few coming events are engaged in casting shadows before them, it is safe to believe the future has agreeable possibilities. In spite of Jupiter Pluvius, the initial german of the Friday Night Club was a success. If the driving rain kept home some belles of the past the debutantes were all there in festal array. Who shall say, then, that the others were missed?

* * *

The masculine element was decidedly in the majority. Maidens who came without partners found a supply to select from. The army and navy were adequately—even admirably—represented, and, seemingly, everyone wanted to dance. That, I suppose, was out of compliment to the temperature, which was far removed from fever heat. Of course, the hall looked very pretty. The snowy canvas set off to advantage the swell costumes of maids and matrons; round the walls the dowagers and chaperones made a very effective paneling. Mr. Sheldon led a series of simple figures assisted by Mrs. Ellicott, who wore a costume that suited perfectly her refined and delicate style. He is a past master in the art, never loses self-possession, and everything went with exceeding smoothness.

* * *

There has never been such a season for debutantes. They have things a great deal their own way, usurping the attention accorded in the past to survivors of other Winters. But there are several very pretty and a few decidedly effective-looking girls among them, and that accounts for everything. Miss Bee Hooper is quite a pretty girl, so is Miss Alice Merry. Miss Celia Tobin had quite a number of admirers. Miss Catherwood looked well in a beautiful gown. Miss Helen Perrin's type is rare in San Francisco, and she appeared to charming advantage. Miss Josephine Delmas is another very pretty bud. Miss Furth, of Seattle, was well gowned and attracted more than her share of attention; she is the daughter of a Washington banker and quite an heiress. Miss Ethel Lincoln, a very sweet-looking, quiet maiden, looked her best in a dress of some soft, white material.

* * *

Of the married contingent, young Mrs. Carolan certainly was the belle. She wore a magnificent gown and had as much attention as any of the maidens. Mrs. Spreckels, however, shares the laurels, and the initiated assure me her costume was one of the handsomest they had ever seen. Among the girls, Miss Alice Ames, in pale green, bore off the palm. Miss Mae Dimond appeared to decided advantage, so did Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Holbrook and Miss Hillyer. Miss Clement was very effective in a swell gown. At midnight everyone adjourned for supper, which was as sumptuous as usual, served in Ludwig's best style. Afterwards there was dancing to the agreeable harmonies of the Hungarian band whose playing was much admired. Mr. Greenway, though he could not be present owing to his recent bereavement, attended to all the arrangements, and is to be congratulated on the success of the affair.

* * *

WILL THAT COSMOS CLUB ball ever take place? In spite of the rumor I gave currency to some weeks ago, of an interesting possibility in that direction, I am told the chances are becoming beautifully less. For ball giving there seems but slight enthusiasm, and no one member has the courage to advocate it vigorously. This is too bad. The Club owes it to itself occasionally to give a party or two. Of all the social institutions in San Francisco it has the least individuality and no one has ever found out its *raison d'etre.* One knows that the Pacific-Union is the home of the capitalist and the successful professional man, that active business men, amateur vocalists, and a sprinkling of artists and journalists make up the Bohemian Club, and that at the University one finds the younger element, lawyers, and the active professional class generally.

* * *

But of the Cosmos, what can one say? Save the army and navy it is not identified with any single line of exertion. It has doctors, lawyers, and merchants, but, like the Club, their individuality is not marked by salient characteristics. Therefore, it behooves the Cosmos to launch out. One ball a year would, at least, justify its existence. Then, other entertainments might profitably be devised. Nothing like a word in season, for the Club that does not exert itself nowadays must expect to be forced to the wall.

* * *

AT MONTEREY, last week, the storm did but little damage. True, it lopped from the pines and cypresses a few branches, and miniature Niagaras played havoc with the steps leading to the Laguna del Rey, but that is all. As a recompense, the hills have taken on their winter livery of green, and the water courses are full to the brim of swift, rushing streams. I regret to learn it will be impossible to have the baths open for the New Year. It is necessary, after the summer season, to dry them perfectly before they can be painted. Several coats must be applied, and some time allowed each. Last year the three tanks were filled in a hurry, and the result was that the hot salt water peeled off the paint in no time.

* * *

The indications are, however, for a very successful Christmas season. There are about a score of applications for accommodation already in, and I have heard of a number of people who indicate an intention of seeing the New Year in under the cypresses. It is quite within range that a big ball may be given under unusual auspices, and that would certainly attract a crowd. Chef Harder, I understand, is preparing a *menu* for the supper New Year's night to surpass anything he has ever presented before.

* * *

THE CONCORDIA CLUB'S entertainment surpassed expectation. It was, indeed, a tremendous success. Over the jokes the members are still laughing and everyone is lost in admiration of the ladies' cleverness. Really a breezy, audacious performance, it was full of snap and swing, and *diablerie.* Indeed, though the character of the programme was understood, the details were unsuspected. The curtain arose disclosing some thirty maidens in a costume that was really charming. Black satin skirts below the snowiest of white shirt fronts ruffled in gorgeous style, a single diamond shining in the centre. Vests and the nattiest "clawhammers," also in black satin, completed the make-up. In the middle of the first row sat Miss Henrietta Meyer, the interlocutor. Sam Newmark and Eugene Korn, in the most exaggerated of colored costumes, blacker than aces of spades,

were end men. Beside them sat Mr. Dinkelspiel and Charles Sutro attired as colored ladies. The banjos were wielded by the girls.

* * *

It was quite a family affair—all home talent. For weeks past President Charles Ackerman, assisted by the entertainment committee, have been at work on gags and jokes to be exploded on the audience. Nigger dialect ruled supreme. The audience, individually and collectively, were poked fun at. No sooner did one youth cease blushing at a home thrust than another was combating the crimson flood that a witticism had provoked. Honors were evenly divided. The comic dialogue between Miss Silverberg and Miss Slessinger was capital. Miss Salz was rapturously encored for her rendering of a parody on "The Bowery" called "Concordia." Mrs. Rothschild sang an adaptation of "Tell Me With Your Eyes," which evoked shouts of laughter. The ballad singing of Miss Kalisher and Mrs. A. L. Brown was uniquely good—far better than the ordinary run of professional work.

* * *

As the best of the gags were of local or personal significance it would be useless repeating them. Here, however, is an especially neat one.

Why are Concordia bonds like orphans?

Because they will never see par again.

It should be explained that one cannot buy the Club's securities for love or money nowadays. Following the minstrels was a performance by eighteen maidens *a la* Bandurria Club, who played selections on the guitar, mandolin, and banjo with so much *esprit* that the audience yearned to dance. The third act was a one-act play written by Charles Ackerman with contributions from the members of the *dramatis personæ* who acted in each instance in their own characters—certainly an innovation. It was really very funny, indeed.

* * *

As Mrs. Solomons, the newly-wedded wife of Lucius Solomons, who determined that her hubby shall pass his evenings at home, Miss Theresa Dinkelspiel scored a great success. Irresistibly piquant and clever, her acting was far above the ordinary professional standard. The other participants, Mrs. Walter Levy, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Ackerman, and Mrs. Rothschild summoned by Miss Dinkelspiel to have an evening's amusement at her house, helped out the plot and were subjects for Eugene Korn who gave an amusing imitation of a well-known hypnotist. There was lots of clever dialogue over the telephone. The errant husbands finally make their appearance and when confronted with proof that they have been playing poker make all manner of excuses, but finally confess to the melody of "Reuben, Reuben I've Been Thinking."

* * *

There were lots of good things. Mr. [illegible] known actor, recited a parody [illegible] "Not To Be." Mr. Korn, as a Chinese servant, was inimitable. In fact, it was an interesting and amusing entertainment, and President Ackerman and the Entertainment Committee are entitled to a vote of thanks. Dancing followed, then a sumptuous supper, which the Maison Dorée provided, and then the young and active ones kept the ball rolling until an hour of dawn.

* * *

AT THE UNIVERSITY CLUB the *Argonaut* is in deep disfavor. Could but the identity of "A Disgruntled Member" who signed the complaining letter that appeared last Saturday be discovered his fate would be sad. If his ears are at all sensitive they must be burnt to cinders, so vigorously has he been denounced and roasted. That there is a deficiency in the restaurant department is admitted, but the inference to be drawn from the *Argonaut's* correspondent is that the finances of the institution itself are being administered at a loss. This is not a fact. On the contrary, the Club is a decided success. It has an income of about $1300 per month; the rent is not very heavy and there is a constant increase in the membership. Besides, something like $500 or $600 per month is being applied to the payment of the floating debt contracted when the institution was first organized. Indeed, after all the expenses are paid up there is generally a surplus.

* * *

Clubs differ. It is true the restaurants of the Bohemian, the Pacific-Union, and the Cosmos run behind each month; that of the University is operated at a loss of $400 per month. It is not true, however, that the greater the patronage the greater the deficiency. There is a large profit on the food served, and if a hundred dinners were served each day instead of say twenty, there would soon be a surplus. That is why the ladies' *café* was established, and it is effecting its purpose. Already it has become very popular. The receipts from it, I am told, average about $50 per day, so far. After the theatre there are always a score or so of people partaking of the excellent supper served. Indeed, it seems to me the difficulty is solved. For the disgruntlings of the *Argonaut's* correspondent there was no basis, and my own impression is he should be suppressed.

* * *

The Yale Club gave Camp and McClung a dinner last night. It was a very handsome affair. Charles Page presided. The tables were appropriately decorated, in the centre being the silver football trophy which the University Club has offered for the great contest next Saturday between Berkeley and Palo Alto. On the night of that great event the 'Varsity Club gives them a big reception, at which both teams will be present. This will be an agreeable way of putting the finishing touches on the day's entertainment. The managers of the teams have decided to reserve for the Club a liberal section of the grand stand. This will be decorated with the colors of the various colleges—Yale, Harvard, Darthmouth, Princeton, etc., and will certainly be a brilliant spectacle. There will be banners of dark blue, dark purple, crimson, orange, and a strong mustering of the membership is certainly to be anticipated.

* * *

THE FORTNIGHTLY CLUB has been reorganized and had its first meeting at Mrs. Percy Moore's on Wednesday of last week. Three years ago this organization was quite a factor in the social problem, and it purposes cutting as considerable a figure this time. For objects the Club has the entire range of art, music, and literature, and its entertaiments may be interesting from a point of view other than negative. In former days membership was confined to girls and men not exactly of the debutante order. Now, however, the talent is vigorously re-enforced from the ranks of the very young. The old plan of arranging the entertainments is to be adhered to. At each meeting four or five names are selected by hazard, and on them the onus of providing the next programme devolves.

* * *

It may be music, vocal or instrumental, or a drama. The next gathering takes place at the residence of Mrs. Rathbone on Jones Street, and I am told something very unique is to take place. The officers of the Fortnightly are Miss Peyton, President, and Miss Kauffman, Secretary. Under their directions something worth the hearing may be attained. I am sure, though, the co-operation and assistance of Mrs. McLane Martin, at whose house the old Club met, will be missed.

* * *

The event of next week will be Mrs. Catherwood's tea, at the Occidental Hotel, on Wednesday. It is to be a very large affair, as Mrs. Catherwood has a wide circle of friends who will, of course, attend. It is to be followed by a very small dance, which Miss Catherwood gives. The large dining-room will be utilized for dancing, and supper is to be served in the lunch-room. Later in the season Mrs. Catherwood talks of giving a small *bal masque* at her home on Pacific Avenue. This would certainly be a pleasing variation on the usual order of festivities.

* * *

Mrs. Butters *née* Sangteller, after spending the summer season at Fruitvale with her daughter, Miss Lucile Edwards, left for New York last week and sailed on the "Teutonic" for England. She was accompanied by her son, Mr. David Edwards. Mr. Butters joins the party in London and together they journey to South Africa, their destination being Johannesburg. There Mr. Charles Butters is one of the leading mining men of the Transvaal and they will remain as his guest for several months at least. Miss Edwards continues to reside with her grandparents at Fruitvale.

* * *

Dudedom is delighted over "Ali Baba." That the forty thieves are maidens of seductive mold goes for the saying. Already their glances have burglarized the hearts of the *jeunesse dorée*, and in the front row each night

one sees an array of infatuates the depth of whose devotion may be realized by the regularity of their attendance. Never did chorus girls receive the attention accorded to the sirens who came here in "Sinbad." Many of them are with us again, and, I presume, will be given opportunities of renewing past friendships—that is if the mere word friendship can express the tender emotion they cause. Already I hear of suppers given in honor of a select coterie, and ere they depart I anticipate they will be regally entertained.

* * *

As a matter of fact, Society has had little to entertain it this week. Festivities in the 400 have been few and far between. A few dinners, theatre parties, and other minor forms of hospitality were as numerous as usual, but there were no occurrences. At the Palace, on Monday, Mrs. Dr. Selfridge received callers. Quite a number of her friends come to pay their respects to her. Yesterday afternoon Miss Edna Robinson gave a girls' tea at her home on Pacific Avenue.

* * *

Archie Treat and Miss Helen Bosqui were married on Wednesday last at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bosqui, in Ross Valley. Mr. Treat is one of brightest and most accomplished young men in San Francisco. He is in the employ of the Southern Pacific and has chosen for his profession the law. He is a Director of the Olympic Club, is an athlete of considerable cultivation, and used to be known as the best amateur photographer in San Francisco. With his perseverance and brains he should be heard from before very long. Miss Bosqui is the first violinist of the Saturday Morning Orchestra. She is a handsome brunette, whose face is full of character and intelligence. After their honeymoon, Mr. and Mrs. Treat will reside at 1812 Broadway.

* * *

Charity is extending into sporting circles. The Blood Horse Association purposes devoting its gate receipts to the aid of certain deserving organizations on next Friday. A programme of events of more than ordinary interest has been arranged for the occasion, and quite a number of ladies well known "in the swim" have agreed to attend. The bookmakers promise to donate something like $500 to the good cause, and between one thing and another considerable coin should be realized.

* * *

Fred Webster's return from an extended Eastern tour was celebrated by a dinner at the Pacific-Union Club on Monday evening last. Some twenty-five members sat down to a very sumptuous repast, and during its consumption a band played luscious melodies. After the solids came speech-making. Mr. Webster was paid many handsome compliments. He told the latest stories current in New York, and, altogether, the affair passed off very deliciously. At the Bohemian Club recently a dinner was given in honor of Ed Pomeroy.

* * *

Charity baseball in aid of the Maria Kip Orphanage, Fruit and Flower Mission, and California Woman's Hospital is to be played to-day at Haight Street. The clubs have secured the services of the Angel Island Band, through the courtesy of Colonel Shafter. The men on both teams are practicing very faithfully, and, although the cold afternoons do not quite agree with their Society fingers, they occasionally manage to hold on to a ball. Between three and four thousand tickets have been sold, and the affair promises to be a great success. Society will be out in force.

* * *

Frank S. Johnson leaves for the East next week, to be gone for some time. I understand the business that takes him away is connected with the Panama Railway Company, in which he is greatly interested.

* * *

The people of Oakland and San Francisco are looking forward with some impatience to the production of "Rosedale" by the Charity Company on December 14th and 15th. The young people in the troupe have done excellent service in the cause of charity before, and have given much pleasure by their performances.

* * *

A. B. Spreckels gave a farewell dinner to Ariel Lathrop on Monday evening last, at the Pup. It was a very swell affair. The *menu* was elaborate, the *plats* were most excellently cooked, and the company was congenial. Mr. Lathrop leaves behind him many good friends who had learned to appreciate his generous and true-hearted characteristics. After the *café noir*, speeches were made. S. M. Shortridge spoke of the estimation in which all who knew him held Mr. Lathrop, and expressed in eloquent phrases the real regret felt over his departure. Thomas Williams made a very pleasant talk, so did John D. Spreckels and William Cunningham. The others present besides these were Charles Lathrop, C. W. Smith, Louis Lessac, W. M. Weed, and Orrin Hickox.

* * *

Many poor hearts will be made glad this year because of the *Examiner's* efforts. The Monarch is doing something more than providing necessaries and toys for ragged St. Giles. It is proving to the poor that the rich hear their cries and know their sorrows; it is telling the school children who have happy homes and heavy Christmas trees that there are many little ones not so well provided for as they are. The Christmas presents this year will be bought in great part by the children; on their efforts will depend much of the success of the *Examiner's* undertaking. They will, under the direction of Annie Laurie, get up a fair at Saratoga Hall, in which they will preside in the booths, take the characters in the Mother Goose Songs, and sell the wares. The public have contributed generously, and THE WAVE urges those who have not yet given anything toward making the little ones happy at Christmas to come forward now.

* * *

THE REMARKABLE HISTRIONIC success achieved by Miss Margaret Craven, daughter of Mrs. N. R. Craven, of this city, I have several times alluded to. Of all the San Francisco girls who have essayed the stage, she has done best. She is now a member of Frohman's leading stock company, and will certainly have a brilliant career—at least, so the critics say. Miss Craven will make her bow to a California audience in "Settled Out of Court" at the Baldwin. In it she has a very pretty part, and ought to be accorded a warm reception. From being a pretty maiden when she left here two years ago, she has developed into a decidedly handsome girl of superb figure and with any amount of manner.

* * *

In "The Sportsman," which the Frohman Company also appear in, Miss Craven has one of the three girl parts, and, I am told, scored a decided hit in Boston. Miss Craven has been made a great deal of in New York, and had the honor of reciting before the largest audience of the campaign under the patronage of the National Committee. This young lady is certainly an exemplification of Galton's theory for her mother is certainly one the cleverest women I have ever met.

* * *

The second of the Alfred Wilkie Palace Ballad Concerts takes place on Tuesday afternoon in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel. The series should be successful, if one may judge from the excellent patronage of the first concert. The programme for Tuesday has sufficient merit in it to satisfy lovers of ballads and madrigals.

* * *

The interest taken in the Panama Railway is growing, and it is stated that it will do much toward relieving the congestion of business that San Francisco now suffers from. If it does a little even, it should be regarded as a boon to the commercial interests of the State, and should be patronized. It is hardly credible that the stories in circulation, regarding the action of the Pacific Mail in accepting $1,000,000 from the Traffic Association on an agreement not to deliver any goods to the Panama Railway Company, can be true; yet I am assured that there is no doubt about this. This would appear to be a determined effort to destroy the company, and as its competition is a matter of great gain to the people of San Francisco, it would be well if they looked into it. If the Panama Railway Company's freight rates are cheaper than those of any rival, it will succeed. The people need it, and they will make use of its facilities.

* * *

SEVERAL WEEKS AGO Mr. Isador Jacobs, a prominent member of the mercantile community, and one of the founders of

Richardson & Robbins' Potted Ham for Picnics and Teas.

the California Traffic Association, wrote a letter to the daily papers in which he explained how that Association had been deftly led away from its original purposes by those having it in charge. He declared that, although possessed of a membership of 270, and having an income of $25,000 a year, the Traffic Association had, during its thirteen months of existence, done nothing whatever for the merchants of this city, who comprise 90 per cent of its bone and sinew. On the contrary, it had entered into a useless contest with the Railroad Commission and consumed its time browbeating and abusing the railroad corporations. Mr. Jacobs concluded by remarking, "As a business proposition for the benefit of San Francisco the Traffic Association will be a success; as a political association it will go to pieces."

* * *

This prophecy, I am told, is about to be realized. The Traffic Association is on its last legs, and, like the San Francisco and Great Salt Lake Railroad, which existed for awhile in the minds of Alvinza Hayward and Daniel Meyer, it will soon become a dream of the past. It has fallen a victim to the proverbial selfishness of trade. Like a trade's union, it is being conducted on a false principle, and, like all false things in this wicked world, it is slowly petering out. However, I do not entirely accept the statements of Mr. Jacobs on this point. He is scarcely an unprejudiced witness. He is in a position to be well informed, it is true, but he has a grievance which is apt to warp his judgment. Let me relate his story before I explain how the file at which the Traffic Association is gnawing is gradually wearing away its teeth. I do not vouch for the facts, but they were obtained from a reliable source, and I have every reason to credit them.

* * *

Mr. Jacobs is a very enterprising man. He ranks A-1 as a mercantile hustler. He conceived the Traffic Association, and its foundations were laid according to his plans. He was a member of the Executive Committee and Chairman of the Classification Committee during the first year of its organization. He was, as every one knows, the active principal of the entire affair. But before the Association had outgrown its swaddling clothes, Jacobs fell afoul of certain members of the Executive Committee, and at the second election they gave him what is called out in the Eleventh Ward, the "wedge." In other words, they kept him off the Executive Committee. This was accomplished by circulating stories that he had been seen talking to Towne, Stubbs, Gray, and other railroad men, and that it was unsafe to longer trust him. He might at any moment, it was represented, prove to be a Benedict Arnold.

* * *

The motives of these members of the Executive Committee were very ignoble. The two gentlemen who headed the conspiracy had actually been associated with Mr. Jacobs in administering an estate only a few months previously. They complained that he had "done them up"—whatever that means in the mercantile sense. They made no concealment of the fact that in shutting Mr. Jacobs out of the Executive Committee they were prompted by vindictiveness. Jacobs, however, was not slow to take his revenge. He immediately retaliated by writing the letter I have already referred to. In that letter he divulged several important secrets. One was the fact that the membership of the Association is 270, of whom only ten reside outside of San Francisco. He also stated another important fact, to-wit, that the interior had never taken any interest in the Association because of the antagonisms that exist, and probably always will exist, between the merchants of this city and those of the country.

* * *

But Mr. Jacobs' letter, I may add, did not cause the dissatisfaction which is likely to soon end the days of the California Traffic Association. That is due to the fact, first, that the organization as now managed has not yet accomplished anything, nor is it likely to; second, that its legislative crusade has practically proved a failure; and, third, that the political caste which has been given to it has never met the approval of a majority of the members. The Traffic Association, like the freight associations of Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, and St. Paul, was designed to be a negotiator for better rates. Instead of proceeding to the office of the Southern Pacific Company and there arguing its grievances, as the merchants of those cities do, it entered into a conspiracy to hoodwink the traders of the interior. It attempted to conceal the fact that its purpose was to make San Francisco the distributing point of the State, and it planned a campaign somewhat upon the order of the spider and the fly. It was a case of luring the country people into the San Francisco net.

* * *

At present the interior terminals system is the great feature of the Pacific Coast railroad situation. Their creation by the Eastern railroad pool has benefited and built up the interior of California, but they have inflicted great damage upon the trade of this city. The injury, however, flows from a natural state of affairs, and cannot be remedied unless we take a decided step backward. Fearing that the merchants of the interior would never co-operate with it in any plan to change the railroad situation, and thus build up the jobbing trade of San Francisco, the Traffic Association—to conceal its real purpose—attacked the Railroad Commission and went into politics. As was quite natural, this has displeased many of its members, especially since the plan, so far, has resulted in failure. Mr. Barry Baldwin, President of the Association, has not been elected Mayor, and neither branch of the Legislature has been secured. A few Senators and Assemblymen are friendly, but not a sufficient number to pass a bill. Thus the Traffic Association, except for its line of clipper ships, is now just where it began over a year ago.

* * *

The Southern Pacific has never been asked to adjust its rates so as to foster the trade of this city, and, of course, it has not done so. The Railroad Commission, intrenched behind Colonel Morgan's report, is more immovable than ever, and there is no prospect that any relief will be obtained from the Legislature. It is a safe wager, therefore, that at this time next year the Traffic Association will have gone the way of all flesh. Its purposes cannot, in the nature of things, succeed, because they are based on a sectional principle, while to achieve results they must, if carried out as now planned, receive the support of the whole State. As a political institution, it must, sooner or later, meet the fate of all business enterprises which dabble in the filthy pool. If the Traffic Association had been prosecuted on the lines laid down by President Stetson in his salutatory, I believe it would now, instead of being racked with internecine dissensions, have something to its credit. But that was not to be. If our trade is ever rejuvenated it must be brought about by business men and statesmen, and not by those short-sighted persons who seek their profit in appealing to the ignorance and arousing the prejudices of the masses.

* * *

HAD JAMES G. FAIR not been a great miner, he would certainly have obtained fame as a writer of fiction. As it is, his millions will not make him a monument, and, dying, who, a decade hence, will remember aught of him? Had he but employed his imaginative faculty in the usual direction literature would have been enriched by a score of novels, brilliant and full of incident as those of Dumas. As it is, I don't believe the Coast has a better story-teller and it is certain Baron Munchausen at his best never had adventures half so astonishing. The scene of the Senator's latest tale is laid in Mexico where he went with his friend Angus of the Nevada Bank. In the sister Republic he has recently acquired some mining property and it became desirable that he should make a personal inspection.

* * *

Such a toilsome journey it was. They had to cross the mountains in Chihuahua by an out-of-the-way trail, and found themselves stumbling among precipices up amidst the clouds. I will leave the Senator to tell the rest of the story:

"Me boy, 'twas a dreadful place. Around us were the biggest boolders ye ever saw. Not a human habitation in sight. As we rode along Angus saw flying up in the sky a wild goose. 'Could ye hit that, Senator?' says he. 'I believe I can, Angus,' says I, and I up wid me gun and just waited until the bird got well into sight, and then I let fly. 'Good shot,' he says again, and I saw I had hit the poor goose just under the right wing.

"'Angus, me boy, we'll have some of that bird for our dinners to-night,' says I, as I

watched it topple slowly down from its airy perch. But beside us was a precipice 2000 feet deep—an abyss—and, as bad luck would have it, didn't the goose fall down there! I'd rather have lost a hundred dollars than that goose, so I got off me mule and I said:

* * *

"'Angus, I'm going to get that bird.'

"'Oh,' says he, 'Senator, you'll hurt yourself climbing over thim boolders.' But I started down. There were great sthones as large as that safe there I had to climb over. Sometimes I was hanging on by me finger nails, fearing each moment would be me last. Just as I was within reach of the poor bird, two huge sthones rolled over me legs. Oh, they were big rocks, as big as me own safe over in me office, and when I got up I found me ankle was sprained. But I got the goose, and commenced slowly climbing backwards, whin Angus and our engineer and some others came to help me up. Shure I'm not better yet," continued the Senator, "but that goose was finer than any I ever tasted, even in the Lick House, and, ye know, me cook there understands me tastes better than anyone I ever met before."

* * *

FORTUNE is always kind to the oppressed sons of Ireland who seek surcease of sorrow in foreign climes, but nowhere are they so well cared for as in San Francisco. At the late election no combination that could have been formed would have had the slightest chance of shutting them out. Why? Because they were in control of all the parties. At the head of the Non-Partisans was our esteemed fellow citizen of Irish descent Mr. Thomas Magee. He was ably assisted in his work by Mr. Timothy R. Sullivan, Chairman of the Executive Committee. The Republican party was under the absolute domination of our also highly esteemed fellow citizens, Mr. Martin Kelly and Mr. Phil Crimmins, both lately from Ireland.

* * *

The Democratic party, although managed by native Americans, was controlled largely by a combination of five, the two leaders of which, Judge Sullivan and Mr. Dwyer, are of Irish descent. The Old Democratic party was entirely in the hands of the Irish, and, like the regular Democrats, many of its candidates bore names that flavored strongly of the Green Isle. When one contemplates the fact that, no matter which party might have triumphed, the sons of the Emerald Island were certain to bag most of the game, he may conclude that if there is no chance for the Irish to "do politics" at home, they are not suffering badly for want of practice here. In fact, with Mr. Broderick in the Auditor's office, Mr. Haley in the County Clerk's office, and Mr. McDade in the Sheriff's office, the favored race will have most of the offices in this town during the next two years.

* * *

But if fortune was kind to Ireland in general how much kinder was she to the Sullivan family. Judge Sullivan and his brother Matthew Sullivan, are to be the attorneys for Sheriff McDade, and still another brother is to become a deputy in the office. J. D. Sullivan, the ex-District Attorney, is to continue as the attorney for Public Administrator Freese. A determined attempt was made early in the campaign to dislodge this gentleman, but Captain Freese was too strong for the conspirators and they were forced to let go. I do not know whether Tim Sullivan of the Non-Partisans is booked for an office or not, but reasoning from general principles, deductively, I should think that in the universal upheaval of Sullivans he ought to get something.

* * *

The hurricane of the products of Ireland this season reminds me of the election of 1877. In that year the Democrats won a sweeping victory, similar to that of last month, and for similar reasons—a bitter faction fight in the opposing party. On that occasion there was a rainfall of Murphys. Big Jim Murphy, of Del Norte, was elected to the Assembly and became Speaker *pro tem.* Barney Murphy, late Chairman of the Democratic State Convention, was elected Mayor of San Jose, his brother James C. Murphy, and another brother, Pat Murphy, of San Luis Obispo, were elected to something, the latter, I believe, to the State Senate. John C. Murphy was sent to the State Senate from this city. For a time it looked as though the crop of Murphys had been exhausted. The Kellys were also heavily drawn upon, not the least distinguished member of the family, Michael Joseph Kelly, being elected a Supervisor in this city. It may be that the Irish have nothing to do with the government of Ireland, but it never can be successfully maintained that any of their rights are being usurped in heir adopted country. They are certainly getting their share of the good things in San Francisco.

* * *

SOME THERE ARE who imagine the regeneration of individuals is accomplished only at personal loss. In instances I cannot doubt that there is basis for so cynical an assumption. Against it, however, I desire to adduce the case of Dr. Jewell, who for so many years presided over the Home for Inebriates. From the arena of obfuscation he has recently retired, and is now living comfortably, I am sure, on some $70,000—the savings of a lifetime spent in righteous exertion. In common parlance Doctor Jewell is a capitalist, and deserves it. Those who knew nothing of his prosperity will commence wondering now how he obtained so much solid cash, for the emoluments of the Home have never been regarded as of great moment. Indeed, three casual acquaintances have already told me interesting romances in which the gratitude of certain rich but undisciplined patients played a foreground part.

* * *

One gentleman, prominent in financial circles, whose sons have been painfully evident in saloon society, offered Dr. Jewell, so the story goes, a generous sum, provided he cured of the unfortunate habit his eldest hope. The task was undertaken, accomplished, and out of the reach of penury the physician was lifted. I suppose there is basis for this tale and for others of the same order, though I have observed Dr. Jewell's talk take an incredulous tone when the subject of gratitude has come up. The truth is, however, that the $70,000 was attained in a stock speculation, and would probably have been made had the Home never existed. Some $500 spare cash, on the strength of a tip, he invested in Hawaiian Gas Stock. This, soon after, bubbled and seethed into respectable dimensions, and at the highest notch Dr. Jewell sold out.

* * *

The proceeds, which were excellent, he put into Hawaiian Commercial when that stock was miles below zero. In its turn it went up with a fizz, and when it reached the borders of book value, he sold out. Some minds, lacking the faculty of deduction, may conclude I have not proved anything in particular, and that virtue still continues its own reward. Their obtuseness cannot concern me, however.

* * *

BASING MY OPINION upon the accounts I have seen published in the daily papers, I should say that the biennial "clean up" of the Board of Supervisors is turning out to be a flat failure. So far, but two railroad franchises have managed to pass, and neither one is in any sense a speculative or boodle proposition. One franchise grants the Mission Street Company the right to build on Mission Road, and the other grants the Market Street Cable an extension on Castro Street. Both these roads are quite certain to be constructed. But five other schemes for tying up suburban highways, besides all the street extension jobs, are laid on the shelf in consequence of a split in the Solid Eight.

* * *

When the Market Street and Mission Road franchises were passed last week, I wondered for some time how that result had been brought about. Originally Supervisors Carnes and Coffee (Martin Kelly's two members) voted against them, and the cause of their sudden change of front was an interesting question. I asked an *attaché* of the Third Street Machine about it.

"It's plain enough," he said. "Last fall Martin refused to renominate Burling, Taber, Wilkinson, Curtis, Hunt, and Ayer, and they immediately broke away from him. Not only did they fire a lot of his men out of their positions at the City Hall, but they kept right on doing raw work throughout the campaign, which helped to beat us. So when the time came to make a turn on franchises and things, as Supervisors always do at the wind-up of their term, Martin quietly pulled Carnes and Coffee away from them, and busted the combine."

* * *

Of course, this is a plausible explanation, if one is willing to credit Martin Kelly with a sentiment strong enough to overcome his

well-known inclination to make an honest turn in franchises, but as I do not credit him with anything of the kind, I asked how the Market and Mission Street franchises got through?

* * *

"Oh," my informant went on, "it is easy to answer than. You saw Deputy County Clerk E. W. Williams nominated for Clerk of the Justices' Court? Well, Williams is a close friend of the boss. On his first trial for confirmation he received six votes, one less than enough to give him the office. Taber and Hunt voted against him. The world was almost turned over to pull Hunt down, but he stood firm. Then Martin reached for Taber, as he knew he couldn't get Burling. Taber is a great friend of John J. Haley, the Southern Pacific man, who was pushing the Market and Mission Street franchises. Martin told John that Carnes and Coffee would vote for the franchises if Taber would vote to confirm Williams.

* * *

"It took a week, but they finally made a trade, and last Monday night the franchises were passed and Williams was confirmed. There are but two places in the Justices Clerk's office; one draws $150 and the other $100 a month. Billy Blattner gets the first and Fred Lees, son of Captain Lees, who helped us along, the second. So you can see yourself how Martin secured the confirmation of Williams and how Haley's franchises passed."

I asked if the bargain went to any of the other franchises. "Oh, no," he said, "they are all as good as dead. Even if some scheme is fixed up to pass them, which takes eight votes, the Mayor is going to veto the whole batch. I doubt if there is time enough left to pass them over his head. Martin has busted the 'clean up' sure. The people ought to give him credit for it."

* * *

Last Monday night it was reported that several bold spirits at the Mission, goaded into desperation by the confirmation of what is known as the "Nineteenth Street Extension Steal," intended to visit the chambers of the Board of Supervisors and rotten-egg the members. They did not carry out their design, owing, it was said, to the presence of a large body of police, but the incident has prompted a Mission Dolores poet to send me the following lines. I confess I cannot answer the inquiry propounded:

Had rotten eggs been thrown at them,
The question would arise, sirs,
Which party got the worst of it,
The eggs or Supervisors?

* * *

I HAVE NOW but little doubt that Professor Moses will be elected President of the State University at the first meeting of the Regents in January. The opposition to him at Berkeley has minimized very materially, and the conviction that he is the right man for the place is growing. The Alumni Association has been to some trouble to neutralize the impression that it opposed his candidacy, and the Faculty has become reconciled to his assumption of the dignity. The fact that Moses is the man for the place is gradually being recognized. He has great ability and a positive character, and will undoubtedly make a record that will elevate Berkeley high among American institutions of learning.

* * *

One reason why Professor Moses is known rather as an educator than as an eminent scholar is his abstinence from literary undertaking. In order to give the very best of his powers to literature, he purposely wrote nothing until he considered his abilities and acquirements were properly matured. I am told he is now at work on a book that will undoubtedly make his reputation. Among other accomplishments he has cultivated a graceful literary style, which, of itself, must secure him a wider circle of readers than scientific works as a general rule gain.

* * *

THE QUESTION, Who will be Senator? excludes other subjects in political circles. To it even the subdivision of Federal patronage has become secondary. Besides the candidates actively before the people, Steve White, Jerry Lynch, and W. W. Foote, I hear also the name of Judge Wallace mentioned. He is, I am told, a strong possibility, and the chances are that his claims will be pushed soon after the Legislature convenes. That he is not a candidate is generally understood, and he has no intention of making an effort to be chosen. Still he will be heard from, and with the admirable record he has made, the contingency of success is by no means improbable. In case of a vacancy occurring in the United States Supreme Court, that Cleveland would select Wallace to fill it is generally believed, and it is because he fears this that Field talks of resigning.

* * *

They were strong friends in the olden days, were these two men of whose pre-eminent legal ability there can be no question. They have in common a profound subtlety, insight, and a capacity at writing a quality of English that has a literary as well as a judicial value. Before the Stockton Convention, however, Field, desirous of obtaining the Presidential nomination, wrote to Wallace for support. The latter, feeling his old friend had no chance, wrote so to him, and at that immortal gathering gave him no support. Then originated the coolness which the circumstances of Terry's death increased. Nagle's victim, a Southerner, was an old friend of Wallace and the manner of his death he could not but resent. Field possesses a capacity for hatred that is abnormal, and he vowed if he could ever thwart Wallace's ambition he would do so.

* * *

The two men met—the first time in years—at the funeral of Judge Hoffman. To the surprise of all who knew the circumstances, Field stepped forward and shook the hand of his enemy and old friend. Had another man done this the quarrel would have ended, but the victim of the Stockton Convention is not the man to forgive an enemy though he would lull him into security. He knows, too, that the new President holds the California Judge in high estimation. However, there is another reason urged against the possibility of Wallace's appointment. It is his age. He is over sixty, and though in the enjoyment of great physical vigor, could hardly be expected to serve over ten years. The policy of the President is to appoint younger men so as to secure the ultimate democracy of the tribunal. However, the consideration in Wallace's case may have no weight with Cleveland.

* * *

WHAT HAS EDMUND RUSSELL done to Editor Marriott that he should be so brutally belabored in the *News Letter?* The Apostle of Delsarte has quite a unique personality, and if he desires to conceal his intellectual forehead by means of a bang, Marriott, who indulges a severe pompadour, should not object. Besides, the bang in question is intrinsically a thing of beauty and quite the cleverest I have ever seen. He proceeds, too, to throw discredit on Russell's efforts at beautifying the homes of our aristocracy at so much a mansion. In the art of furnishing the Apostle has wide experience, and if he has exclaimed against the atrocity of local drawing-rooms it is because he has the courage of his convictions.

* * *

Not every one would dare tell Mrs. Bullion, whose mansion on Jackson Street is a riot of color with gold in the foreground, that her parlors were crimes. It is alleged, too, that he called the residence of a millionairess who prides herself on her *bric-a-brac*, a deadly sin. If the result of these criticisms is to persuade either parvenu to repent and refurnish, those of us with artistic sensibilities owe Mr. Russell a debt of gratitude. Besides, if the Apostle were not convinced of his artistic inspiration how could he persuade the denizens of perhaps the most Philistinic city in America that his decisions were authoritative? I hope he will disregard the comments of Marriott, be as superior in his criticisms as practicable, and teach the mere bank accounts of this town that money is, after all, but a vulgarity.

* * *

One story the Delsartean tells is a gem in its way, and always makes his audience feel small. The point no one has ever been known to see, and yet every one laughs when it is finished. One is compelled to smile or be regarded as thick-witted. He prefaces it by expatiating on the subtlety of Whistler's wit.

"Half his clever *mots* are passed unnoticed by his audience who ruminate over them, and, perhaps, after a week of cogitation, see their point. To illustrate his cleverness," continues Mr. Russell, "I will tell you something he said to me, very clever and delicate. Indeed, most people don't catch its point in an hour. I heard Whistler had been to one of my

lectures in London, and a friend to whom I had confided my desire to meet the artist introduced me. He shook hands very cordially and I said:

* * *

"'Mr. Whistler, I was gratified to have had so excellent a Delsartean as yourself in my audience the other night.'

"'Um,' he said, 'what's that—a Delsartean—well, it must be a good thing.'"

Every one waits a second or two to hear if there is anything to come. Then some one smiles, some one else laughs—there follows a concerted guffaw, and every one satisfies the *raconteur* that his immediate audience has had intelligence enough to appreciate Whistler's wit.

A clever woman, who had heard this tale at least a brace of times, after I had pledged secrecy, asked me to explain the joke.

"You laughed so heartily," I said, "that I was on the verge of begging a similar favor from you."

My own impression is that Mr. Russell has a fine, deep sense of humor, and enjoys guying his audience just a little, every now and then.

* * *

A CHARMING STORY is told me of the manner in which a certain youthful Society matron entertained Miss Marlowe. The grace, beauty, and refinement of the actress had captivated her, and, after deluging her with flowers, she sent a very sweet and timid letter, expressing her admiration, and begging to be allowed to call. Of course, she received a cordial invitation, and, at the appointed time, came. Of her identity Miss Marlowe had no idea; that the pretty, graceful, shy girl who gazed at her with such large, admiring eyes was the wife of one of the richest young men in town never entered her mind. It was quite a long call, and, before leaving, the visitor begged to be allowed to entertain her charming friend at a tea. The actress, pleased at her *naivete* and enthusiasm, consented, rather reluctantly, explaining that she went out but seldom.

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The following afternoon Miss Marlowe was told a carriage awaited her at the Baldwin door. She had almost forgotten the appointment, and sent down an inquiry. It was her young friend's. She descended, and in place of the anticipated hack, there was a swell brougham, a liveried coachman and a pair of admirably matched steeds. Rather surprised, she entered, and after a drive that seemed interminable, the turnout stopped at a Pacific Avenue mansion, one of the finest and most magnificently situated houses in town.

"Is this Mrs. M——'s house?" she asked, a trifle bewildered.

"Yes, m'm," said the functionary who opened the door and admitted her into a beautifully furnished hall. Her young hostess, attired in the loveliest of tea gowns, rushed out, welcomed her rapturously, and ushered her into a charming drawing-room filled with pretty girls and young married women to all of whom she was introduced. Such a circle of admirers they made. They all crowded around and exhibited so much pleasure at meeting her that the actress was quite captivated. Her charm of manner, which is delightful off the stage as it is on, quite won them all.

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When it was time to go, she stood up and bade farewell to Mrs. M——, and then, going round, called each guest by her name, made a dozen pretty little speeches, and departed leaving behind a score of worshipers who have done little else since but sing her praises.

* * *

EXCITING TALES of the great storm continue to come in. Of course, the last is always the worst, but the ambition to eclipse preceding details is so natural that it is out of the question to exact veracity. Dozens of men have told me about neglecting business to hold down their improvements, and some less monstrous than the majority I have credited. Of course, it was a stiff breeze, and windows had rather the worst of it, but if half that is related had occurred, New York's blizzard would have to rank as a zephyr in comparison. Perhaps the best story that has come to me relates the unfortunate adventures of Harry A. Williams. He lives on Washington Street, and, like other householders of the region, remained awake waiting for something to occur.

* * *

The rain poured and the storm roared, but the house was proof against violence. However, something happened at last: the lid of a small hatchway on the roof blew off, and down the opening chill draughts and water burst brutally. However, Mr. Williams was equal to the occasion. He repaired the damage and retreated. Another violent gust undid his work. This time he went on the roof, and, after experimenting, decided there was but one way to secure the hatch against further damage and that was to nail it down. A hammer was handed him, and when he had finished a cyclone would have played with it in vain. Just then Mr. Williams discovered it was very cold and the horrid fact burst upon him that the hatch was the sole method of communication with the roof. He had actually nailed himself out.

* * *

What to do he did not know. Heaven alone guesses how many miles per hour the gale was blowing. His clothes were saturated. He traveled round and round, but there existed no other opening. Finally, in despair, he crossed to the next house, and, by a fortunate fire escape, reached an alleyway communicating by a gate with his own premises. And that gate was doubly locked. But the securities gave way before his frantic efforts. At last he got in to find his wife almost in despair over his whereabouts.

* * *

The row over the last game of football played by the Olympic and Berkeley University Clubs will not down. Edwin Fish desires it understood that Mr. Brann had no right to mention his name in connection with the discussion, as he (Fish) was not the official scorer, for the very good reason that there was no such functionary in the game. Mr. Fish denies Mr. Taylor's statement that he was partial to the University team, and is ready to prove that he was just, under the rules.

* * *

MAJOR DARLING, who has recently been assigned to the Fifth Artillery, should prove a decided acquisition to the Society of that official region. He is a musician of recognized ability and attainments, besides being a man of all-round culture. Under the name of Gustav Mignon he has written a number of well-known and beautiful songs which have long been popular with vocalists. He is deeply interested in everything pertaining to the art, and may be depended on to assist the efforts of a few connoisseurs to have good concerts and encourage musical education in San Francisco. Rather an amusing story is told on Major Darling at the Presidio. Shortly after his arrival there he was presented to the better halves and daughters of the Post—quite a company of them there are.

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Among them is a lady whose musicianly pretensions are founded on imagination rather than on fact. She received him with gushing cordiality, and after the weather preliminaries and California as a place of residence had been exhausted, she turned the conversation on music.

"I'm fonder of that beautiful song of yours, 'Retribution,' than of anything I know."

There was an audible titter—the name of the morçeau in question is "Recompense."

The Witness.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

KERAMIC CLUB EXHIBIT.

BY FRONA EUNICE WAIT.

It goes without saying that Maple Hall and the Palace Hotel was, *par excellence, the* place to hold the Keramic Club's exhibit. The decorations of the hall are cold, chaste, and neutral, which gave the tables, with their dainty burdens, an exclusive right to all the admiration possible to bestow. It would be impossible to go into details of the eleven tables; they were studies in white, pink, blue, yellow, green, lavender, and kindred tints, but there was a wide range of talent in the 800 pieces which covered them. Royal Worcester, Royal Berlin, Dresden, Sèvres, Haviland, and Bonne, were all cleverly imitated in the finish, while there was a commendable effort at originality in design which shows that the Club has broadened its ideas considerably since its former exhibition.

In fact, breadth of treatment is very noticeable in the more ambitious efforts. There is real talent and much that is commendable in the tray exhibited by Mrs. Vincent Neal, which is a reproduction of Markart's celebrated painting of the entrance of Charles V. into Antwerp. The figures are life-like, and the coloring excellent, but it is a question whether anyone would enjoy eating from such a human-like dish. A tile showing a recumbent figure, done in the cobalt blues which the Havilands have made their own, was, without question, the best bit of strong coloring in the room. Mrs. Neal's clever imitation of English point water-color work was less appreciated because point water-color is becoming one of the lost arts.

The full gamut of color treatment was seen in the exhibit as a whole, the extremes in delicate effects being shown in the light and graceful figure-work of Mrs. Maude Nourse and Miss Jennie Hobbs. Mrs. Nourse displayed a plaque with a Pandora, wind-blown and diaphanous, which had an intricate jeweled border outlining a white square against a soft gray groundwork, over which raised paste tracery was picked out in gold. She also displayed an odd candelabra, showing a bit of marinescape on one side, and a graceful pair of miniature figures lighting the stars. But the daintiest and airiest of all was the plaque showing the Viking's Daughter surrounded by the sacred white gulls, and a bit of her beloved sea stretching away in the distance.

A set of bread-and-butter plates, done by Miss Nettie Sinnott, were odd studies in blue and gray, so blended as to be like black and white. Miss Sinnott used quaint Russian scenes for her designs, and the homely Mujik life was truly ideal under her skillful fingers. A vase, with long neck, richly jeweled over an old rose ground, and a dragon handle done in red, green, and gold, carefully blended, was another much admired bit of Miss Sinnott's work.

It would be hard to say which excelled, in viewing the Royal Berlin work of Miss Alice F. Herrick and Miss K. R. Stone. The Royal Berlin is a glaze work, gorgeous in browns, yellows, and reds, and is as strong as the Dresden is delicate in its tones and treatment. Miss Herrick's work was on a set of dinner plates, while Miss Stone's was on a huge chop tray.

Miss Jennie Hobbs, who shared Miss Herrick's table, always does original things, and she was not only represented by her usual excellent figure work, but had a unique set of plates done in Dresden colors from well-known California flowers, in miniature, broken clusters.

There was a mild sensation and then an exclamation of delight every time a visitor caught sight of the shrimp plaque designed and executed by Miss Flora Bell, of Oakland, It had already gained considerable reputation from having won the prize offered by the Alameda County World's Fair Association. This really, truly Exposition piece is a curious design of shrimps, interwoven with gold and raised paste scroll on a Royal Worcester ground. Miss Bell showed a few of her Mission tile set, and she had a few plates from a fish set made up of bay views.

Mrs. E. S. Dutton showed a pair of brush and comb trays which were remarkable for burnished gold borders over a pink and also a blue ground. Her most ambitious undertaking was a plate in Royal Berlin and massive gold border.

Near by on the same table was a tea tray done by Miss N. De Valin, in imitation of Sèvres. It was the best thing of the kind in the exhibition. The subject was a belle and gallant of ye olden time executing a fancy step under the trees. They were dressed in Watteau costumes.

Miss Helen Phillip, who is the only member of the Club who does etching on china, had a concave plaque showing a group of figures illustrating Music. These were done in sepia and had a frame of brown chamois skin, which was very effective. On a plaque showing one of the Maids of All Nations, Miss Phillip did a novel bit of jewel-work in the border. It was done with turquoise and represented forget-me-nots in raised clusters. The leaves were ingeniously contrived of burnished gold.

Mrs. Theodore Gray excelled in a reproduction of the illustration of Goethe's poem, which is a Germanized version of Tam O'Shanter's ride. The group were spirited and strong in color.

Miss H. T. Bacon exhibited a novel fish set which she has designed for the "Mascotte," a new yacht soon to go to sea, and she has been both original and clever in her conceits. The best of the group is a bit of marinescape shown in the loop and knot of rope which forms the feature of the plate. Another one of an Oakland ferry-boat is very good. The coloring of the entire set is heavy and might not please every one.

Miss Madelaine Cashman, of Alameda, will do well to make a further study in heads. She showed a set of fruit plates with original heads in the centre, which were excellent. Mrs. C. H. Shurtteff had the best bit of gold work in the collection. It was a plaque with a castle in the centre surrounded by a scroll, and then there was a mottled ground and heavy gold border, all in surface work. Mrs. W. L. Sagendorf, who exhibited with Mrs. Shurtteff, had an especially good design of sea moss and shells done on a shell bordered plate. She also had a set of dinner plates of original design. One was of acorns arranged *a la* ribbon border effect. Mrs. Farnham, of Fruitvale, chose an old one-cent piece of the Massachusetts Commonwealth for a design in gold and silver on a pitcher, and she also had a bit of Alameda beach on a plaque, which was well done. The best thing shown by Mrs. Adolp Unger was a Precilla head, but her fish set of shells and sea-weed were much admired.

The finest bit of raised gold was a pitcher, exhibited by Mrs. D. S. Culp, the Club's secretary. It was most intricate, and showed up well against a chocolate border and gold tracery. A rose jardinière was also a good bit of work by Mrs. Culp. Mrs. Ray, who shared Mrs. Culp's table, had an idealized cracker jar. It was in Royal Worcester finish with lavender ground work, and bewildering sprays of pansies with gold used liberally for borders and outline.

Miss Minnie Taylor caught the very spirit of the waves in her Cliff House plaque, while Mrs. Dr. Adams did an ice-cream set in typical snow scenes reduced to Browny-like proportions. Miss Soule, Mrs. Guptill, Mrs. Marvin, and Mrs. Crossett were practical in their selections, showing different articles for tableware. Mrs. Crossett chose cherries and currants for her decorations, while the others were different flowers done in all kinds of finish from glaze to Bonne and Royal Berlin.

Miss Dean selected a parlor lamp for her most elaborate work. It was done in a Bonne design in browns, and yellows, and gold. The shade was of yellow silk with black chiffon over it, shading it into a complimentary tone of the lamp design.

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MUSIC.

ABBEY-CHENEY AMATEURS' CONCERT.

Though it might be supposed that the fact that amateur effort is of the greatest service in furthering the cause of musical progress, and is in itself more than sufficiently obvious, due recognition is very far from general. The professional element regard the work of amateurs with a mixture of feelings, chiefly compounded of self-interest jealousy, and thinly veiled contempt, while toward each other the relations of amateurs are unfailingly governed by the ruling passion of the great body of musicians, unmixed jealousy. However, the attitude of professionals toward amateurs, and of amateurs toward each other undoubtedly prejudiced, partial, and biased as it is, and one not calculated to give an advantageous point of view for the seeing of the general trend of effort, does not disturb the original statement that music's cause is directly benefited by amateur work, interest, and enthusiasm. Much of the local amateur musicianship suffers from defective direction and guidance, and fails to bring a clear comprehension of the great things of art or a reasonably adequate standard accomplishment. The fault has been entirely with the teachers whose inertia, greed of gain, and lack of genuine enthusiasm for the art are responsible for the generally low quality of ability and want of wider views characteristic of local amateur musicians. Among local teachers there are some who after the opportunities of a life time can show no single instance of well-developed talent, and no trace of having created a cult of any kind.

Under the guidance of Mrs. Abbey Cheney, the club which bears her name has accomplished that which is totally unexpected from the title "amateurs." The direction of their work points to complete mastery over the difficulties and subtleties of tone and technique in pianoforte playing, and this will presuppose a wide knowledge of the literature of the instrument, and a comprehensive view of the possibilities of musical art.

Beauty of tone is recognized as the highest aim of the pianist; sensational rapidity of execution and flights of mere articulate brilliancy are not sufficient, as they once were, to make their possessors good pianists. In the playing of the returned student the disappointment is in the preponderance of the latter and almost entire absence of the first quality. The genius of teaching will accomplish what Deppe, for one, has claimed for it, as the work done by the Abbey Cheney Amateurs proves, and from fairly talented, not phenomenal, material has come surprisingly artistic results. False positions, restricted muscular action, and consequent harsh, thin tone, and stiff, bony articulation rule among the amateurs and professionals taught locally, and, in many cases, with the returned students also, so that natural grace which comes from the freedom of flexible muscles though it should be universal comes as a surprise, and the style of the Abbey Cheney Amateurs is always graceful, yet free. Touch, tone, and technique are carried out in the same lines which have made great and supreme artists. The method which governs the finest modern players, that is, perfect extensibility and interdependence of each muscle in the whole system, not simply a hand and wrist training, has been taught these amateurs with success in proportion to their talents. Chopin as a player and teacher practiced this exquisite care in producing each tone, and the playing of artists like Pachmann, Mme. Marx, and the like is the realization of the highest refinement of these teachings. With talent, physique, and intelligence the highest artistic virtuosity is a certainty carried on in the lines which Mrs. Cheney has directed the Abbey Cheney Amateurs to, and in this age of teaching there are but few for whose work this can be said.

Being amateurs individual criticism is unnecessary. The debutantes showed quite sufficient individuality which time alone remains to ripen. Misses Grace Harrison, Hilda Newman, Lillie Moulton, and Cameron have accomplished a beauty of tone and finesse of execution which is looked for in vain in most of the professional playing of the city. The assistance of Messrs. Beel and Heine lent additional interest to the programme as well as the singing of Mrs. Carroll Nicholson.

LESLEY MARTIN.

LAWN TENNIS.

The concluding matches for second prizes in the gentlemen's double and ladies' single events were decided on Sunday and Wednesday last, respectively, at the California Club courts. In the former event the matches were decided as follows: First round, Collier and Collier *vs.* Whitney brothers, won by the former team by default. Davis and Wilberforce were beaten handily by Stetson and De Long, and in the final match De Long and Stetson had little trouble in defeating Collier and Collier.

The contest for second prize in the ladies' event between Mrs. Wood and Miss Mira Lord, was won by the latter after three prettily contested sets. Score, 6-2; 2-6; 6-1. Miss Lord volleyed exceedingly well, and with a little more practice in this style of play she will undoubtedly improve her game greatly. The lady players were out in force on Wednesday. Miss Ethel Bates, of Oakland, who is undoubtedly without a peer (with the exception of the champion, Miss Morgan) as a tennis player on this Coast, was an interested spectator of the contest. Miss Bates also played with Mrs. Wood, whom she defeated easily and the same may be said of her playing with Mrs. Hall. Miss Gibbs succeeded in winning three or four games, but luck seemed to favor her at most critical moments.

The serving, volleying, and general all-round play of Miss Bates was closely watched by the local players, and it is more than likely that the ladies will profit by the experience and play more at the net, as Miss Bates clearly demonstrated the superiority of the net game over the back court game in her sets with Mrs. Woods. Miss Alice Hoffman played a set with Miss Bates, and the latter was very favorably impressed with her style of play. Miss Hoffman has been playing but a very short while, but her improvement has been remarkable.

A mixed doubles tournament is being agitated among the ladies of the California Club to take place during the holiday season.

Geo. V. Gray, the ex-Secretary of the California Club, was in town last week for a short stay. In practice with the Professor he displayed all of his old-time cunning with the racket.

The next club singles, for possession of the California Club trophy, will take place on December 24th, and as a large entry list is assured, and as the best players will all be in town on that occasion a very successful as well as exciting tournament will surely be witnessed.

THE SCORER.

A BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS DISPLAY.

The display of Christmas goods that Sanborn, Vail & Co. make is one of the prettiest ever seen here in a holiday season. The large and varied stock they handle gives an excellent opportunity for a choice of gifts, and readers of THE WAVE should not make their purchases until they have seen what this firm can show. Pictures, purses, card-cases, paper knives, writing materials, etchings, decorative easels, and a myriad of articles appropriate to the season will be found at reasonable prices. Indeed, you may purchase a dozen very handsome presents here for the price of one elsewhere.

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The book refers to the misunderstanding between Mr. Frank E. White and Miss Mary A. Wheeler, both of San Francisco. It contains their letters, reproduced in their own handwriting, together with various other scraps, newspaper extracts, cablegrams, etc., presented in *fac-simile*, forming a thread from which the reader may draw his own conclusions concerning the rupture, and how it was finally so happily healed. The frontispiece is a charming photograph of the young lady, in colors, from the original negative.

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The Wave

A Society, Literary and Political Journal.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, December 10, 1892.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

The Christmas issue of The Wave, which will be published next week, will be the handsomest edition of a journal ever published in San Francisco. The pictures are works of art, and will be preserved as samples of the most beautiful supplements ever given with a paper in this country. They are reproductions of famous Parisian paintings, and were imported from Paris by The Wave for distribution with the Christmas issue. Similar pictures are sold in New York for $2.50 each. The stories—for which this journal has become famous—will be handsomely illustrated by local artists, there will be splendid pen sketches by the best-known painters, and a variety of other features will make the next issue of The Wave a notable one in the history of Coast journalism.

THE FINANCIAL MEPHISTOPHELES.

For once I find myself in perfect accord with the London press. The London press does not entertain a very exalted opinion of the character and financial ability of the late Jay Gould. Neither do I. The London press regards him as a gambler, pure and simple, without the redeeming qualities usually possessed by bunco-steerers, faro dealers, and three-card monte men. I so regard him.

Perhaps this striking similarity between my opinions and the opinion of the London press proves nothing more than that great minds often run in the same groove; but it presents an opportunity for me to say a word or two about the late Jay Gould which I desire to utilize. The most signal evidence of public demoralization is the respect paid by the organs of public opinion to wealth. In thus concurring with the London press, I am happy to be able to say that the strong and robust civilization which it represents was never characterized by tenderness for the feelings of the wealthy. Perhaps that is the reason why, after a thousand years of growth and progress, the civilization of England shows no signs of decay.

Jay Gould was, in many respects, a curious specimen of his species. Without heart, without morals, without conscience, and with a general unhealthy balance, he yet possessed a mind capable of great mental achievements. By intuition he comprehended all the scaly methods of acquiring money, and he was sufficiently brave and unscrupulous to resort to them. The history of the Erie conspiracy, to consummate which the most appalling bribery and corruption were resorted to, will place Jay Gould before posterity in the light of a veritable Mephistopheles.

I do not believe that Jay Gould ever made an honest dollar. He never built a railroad or created a single one of the enterprises out of which he squeezed his wealth. He was a wrecker, a usurer, a gambler, a conspirator, who wrought ruin that he might accumulate millions. Outside of his family circle he had not a friend. He was never guilty of the smallest act of kindness, so far as I know, and his last act on earth was to cheat the State of New York out of the inheritance tax upon his estate.

How such a man could live and thrive for fifty-six years in a country like this, is a mystery that can be explained only on the theory that he took excellent care not to brave the wrath of any of his thousands of victims. I suppose, however, that many a panegyric will be written upon his tomb, and that his heirs will be able, like those of Barère, to discover some *littérateur* willing to sing his praises for a consideration.

THE FATAL GERRYMANDER.

The fact that the Legislature, which meets at Sacramento on January 2d, has turned out to have a majority on joint ballot sufficiently large to elect a Democrat to the Federal Senate, brings to mind the interesting circumstance that this is exactly the opposite result figured out by the last Legislature when it gerrymandered the State.

I have often marveled at the invariable political fatality of the legislative gerrymander. It does not seem to make much difference which party doctors the apportionment. It is certain to meet defeat at the ensuing election. The last Legislature passed an act which apparently secured to the Republican party the United States Senators during its continuance, and yet, with fourteen out of twenty holdovers in the State Senate—an extraordinary advantage—it has lost at the first turn of the wheel. And this is not all. It gerrymandered to secure five of the seven Congressmen. The reverse is the result—five Democrats and two Republicans.

There is a cause for this, but it is obscure, and not understood by the pinheads who conduct our political affairs. I think I can lay down the rule. No gerrymander is possible without a large legislative majority. A large legislative majority produces party friction and discontent, which in turn results in splits and the defeat of the candidates of the nominating party at the ensuing election.

The present situation was paralleled nearly ten years ago. In 1881 the Republicans, in consequence of a small legislative majority, failed to pass an apportionment bill. In 1883 the Democrats, having a large majority in both houses, gerrymandered with ease. In 1885 they lost the State and the Senatorship by a tidal wave vote. I think the rule I have stated will always hold good.

Nothing that the Eastern "space" writers have recently telegraphed overland has so impressed me with their capacity as a story published the other day purporting to come from Springfield, Ohio. It was an account of the death of a man named Paul Jordan, who claimed to be a son of Napoleon Bonaparte, and whose soul-stirring adventures were related with great circumstantiality. The cleverness with which the yarn was concocted may be gathered from the fact that Jordan's birth was fixed in 1786, when Bonaparte, aged sixteen, was a military student at Brienne.

IS HE FIT?

In calling the attention of my readers to the fact that I believe Mr. Leeds never seriously contemplated the magnitude of the task he undertook in becoming Manager of the Traffic Association, I do so with the knowledge that the *Stock Report* will combat my statement. This gives me confidence in the position I take, as that paper has never sought to direct public opinion in the choice of a matter that public opinion did not repudiate. By Mr. Leeds own showing he is proved guilty of seeking to hoodwink the people of this city; he declared that he has never given sufficient attention to the question of railroad expenses o state positively and truthfully that freights were too high; that his statements regarding charges for transportation were general, and that he could not tell whether the railroads of California were assessing their patrons too much or not. Mr. Leeds, to whom The Wave has looked for direct testimony on a number of important questions, has proved himself to be a trifler, an expensive, ornamental, useless encumbrance on the Traffic Association, whose presence here has been an irritation. He has done absolutely nothing. His letters to the Railroad Commission were not written in good faith; they were not intended to solve any questions; they were written for the sole purpose of insulting the Commissioners. Mr. Leeds, as I have pointed out before, has done nothing that he was hired to do; he has been derelict in his duty toward his employers, and aside from furnishing the *Stock Report* (a member of whose family took advantage of that paper's statement that the Great Salt Lake Railroad would be run by way of Martinez to sell some real estate up that way) with figures that lied, has shown himself miserably unqualified for the position he holds.

It seems very remarkable to me that the people of Los Angeles should be shouting with one accord the name of a favorite son for United States Senator. I do not doubt that the gentleman they name is the favorite son, but they are late in finding it out. If the unprejudiced northern citizen will gaze at the list of people who have been sent to the Legislature to elect the favorite son to the Senate he will find that Los Angeles was so enamored of him a month or so ago that she chose three men to do the work. I doubt that that is sufficient.

A LETTER ABOUT BOOKS.

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—Someone with the courage of his convictions declared selfishness to be the bane of small minds. The theory that compels the thought of others before considering ourselves is gradually going out of date. Nowadays, one does admirably in being self-solicitous, and, while generosity is still admired, like good nature, it has come to rank as a virtue of the vulgar. In an age that regards the nobler characteristics as purely temperamental and the terms good and evil as verbal distinctions, it would be ridiculous to expect the exaltation of benevolence or philanthropy. To suspect disinterestedness is to confess credulity, and though for the sake of politics and the children we ring the changes on the Christian virtues, everyone knows them for their own reward. Their assumption has become a pretense of superiority or the cloak of an intrigue. Whoever does aught for a community but a candidate for political honors? Who does anything for an individual with no hope of recompense? He who serves and asks for nothing is but waiting to deserve a greater reward. Nearly everyone, alas, is selfish, but, lacking my frankness, disclaim it.

"A Splendid Cousin" set me considering the principle of exaction as applied to intercourse. The heroine admits to consideration no one but herself. She has brought herself to imagine she possesses great talent and to its development her family is subordinated. Everything is done for her. In her exorbitant egotism she is blind to the sufferings of her mother, to the wrong she inflicts on her cousin, to her disregard of her husband's wants. She is the very incarnation of unconscious selfishness, and thus an eminently appropriate *fin de siècle* heroine. The author, Mrs. Andrew Dean, is new to literature I think, but if this is her first effort it shows distinct promise. With something of the manner that distinguishes Mrs. Cragie, she plunges into her story without circumlocution. The *dramatis personæ* are but a handful and one does not have to wade through pages of weak analysis before discovering their traits. The characterization is very distinct indeed, especially that of Theodora whose rendering is unusually clear and consistent. While the book is not remarkable, it is decidedly clever. The style possesses considerable literary quality though it lacks the suggestiveness, the irony and the epigrammatic quality that are so marked in the "Sinners' Comedy." There is little plot to speak of. The scenes serve merely to develop the heroine. An exceptionally good piece of writing is the scene in Clara Halliday's studio when the artist's engagement to Geoffrey Hill is announced. There is real humor about the manner in which this æsthetic personage greets the heroine on her arrival from Germany. "Clara has shown me her portrait of you," he said, "it is subtle and beautifully human, but I miss the joy that I see in your face when you talk to me. There is so little pure joy in the world; where it alights it should be fixed forever." One can almost hear Edmnnd Russell in these words.

You confided to me some time ago that you were half-way proud of being an American. May I recommend to you two books that have just come to me in the "Makers of America" series? One is "John Winthrop" which pictures the life and times of the great Pioneer who was for twelve times Governor of New England. It makes interesting reading this account of the struggles, the privations, the quarrels of these Puritan founders of our Nation. Mr. Twichell has made a clear and coherent story. The second is "Robert Morris," by Professor W. G. Sumner, of Yale. No one more capable than the author of "The Financier and the Finances of the American Revolution" could have been found to write of the career and services of this statesman. The book is an excellent and decidedly readable narrative.

A beautifully bound and artistically printed volume of Browning's shorter poems would surely make an acceptable Xmas present. Here is a charming book—a confection of white and gold dotted over with faint purple blossoms. It contains the best of the poet's briefer efforts, and is beautifully illustrated with soft half-tones. Besides the verses contained in the familiar editions this presents a number of others as "Cavalier Tunes," "Artemis Prologizes," "Pheidippides," and several others. Publishers are few in California, and the appearance of a poem printed here, illustrated with beautiful half-tones of our scenery, with bits of San Francisco for vignettes, is quite a literary event Mr. Doxey is the publisher of Miss Alice Edwards Pratt's poem "The Sleeping Princess California," which Miss Mabel Dillway has so charmingly illustrated. I am afraid the dress of the lines is rather better than their rhythm warrants, but its beauty covereth a multitude of mere verbal deficiencies. That so excellent a bit of bookmaking as this and Mr. Fernald's story can be gotten out here speaks well for future literary possibilities. I'll warrant the prophecy that some notable volumes will see light in this western city ere five years go by.

If Atlantis was but half as charming as it is pictured in Mrs. Toland's poem, "Atlina," measures to lay bare the submerged continent should be taken at once. Some of our important engineers could doubtless think up a scheme. Draining the Atlantic might be practicable, but it is very much easier to wander through this fabled region under the poet's guidance. "Atlina" is certainly one of the beautiful books of the year. It is admirably illustrated by some of the best artists in the country.

Of all the children's books I have seen this season not one compares for beauty and artistic value with Maud Humphreys' "Book of Fairy Tales." It is replete with beautiful pictures. There are full length portraits of the Marquis of Carabas and his Puss-in-Boots, of Cinderella. Hop o' My Thumb is a little boy blue against the palest of green backgrounds, and Jack and the Fairy, in the Beanstalk, look as though they had just stepped out of an idealized transformation scene. It is difficult to express the degree of artistic merit which Miss Humphreys has attained in her "Kalendar of Beautie" and her Fairy Calendar. Both are charming. It would be the simplest matter to fall in love with each and every one of the lovely belles who represent the months. Indeed, I am already hopelessly enamored of lovely Miss September, who, in the palest of yellow gowns, turns her mignon face toward the handsomest youth imaginable, who bends toward her a look of rapt admiration. I have but one consolation—that men as good-looking as my rival are invariably stupid. The fairies are admirably done, and Miss Humphreys has the gratification of feeling that she has beautified many a home this Christmas. Let me advise you to provide yourself with a Fan Calendar, however,—quite the neatest conceit I have seen in an age.

I cannot advise you to read "West and East," by Laura Coates Reed. It is tedious, prolix, and ill-constructed. Nor yet "Muriel Howe," by Angeline Teal. It is as entertaining as the ordinary run of novels, but is really of but slight value. In "An Earthly Paragon" Miss Eva Wilder McGlasson adds but slenderly to her reputation, which, indeed, was never very lofty. The people she writes of are not especially diverting, and the manner of their presentation does not reconcile one to their intrinsic lack of interest. I fancy it will be conceded that Fernand Calmettes gives his heroine, Elise Hénin, the fisher-maiden, rather a hard time of it. There is rather too much of this "Fisher Girl of France," however. Doubtless some devotees of piscatorial literature may like to read about fishing for herrings in the North Sea, and of Cousin Florimond, Skipper of the *Bon-Pecheur*, and of Silvere, her lover.

ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Poems," by Robert Browning. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, publishers. For sale by the Popular Bookstore, $1 50.

"The Sleeping Princess California," by Alice Edwards Pratt. Wm. Doxey, San Francisco, publisher.

"Robert Morris," by W. G. Sumner. Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers. For sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

"John Winthrop," by Joseph Hopkins Twichell. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, publishers. For sale by Payot. Upham & Co.

"The Original Papers," by Chester Bailey Fernald. H. S. Crocker Co., publishers. For sale at all bookstores.

"Atlina," by Mrs. M. B. M. Toland. J. B. Lippincott Co., publishers. For sale by Joseph A. Hoffman, 207 Montgomery Street.

"Book of Fairy Tales," by Maud Humphreys. Frederick A. Stokes Co., publishers. For sale by the Popular Bookstore, Post Street.

"Kalendar of Beautie," by Maud Humphreys. Frederick A. Stokes Co., publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson, Post Street.

"The Fairy Calendar," by Maud Humphreys. Frederick A. Stokes Co., publishers. For sale by the Popular Bookstore.

"Fan Calendar," Frederick A Stokes Co., publishers. For sale by the Popular Bookstore.

The December number of *Jenness Miller Illustrated Monthly* contains many special features, some pertaining to Christmas tide. Mrs. Jenness Miller has three pages of matter about dress, books, and chat particularly interesting to women and young girls. There are numerous timely articles of interest to the housewife. Miss Mabel Jenness' sterling book on "Physical Culture," is still given as a premium to subscribers. Price, $1, with premium.

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Send to ARMOUR & CO., Chicago, for Cook Book showing use of Armour's Extract in Soups and Sauces. Mailed free.

THE MUMMERS.

THE ATTRACTION IN "ALI BABA."

"The only really fine dramatic production we've had here in a year," said my friend on last Monday, "is 'Ali Baba.' If you haven't seen it go right away and buy tickets. It's a histrionic triumph; in fact, it's 'out of sight.'"

My friend is intelligent; he has money; he has had a University education; his father has a place in Society, and he thus serves notice on all stage artists to keep away from San Francisco. The difference between drama and spectacle has never been analyzed by him, and he would speak feelingly of a circus rider's bare back act as a splendid characterization of the part of Mazeppa. For the sake of the company that plays "Ali Baba" with its legs at the Grand Opera House I must rejoice that my friend is so much of an ass; but because I admire a large number of mummers who think with their minds I most seriously deprecate his unfortunate mental condition. So many people hold the same opinion on things dramatic as does my friend that I no longer wonder why a really clever play and a thoroughly capable troupe find small profits here. The attraction so irresistible to my friend is not to be found in the plot of "Ali Baba;" it is not in the humor of the piece; it is not in the "business;" privately speaking, I believe it is in the *legs*. They are incomparably the finest that have ever been seen here. They are inspiring and entrancing; their beauty dazzles and their agility astounds. They twinkle like stars, sparkle like diamonds, scintillate like—legs.

As a spectacle "Ali Baba" is the best of the series brought hither by Mr. Henderson; the songs are not as good probably and the "gags" may be a trifle more pointless, but judged from the standview of the spectacular it abounds in beauties that the others did not possess. I am inclined to believe that there are many things in the piece that the average San Franciscan—with his eye dazzled by the unmentionables that I have alluded to—does not see.

"Ali Baba" had a tremendous success in Chicago, where the gentle citizen saw a condition of affairs caricatured so plainly that his only wonder was that the authorities did not enjoin the piece. The part that Henry Norman plays was so close a copy of an incident in the police history of the World's Fair city, that when I saw it there a few months ago I marveled at the audacity of the writer and the mummer. Of course, in San Francisco, the impression will be that the part was created when the author was enjoying a season of momentary aberration.

The people who made the former pieces so successful for Mr. Henderson are nearly all at the Grand Opera House. The changes that have been made in the ballet are an improvement, at least, the public likes "Ali Baba" better than any of the other spectacles. It will be continued.——

Clara Morris bids farewell to San Francisco this week, and in the history of the stage the California will be mentioned as the theatre in which she made her last bow to the people of the metropolis of the Pacific. In the regret at the parting there is some solace in remembering that that pleasant comedian, Mr. James T. Powers, appears at the California on Monday night. It is useless to say anything of Powers; his plays, from a literary standpoint, are absolutely "rotten," but Mr. Powers and his company make their shortcomings so enjoyable that we must rejoice and be glad. The trouble in which James T. will appear is called "A Mad Bargain."——

It must be admitted that "Captain Herne, U. S. A.," is one of the most interesting plays yet seen at Stockwell's. While reminding one of the usual war drama, it has enough originality to make it a thoroughly enjoyable piece. The scenery is very fine, and the possibilities of stage mechanism have been exhausted to give realism to the powerful production. "Captain Herne" will be continued for another week, at least, and those who have not seen the play should not lose the opportunity that is presented.——

On Saturday evening, December 31st, at the Baldwin, will be witnessed the reappearance here of Charles Frohman's comedians in Wm. Gillette's greatest comedy hit, "Settled Out of Court." Mr. Gillette is one of the cleverest of American dramatists. He has very much of the skill of the French in inventing amusing situations, and carrying out an absurd plot with fidelity to life. "Settled Out of Court" has a French flavor that is exceedingly pleasant to cultivated palates.——

"Bill's Boot" has been productive of much merriment at the Bush Street Theatre, this week. The people who relate the story are very clever, and the vaudeville entertainment is enjoyable, aside from the pleasure derived from noting the unwinding of the plot. The play has been so successful that it will be continued.——

Fascinating Fanny Rice will be the holiday attraction at Stockwell's. The management promise much in the "New Jolly Surprise," and their word was that it is infinitely superior to the ordinary run of farce comedy.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR WAVE:—Some days ago I was reading the Society news in one of the papers which stated that Mrs. J—— did not belong to the *élite*, and it greatly surprised me, for I was under the impression she belonged to the first numbers of your 400. Judging from the lofty way she can look past and ignore people whom she is so unfortunate to meet sometimes when she thinks they are not socially desirable, and how obsequiously polite to those she thinks are desirable, I have come to the conclusion now that it is because she is trying so hard to get there.

I am not a Society woman, and their ways are somewhat of a mystery to me. We came to California to better our condition, and so for many years we led an humble life among humble people; but finally success came to us, and now we are able to live in a very comfortable house in a somewhat fashionable neighborhood. Still I cannot imagine myself so much better that I must slight and ignore my former friends.

When I moved into my new home a few of my fashionable neighbors called. After a time, one of them dropped me. Of course, I wondered why, and a good Samaritan enlightened me: It was because she did not like my acquaintances. Another of those Society women informed me that she always made it a point to never call on *anyone* who lived in a small house; and still another said she did not even bow to any one who did not have some social prestige, and therefore was noted for the nice people that gathered at her entertainments. Well, they may be nice in a Society point of view, but the moral character of some of them would debar them from crossing my threshold.

AN INNOCENT.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., December 9th. EDITOR WAVE: SIR—In last issue of your paper your fashion writer, Nancy, describes a tea-gown of pale pink silk. Will you kindly tell me where I can find that pattern? None of the dressmakers here appear to have it.

Very respectfully, (Miss) E. C.

If Miss E. C. will write to Raphael Weill & Co., the White House, this city, she will probably find that the pattern is there.

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Mrs. Roberta Lee Wright-Hellman — Miss Daisy Polk

Miss Marie Hahn — Miss Ethel J. Jory

Miss Charlotte Gruenhagen — B. G. Simons

Wm. C. Stadtfeld — Wilhelm Nielsen

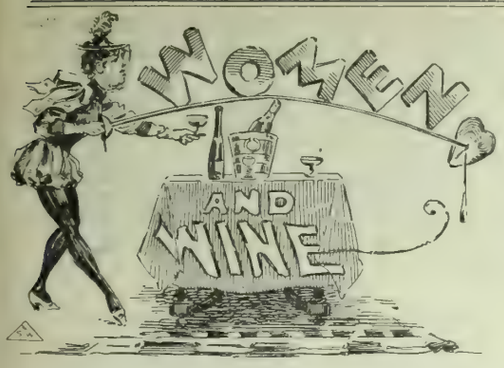
Sig. S. Martinez, Accompanist

Season Tickets, (reserved) - - - - - $3.00

Single Tickets, (reserved) - - - - - - 1.25

Admission, - - - - - - - - 1.00

Tickets may be had and seats secured at the office Palace Hotel to December 14th (inclusive), and at Sherman, Clay & Co., Monday and Tuesday, December 12th and 13th., or of A. Wilkie, 1403 Octavia St.



THERE was a stir and a turning of heads on the roof-garden when she appeared radiant in a dress that caused all the women there to scan her from head to foot, and then, after an upward sweep of the eyes from the hem of her dress to the eyes that looked out laughingly from beneath their heavy lids, to exclaim, "Why *will* some people use so much rouge?"

And she—well, she knew perfectly well what the looks and the whispers meant, but she continued to laugh and talk to the man beside her with that serene disregard of criticism which is begotten only of supreme confidence in one's dressmaker.

She knew, too, that every man on that cool, breezy roof was looking at her, and she knew what their glances meant, for she had learned the trick of reading faces long ago.

She knew, too, that there was many a man and woman among those whose eyes were fixed upon her as she moved on to a seat near the shadow of a mimic battlement, who knew something of her history; that there were a few, perhaps, who remembered her at the very beginning of her career when she sang in the chorus under that very roof on which she was standing now.

How little she dreamed then of all that life held in store for her! She remembered how in the old days she used to wonder if the time would ever come when she would wear diamonds and a real sealskin sacque and have as much champagne to drink as she wanted, and she well remembered the vow she made one night to obtain a sacque and diamonds no matter at what cost.

It was while she was taking her first supper with young Dolly Tallboy that she registered this solemn vow, and she smiled softly now as she recalled her early struggles.

The band was playing one of the old Strauss waltzes, and the man who was with her was silently puffing his cigar and thinking. Her foot beat time idly to the melody that brought back to her memory the old days when that air was new to the town, and she and a score of others used to sing it night after night on the stage below.

Her escort had first ordered a bottle of champagne, for he had to sustain his reputation as a perfect gentleman in the presence of that great crowd, and the waiter who served it was clumsy or nervous and spilled some of it on the table. She moved her arm but did not look up, for she was thinking of poor, gawky, good-natured Dolly Tallboy, who had sent her a dozen bouquets before he summoned up the courage to ask her out to supper with him. What a silly he was, to be sure, and how he used to make his money fly, for he had just left college and had a name to make! —the same sort of name that the man who sat opposite to her to-night was now striving to maintain.

What a pretty little flat it was that he fitted up for her, and what good times they used to have there, she and her darling boy! —"Wine-opening Dolly," the girls all called him. And what is home without a wine-opener to a woman of her temperament?

The wine was sparkling in her glass now and she smiled at her companion over the brim as she sipped it. She liked this man, who smiled and nodded to her as he drained his glass, not because he was particularly handsome or brilliant or good, but because he was a great spender, and she wondered idly what would happen if she were to brace him for a fifty on the way home.

Still that old waltz that brought back the days when she and Dolly lived and loved and opened wine in the little flat up town. A cloud passed over her face now, for she was thinking of those dreary weeks that came to them when Dolly could open no more wine and the letter she found on the doorsill one morning telling her that their dream of happiness was over, and that the rent of the flat was paid up to the end of the month.

"Yes," she murmured to herself, "of course, we both sinned, and perhaps we should have both suffered. But that is the way of the world. The man suffers, while the woman goes unscathed. It is an injustice, I admit, but what will you have? We women must sow our wild oats, and if Society chooses to condone our faults and mete out to the man the punishment that is due to both, why, we cannot help it."

The waltz was at an end now and her glass was empty. The waiter was at her side in a moment and refilled it; then, at a sign from her companion, he darted off in quest of a second quart.

The applause rang in her ears as she drank, her eyes brightened, and once more in memory she was at the end of the row looking down on Dolly's vacant face in the orchestra and keeping tab on the wine party in the corner box.

Another waltz from the same old opera carried her back to the moment when she realized that her prey had escaped her, that her short blissful dream of love had ended forever, and that the old plush imitation sacque would have to do another winter. She smiled now to think that at that time it never occurred to her that there were other Dollys in town to be had for the mere hustling, that there were prettier flats and finer diamonds and bigger suckers awaiting her along life's glad pathway. Perhaps if she had known that she would not have been so hard on the poor boy who had fallen because she had dazzled him with her red tights and the bright spear she carried in the Amazonian march.

"If I had known then all that I know now," she murmured, "I might have been more merciful. I would not have hired that woman to sit on his father's doorstep with a baby in her arms. I might have spared him that three months' rainy season of postal cards with their 'Dear Dolly, our little baby is very sick, and cries for its papa.' I might not have made a disturbance in the church on what was to have been his wedding day. It must have been hard for the poor boy to be compelled to wear that corrugated iron suit all summer just because he was afraid I would throw vitriol on him.

"Ah! I have a heart, even if I am a woman, and if I had known then how much life held for a good girl with pull enough to get anywhere near the end of the line, I would have been satisfied with the twenty thousand I got from Dolly's father, and not caused the finger of scorn to be pointed at the poor boy until he was driven out of respectable society."

Still the music of the dear old comic opera that Dolly used to love so well; and while the band played its brightest, quickest measures, the memory of this woman with the superb figure and the dreamy eyes went back over life's pathway that was strewn for her with champagne and high-priced cigarettes and high-heeled slippers and sealskin sacques.

She thought, too, of "George, the Producer," who remained faithful to her as long as he had anything to produce, and of "Happy Hal," who was happy no longer because he was selling gold paint on Broadway. She was still dreaming of the glad past, when the waiter brought the second bottle and uncorked it with nervous, clumsy hands. The foam bubbled up from its cool depths and a few drops fell on the sleeve of her rich dress.

She looked up with an impatient word on her lips, and then her eyes opened wide with surprise, while the waiter fidgeted and turned red. Her surprise lasted but a moment. Her lip curled with pride, for she knew that it was she who had brought him down to this from his high estate.

"Ah, Dolly!" she murmured, "still opening wine, I see."

"Yes," he replied, sadly, "opening but not drinking it."

Then the band burst forth again, the perfect gentleman across the table took out a fat wad and paid for the champagne with a clean new bill, and the electric lights shone down upon the denouement of this little tragedy of human life.

The man and the woman had both sinned, but the woman went unscathed, while her companion suffered the penalty that was due to both.

And yet society condones her fault and allows him to suffer.—*James L. Ford, in Truth.*

"OUR SOCIETY"

Blue Book, containing the names, addresses, and reception days of the leading Society people of San Francisco, and the principal social centres of the State, is now in a state of preparation for the opening of the Society season of 1892-93, and will be issued November 1st. We will be particularly careful in the selection of names to grace the pages of the Blue Book, and will eliminate many which have appeared in former publications. It will be kept on file exclusively at all the clubs, fashionable hotels, theatres, summer resorts, etc.

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NOTES.

It seems hard that Jay Gould never visited San Francisco. The departed millionaire vowed once, it is said, never to come to California save over his own line, and for that he did not live long enough. Of the prominent men of the Coast few ever came in contact with him. C. P. Huntington knew him quite intimately and the relations between them were decidely amicable for both respected the other's ability. Of course, the little Wizard's great crime was that of success. He played the game of speculation better than his rivals, and his remarkable brain enabled him to plan and execute deals that they could never even have conceived. Vice-President Stubbs, of the Southern Pacific, was a member of the Advisory Board of the Western Traffic Association when Gould was in it.

* * *

As well as anyone on the Board he understood the questions of traffic that continually came up for settlement. The other presidents went out at intervals to consult their traffic managers, but Gould never.

"I was surprised at his familiarity with so technical a subject," said Mr. Stubbs, "and I remarked on it to President Cable, of the Rock Island.

"'He's as good a traffic manager as there is in the country,' he said, 'and he is equally well posted on track.'"

Of course, there are people who persist in describing him as a mere railroad wrecker, but he was undoubtedly a remarkable developer of the properties that fell into his hands.

WILL YOU GIVE PRESENTS?

"The handsomest art store in this country," said a lady to a friend in street car, "is that of S. & G. Gump. I have been in every big city in America, and I have never seen such a magnificent display of bric-a-brac, statuary, beautiful wares, and valuable paintings as you will find at 113 Geary Street. Really, the store seems to be in advance of the city, but the beautiful articles offered for sale will have an excellent effect. When people see them they will purchase them in preference to the useless things they are in the habit of buying at Christmas time. It would take me all day to tell you what I saw suitable for gifts."

Had the lady had time she could have spoken of the magnificent fish and game sets, hand painted by well-known artists, the handsome statuary, lamps, clocks, vases, and bric-a-brac; the fashionable furniture, the beautiful pictures, and a variety of articles that have made the house of S. & G. Gump famous. A large number of cases of new goods have just been received, and will be opened in a few days.

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MINING AND FINANCIAL.

It being the last month in the year many of the stock speculators are figuring up their accounts, and find, as a rule, that it has been a most unprofitable one. Outside of the Belcher deal, which did not last six weeks, the whole of the Comstocks are selling at figures which will not cover the assessments levied for the year. The past week at the different Stock Exchanges has been a series of decline, although there has been a spasmodic effort made to sustain Belcher and Potosi by certain brokers, but, as the public would not come in and buy, after each rally the market would settle back again. In the early part of the week Hughes, who operates in the Pacific Board, made several sky-high purchases, among being 1200 Crown Point @ $1.10, 1000 shares of Yellow Jacket @ 90 cents, 500 Belcher @ $2, and 300 Confidence @ $2.90, with several hundred Potosi @ $2; and again on Wednesday he started in to buy Potosi, carrying it from $1.80 to $1.90, at which figure he bought 1100 shares. Now the question to be asked is, What effect does the purchase of so much stock by one operator have? None whatever, for each time the market would recede, and trade was dull and prices lower. I have said in the last few numbers of THE WAVE that on the present outlook stocks were not a buy and this advice can be repeated. At the present time there is nothing to warrant higher prices, and on the looks of the different mines lower figures will be the rule; and while manipulation may enhance the value of several of them, it will take twenty-dollar pieces to keep the market agoing. On Monday the different mining secretaries posted the conditions of their several mines, the majority showing a large indebtedness, among them being Belcher, $21,659; Challenge, $6974; Con. Imperial, $9058; Potosi, $22,194; Confidence, $6923; Con. Virginia, $26,000. Among those having a credit are the ones that have just collected an assessment: Occidental, $12,723; Savage, $13,802; Mexican, $20,406; Bullion, $1300; Exchequor, $7400; Andes, $15,854. What the exact debt of Con. Virginia is will not be known until near the middle of the month, but it will be near $40,000.

The news from the front this week was not of an encouraging nature to the different stockholders. The Superintendent of the Con. Virginia and California reports the usual prospecting work. During the week there was extracted and sent to the Morgan Mill 980 tons of ore, average battery sample $20.33 as against $25.90 for the previous week. The total shipments for the month of November was $68,147; the sum total for the year has been $885,145. Nothing new to say from the Ophir, Mexican, Sierra Nevada, or Union. In the Potosi the raise from No. 1 crosscut, 1100 foot level, is up 81 feet; south half shows 3 feet of ore assaying $30 per ton; 492 tons of ore were extracted. In the Gold Hill group, Belcher, Crown Point, etc., are working along with nothing new to report; their greatest expense is in handling the water. The Comstock Pumping Association, which does the work, have levied their eighteenth assessment this week of $25,000, of which the Belcher has to pay $4750. As yet, none of the mines in the outside districts have galvanized into enough life to make a quotation, and from the way silver is drifting it looks as though it will be utterly useless to try and work them.

From the reports that reach here from the Monetary Conference very little hope can be held out to the silver miner, and to-day (Wednesday) silver is rated in New York at 82⅛, the lowest this century; this means that at that rate a silver dollar is worth but 64 cents as compared to gold.

It is said that the Yellow Jacket, which is the only mine that has its main office at Gold Hill, Nev., levied an assessment of 30 cents last Monday, but it was not sent to the San Francisco Board until Wednesday; if this is so it is an injustice, and it is within the province of the Board to regulate it.

At the Tripp Mine on the Mokelumne River, Amador County, some fine-looking quartz is being taken from the lower tunnel. Ore is also being extracted from the upper tunnel, where the $8000 pocket was discovered two or three years ago. J. W. Marshall is re-opening the Marklee Mine, four miles above Volcano, in the same county. The rock in the mine looks fine. There are four ledges, one of them over 40 feet wide; the others from 4 to 5 feet. The mine was worked twenty years ago, and the ore proved very rich. The amount of ore on the dump is 50,000 tons, which, it is thought, will yield $5 per ton.

The tunnel in the Wm. Tell Mine, Sierra City, reached the ledge last week. There is a heavy body of quartz with smooth walls. Rock from the tunnel above paid $12.50 per ton.

The Belcher shipped to the Carson Mint six bars of bullion, assay value of $24,398, representing the clean-up of the November account.

The mining companies on the Comstock paid for the month of November for labor $155,423, or $11,000 less than the previous month.

Dividends have been declared by the following incorporations: Pacific Gas Improvement, 50 cents per share; Spring Valley Water, 50 cents; Pacific Coas Borax, $1.

Assessments have been levied by the Yellow Jacket, 30 cents per share.

At the Stock and Bond Exchange the main business transacted was in California Electric Light, which advanced from $21.25 to $22.50 on the purchase of over 1500 shares; this amount in local securities creates quite a stir in financial circles. Among the rest sold were Spring Valley Water, 205 shares @ 97¾ to 98; Pacific Gas Improvement, 140 @ 78 1/16 to 78¾; San Francisco Gas, 55 @ 70½; Ferries and Cliff, 50 @ 30; Hutch. Com., 100 @ $2.25; Giant Powder, 20 @ 43½; also the following bonds: 5000 bonds Park & Cliff House @ 90; Ferries & Cliff House, 3000 @ 101; and 10,000 Nev. Co. N. @ 102. SURETY.

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IRIS.

I was sure she was a lady from the moment I first saw her. She was the first woman who had ever charmed me, and I promptly fell in love with her head over heels. Perhaps the expression heels over head would be more appropriate, for she was—I blush to say it—a French dancer in the extravaganza then performing at the Frivolity. She was one of four. They were startling, voluptuous, new to New York and to me. But I was quite sure, from the moment I saw her face through my lorgnette, that she was at heart a lady—a young girl who was but the victim of circumstances. She kicked high over head. It was necessity. Undoubtedly she had to pay the board bills of her widowed mother and her small sisters, and she knew no other profession. She rolled over and over on the rough boards of the stage—it was horribly improper, but she knew no better. I could see from the very expression of her face that an impure thought had never entered her soul. And that was why I, a confirmed bachelor, fell in love with her.

Her name was Iris. I could not account for the name; but she was French—and they have queer names—so I understand from my reading. Night after night I sat in the same seat and gazed at her with all a lover's constancy. I revolved in my mind different schemes for meeting her and confessing humbly my love. I thought of accosting her after she had left the theatre. But such a thing would be ungentlemanly in the extreme; and in her purity she would undoubtedly have spurned me. Then another idea occurred to me. I would send her flowers. Night after night I would send her flowers of the same kind. Finally she would begin to expect them, and after a time I would enclose a note. I did so.

I hunted all over the town for an appropriate flower to send. "Iris," I would shout to the attendant at the florist's; "I want a flower that will correspond to the name." I hunted the town for such a flower. I could not find it. Finally I went to the florist the second time. On this occasion I met a man who knew everything. "Iris," he said; "why that is another name for the *fleur de lis*. I can get them for you, but they will be expensive." "Get them," I answered, "without number and regardless of expense."

It seemed an age that I waited for those flowers. Night after night I continued sitting in the same seat. It seemed to me after a time that she had noticed me from that mysterious realm beyond the footlights. Sometimes she seemed to smile at me, and when she did so I was in a delirium of delight. Finally, the first installment of the flowers came. The bill was enormous, but I cared not. I sent them to her quite anonymously. I repeated it for a week, and then, with my heart throbbing with excitement, I sent a note half concealed in the gorgeous bouquet.

I gave her my own name and my club address. I told her that I loved her as no other man had ever loved a woman. I respectfully solicited a meeting. I pledged my honor and my love to her.

The next day, promptly the next day, I received an answer. It was written in French—not very good French, but quite as good as I could write, although I had studied the language for years. "Be at the stage door after the performance," it said. The thought was delirious—maddeningly delightful. I was there, carefully arrayed in my choicest clothes, as though I were going to an assembly ball.

She came. She was accompanied by a massive Frenchman, who looked at me with a smile that was illy concealed. He was a brute, I knew at a glance. She recognized me, however, and approached me with that diffidence that is so charming in women.

"Ah, Monsieur—Monsieur," she said, hesitatingly.

"Monsieur Maramade," I answered, blushingly.

"*Comment—c'est amusant*," growled the big Frenchman.

"Monsieur Maramade," she said, "*mon mari*," and made me a courteous bow.

"He's so little, you'd better thrash him yourself," said the big Frenchman, in horribly good English, and with a malicious grin.

And she did. That is the reason I have never married. Is it not reason enough?—*Tom Hall, in Truth.*

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FASHIONS: BY LETTER.

Anne, Dear:—It's quite contrary to my principles to make complaint of circumstances, but at last I do rebell. Why is it that we can't have a horse show, or something that will bring together our fashionable Society, and give us an opportunity of knowing what the correct thing is, and ideas enough for one's dresses and wraps to last the season through? Why, Jennie writes me from New York that an hour at the Madison Square Garden proved as interesting, from a fashion standpoint, as twice the time devoted to the Grand Prix last summer, and there must be some truth in the statement for all the Eastern papers last week seemed to take the horse show for the key-note of all their fashions. Well, I suppose we must make the best of the faint echo, and content ourselves with an occasional amateur ball game, but even at these festive entertainments half the girls will insist upon wearing last year's dresses, and content themselves by carrying a modest bunch of violets by way of adornment; and, to say the least, it's discouraging.

Of course, the cotillion on Friday night was an excuse for a glorious collection of brand-new evening dresses. The debutantes were especially well gowned, and, beyond question, the girls who chose white with few exceptions appeared to the best advantage. Mrs. Ellicot's dress was really superb. It was her wedding gown, of heavy white corded silk with deep flounces of old point lace (a family heirloom), but though in itself there is nothing more beautiful than rare old lace, yet its charm is often wasted in the crush of a ballroom and its wearer runs the risk of being overshadowed by the bright-complexioned girl in simple cheffron or tulle.

It may seem strange to you that I should quote San Rafael at this season as being able to show anything swagger, but the truth is that one of the prettiest street frocks I have seen this season appeared at St. Paul's two Sundays ago. You may imagine it was worn by one of the Hooper girls, and was extremely simple, of dark blue serge. The skirt short, slightly gored and plain; the waist, a Russian blouse minus the tiresome skirts usually accompanying this style; the belt, collar, wrist bands, sleeve caps, and button flap (high on the left hand side of the waist) all were of white Russian embroidery on the serge, and, by the way, do you know that this so called embroidery is nothing more or less than the old cross stitch on canvas we used to make sofa cushions and table mats of when children, only the stitches are now taken through onto the material and the threads of canvas afterwards drawn out? The sleeves of the waist were truly Russian, very full with the embroidery across the top and were gathered in full again only at the wrist. A large black felt hat trimmed in huge stiff bows of pink satin ribbon was worn with the dress, and was immensely effective—and that reminds me that hats this winter are to be very, very large and bonnets quite as extremely small. Some of the little affairs that have recently been brought out from Paris are simply little wreaths of flowers or bands of jets finished in front with an aigrette of the same. There is nothing startlingly new about these little affairs, but, in nearly all cases, they are becoming and are the very nicest things for evening use; it is a shame, in fact, they are not universal for that purpose.

You will laugh, I know, when you hear that nightcaps for feminine use are actually becoming "the thing," but it is a fact, especially among the girls who take pride in glossy hair, for it is an undeniable fact that covering the hair at night, combined with constant and vigorous brushing, is the surest way to acquire and retain that sleek, well-kept appearance so much to be desired. Of course, the modern affair is a great improvement on that worn by our grandmothers—usually of shirred lawn, with a full frill of lace about the face. You can easily imagine them becoming if nothing more. Nancy.

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OAKLAND GOSSIP.

OAKLAND, December 8th. DEAR WAVE:—Can you tell me why people so completely ignore me? Mrs. Howard, whose attention has always been most flattering and of whom my pen has always written most kindly, did not invite me to her swell reception, nor did she ask me to be one of a gay little party at the time she entertained young Salvini at dinner. Can it be that she objects to the devotion that her favorite son bestows upon me? Then the disgrace that threatens me in another direction is stupendous, as Harry East Miller, Ed Vinzent, Cleve Dam, and Harry Coleman intend pursuing me to the bitter end, and, what that will be, Heaven only knows, as they are making all kinds of wild threats, and I am frightened almost to death, so you need not be surprised, at any time, to hear of my sudden flight, as the moment they are absolutely sure of my identity I am to be ostracized from their society and all the frivolities of this gay place. Since the theatre is our only source of amusement now-a-days, there is not much that they can exclude me from, as, according to the statement of an East Oakland Society leader—matron—my income "is twenty-five dollars a letter," I can indulge in all kinds of reckless extravagance.

Julia Marlowe was the attraction last week and the usual crowd of first-nighters was in attendance. In the audience I noticed the "Tubbs-Henshaw-Grimes-Farrier-Powning" combination; the Millers and Prathers; Dargies and Dams; McElrathes and Fortes; also the Graysons, Ainsworths, McKees, Ralstons, and brilliant Lucie Hayes. Illness prevented me from going to see Patti Rosa, but Tom says that the cynosure of all eyes was Frank Fisher and his bride who occupied a stage box. He and Frank Hume have succeeded in distinguishing themselves and brides by their secret marriages. How I would like to get back the handsome present that I gave Frank and Una, as they deserve nothing for having palmed that second marriage on us as the only one, but murder will out, and both managed to startle the quiet Oakland contingent; but what was it all about?

The wedding of Nannie Prather and Harrison Clay was one of the prettiest and quaintest that it has ever been my good luck to attend. Fannie Orr, as one of the bridesmaids, was just as sweet as ever. Nannie was superbly handsome and Harrison was supremely happy, and Nannie's parents are just the sweetest, old-fashioned Southern couple imaginable. They are sincere and true—none of the shoddy Society airs about them. It is strange that their children are all so worldly. I thought that Laura would surely be one of the bridesmaids but she wasn't; wonder why? Myra, who is fully as pretty as Nannie, was maid of honor, and dear old Father Acherly performed the marriage ceremony.

I can tell you (of course, in the strictest confidence, dear,) that Jim Breck and Nelly Hook are engaged, and that we all are to be invited to attend the wedding before the lapse of many moons.

To-night the concert for the sale of seats for "Rosedale" takes places at the new theatre, and it is to be hoped that the Reliance boys will make lots of money as they have assured me, on their word of honor, that their first entertainment will be for the ladies. The two performances are to be Society events, and we all are anxious to go full dress, but on account of the coldness of the theatre, fear wearing *décolleté* gowns, but the boys, who are most anxious to have the house present as fine an appearance as the opening night, need not worry, as we will look our best, smile our prettiest, and applaud without reserve. Mr. Wilson is working hard enough on the play to make it a success.

Isn't it lucky that I'm such a favorite on your side? You know, dear, I'm one of the few Oaklanders who was invited to attend the San Francisco cotillion. Didn't Minnie Houghton and Jessie Coleman look lovely? *Sub rosa*, the two Harrys Rhodes and Athearn, are really and truly lost to the Oakland maidens. The East Oakland beauty had better have said "Yes" when the opportunity was thrust upon her. Adieu, FROU FROU.

LOVE AND WEATHER.

When, in the budding of the year,
To her of love I chanced to sigh;
"'Tis spring," she whispered in my ear.
"You'll feel much better by and by."

And when, in summer's golden hours,
I said my heart was all aglow,
She smiled as sweetly as the flow'rs
And murmured, "Summer, don't you know."

And later, when the leaves fell down,
And I rehearsed my heartfelt tale,
She said, but with a little frown,
"The day is dull and you are pale."

I sadly waited. Christmas came,
And with the bells my love I told;
Said she, "This wintry night's to blame;
I'm sure you're suffering from the cold."

Oh, grant, ye powers of destiny,
That she and I may meet together
In some strange land that's fair to see,
But wholly destitute of weather!

—*A. C. Oakan.*

EXCHANGE THOUGHTS.

Up from Los Angeles comes the cry of the green-eyed lady. The *Herald* says: "In strong contrast with the gentleness and beneficence of the rains that have prevailed here for several days is the hard experience of the people of San Francisco and the bay from the destructive storm that has swept over that region."

Here is a paragraph from the Santa Cruz *Sentinel*, which is really dense enough to be clever. Whether Santa Cruz ladies have front seats and big hats, or merely front seats, I don't know: "One of the objections to sending Mrs. Lease to the U. S. Senate from Kansas, is the fear that she will get a front seat and wear a big bonnet. The Santa Cruz ladies all wear them."

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LOS ANGELES LIFE.

LOS ANGELES, December 8th. DEAR WAVE:—In spite of the floods, the opera "Der Frieschutz," came off in fine style at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening. Madge and I went and sat in the front row of the balcony because it was so rainy we didn't want to wear opera bonnets. To tell you the truth Madge actually wore her rubber boots and I wore my last year's gloves and hat. The opera was grand and I couldn't help wondering why O. Stewart Taylor glued his eyes so persistently on the programme every minute. I wonder if he was contrasting the opera with "The Chimes of Normandy?" Herr and Mme. Rubo have surely distanced all competitors in the line of training amateurs and the Kyle and Taylor Opera Company will have to look well to their laurels—providing they can get up courage to present "The Bohemian Girl" after the success scored by "Der Frieschutz" which leaves them far-and-away in the lurch.

Of course, there were some awkward little breaks. Who ever saw amateurs on the stage when there wasn't? One of the most amusing of these was actually pitiful in its embarrassment to the perpetrator. It occurred at the end of act second when Rudolph, Agnes, and Annie sing their delicious little trio. A curtain call was given and three beautiful baskets of flowers passed up. Rudolph came forward to receive them and, oh horrors, instead of passing them to the fair young ladies he kept them all himself and bowed appreciatively and over and over again to the audience while the curtain was descending. The people were fairly convulsed and literally shouted in their mirth. Then the curtain rose again, and there stood the two smiling girls laden with flowers, and poor, humiliated Rudolph with not so much as a rosebud in his hand

On Thursday evening the bright and shining lights of Society undertook to present an operatic performance, and it was positively painful in its crudeness, with scarcely a shadow of merit from beginning to end. I sat in the third row of the balcony and ate caramels and enjoyed the multitude of "bad breaks" and awkward situations in a sort of satanic glee. Everybody was there, notwithstanding the pouring rain, but even the best friends of the amateurs had to admit that the opera was a pitiful failure from an artistic standpoint. I do hope the Club won't persist in boring the public with these performances very often.

Somebody down here don't like my letters, and calls them "rot." They are too truthful, I suppose, and it *isn't* pleasant to hear the straight, honest truth at all times, I admit, but they'll have to stand it from KIT.

FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

FRESNO, December 6th. DEAR WAVE:—A new departure were the functions of last week. The De Witt entertainment, given in honor of the Threshers, of Minneapolis, and the Nourse crystal wedding were both confined to the immediate relatives and very few friends of the families. The inclement weather nipped in the bud a "wide" reception at one of our swell houses on K Street. In fact, no one cares to issue invitations to a home affair while the weather is so unsettled. The rain had a demoralizing effect upon the amiability of the girls at the Cooper party. One sweet creature wrote up our Adonis Stony as a bald-headed giant of fifty years' experience in the back woods. The cute, brown-eyed miss of "eighteen summers and twenty-eight *hard* winters" actually described our best dancer as a most outrageous caricature in humanity. I hardly believe the game will be very popular in our 400, as none of us care to have our defects made a subject of entertainment. The boys were not slow in retaliating, I assure you, as their descriptions of some of the girls were most harrowing.

The bride and groom passed through here Saturday evening on their way to San Francisco. They are expected home the end of this week, I believe. Another pretty Society bud is about to to be transformed into the dignified matron—the beauty, Miss Anderson. This is surely a prosperous season for Judge Hymen not to say anything of the local ministers. I heard a good one on a newly-made husband. He is an extremely nervous fellow and the minutes before and during the ceremony of his marriage were filled with agony for him. He was desirous of rewarding the minister as early as possible for fear, in his nervousness, he would forget it, so he had a bright, new twenty in his hand and when the minister congratulates him the groom gracefully leaves the twenty in the pastoral palm. During the congratulations of the guests, he completely forgets his first offering and as the clergyman is saying good night he hands him *two* twenties. Needless to say the minister is considerably dazed over his streak of good luck, while the groom is wearing strings on his fingers as a jog to his fickle memory. The local talent is brushing up its stage voices and manners preparatory to the library entertainment Wednesday evening. I do wish the pretty contralto would consent to sing in public. What a treat it would surely be (in the line of Society singers) after the shrill, unfeeling voices we have listened to in by-gone years Clara Morris is billed for the Barton in the near future, and, of course, the swell set will make it a full dress affair. Last night the Seligman-Cuttings received a warm welcome from the 400. The stage gowns were lost on me as my attention was riveted on a box where a point lace scarf and flashing jewels were displayed in different lights and positions for the benefit of the unsophisticated in the audience. More anon, IMP.

SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, December 8th. DEAR WAVE:—This dreadful "spell of weather" has nearly ruined all our enterprises. Mud over your boot-tops if you try to walk, spattering you in the face if you drive, rain pouring on to you if you step out of doors, all have conspired to see what stuff our tempers are made of.

Nevertheless, the Trinity Church people held their fair and concert at the Germania. They have the art of making things a success under any circumstances. Annie Lee looked perfectly lovely as Angela, and Clarence was fetching as Burthorne. Clarence really is a *preux chevalier;* if we had any Society he would be an Ed Greenway; he bows equal to Chesterfield, and dances like ——. Miss Ebbets is a good manager, and we had a gay time

This week Miss Nancy G—— comes to the front; she knows a whole lot about plays and actors and such things, and then she has such superb confidence in her own powers that nothing can daunt her.

The jolly row the good ladies have had among themselves will probably do some damage, for there is a lot of good Christians here who do not believe in any one quarreling but themselves, and they will be forced to show their disapproval by staying away and keeping as many others away as they can.

The Von D——s have "kissed and made friends." "He is far gone, very far gone." I don't believe he knows "a hawk from a hernshaw." These old fools are the biggest fools of all.

The "land slide" that surprised the *Mercury* among other papers has done it a world of good. It has actually become facetious. Everybody says its McN——; that marriage has developed the humorous in his character; whatever it may be, it is good, and comes in such catchy little flashes that are captivating.

The last and greatest *reform* has transpired in the person of the Rev. J. Herndon Garnett, who, at one great bound, has sprung clear out of hard-shell Baptisty into pulpit of the Unitarian Church. It is a curious somersault, but all agree that the reverend gentleman is very eloquent, and combined with the Rev. Haskell, they will fill the walls of that anomaly in architecture on Third Street full to overflowing. Tom says if he were going to deny Christ he would join the orthodox tribe of Judah at once instead of halting at a half-way station. However, *chacuna son gout.*

There are some light whispers of an approaching storm in that congregation. I am on their track and will serve them up. One of the marriages I told you of is off or deferred—reason, the intended bride has had her own way so long that she dislikes sharing her "ancient solitary reign" with a man who proves to have a *temper. Verbum sap.* As it is a "forlorn hope" she may relent, but if not she will always have the glory of having once been engaged.

A dancing party at the Smith residence and another at the Ballou mansion made the week very lively. Miss Spencer was the handsomest girl at the former, while Mattie Baker was the prettiest and most agreeable young lady at the latter.

The Kirmess was financially a flat failure—will tell you about it next time. BABBLER.

SACRAMENTO AFFAIRS.

SACRAMENTO, December 9th. DEAR WAVE:—After the dreadful rain and wind storms the present cold weather comes like a great relief. It seems really queer to be able to go out. The people in charge of the Episcopal Fair were highly delighted at its success. It brought out all the prettiest girls in town, as well as some of our most popular married ladies; but what was better than all else was the amount of money taken in. The tableaux were beautiful, with the Demings, Taylors, Maye, Phebe, and lots of others whom I did not know, posed as statuary. The candy table was the most attractive to the men, and the few who were there worked hard. The "sweet singer" and Will C—— deserve special mention for their efforts. I am told its artistic appearance was due to "Soph" and one other young lady whose name I could not ascertain. Clara T—— looked extremely well in her pink dress. The doll booth was presided over by the Deming girls, and it is difficult to say which looked the prettiest. The fancy table by Mrs. B——, who resembled the dainty things she had for sale, and was ably assisted by Mrs. Deming and Mrs. Railton, and, to my great surprise, Mary T——, thought she had left our city for this winter. I was charmed to see Mrs. Foye, that she purchased any number of things goes without saying. Mrs. Hamilton, I also noticed *examining* the fancy articles; there was the usual amount of that sort of thing going on. "Billy" was hanging around the *sweets* in the candy booth. I think he has lost flesh. Where was Ned? I heard the girls asking for him. The tableau enacted by Maye and Mr. Bentley was a capital take off; he was of great assistance to the girls and so was the handsome dentist. I hope those who did not attend this sale will not feel bored by my lengthy description. As it was a Society affair in every particular, I am, of course, in duty bound to describe it for the benefit of the participants and their many friends Mrs. H——, her sister, Harry and his mother formed one of the many parties who attended.

Julia Marlowe was not appreciated, and in consequence played to small houses. It was a great pity, for I understand we all missed a treat.

"The Ideals" give their second party on Friday evening of this week; as each one is just like the preceding, and as I gave you a description in one of my past letters that will have to suffice. Another one of our girls is to be married this week. Miss Huntoon is a very attractive young lady (who ever heard of a bride who was otherwise?) and will be greatly missed by her friends. As I have heard no particulars of the wedding you will be obliged to possess your souls in patience until next time. Mrs. Houghton has returned from the East, but, to the disappointment of her many friends here, she went straight through to Oakland without stopping over; presume that that city is to be their future home. The Jack Reiths are in San Diego and Mamie has returned to Nevada and Will; am afraid that Helen and "Pipie" are to remain away all winter. J. Frank has accepted this fact as inevitable and retired from Society. And now I think you have had quite enough for this week; so, until next time, Adieu, NINA.

The Oakland *Times* says: "California does not contain all the fools evidently. One Harrison elector has been elected along with nine Weaver men. He will be a lonely man in such company, lonelier than the California Republican even."

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CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST CO.

Cor. Montgomery and California Sts.

CAPITAL FULLY PAID, $1,000,000

This Company is authorized by law to act as administrator, executor, guardian, assignee, receiver and trustee, under the supervision and direction of the Courts. Executes trusts for married women, in respect to their separate property, and acts as agent for them in the management of such property.

Receives deposits subject to check and allows interest at the rate of two per cent per annum on daily balances. Issues certificates of deposits bearing fixed rates of interest.

Receives deposits in its Savings Department, from $1.00 upwards and allows the usual rates of interest thereon.

Rents safes inside its burglar proof vaults at prices from $5.00 per annum upwards according to size. Valuables of all kinds may be stored at low rates.

WILLS DRAWN AND TAKEN CARE OF WITHOUT CHARGE

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York via Panama

Steamers will sail at NOON on the 5th, 15th and 25th of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—December 15th, S. S. "San Jose," Sunday, December 25th, S. S. "San Juan," January 5th, 1893, S. S. "City of New York."

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

S. S. "City of Panama" will sail for Panama, at NOON, Saturday December 17th, calling at Mazatlan, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San Jose de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur and Punta Arenas.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc; S. S. "Peru," Saturday, December 24th, 1892, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "City of Rio de Janeiro," Saturday, January 14th, 1893, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "City of Peking," Saturday, February 4th, 1893, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "China," via Honolulu, Tuesday, February 14th, 1893, at 3 P. M.

Round trip tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.

ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

THE SATHER BANKING COMPANY

CAPITAL, - - - - - - $1,250,000

Successor to Sather & Co., Established 1854, San Francisco.

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DIRECTORS:—E. A. Bruguiere, F. W. Sumner, Albert Miller Wm. P. Johnson, C. F. A. Talbot, J. L. N. Shepard, James K Wilson.

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LADIES' HAIR DRESSER AND WIG MAKER, No. 241 Grant Avenue (over City of Paris) Rooms 34, 35, 36, 37 and 41, San Francisco, Cal. Commutation Tickets for Hair Cutting $5 worth for $2.50 Open Sundays from 9 a. m. until 1 p. m. Shampooing done with the latest Patent Washing and Drying Machines. Hair Dyeing and Bleaching also performed with care. Manufacturer of Human Hair Goods. Take Elevator.

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Of London, Established 1836.

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PACIFIC DEPARTMENT

Guardian Assurance Co. Sun * Fire * Office

Of London Established A. D. 1821		Of London Established A. D. 1710	
Paid-up Capital -	$ 5,000,000	Cash Assets - -	$9,031,000
Cash Assets - -	$21,911,915	Assets in America	$1,956,330

WM. J. LANDERS, Gen'l Agent, 205 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

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San Francisco and North Pacific Railway.

(THE DONAHUE BROAD GAUGE ROUTE)

Commencing Sunday, November 20, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere and San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:40 A. M.; 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 1:50 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:50 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:40, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:55 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days	Leave San Francisco. Sundays	DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco. Sundays.	Arrive San Francisco. Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:30 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale and Way Stations.	7:30 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:30 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:30 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs' Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hayfork and Eureka.

Excursion tickets from Saturdays to Mondays. To Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $2.25; to Healdsburg, $3.40; to Cloverdale, $4.50; to Hopland, $5.70; to Ukiah, $6.75; to Sebastopol, $2.70; to Guerneville, $3.75; to Sonoma, $1.50; to Glen Ellen, $1.80.

Excursion tickets, good for Sundays only To Petaluma, $1.00; to Santa Rosa, $1 50; to Healdsburg, $2 25; to Cloverdale, $3.00; to Ukiah, $4 50; to Hopland, $3 80; to Sebastopol, $1.80; to Guerneville, $2.50; to Sonoma, $1.00; to Glen Ellen, $1.20.

H. C WHITING, Gen Manager. PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

Ticket offices at Ferry, 36 Montgomery Street, and 2 New Montgomery Street.

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Incorporated by Royal Charter A. D. 1720

CAPITAL PAID UP, - - -	$ 3,446,100.00
ASSETS, - - - - - -	21,584,413.00
SURPLUS TO POLICY HOLDERS, -	8,980,251.00

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City Office, 501 Montgomery St. General Office, 401 Montgomery St

Wells Fargo & Co's Bank

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SAN FRANCISCO

Cash Capital and Surplus, - - - $6,250,000

JOHN J. VALENTINE, President | HOMER S. KING, Manager
HENRY WADSWORTH, Cashier | J. L. BROWNE, Asst Cashier

DIRECTORS:

Lloyd Tevis Leland Stanford Oliver Eldridge James C. Fargo
Geo. E. Gray Charles F. Crocker W. F. Goad
Dudley Evans, John J. Valentine

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE	FROM DECEMBER 3, 1892.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*12.15 p m
.....	Niles and San Jose	†6.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, and Calistoga	6.15 p m
*7.30 a m	El Verano and Santa Rosa	*6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7 15 p m
8 00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton	*8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Martinez	12.15 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4 00 p m	Martinez, Stockton, Merced and Fresno	12.15 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4 00 p m	Benicia, and Sacramento	10.15 a m
4.00 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.15 a m
4.00 p m	Vacaville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	10.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	9.15 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	9.15 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
†7 00 p m	Vallejo	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

†11.45 p m	Hunters and Theatre Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	‡8.05 p. m.
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.38 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.03 p m
12 15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations.	3.30 p m
*2 30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.37 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, Gilroy and Principal Way Stations	*9 47 a m
*4.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7.30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

VIA SAUSALITO FERRY.

[In effect November 1, 1892.]

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO to MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, A. M.; 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:20, 7:45 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, A. M., 12 M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P M. Extra trip Saturdays at 6:30 P. M. Fare, 50 cents round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days) 6:30, 7:58, 9:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:15 P M. Fare, 40 cents round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:55, 8:15, 9:55, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:40 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:40, A. M.; 12:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:10 P M. Fare, 25 cents round trip.

Leave San Francisco	Through Trains. Destination.	Arrive San Francisco.
7:30 A. M. } Week 1:45 P. M. } days. 8:00 A. M. Sundays	Camp Taylor, Tocaloma, Point Reyes, Tomales and Way Stations.	10:25 A. M. Mondays 12:15 P. M. Week days, except Mondays 6:10 P. M. Daily
7:30 A. M. Week days 1:45 P. M. Saturdays	Howards, Duncan Mills, Cazadero and Way Stations.	10:25 A. M. Mondays 6:10 P. M. Week days

Thirty-day Excursion—Round trip, 25 per cent reduction.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round trip tickets: Tocaloma and Point Reyes, $1.25; Tomales, $2; Howards, $2.50; Cazadero, $3.
Sunday Excursion—Round trip tickets: Point Reyes, $1; and Tomales, $1 50

THROUGH STAGE CONNECTIONS DAILY (except Sundays) at Cazadero with morning train from San Francisco to and from Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

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COTTON SAIL DUCKS 22-inch; in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard

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25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

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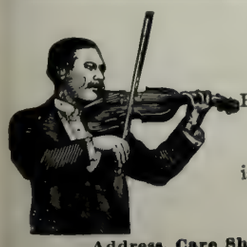

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is the one the people read, and no journal in Alameda County has a bigger circulation than the

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GRAND VIN SEC The Perfection of a Dry Wine

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SUBSCRIBED, - - - - - - -	3,000,000
PAID IN, - - - - - - -	1,500,000
SURPLUS, - - - - - - -	650,000

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A. L. SELIGMAN, Asst. Cashier

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Incorporated 12th April, 1859

Office, - - Cor. McALLISTER AND JONES STREETS
San Francisco

The objects for which this Association is formed are, that by its operations the Depositor thereof may be able to find a

Secure and Profitable Investment for Small Savings

And borrowers may have an opportunity of obtaining from it the use of a moderate capital, on giving good and sufficient security for the use of the same.

OFFICERS—President, JAMES R. KELLY — Secretary and Treasurer, ROBERT J. TOBIN — Attorney, ALFRED TOBIN

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Deposits can be made from **ONE DOLLAR.** Loans Made on Security of Real Estate within the City and County

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Commercial Union Assurance Co., Ld.

OF LONDON

301 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL,	$12,500,000
PAID-UP CAPITAL,	1,250,000
TOTAL CASH ASSETS, Gold,	16,324,962
TOTAL LIAB., Inc. Re-Ins., Funds, Etc.,	10,294,868
CASH SURPLUS TO POLICY HOLDERS,	5,291,401

All Losses on the Pacific Coast promptly paid through the Branch Office of the Company

C. F MULLINS, MANAGER

Losses Paid by the Company, $67,981,011

THE YUROK SIREN

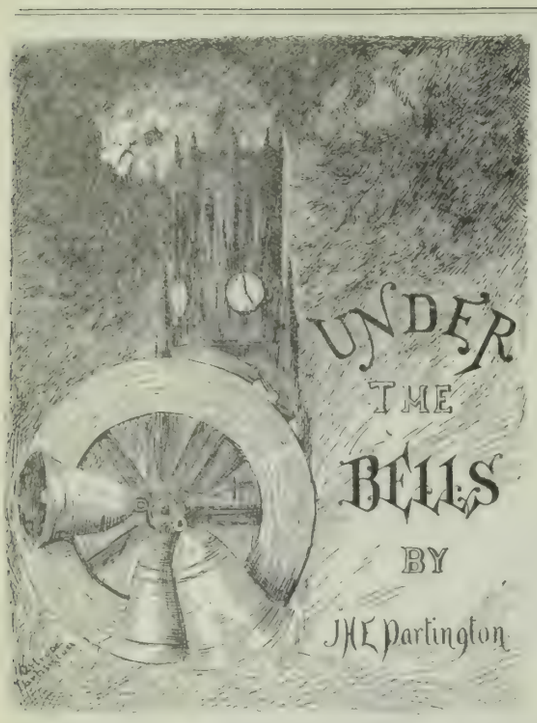
By John Vance Cheney

There's a witch lives over the river,
And the Yurok's a fool to go;
But, bless you, he's only a red-skin,
And how should a red-skin know?

The witch flits into the forest,
And whisk! she's up in a tree:
Way up skips the nimble beauty
And Yurok — why, up skips he.

At the very tip-top, Oh, horror!
A panther is in her stead
And when the lover turns earthward,
He finds he has left his head.

The poor inscrutable Yurok,
A pitiful fool to go!
Into the river and over —
But he's a Yurok, you know.



"A SET of fine carillons is a musical crown to a city. Antwerp suggests three things to me—the Rubens pictures, the Cathedral, and the silver chimes in the great tower. Our City Council should have given this delicate business of the bells into the hands of Charles Hallé or a committee of musical experts."

We were gathered around the fireplace of the Manchester Bohemian Club. As I uttered the above opinion I noticed that George Grey, the architect, who was standing against the mantel, looked vicious, and he followed up my lead with a sneer.

"If a corporation be what Sidney Smith called it, an entity without a body to be kicked or a soul to be damned, I hardly see how you can expect it to have a taste for Art or Music. The butchers, bakers, and candlestick makers who represent us in the City Council probably possess about as much valuable knowledge of campanology as you painters do of the principles of logic, commerce or politics. Your health, Megilp." The speaker nodded carelessly at me and drank his whisky and apollinaris. "Ah, Chesters," he continued, "I hadn't noticed that you were in the club. Of course, my estimate of the taste and intellect of the Manchester corporation is a general one, and subject to possible exceptions," and he smiled at the municipal representative of the Ancoats Ward.

"Thanks, Grey," said Chesters. "The opinions of modern architects on all matters relating to Town Halls, City Councils, and, may I add, the Universe, are valuable. The profession is infallible. Upon my word, Grey, I wish they would make you Mayor for five years. (Wasn't Pitt Prime Minister at your age?) I expect that in that time you would turn this city of smoke and Philistinism into an etherealized combination of the Athens of Phidias, the Weimar of Gœthe, and the Bayreuth of Wagner."

More men came into the club: Will Lushington, Lord Arden's younger brother, who had just returned from his Texas cattle range; little gooseberry-eyed Spankem, whose gentlemanly Atheism and bloodthirsty Anarchism, delivered in a squeaking treble, gave the Bohemians a certain character for religious and political liberality; Sir Henry Buzfuz, who was on circuit, retained in the great ——— poisoning case (Sir Henry had slipped in for a hand at piquet, after his impassioned but fruitless defense of the lovely and accomplished prisoner, who had that day been adjudged guilty and condemned to be hanged); Gilliton Walbrand, brightest and keenest of wags and king of good fellows, whose flashes of merriment were always equal to setting the Bohemian table in a roar, and "hail fellow well met" with every man present; Joe Jefferson, actor, artist, author, strolled in from the Prince's, where a packed and delighted audience had been greeting "Old Rip" with the usual smiles and tears. The conversation became general on the subject of the Town Hall bells, for they were to be rung for the first time at midnight, and it was now half past eleven. Grey was brilliant, but bitterly cynical. He deliberately flavored his talk with so much ironical and unclubbable offense that I, his nearest friend, became somewhat anxious. It was evident that he was drinking more than was good for him, and I felt relieved when he remarked:

"The club is too far away from the Town Hall for us to judge critically of the effect. I shall go into Albert Square, and—do you mind going with me, Megilp? I would ask you, Chesters, but as distance will probably lend enchantment to the sound, you will, by staying here and reading Edgar Allan Poe, be able conscientiously to give a more poetical description of the bells to your constituents, when they heckle you about the cost next November, than if you accompanied us. Good night."

It was a bitter cold winter's night. The stifling fog of the day had been followed by a sharp frost, and the black mud of the streets had hardened into slippery ridges, which made walking difficult. Before the door of the club a shivering demirep was talking to a cabman, who was swinging his arms together for warmth. He had been waiting an hour for young Ffolliott, one of the bucks of the Bohemian. At the corner of the square a shoeless street Arab was standing by the magnificent new offices of the Provident Life Insurance Company. He whimpered, through chattering teeth:

"Gov'ner, please, sir, buy a *Evenin' Noos*. I've nine left. Got to sell 'em, or I'se get wolloped by the old 'un."

Grey stopped, took the papers, tore them across, threw them back to the boy with a shilling, three times their value, and said: "Now, be off; to hell, if you like."

"Hipped at something, Grey?" I asked, as we gained the Albert Memorial statue in the centre of the square. "Why have you brought me out here? We should have heard the bells well enough in the club."

"Curse the bells," said Grey. "I want you to go home with me. I saw her in the club, standing against your picture, and I know she will come to my bedroom again to-night."

"She? She will come? Grey, what is the matter with you?"

His dark, sinister eyes were gleaming wildly in the lamplight, and he had seized me by the coat collar. He said hoarsely:

"It is time I told you, for, by God, I think I am going mad."

* * * * * * * *

He related an incident in his recent life with which I was wholly unacquainted, for he had been away from the city for over a year, and I had seen nothing of him, nor had he, in his letters to me, made any allusion to the circumstances. A Yorkshire architect named Brainerd, who was preparing plans for a great municipal building, had seen some of Grey's work, and had asked him to assist in the working out of the designs. He offered him a good salary, and as there was no immediate prospect of success in Manchester, Grey consented to become his assistant for a year. A week after his settlement in Hallington, Mrs. Brainerd dismissed one of her servants and engaged another—a country girl—and Grey had found his fate. The office was attached to the Brainerd house, and it was one part of the girl's duty to set the room in order before Grey's arrival. It frequently happened the work was not finished when he entered the office. "How could I help loving her?" he said, "for she was the prettiest thing that God ever made. Those little rose-bud lips of hers were made for kissing, and I kissed them. Her blue eyes—oh, the innocent blue eyes of her: they were so deep, so dewy, that when she looked at me I could not help closing the lids of them with my lips, lest the love in them should escape. I remember feeling startled one morning. I had kissed her hand. She withdrew it and said almost in Marguerite's exact words: 'How could you think of it? How could you kiss it?

It is so coarse, so hard, so spoiled with work from day to day—not worth your kissing.' What could I do but kiss the hand again, and her lips into silence; and with her heart beating against mine I forgot that 'Faust' had been written—nay, I forgot everything in the world but that Alice was in my arms, and that we were lovers.

"That thin, keen-eyed, gray-faced woman, Mrs. Brainerd, found it all out, and there were thin smiles round her hard lips when she said to me: 'Mr. Grey, I regret to have to say that it will be necessary for me to discharge the housemaid if you forget that you are a gentleman, and that I am responsible for her honor in this house.' How I hated her, but I could say nothing. She watched us with those yellow, mousing eyes of hers till I could have killed her. One morning Alice came into the office with her eyes red and tearful, and

a moment afterward Mrs. Brainerd walked in to find her sobbing on my breast and crying, 'Oh, I cannot bear it any longer. Take me away.'

"'You shameless hussy,' Mrs. Brainerd began in a quiet level voice.

"'Madam,' said I, 'no more of this. Alice goes away at once, and your work as a spy upon us is at an end.'

"She swept out of the office with a smile upon her pale face, and I hurriedly arranged to meet Alice at my rooms when the day's work was over."

Grey stopped for a moment or two, breathing hard.

"My God! how am I to tell you the rest? I tried to induce her to go home to her parents at Inglemere, but she said if I sent her away she would go and throw herself in the river. She would live no longer apart from me anywhere in the wide world, and—it was May time—I loved her passionately. I might some day be able to marry her, and I gave her a little opal ring, and kissed it upon her finger, and—"

"Why, Grey," said I, "you don't mean to say that you ruined the girl? Don't tell me, for heaven's sake, that you are a heartless villain!"

"Hear me out," said Grey, "and then I will thank you to shoot me—if you have the heart to do it." He was shivering violently, and leaned for a while against the base of the memorial.

"We lived together for three months, and in that time it became clear to me that a marriage between us was impossible. She had no education, her father was a farm laborer, and unless I were willing to throw my life away, it was evident that the only possible connection between us was that she should continue to be my mistress. And so she pined, grew thin and pale, and, at length, one day, after I told her plainly that I could never marry her, she cursed me and left the house forever,"

Grey again became silent. Astonishment and disgust kept me mute. After a little while he went on, his voice huskier, his eyes wilder, and I noticed that he looked around furtively as if expecting some one.

"I had lost sight of her completely for six months. My work with Brainerd and the pressure of my duties as provincial dramatic correspondent for a London newspaper kept me busy. Besides this I had become deeply interested in Herbert Spencer's 'Psychology,' and with passionate purpose I strove to forget all about Alice in analyzing his lofty speculations on the laws of human mind. It was my custom to read him in bed, frequently half the night through. Some six months after she left me I was one night studying the fourth chapter of the second part of his 'Principles' on the Relativity of Relations. The lamp was at the left hand side of the bed, and cast a clear light upon the closed door which was right opposite to me. I had stopped my watch, for its ticking disturbed me, and there was not a sound to be heard in the still winter night, but the breathing of the dog, which lay at the right side of the bed, and the hourly booming of the parish church bell. One, two, it was about half past that hour when I raised my head from the book to shape into clearer mental vision a particularly difficult passage. I had read the words over so often that I could see them printed in large type on the panels of the door, and was going over them again, when I thought I saw the ends of the lines coming towards me edgeways. At the moment the dog gave a little uneasy yelp, as if dreaming, and—yes—it was the door opening, wide—wider—and the light of the lamp fell upon the tear-stained face of—Alice!

"She came forward and laid her worn right hand upon the foot of the bed. Her face was pale, very pale. Her eyes, which had been of the color of the forget-me-not, had turned to an ashen gray. They were very wide and still, and fixed upon my own. She clasped something in her left arm to her breast, and I saw a baby's foot—oh, God! how white it was—which her thin, black shawl did not cover. She stood there with the tears streaming down her cheeks and dropping upon the bundle which she strained to her bosom.

"'Alice! Alice!' I cried, 'what are you doing here?'

"Not a sound, not a word in answer. I noticed that her bosom heaved and fell more quickly, as if she were sobbing, but the sobbing was silent. The baby stirred beneath her shawl, but made no sound.

"'Alice, my poor girl, speak to me!' I cried.

"Then she spoke, or rather moaned; the voice so low, so tremulous, so tearful, so unearthly, that I knew it was the voice of a dead woman.

"She raised the first finger of her right hand, and beckoned me, menacingly:

"'You are coming,' she said.

"Her arm fell around her babe, and straining the dead child with a shudder to her breast, she turned away, moved silently through the doorway, which closed after her, and she was gone.

"She came the next night, and the next. By this time I feared that my brain was giving way, and a wild, mad resolve to break the horrible spell seized me. On the third night, as she took her stand at

the foot of the bed, a hell of passion seemed to boil up within me. I leaped out of bed and stood beside her. The dog started up at the same moment.

"'Why do you come here? Speak, speak!' I shouted.

"She kept her ashen eyes on me, and the tears from them were dropping on the face of her dead child.

"But she spoke not.

"'Damn you!' I screamed; and—oh, to think of it!—I struck a

devil's blow at the dead white face. 'Seize her, Gyp!' I cried. I struck nothing. The dog sprang forward, but instantly howled and ran away cowering into the farthest corner of the room.

"Then she raised the first finger of her right hand, and, with the same beckoning menace, said:

"'You are coming.'

"She turned from me, and as the door was closing the dog leaped from his corner, snapped at me fiercely as he passed, and followed her out of the room.

"I must have fallen heavily, for the house was roused, and they found me insensible on the floor.

"On the following morning they brought me a letter as I lay in bed. Here it is." Grey took the letter from his pocket-book, and I read it by the light of one of the lamps.

..... PARSONAGE,
LONDON, E., 27TH ..... 188.....

G. LEVESON GREY, ESQ.,

SIR:—In fulfillment of a promise, I forward herewith an opal ring, taken from the finger of an unfortunate young woman, Alice Malvern, who, with her infant, died at a house of ill-fame in my parish on Tuesday last.

They were this day interred in the same coffin in the paupers' burial ground of this district. Your brother in Xt,

ALWYNE DENISON.

I silently passed the letter back to Grey. He resumed: "She comes to me every night when I am alone, and will sometimes stand before me as I sit at table in a crowded restaurant. I saw her to-night in the club, leaning against the frame of your picture, by the bookcase, and, just as Jefferson entered the room, she beckoned me; 'You are coming,' she said. I dare not go home alone. Come with me, for God's sake."

The lamplight fell on his white face, and, bitter night as it was, I saw great drops of sweat upon his brow. He had again seized my arm, and was trembling so that I could feel the shuddering of his heart. His eyes burned into mine, but through their wild fire I could see a great fear, as if he were looking beyond me into the eyes of the girl whom he had murdered.

At the moment the air burst into a clamor of sounds. "Ding, ding, dong, boom," the great bells were clanging and roaring in torrents of noise from the bell chamber of the great tower, but I hardly heard them. The eyes of the miserable wretch beside me were louder in their mute cry than the brazen throats of the swinging monsters that shook the darkness around us.

"I will go home with you," I said.

* * * * * * * * * * *

There is not much more to tell. Grey, the able architect, the refined scholar, the accomplished gentleman, began to be talked about at the Bohemian as a distinctly unclubbable man. His cynicism became disagreeable. Considerable latitude of discussion on religious matters is, of course, the rule at the club, but the line must be drawn somewhere, and Grey's continual sneering on such subjects was felt to be bad form. His savage newspaper articles made men avoid him as dangerous. He drank more than was customary amongst the members, and the caterer, at length, preferred a formal complaint against him to the committee, alleging that Mr. Grey had grossly insulted him for refusing to supply drink after club hours. Grey was asked for an explanation. He sent a sneering reply, and was permitted to resign.

Shortly after, he left the city to superintend some "restorations" of the mansion of a Welsh nobleman.

I lost sight of him for two years. A telegram reached me one day at the Bohemian from a small town in Cheshire.

From G. L. GREY to RUBENS MEGILP:

I am dying. Will you come to see me?

I went and found him prostrate, but apparently not dying. He was suffering from an attack of peritonitis, he said. He did not care to admit that he was recovering from a bad spell of delirium tremens. A beautiful girl, who he said was his wife, waited upon me. I recognized her as a professional model who had often sat for me in Manchester. When I reminded him of this—in her absence—he admitted that he was not married—that he was penniless, and here he broke down and wept piteously; he begged me to see his mother and ask her assistance in his great straits. I consented on condition that he would give up drinking and marry the girl with whom he was living. He eagerly promised all I asked. I waited by him for a day or two, returned to the city and called upon Mrs. Grey. Her love for her wretched boy had never wavered, and she cheerfully consented to give him £300, on my conditions, for a fresh start in his profession in Manchester. He came over, and we got him settled in a pretty little office furnished anew with the necessary instruments. The end came very quickly. In a month he told me that I was a fool for expecting him to marry the girl, and that he would go his own way—"the primrose way, my boy," said he, with a drunken laugh, "to the everlasting bonfire." In two months he had spent over £150 in drink. With the remainder he purchased a saloon ticket for New Zealand, and when the vessel was five days out, just off Cape St. Vincent, the steward found him lying in his berth—dead—grasping an empty phial labelled "Prussic Acid" in his right hand. In his left was a small opal ring.

J.H.E. Partington.

ARTHUR F. MATHEWS.

IF I had yielded to the influence of that gentle watchfulness which my mother found her chief occupation in extending, I am certain I should have escaped a strange happening that befell me; but I am prone to find some excuse for my perversity, even at this remote interval. In the first place, I imagined that I was very much in love with a pretty girl in the neighborhood named Alice Fairweather. It might appear that this was a matter serious enough, for I was only twenty and she was seventeen; and if there is anything in the world that will cause an only son's mother to worry, it is something so trivial as that.

But that was not all. One may imagine a mother with patience to wait until age and an unreliable discretion should enable a willful son to see the world (which generally, in the case of a boy, means women), and from a wider experience make a selection approximating an exhibition of intelligence. But there was something else (and a far more serious) to be considered. This was that I had a peculiar and painful affliction.

It is difficult for those not educated in nervous diseases to understand the distressing nature of my trouble. If I should say simply that I had asthma, the lay reader will recall memories of asthmatics who seemed to find their greatest pleasure in trying to breathe and in filling those about them with uneasiness. But sometimes chronic asthma means a great deal more than that. In my case it did. Let me try to make this easy to understand by saying that asthma is a nervous disease, and very often is associated with peculiar mental states and capacities. Some of the most puzzling studies that psychologists have encountered have been asthmatics; so that students of insanity have pretended to discover and classify certain forms of mental aberration which they refer to the presence of asthma. Whether or not this has anything to do with the strange story I am about to tell, I must leave it to the intelligent reader to infer.

Apart from my mother's anxiety for me on account of Alice Fairweather was her constant fear that I would summon my twelve little devils and their queen. I did not suspect then that she knew these creatures were given to visiting me on occasion; and how she discovered the fact I am at a loss to know. But I remember clearly that whenever the desire to receive a visit from these strange friends made itself manifest in some peculiar signs which I was not aware of giving, my mother would exercise a particular watchfulness over me, and would do all in her power to prevent me from sequestering myself for a moment. It is true that the desire to receive the visitation always immediately preceded a violent attack of asthma.

However, in spite of her care I often found opportunity to enjoy the society of my devils. The worst that had ever befallen me from their visits was great subsequent exhaustion, for the exercise of meeting and of being entertained by them was exacting and severe; but the visit of which I am now to tell had a very different ending. I would like to tell all I remember about my devils, but that would make this narration too long. I must content myself with relating what happened at this particular and most extraordinary visit, trusting that what may be allowed to fall therein will give a sufficient idea of the appearance and character of my friends. I will give only this preliminary hint: I call them devils because they were so jolly, good-natured and polite; and I call Sinovia their queen because she seemed to govern them. For that matter, who but a queen of at least twelve devils could be so pretty and winsome as she?

It had been a long time since I suffered a severe attack of asthma, and the day came when I realized that a certain intense desire—stronger than any I had ever had before—to see my devils had taken possession of me. Perhaps it meant the impendency of a distressing illness, but I thought nothing of that at the time. By great good fortune I gave my mother the slip, intending to go at once to some quiet place where I might meet Sinovia and the devils; but before I could realize anything I found myself at Alice Fairweather's gate. Even this part of the strange occurrences of the evening is blurred and confused in my memory, and what happened after this sweetest of girls came to the gate (it was dark by this time), I have no recollection whatever. Concerning my mental state, however, there is more or less distinctness. I know that I was in a condition of peculiar exhilaration, in which everything seemed bright and beautiful. There was an unaccustomed buoyancy in my step and lithness in my tongue, so that I felt myself to walk without stepping and speak without uttering. I do not remember what I said to Alice, or what she said to me; I remember that I loved her with an ardor that was ready to encounter any risk. I remember clearly how beautiful she looked under the half-open shadow of a wind-shaken eucalyptus tree. The electric light on the corner shone brightly through the intervals of the leaves, which, moved by the breeze, cast shifting mosaic shadows on the sidewalk; and these shadows danced over Alice, also, clothing her dainty form in a curiously variegated gown of shifting tints, and now and then touching her brown hair with a golden hue that harmonized perfectly with the mellow light of her hazel eyes. These things are all very vague in my recollection, but I am convinced now that their relation to the after happenings of the evening had a certain cohesiveness.

I do not remember when I left Alice, nor what I said in parting. The night was sweet and beautiful, and filled with a restful but inspiring luminosity. The only clear recollection I have at this juncture is that I found myself in the rear room of a quiet hotel, where I had registered under an assumed name. I remember that I had gone there deliberately to call up Sinovia and my twelve little devils; so, after the boy had lighted the gas and left me, I locked the door, closed the window, and then, gleefully overcome with my victory over my mother, I tore up and down the room in ecstasy, laughing heartily. Then I sat down, rubbed my hands in lively anticipation over the pleasure I would have, and said:

"Come on with the boys, Sinovia, and let's have a lark."

Instantly Sinovia, the most beautiful and radiant of creatures, stood before me, and she was instantly followed by the twelve little

devils in the following order: Pelim, a little old man whose whiskers, a bright blue, grew only on his nose and fell to his chest, his bald head wrinkled curiously, and his eyes sharp and luminous; Sargopee, with his arms where his ears ought to have been, and a long tail growing from the back of his head; Jiruping, the bones of whose legs were articulated the wrong way, so that he always walked backward;

Wyaou, whose mouth was so wide that when he laughed he would rest the whole upper part of his head on his back; Snzp, a queer little chap whose feet were dogs, one yellow and the other red; Arloupetner, who could not keep his head on his shoulders, but had to carry it in his arms; Ri, the position of whose arms and legs was reversed, so that he had to walk upside down; Froup, a bright little fellow with four eyes in his face, two being where his nose and mouth belonged, and living caterpillars for hair; Mrtu, who wore no clothing whatever, in order not to conceal the effect of a powerful electric light within him which displayed the working of all his internal organs to the minutest details; Kiprit, very old but spry, with no bones in his body, so that he could get himself into the queerest shapes, a particular fancy being to swallow his feet at times; Seeprr, who had two heads, which grew in the place of his hands, and who lied dreadfully;

and, last of all, Thrig, a solemn rascal, whose body was filled with keys like those on an accordion, so that upon taking a deep breath he could play the most doleful tunes.

These all, following Sinovia, came one at a time, some emerging from the fireplace, others slipping through the keyhole, still others squeezing in under the door, and a few coming up out of the wastepipe of the washbasin. All were delighted to see me. None, I should explain, were larger than monkeys of medium size, and even Sinovia was smaller than a girl of her apparent age should have been, for I supposed her to be about seventeen years old.

The little gentlemen who had first arrived waited until all the others were on hand, and then very gravely and courteously, marshaled by Sinovia, they advanced and gave me formal greeting. This was all by-play, for we were old and intimate friends—I had seen them many a time before, and they were always the same; there had to be a certain amount of formality in the reception, but I knew that it meant nothing. After that was over, they began their pranks. It would be absurd for me to attempt a description of their extraordinary antics, or to repeat their smart and amusing speeches, for if I were to do so, I am sure I should be called a madman. But the essence of their fooling was this: They danced and capered about like the goblins they were, the merriest lot of nether-world beings it is possible to imagine. Their jokes, witticisms and comic songs were excruciating. They climbed upon me and dragged me about in the most undignified fashion, pulling me hither and thither, sitting on me, and subjecting me to all conceivable good-natured indignities, all together calling me the most outrageous names, and charging me with unimaginable crimes. They knew that I liked all this, and that the wilder they were the happier I became. I laughed till the tears streamed down my cheeks. They set me the queerest and most outlandish puzzles, and when I proved at fault in solving them they tormented me without mercy. In not a single instance could I outwit them. I had beforehand studied out the hardest possible riddles to fling at them, but they answered them almost before I had finished stating them, and then ridiculed my stupidity. I made no attempt whatever to maintain my dignity, for that was out of the question; and I enjoyed it all so heartily that I forgot everything else under the sun.

Except Sinovia. She acted somewhat strangely that night. On former occasions she had been very quiet, sitting at my side and enjoying the merriment with me, now and then correcting some bold imp who attempted to carry the frolic to the verge of rudeness. She had always been so quiet, and sweet, and gentle, that I had taken hardly any notice of her, though conscious that through her gentle firmness the entertainments had been kept within enjoyable bounds. I had hardly ever looked at her during these impish visitations, feeling comfortable and satisfied that her beautiful and radiant presence was beside me.

On this particular evening her conduct was so markedly different that I began to observe her with a closer scrutiny, and although I did this furtively, so as not to alarm her attention, I put care in it sufficient to see some unexpected things. I had always noticed (though so vaguely as hardly to have formed an intelligent impression) that she resembled Alice; that is to say, although smaller than Alice, she was about of her age, and had her general appearance, including the brown hair, hazel eyes, and pretty mouth. But whereas Alice was always the same—always sweet and pretty, and young and dainty—I caught fleeting glimpses of remarkable changes in Sinovia's face. Once or twice I detected anger, impatience, and petulance, and again the downy bloom of girlhood would yield to an old, careworn and wrinkled face. Perhaps this was because she was having so much trouble to keep the mischievous little devils within decorous bounds. It was very pretty to see how cheerfully they obeyed her, but it was evident that the very mischief was in them that night, and they were difficult to control. I am not positive that this was the whole cause of her manifest discomfort.

Matters grew worse as the revelry proceeded. The unconscionable little imps became more and more hilarious, and with this accession of indecorum Sinovia became more and more imperious and arbitrary. Thus far she had the devils under control, and I am constrained to believe that she never dreamed that her domination over them would ever receive even a strain. But when matters had gone so far that she realized the presence of dangerous insubordination, she arose with a blanched face and flashing eyes and commanded the devils to disperse.

It was high time she did so, for they had passed the limitations of fun and were making the evening a sorry one for me. This was the first time such a thing had ever happened, and I had suffered at their hands for several minutes before I realized that malice had entered into the spirit of their entertainment, and that they were bent upon annoying and hurting me. It was after it had become perfectly clear that the little rascals were in serious mischief that Sinovia rose, pale and threatening, and commanded her imps to desist.

They saw instantly that she was very much in earnest, and this caused them to pause and consider, but it was only for a moment. They regarded one another slyly, and significant nods and winks passed around with incredible swiftness; so that in a moment after Sinovia had drawn imperatively upon her authority there was open mutiny in the ranks. She saw it, and her stout heart quailed. She made one heroic effort to sweep them before her out of the room, but it was of no avail, and before either she or I could realize the situation we were at the mercy of a howling and shrieking lot of little devils. All the dreadful iniquities of which they were possessed sprang into dangerous activity, and with a harmony of movement which seemed to give evidence of a previous understanding they sprang upon Sinovia and me, tearing our clothing and hair, pinching and biting us, reviling us with the most shocking language, and belaboring us with their hard little fists and everything else that came within their reach.

It surprised me amazingly to see how helpless and frightened Sinovia had suddenly become. In these entertainments I had never regarded her heretofore as a directing entity. I had looked upon her more as an accompanying adornment than as a controlling factor. Now, however, it was clear that unusual conditions had intruded themselves. I had hardly time to reflect on the history and character of Sinovia, and yet all at once I felt that with her influence gone everything was at odds with order and my safety. The little devils had

always appeared to obey me alone; that is to say, whenever I would tire of their pranks I would dismiss them, and they would retire without a protest, but it now quickly occurred to me that they never had really done anything without Sinovia's consent. Though so pretty, and sweet, and gentle herself, she nevertheless was, and all along had been, the mistress of the most desperate gang of little devils it is possible to imagine. In the whirling agonies of the next few minutes I remembered many things that now seemed to find a peculiar delight in occupying what little attention I could divert from a sudden and urgent self-protection.

Vaguely there came forth out of the limbo of my suffering a recollection of a strange resemblance between Sinovia and Alice Fairweather; perhaps it was my very tender regard for Alice that brought this apparent likeness into review. Whatever it was, the association was sufficient to make me wholly reckless of danger, now that Sinovia's safety was imperiled. It was maddening to see her standing quivering with fear, while the demons were wild with the spirit of mutiny and destruction. Already they had torn her clothing and hurt her in many places. It is true they had shown me similar attentions, but I cared nothing for that now. Sinovia was in danger, and Sinovia resembled Alice. This brought me into a condition of recklessness that cares little for the character of means to an end.

Thrusting Sinovia behind me, I defied the little demons, and, with chair upraised, challenged them to approach. They stood off and laughed at me in the most tantalizing manner. I had to advance far enough into the room to enable me to swing the chair to purpose and without danger of striking Sinovia behind me, and no sooner had I done this than the devils surrounded me and Sinovia, and quickly overpowered us and bore us to the ground. Then he of the blue nose-whiskers hissed into my ear:

"Fool, we have nothing against you. All that you have to do to secure complete control over us is to marry our queen!"

What! marry the queen of the devils, when in a few years I would be free to marry Alice? It was unthinkable. Sinovia had heard the proposition, and she looked at me wistfully. Really, I had never seen her look so charming before. In all the world there was only one other lovelier face, and that was Alice's. But what mattered that? Here was Sinovia in trouble, regarding me with a most enchanting expression. She was really very charming, and all at once I recalled the many kindly acts she had done for me. It was through her that I had been enabled so often to enjoy the society of the twelve little devils—devils now no longer, but demons, every one of them. What had Alice ever done for me to compare with all that Sinovia had done? And, then, if a man wants to get on in the world, what better help could he have than twelve devils?

The rascals waited patiently for my answer. What could I do? Was it in human power to be so ungracious as to say I would not marry this radiant creature beside me, when the modest pleading of her eyes and attitude so strongly reinforced the demand of the devils? * * * It might be possible to explain everything to Alice. She was really a very sweet girl, and it would be cruel to break her heart without making some kind of excuse. * * *

I turned around and took Sinovia's hands in mine. She hung her head and blushed violently. I asked her if she thought she could be happy as my wife, and for reply she began to cry, and then she buried her face in my arm.

I am somewhat surprised that I can remember thus far with so extraordinary distinctness; but at times, especially in asthma, there is a mental sublimation that sweeps all experience out of calculation. I wish heartily that I could remember everything that ensued upon the excellent understanding at which Sinovia and I arrived. But this, unhappily, is very vague. I have an airy and unsubstantial impression that the little devils danced in the wildest glee and arranged all the decorous details of license and minister. I know that Sinovia looked entrancingly pretty, and that as the moments passed I found it easier to prepare a speech for Alice. A misty whirling of my environment, a delicious sense of happiness and comfort, an unspeakable satisfaction in knowing that Sinovia would always be mine, a delightful sense of restfulness in the fact of her touch—all this stands out indistinctly from the haze of those strange moments. * * * And then all was darkness. * * *

My patient mother was standing watch at my bedside. I knew from the difficulty I felt in attempting to move and speak that I was extremely weak. Seeing me struggling to find my voice, my mother gently and playfully placed her hand over my mouth, and said:

"Not yet, my son; be quiet one day longer, and then we shall see."

I closed my eyes. It was very sweet to be lying there with the loveliest of women in attendance upon me. I took my mother's hand and kissed it, and then drifted away into slumber.

I suppose it was the following day when I awakened. My mother was still in devoted watchfulness over me. She bent down and kissed me, and asked me how I felt. Faintly I replied that I was very well.

"Do you think, dear," she asked, "that you are strong enough to receive someone who is very anxious to see you?"

Some indefinite but unpleasant recollections were quickened within me, and my mother saw my distress.

"She has a right before me," continued my mother. "She has borne most of the burden of watching you during the past ten days, in which you have been delirious. I am sure that when you know who it is you will be delighted."

To see Sinovia? Suppose those dreadful little devils should be with her? "Is she all alone, mother?" I timidly asked.

"Yes; and she refuses to stay away any longer. Here she comes."

With that entered Alice Fairweather, looking prettier and more bashful than I had ever seen her. My mother advanced, took her hand, and led her to the bedside.

"My dear," said my mother to me, "as your wife, Alice is entitled to the first place here. When you are stronger we will talk about that night when you dragged her from her gate and made her marry you;" and she left the room with a merry laugh on her lips, pleased to see my bewilderment and happiness. And I never had another attack of asthma.

IF I SHOULD COME.

G. L. BROWNE.

If I should come and kiss you in the night,
When all the world in slumbering silence lies,
Oh, dearest, would it wake you with delight,
If I should come and kiss you in the night?
And would you start and tremble in surprise,
When you should wake and look into mine eyes?
And would you smile and clasp me to your breast,
Until my cheek upon your own should rest?
Oh, dearest, would it wake you with delight,
If I should come and kiss you in the night?

EM'LY.

F. B. MILLARD.

THE shawl was an old one. It was worn and frayed. But the red and yellow of its stripes were, happily, not much faded, wherefore it was greatly to be prized by a Zuni girl.

"Take it, Em'ly," old Ashby said. "You're a good girl for nursing me through that spell of sickness. You deserve something better for a reward, and you shall get it one of these days. Take it. It's yours."

Whereat Eml'y's eyes glistened with a glad light. She fingered the treasure lovingly and hugged it to her breast. No girl, white or brown, was happier than she that day. What she had done to earn the shawl did not seem much to her. For many days she had seen the lonely old miner going back and forth from his cabin to his claim, where he worked hard with pick and shovel. One day he did not cross the strip of desert that lay before her mother's hut. She had guessed the reason, and had gone to his cabin where he lay ill. She had cared for him as best she could, and now he was well again.

Swiftly over the white earth she now ran to show her treasure to her mother. She frightened the jack-rabbits from the sage-brush and they darted before her as she tried the speed of her fleet, lithe limbs with them. Her dark hair waved in the soft wind and her black eyes shot forth the light of joy. The Zuni woman of the hut had not approved of Em'ly's going to the cabin, but the shawl made it right. Her daughter might go there now as often as she pleased. Perhaps the aged miner had other shawls, or may be old and unprized blankets.

But though the days went by and the old man passed and repassed the hut, the girl went no more to his cabin. The desert life seemed more lonely to him now than ever, for while she was nursing him her light step and her cool hand and kindly eye had come to mean much to him. But after a time his son came out from the East, where, by great effort—for the mine had given forth but little as yet—he had worked his way through college. He came with a strong heart and willing hands to wield the pick and drill and help to make good the promise of the rough rocks.

He was fair. Em'ly had never seen so fair a man. His light brown hair curled over a brow that no god of her people could equal for beauty, though their priests were skilled in the craft of god-making. She set up this new god in the temple of her heart and worshiped it as she had worshiped no god before. Unseen, she watched him come over the desert trail and pass by the hut and in between the jagged rocks at the edge of the hills, and each time there was a prick at her heart as she suddenly lost him there. Though he always came and went with his father, she had eyes only for him. Once she put the shawl over her shoulders and sat where he might see her. Surely, with that shawl, she would seem to him somewhat like a white girl. If he never saw her, how could he ever love her? And yet, when he came near, not one of the little "swifts" on the rocks at her side darted away more quickly than she.

One day the old man fell ill again. The young man nursed him as best he could, and prayed for him—for he was a prayerful man—but he grew no better.

"Go and fetch Em'ly." The miner's voice shook when he said the words, and in alarm his son sought the Zunis' hut. The girl trod on air as she made her way to the cabin—not by his side, but following, and worshiping while she followed. She touched the old man's forehead with her cool hand, and he felt that it was good. And yet, in the days that passed his strength came back but slowly. The young man made much of Em'ly. He praised her for her skill, and she looked at him with glad eyes when she heard his kind words. When he went to town for medicine for his father he brought her a long strip of soft light woolen cloth, wonderfully figured and warmly colored. Wound loosely in this one bit of drapery she looked like a brown goddess as she stood proudly before him. And as she had diligently used an old comb and brush, as she had seen him do, and had rubbed her brown skin with soap and water, she felt in her heart that no white girl could be more acceptable in his eyes.

She was eighteen. She was not ugly. He must love her.

"She has a good nose," he thought, "and fine eyes, and her lips are not so thick as those of most of the women of her race. Yes, Em'ly is pretty, in her way."

I have said that he was a prayerful man. So he was, and he tried to teach Em'ly to be prayerful. This was not easy, for why any white man who had been lifted upon a cross hundreds of years ago should be greater in her eyes than this white man before her, she could not see. But she gave no sign of the great love within her, and with patience she took up the task of learning to spell out the Bible words. By much pains he made a few things about the Man of Galilee plain to her.

Then came the day when her mother died. After that she did not come so often to the cabin. For now another secret burned within her.

"If I tell him," she thought, "will he love me? Perhaps—for the white man cares much for gold."

And yet she hesitated, she knew not why.

A change now seemed to come over the white men. The promise of the rocks had not been fulfilled. After all their toil they were poorer than ever. They talked of going away to try their luck in other fields. When this came to her ears one of her secrets burned its way out, but it was the lesser one. She ran to the cabin in wild haste.

"The Lost Gulch Mine!" she whispered to the man she loved. "I know where it is! My mother told me just before she died. I have often seen the spot. Do not go away. I will show it to you. It is not far—not twenty miles. There is much gold there. It shall be yours—all yours!"

He looked at her and half believed. He had heard of the Lost Gulch Mine. It was said to be wonderfully rich in free gold. Only one white man had ever known where it was, and he had died while on his way back to it with others. They had searched in vain for it—many men had searched; it had never been found.

Without letting his father know that he was going—for the old man might think him a fool for heeding so wild a tale—he set out with the girl to find the Lost Gulch. The desert was rough and there was no trail. The sun shot his fiercest bolts down upon the white earth, and the heat was almost unbearable. The journey was a toilsome one, but the man was buoyed up by thoughts of gold and the woman by thoughts of love. She would take him to the mine, she would give him its great store of riches and in return he would love her and make her his wife. It could be no other way. He was already hers. And she heeded not fatigue, nor thirst, nor pricks from cactus spines.

They toiled onward and reached a great mass of rocks, up which Em'ly led the way. They came at last to a rough gash in a steep mountainside. The young man stood within the hollow. His eyes lighted up with the fire that glows in the eyes of poor men brought before great treasure that is to be theirs.

"Gold!" he burst forth, as he eagerly picked up bit after bit of the rock and scanned it closely. "Gold! It crops out everywhere! Thank God, I've struck it at last!"

Carried away by the fever that had laid hold upon him he threw up his hat and fairly danced for joy. Then he grasped Em'ly about the waist and gave her an impulsive kiss. It was a kiss that thrilled her whole being. Yes, he was hers now! Great was the power of gold, but she had found that which was worth more than all gold! While he went about looking over the croppings and thrusting his pick into the ground here and there, she leaped nimbly upon a high rock that jutted out over the mesa far below her. The white earth down there, dotted by cactus and sage, was a beautiful garden. He loved her—he had told her so by a kiss! That buzzard circling above them had seen it. That jack-rabbit, sitting sedately in the shade of the sage-brush over there, had seen it. Even the little lizards on the rocks near at hand had seen it, and were darting joyously into the prickly-pear clumps to tell their friends. The buzzard could not soar to greater heights than did her spirit then.

Why should she be lifted so high to fall so far?

She heard his voice on the still air, and the words stabbed her cruelly:

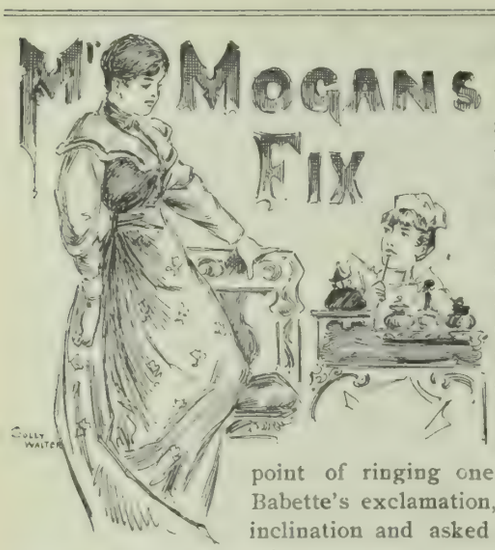
"Rich—rich! Now I can marry Alice—and be happy."

The words made her all Indian; filled her with Indian hate and fury. "Come," she cried, "there is more gold here; more gold to get happiness."

She led him to the very brink of the precipice, and he gazed on a world of wealth that he owned alone; in the presence of it, he became dazed; he fell upon his knees and gathered the metal in his arms. When he looked at Em'ly, a darkness came between him and his possessions. "Em'ly," he said, "you shall have shawls so rich——Em'ly!"

The shriek ceased long before his body struck the rocks away below.

The Indian girl creeped over the edge of the abyss, and began to crawl down to the human wreck among the bowlders.



"OH! madame, madame, I cannot write ze English lettair. I 'av' try; ze is too hard," said Babette, Mrs. Mogans' French maid, holding a pen in her trembling right hand, while wiping her brow with the back of her left. She looked the very picture of despair, and the ever-laughing Mrs. Mogans, who had been on the point of ringing one of her merry peals at Babette's exclamation, suppressed her natural inclination and asked who was the object of her attempted correspondence.

"Zat is Monsieur Morries, my sweetheart, zat I write," explained Babette.

"Where does he live, Babette?" inquired Mrs. Mogans, interested.

"In ze city," replied the maid.

"And what would you like to write him?"

"Oh, he is very nice young man, and I write him zat I look favorable upon his suit. Zat I"— here Babette blushed to the roots of her hair—"zat I lofe him."

Now, Mrs. Mogans was just the kind of woman to encourage people in love affairs, no matter what the consequences might be. She would have gone miles to pacify a pouting maiden or to bring back a recreant lover. She considered it her special mission in this vale of unhappiness to counteract the set purpose of nature in squeezing the lachrymal glands of human beings. *Happiness* was her watchword; she wanted all people to be happy. Hence her readiness to assist Babette.

"Does Mr. Morris reciprocate your feeling?" inquired Mrs. Mogans.

"*Mon Dieu!* he tell me yes," said Babette.

"Very well then, Babette, I will write your letter and you may copy it and send him the happy message; but remember, don't send my handwriting; you must copy it."

"*Mille merci*, madame," cried Babette, and, kissing Mrs. Mogans' hand, ran from the room.

Mrs. Mogans went to her elegant writing-desk, took a sheet of finely-scented paper, and was about to compose the love letter, but not knowing the Christian name of Babette's lover, she rang the bell which summoned the maid.

"What is Mr. Morris' Christian name?" asked Mrs. Mogans.

"He tell me his name is Petair Morries. I call him Petit—*Mon Petit;* zat is nice," she said with a rippling smile.

Mrs. Mogans thought it nice, indeed, and wrote one of those charming notes which are half a confession and half an insinuation and which would have filled the heart of the most phlegmatic lover with joy and daring. The letter being finished Mrs. Mogans quite unconsciously signed it and left it on the table for Babette to copy. She then proceeded to her apartment, made her toilet and went out.

II.

Mr. Mogans, the husband of Mrs. Mogans, was a peculiar character. He had married late in life. He never told the reason why he had waited so long, but intimate acquaintances said that he was too shy in his youth, and in his manhood too busy to think of matrimony. But every one has his Kismet. Mr. Mogans met Miss Ophelia Love, and this settled his fate for life. She was tall, beautiful, and bright; she loved pleasure and wealth, and Mr. Mogans thought life and railroad stocks far above par, but of little value without Miss Ophelia Love. He proposed, and as his manly manner and good looks were enhanced by half a dozen millions and a mansion on Nob Hill, Miss Love—being encouraged by her handsome mother—accepted all in one hand. It is necessary to reiterate that Mr. Mogans was good-looking, although his driver called him Mr. Muggins, and Pety Baglow called him Mug, for short.

Mr. Mogans seemed happy and contented, and were it not for a periodical dejection which he strove hard to master, he would have passed for that anomaly in this world of care—a happy rich man. This periodical dejection was not caused by fluctuations in the stock market, nor by the rumored unstability of banks; neither by annoying neighbors, nor by political opponents, for Mr. Mogans' fortune—as was already pointed out—was secure; his mansion with gardens occupied a whole block, and he could afford to smile at unsurmountable fences which lately caused sparks of indignation among New York's 400. Nor would Mr. Mogans have accepted a United States Senatorship if the people had thrown it at his feet; he was patriotic in a Moganesque fashion, but he loathed politics. His sole anxiety—it might as well be told now—was his wife—the vivacious Mrs. Mogans. Yes, Ophelia Mogans—Ophelia Love her intimates called her—was, ever since she came to her husband's stately mansion, a source of pleasure and palpitation to the otherwise serene heart that beat in the manly Mogans bosom.

The trouble with her—or rather with him—was his wife's superlative beauty. Mr. Mogans thought of the many snares and pitfalls a mashing Kearny Street world presented to a beautiful woman walking unattended amidst the multitude. Ah, if Mrs. Mogans possessed that shielding quality—some call it virtue—of shyness, the bejeweled and ogling masher might founder on such a rock. But Mrs. Mogans held her head high when she essayed on one of her "down town walks." She even looked the masher straight in the face; but her pure gaze and invulnerable virtue caused brazen sin to beat an ignominious retreat to the accommodating cigar store. The masher's head invariably drooped before her imperious look, and when his red nose touched the flashing diamond on his shirt front Mrs. Mogans smiled—a smile such as angels would over the triumph of a saint.

But Mr. Mogans understood her not. He saw only her smile, and this smile, he thought, was enough to encourage the Angel Gabriel to sell his famous trumpet for old brass and to enter into a partnership with his Nickish Majesty of the Pit. When Mr. Mogans accompanied his wife down town, therefore, he suffered the most exquisite torture, and his eyes—from a forced endeavor to reconnoiter both sides of the sidewalk—had actually acquired that peculiar expression which is said to belong to those whose right eye looks for Christmas when the left is looking for Easter Sunday. And when Mrs. Mogans—at such queer moments—looked at her husband's queer eyes her silver smile broke into a golden laugh. Mr. Mogans, like all well-bred slaves, gave his eyes a convulsive jerk, sighed, and said—nothing. But in his heart—for Mr. Mogans had a heart, a pious, loving, throbbing heart—in his heart he was sad and dejected.

After all what could he do? He could not lock her up in the house. He had thought of such an expedient once, but the thought did not fecundate because Mrs. Mogans had once remarked that if she had had the misfortune to marry a man who would restrict her, and not such a darling as Mr. Mogans, she would have committed suicide the first opportunity she should have had. At these words, which seemed to have answered his incipient resolution to lock her up, Mr. Mogans shivered, and kissed his wife's hand. What a beautiful hand hers was, so finely shaped, so small and full; and the skin was as soft as that of an infant. As he gazed upon that alabaster-like hand, and thought that this very hand might be discolored and shriveled by a self-inflicted death, he felt a cold, creepy sensation down his spine and a chill in his bones. No, he would do nothing that might possibly deprive him of this hand and his eyes from feasting upon the glorious beauty of her face and form.

And so he sighed and concluded to bear his burden manfully. She was his wife, after all—his, and his only. Besides, he had the satisfaction of not being bored by too many visitors and a chance lover. The few elderly ladies and gentlemen who were entertained once or twice a week could hardly be called dangerous. There was nothing to be apprehended on this score, and in his house, at least, Mr. Mogans had no cause for anxiety. But his heart was doomed to a long martyrdom. For, one bright November day, as Mr. and Mrs. Mogans were walking on Market Street they were met by two tall gentlemen,

and one of them said, "Hello, Mug, old man, how are you?" and, taking off his hat, he continued, addressing Mrs. Mogans, "This is my friend, Mr. Bearspaw." Mrs. Mogans was exceedingly glad to meet Mr. Bearspaw; she had read his writings and admired him very much. Mr. Bearspaw's usual severity vanished in the presence of Mrs. Mogans; and, though he was not given to answering any questions that anyone, male or female, might ask, he very soon found himself answering some propounded by the charming Mrs. Mogans; which demonstrates that there never yet lived a philosopher who was impervious to a woman's charms, especially when the woman had spirit and plenty of that woman's sense known as "tact."

Mr. Bearspaw was, as already indicated, tall and finely proportioned. He had a military carriage and the face of a thinker. His features were strong and marked; not that there was that cadaverous hollowness in his face that sometimes gives intellectual people a satanic look, but the strength was rather marked in the general make-up of that remarkable face. His forehead had long, deep lines and his brows were of an extraordinary length. But, while they partly shadowed, they did not prevent the observer from seeing a most penetrating eye, blue in color, but by its great sharpness robbed of that insipidness which generally marks eyes of "heavenly hue." A straight nose added to the character of the face, and an elegantly shaped mustache completed it. He spoke in a low tone of voice, and in this, probably, was the only fault of the man's make-up. There was no strength in it; he seemed afraid to speak; but he only seemed so, for, in reality, there was nothing in how loud he said a thing but *what* he said, and that carried weight every time. As he walked by the side of Mrs. Mogans they appeared a very handsome pair, the whole strength of his manhood matched against her glorious womanhood.

Mr. Mogans' heart gave a thump as he saw his wife look up to Mr. Bearspaw's face with an intensity that was as new as it was startling. And Bearspaw looked down into her face and smiled. Bearspaw looked dreadful when he frowned, but when he smiled—well, that was quite a different affair.

"The devil take," that was the beginning of Mr. Mogans' sentence, but he only thought those three words; aloud, however, he said, "Your friend there—"

"Yes, isn't he a charming fellow?" interrupted Mr. Pety Baglow. "He is a most delightful fellow. Say, Mug, old boy, I'll bring him up to your house some evening; say next Sunday evening; will that suit you? I am sure your wife will be delighted to see him. You have still that good whisky of yours, haven't you?"

And Mr. Mogans said yes, and thus the matter was settled, and Pety Baglow raced on on another theme so that poor Mr. Mogans' head was in a whirl. He forgot to look cross-eyed on the sidewalk; all he knew was that Banglow rattled on saying sweet nothings about theatre parties and dinners, and wines and girls; and that in front of him, like lovers in sweet forgetfulness, walked Bearspaw and his Ophelia. He could have strangled Pety Baglow and turned a dagger in the entrails of Bearspaw. Oh, how he regretted not having realized that first thought of shutting her up in the house. But he recalled her threatened suicide in a given case, and he mastered his rage—sighed and bore his burden with Christian meekness. But fate is sometimes better than man imagines. Did Pety see the poor man's sufferings and desire to pour oil into the wound or was it merely a natural inclination to tell a pleasant lie? Enough, he told Mr. Mogans that Mr. Bearspaw hated women, and that the impression the sweetest woman would leave in his heart would be a desire to never meet her again.

These words had a startling effect upon Mr. Mogans; he became positively lively and linked his arm with that of Baglow. The recording angel sneezed, so that a drop of heavenly saliva fell on the Book, and Pety had a notch to his credit. Of course, Pety told Mr. Mogans that he (Pety) was not as unsusceptible as Bearspaw, but Mogans laughed at the thought of Pety's rivalry. He knew him too well; good old Pety, he would have trusted him with everything excepting, perhaps, his Ophelia—but this was quite a different matter. As a matter of course, however, Mr. Mogans underrated Pety Baglow's quality in stooping to conquer. Because Pety Baglow was a student of the gentler sex, and though all fish was not meat to him, yet when a man is hunting up authorities on the "Art of Persuasion," he must, of necessity, give the material on hand a fair trial, and Baglow's trials were nearly always of the fair kind. Might he not be induced—simply from love of study—to change the subjects; physicians certainly do so quite often, and Pety was a student of anatomy from no motive of gain, but for the love of the thing. His endeavors had been crowned with exceptional success in nearly every instance, and though he was a student and a writer of repute, he was not at all pedantic. To be sure, his nature was in total opposition to that of Bearspaw, but all people cannot be alike. Pety was as light as air, but he was beautiful. One would not have called him handsome, because this term seems to apply to persons of a grosser nature. Pety's nature was fine; he was born of a woman, brought up among women, and he needed woman's sympathy and woman's love to spice his life. In this intercourse he had acquired all the *finesse* of a woman; his touch was tender and delicate; his manner gentle. Had he been beardless his oval face and soft pointed chin, his long hair and dreamy eyes would have given him the character of a beautiful woman. His rich red and swelling lips might have stamped him a voluptuous woman. But as he was a man—with a certain man's courage and the qualifying masculine hairiness—it made him what women were pleased to call a beautiful man. His mustache covered his upper lip according to regulation, and a short, pointed beard toned up his feminine chin. He was a favorite with men, and more so with women. His gentle manner, his pretty speech, his readiness to do them favors—small favors, to be sure, such as not even jealous husbands would object to—captivated them. Mr. Baglow was a fortunate man, indeed.

III.

"Good-bye, Mr. Baglow, and call again," said Mrs. Mogans, opening the door.

"Thanks, awfully," replied Mr. Baglow, and bowed himself out. But he bowed himself into the avoirdupois of Mr. Mogans, who was nearly knocked down from the steps leading to his own house.

"Hello, Pety, look out!" cried Mr. Mogans, grabbing the former's coat, by which he managed to gain his equilibrium.

"Beg pardon, old man. How are you? Charming flowers you have in your garden. Bye-bye!" and, skipping down the stairs, he was gone.

At the collision between Mr. Baglow's back and Mr. Mogans' front, Mrs. Mogans uttered a ringing laugh. Mr. Mogans would have frowned if he had dared; as it was, he smiled a sickly sort of a smile, and, entering, kissed his wife on the forehead.

Mr. Baglow had called as promised, but he had come without Mr. Bearspaw. Mrs. Mogans had shown her displeasure almost as much as Mr. Mogans his delight. He hated that Mr. Bearspaw into whose face his Ophelia had looked with so much evident pleasure. Mr. Mogans was so happy at the absence of the supposed rival that Pety Baglow's attentions to his wife evoked but little feeling. But Mr. Baglow had continued his visits at short intervals. He brought flowers, books, and often box checks for first nights at the Baldwin Theatre. Mr. Mogans was annoyed at first, then suspicious until the torture became so poignant that he felt sick at heart. He was sure his wife liked Pety Baglow; he had seen her smile upon him—oh, so happily; she had never smiled on him, her own husband, her benefactor, so sweetly. Each smile cut his heart; but what could he do? Of course he might have ordered Pety Baglow from the house, but what good would that have done him? Might they not carry on their illicit love somewhere else? It is an old saying that those bent on mischief laugh at watchfulness; he could do nothing.

Several days later as Mr. Mogans ascended the steps leading to his mansion and thought of the late collision with his hated friend Pety, he kept close to the railing. But he was spared the agony; the

catastrophe did not come to pass. On inquiry, Babette told him that "ze Madame Mogans hav' gon' out." That did not make him any happier. Where had she gone to? Whom had she gone to meet? These were torturing questions. Mr. Mogans lighted a cigar and seated himself at the window. Was he going to spy on his wife? Probably. But who would not excuse him? He worshiped her; there on the wall hung her picture—what a grand woman she was. Suddenly he felt a desire to go into her boudoir, to see her trinkets, to kiss everything his wife had looked at or touched. Oh, was there ever such a love as burned in his tortured heart.

He opened the door of his wife's room and looked in. It was the bower of a princess. He entered and seated himself in a soft chair—probably the one she had sat in before she had gone out. Suddenly his eye fell upon a sheet of paper on the table; there was writing on it; he recognized his wife's hand at a glance. To whom had she been writing? Who? Who? An unconquerable desire to read that note seized him. Twice he tried to master his unmanly desire, but at last he succumbed. With a bound he was at the table, he held the note in his hand but the hand trembled so he could not see. He heaved a sigh and steadied himself. He needed all the fortitude to remain on his feet, for what he read crushed him to death. A cry of agony escaped his lips, he sank into a chair but he did not lose consciousness, fate was too cruel for that. There, black on white, was his wife's guilt. "My darling Peter," the letter began, and ended with an effusion of love that drove him mad. Nor had she made any attempt to conceal the fact; she had written that incriminating letter, and had signed it with her—no, his name. He was disgraced, annihilated.

"'My darling Peter,' she calls him," he murmured at length. "She hopes soon to be his wife; all it needs is to put me out of the way. Very well, Pety, you have wrecked my life, I'll give you a show to wreck hers also. You shall have her. Life is not worth living if you have to fight for each inch of ground. I am going, I am going," saying which he left his wife's room and the house.

IV.

Monsieur Morris, the intended husband of Babette, was a charming young man, just such as would capture the heart of a French maid; he was employed in an office that closed its doors daily at two P. M., and Mr. Morris had all the pleasant afternoon hours to himself. He spent them mostly at the Golden Gate Park. It was there that he met and learned to love his sweet Babette. But if his passion for pretty French maids was bound to end in that derogation of freedom called matrimony, his greater passion for picking choice flowers at the city's park was bound to land him in jail. But Morris indulged in both those passions with a nonchalance that was lordly, to say the least. Another peculiarity of Mr. Morris was the wearing of a green coat and a green felt hat, and with his black mustache and beard *a la* Napoleon the Third, he looked not unlike his clubfooted Majesty at a ball. "Every crime has its time" is a saying, and Mr. Morris' predilection for stealing flowers brought him into unpleasant relations with the Park police.

It was on the day that Babette sent him the happy message of her love that Mr. Morris, dressed in a bright green coat and hat, walked jauntily into the Park whistling a few bars from that charming opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana." A beautiful oleander blossom took his fancy, and, without much care for spying policemen, he broke it off and put it into his buttonhole. But the Argus-eye of an officer was upon him—to be sure, the policeman was a quarter of a mile way, but as he made straight for Mr. Morris, the latter thought speed the better part of valor—he cut and ran into the depth of a bush, and had the satisfaction of seeing the policeman race by at the top of his speed. He knew that the police would beat the bush and find him ere long; he also knew that he would go to jail, and this was not quite agreeable when one anticipates matrimony in a few days. He thought of means to get out of the Park unobserved; but he looked at his green coat—the police would recognize that a mile off—and he despaired. Suddenly he heard a voice, and, as he looked to his right, he saw a man.

"I am tired of this everlasting torture," said the man. "I'll make an end of it."

Mr. Morris was about to say "Don't," being afraid that the man might expedite his soul by means of lead and powder, which would attract those "hounds of justice," as he styled the reputable persons who followed the shrill call of the police whistle. But, to his great relief, he saw the man take a bottle from his pocket which he could see was labeled "*laudanum*," and deliberately drink its contents. A happy thought struck Morris, and he smiled with satisfaction. Bending over the twigs, he stepped into the place where the suicide lay.

"See here, friend," said Morris, "I saw you drink that stuff; in twenty minutes you will be as dead as a door nail. The police are after me for stealing flowers in this Park. I cannot leave the place with this green coat and hat; give me yours while there is time and you put on mine. You will save me from trouble and my Babette from anxiety, for, let me tell you, sir, I shall be married in a week, and I don't like to go to jail just now."

When the suicide heard that Morris was about to get married he smiled and said, "I have half a mind to let those fellows arrest you; the confinement in the County Jail would probably cure your attempted matrimonial folly. But, as you seem to be bent upon mischief, have your own way," saying which he took off his coat and hat and donned those of Morris. The exchange was hardly made when the police were upon them.

"There he is, the fellow in the green coat," cried the policeman who had chased Morris.

"That man has committed suicide, gentlemen," said Morris, gravely. "You had better ring up a patrol wagon," and in the excitement that followed his statement, he stole away.

V.

Mrs. Mogans felt very uneasy when the dinner bell rang and her husband had not come home. He was always punctual; what could possibly have kept him out so late? From Babette she had heard that the master had been in and had gone away again. And it was the first time in her married life that she sat down to dinner alone. Her husband must have found something or somebody very interesting to neglect her thus; she was piqued, for, as a matter of fact, she loved her husband dearly; he was manly and devoted; he always read her wishes from her eyes, and fulfilled them before they were uttered. She mentally compared him with all the men she knew; there was not one she would have put in his place. And then, too, there was the fifth anniversary of their wedding, which was also his birthday. How she had schemed to surprise him—and now he was neglecting her; that was a sad beginning for the coming joy.

The dinner remained untouched, and when at midnight her husband had not returned Mrs. Mogans, for the first time in her married life, wept and cried herself to sleep. The next morning she was much sadder. Mr. Mogans was not in his apartments, had not been there at all. The poor woman was nearly frantic; she cried, and Babette cried with her. What were they to do? Mrs. Mogans sent Babette down town to the office; he was not there. At length the bell rang and the servant announced Mr. Pety Baglow. He appeared to the poor woman like an angel from heaven. If anyone, he could find out what had become of Mr. Mogans. When Baglow heard the terrible story he thought awhile; then he thought that Mr. Mogans might have gone the way of all flesh in one of the many pleasant resorts of San Francisco where champagne fizzes and semi-dressed women wear

sparkling diamonds and play the piano. So Mr. Baglow consoled Mrs. Mogans and told her that he would go and find her husband (more dead than alive) he added mentally, and that he would return soon.

Now, Mr. Baglow was an adept in locating all sorts of people, from a lad who ran away from the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society to the bold, bad men who rob trains and kill people because they are too forward in pressing their acquaintance. And so Mr. Baglow scoured the resorts, high and low, but no trace could he find of the missing Mr. Mogans; and as Pety could not bring it over his heart to face a woman when he had to make a discouraging report, he went to a friend whose whisky was better than his reputation and drowned his failure in copious draughts.

VI.

"Prisoner at the bar, stand up," said Police Judge Hishornblower. The prisoner at the bar looked pale and distinguished. He wore a green coat which made his face ghastly looking, and on the bench by his side was a green hat.

"You are guilty of a misdemeanor; you are accused of having stolen flowers in the park. Do you plead guilty?"

The prisoner at the bar said he was not guilty.

"Call the witness," cried his Honor.

The witness was called, sworn, and said that his name was Michael McGinnis, a Park policeman.

"Is that the man you saw picking flowers?" asked the Judge.

"Av yer 'Onor plase, it is th' mon. He had on a grane coht an' Oi knows grane whin Oi sae it."

The Judge was about to sentence the culprit, when an auditor rose and asked permission to address the Court. Permission being given, the auditor declared that he was in the Park at the time; that he saw the thief, and that he was positive it was a much smaller man who took the flowers. He also maintained that if he put on that green coat and hat that the policeman would accuse him. In fact, he was positive, he stated, that the policeman was under the influence of liquor. The policemen turned purple in the face and said that if the auditor would put on that coat and hat he would take an oath that he was not the thief.

The Judge actually asked the auditor to put on the green coat and hat and to stand at a distance from the witness. When that was done the policeman trembled in every limb.

"Av yer 'Onor plase, this mon is the divil, fer be the saints it's him Oi saw stealin' thim flowers," cried the policeman, and sat down stunned.

There was first a titter, then a roar of laughter among the spectators, for the man in the green coat and hat, with his black mustache and pointed beard, looked very much like Mephistopheles in "Faust." Even the Judge made but little endeavor to hide his mirth, when suddenly a woman's voice was heard, who said, "*Oh, mon cher Petair.*" It was Babette, who at this moment entered the courtroom and espied her lover.

In his effulgent joy, Peter Morris—for he it was that saved the accused, who was none other than Mr. Mogans—embraced Babette in the courtroom. The Judge thought this enough for the serenity of a court of justice, and dismissed the case. Babette and her lover left the courtroom first, and the former did not see her master. The latter, however, had made a wonderful discovery while locked up in a cell; for, be it known, that it was not laudanum that the providential druggist had given Mr. Mogans, but plain everyday brandy. The city physician diagnosed the case at once, and Mr. Mogans was locked up on a charge of misdemeanor. As he was in the cell Mr. Mogans reviewed his case, and the failure of his attempt at self-destruction instead of causing him dejection filled him with mirth. How ludicrous the entire business was; the exchange of his garments for that green coat which was much too small for him. Now he also remembered that his pocketbook, which contained valuable papers and checks, was in the coat he had given to that flower thief, and what did he get in return? Nothing. He put his hand in the breast pocket—ah, there was a letter addressed to Mr. Peter Morris. Who was he? He did not care. Unconsciously he drew the letter from the envelope and opened it. It made him stagger. The letter began: "My darling Peter." Oh, the mixed feelings of agony and hope. So, after all, it was not Pety Baglow his wife had been writing to but to this stranger whom he knew not, but whom chance had thrown in his way. In his excitement he did not notice that it was not his wife's handwriting at all. He read on, he was perplexed still more, the letter was signed "Babette." Did his wife use her maid's name as a guise? Certainty—if he could get but certainty. Now he was a prisoner in a filthy cell. He shook the iron bars; he wanted to be free, to find out if life was worth living after all.

VII.

"Here, driver," cried Mr. Mogans, as soon as he had reached the street from the Old City Hall—he had the green coat and hat on—"there is ten dollars for you; race for your life up to Mogans' place." He was in the cab, and, but a few minutes later, at the feet of his wife.

Well, she laughed and wept as she kissed his dear head. But he took from his pocket that fatal love letter and asked her, for the love of Heaven, to explain its startling evidence. Mrs. Mogans read the letter and uttered such a peal of laughter that both Babette and her lover, who were waiting to call on Mrs. Mogans to acquaint her with future plans, rushed into the room.

"Oh, monsieur," cried Babette, "my Petair's coat."

"And my letter," cried Mr. Morris.

"I wrote that copy for Babette," said Mrs. Mogans, with a laugh. "And you were jealous, dear hubby; naughty man to go away before the anniversary."

"My darling, I love you more than I can tell," said Mr. Mogans, "and the thought that you might be unhappy with me drove me mad; forgive me."

It was a picture fit for an artist's brush. There they stood embraced, both the millionaire and his wife, who never knew of her husband's attempted suicide, and the humble servant with her lover. And the cabman below swore that the "bloke" in the green coat was a dead beat.

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SOCIAL SYMPTOMS.

BEING EXTRACTS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF A SOCIAL SPECIALIST.

BY HARRIET LEVY.

MRS. UPPERTEN,—Dear Madam:—Your daughter is suffering from an aggravated form of marimania. Permit me to explain. The *débutante* demands no keener pleasure than that which is to be found in continual motion. Men, to her, are revolving possibilities. They have no other individuality. She measures the degree of her enjoyment by the ensuing exhaustion. If she returns home pleasantly tired, she describes her evening as "so-so." Ability to crawl about the house the next morning in luxurious *negligée* argues "a pleasant affair." Fatigue that pins her to her bed is to be interpreted as evidence of "a delightful time." Could she have fainted with exhaustion, she would have attained the acme of social ecstasy.

As the young recruit trusts to her heels for success, the belle of two seasons relies upon her glances. To her mind, a man's utility rests upon his ability to lend himself to an interesting flirtation.

She is to be found in recesses and conservatories, most frequently in the company of ineligibles and detrimentals. Occasionally she waltzes (three waltzes to a man) as a curtain drop during the evening's comedy. She has no purpose beyond the pleasure of the moment; she flirts for flirtation's sake.

Not so the belle of three seasons. Such a one has a mission to perform. Guided by a steady purpose, she shapes and directs every circumstance to her end. Man, to her, is no longer a revolving, nor a flirting, but a marrying possibility. Equipped with the best outfit that she can command, fortified by a trained eye and dextrous wrist, she patiently sits and angles. Not in the noisy stream where a dozen little fish are eager to snap at her bait does she cast her line, but far beyond in the deep shadows of a low rockery, whither she has lured the great catch. Does she land him, all is well. Does he elude her, and the season soon to be over, she is face to face with the mortification of public defeat. She casts her line anywhere, everywhere, up and down the full length of the stream, where the great fish lurk, where the little fish riot. The fear of failure robs her hand of its cunning, her eye of its discrimination. The season ends and her basket is empty.

Such, my dear madam, has been, I glean, your daughter's painful experience. I admit that her condition is critical. For marimania there is but one remedy known to physicians—a husband. She must marry. If you have exhausted the West, go East in pursuit of a man—or, as we of Society express it, for a change. If you do not, I warn you her fate is inevitable. She will attempt to please the passing stranger. She will lose the high spirit, the stinging repartee, the discomforting candor that have won for her so many enemies. At the end of a year she will be popular. Every one will speak well of her. She will have sunk into hopeless depths of amiability

Very truly yours,

DOCTOR HIGHFEE.

* * * * * * *

You find Society a sham. Its pleasures are hollow, its idols false. You would wish that its aims were nobler, that you might lend to it the light of your presence.

Are you sure, Mr. Sourgrape, that you are not above Society because you are not "in it?"

* * * * * * *

Your failure to fill your parlors upon your reception day argues, my dear madam, neither a lack of personal attractiveness, nor popularity. You must remember that your "day" is also the "day" of other women who occupy an acknowledged position along the line of social utility. After your friend has visited people whom she likes for their receptions, their establishments, or their brothers, what time remains to call upon you, whom she likes for yourself only?

* * * * * * *

Your granddaughter, you fear, is the victim of a strange affection of the eye. Her upper lids raise themselves until the lashes join her brows and then suddenly fall. The iris shoots to the extreme corner of the eyes, as if pursued. The effect is at once remarkable and uncanny. Do I think that it is St. Vitus' Dance? No, my dear Mrs. Antedate, calm your fears. It is not the St. Vitus. That feat of ocular acrobatism is merely an indication that the young lady thinks that she is flirting.

* * * * * * *

Your friend, you write, has retired from Society. She declares herself to be weary of the whirl. She criticises men freely, and marvels at her friends' *fiancés*.

You observe a marked cordiality in her manner. Your gowns call forth her praise. She is generous with her caresses. She is keenly interested in your future.

There is a gentleman acquaintance whom she is eager to have you meet. He is sure to fancy you. She has spoken of you so often to him. A meeting is arranged. The gentleman acquaintance evinces a marked interest in you. Your friend smiles her approval upon you. He tells you that he has been more than eager to know you. He pleases you more and more.

In the hallway, before departing, your friend draws you aside and asks how you like him. You answer that he is delightful. She kisses you warmly and whispers that he said the same of you.

You return home exhilarated. What are you to expect? Well, reviewing the various symptoms, I should say, betrothal cards, bearing the names of your lady friend and her gentleman acquaintance.

* * * * * * *

MR. TOMMIE TOILET,

DEAR SIRLET:—Society is stagnant without you, yet you love it not. It bores you. You long for a stirring experience. You are blasé, ennuyeux. Blasé—fiddlesticks! Sleepy is what you are. Remove that eyebrow from your upper lip. Tell nurse to put you to bed early. It is not well for children to be up late at night.

You want an experience? Go fly a kite.

Yours paternally,

DR. HIGHFEE.

* * * * * * *

You admire her because she is quiet and retiring. Her repose of manner rests you. Although occasionally venturing a suggestion, she is never guilty of an opinion. She interests you less for what she says than for that which she leaves unsaid. In her eyes you read the depths below the surface.

Excellent qualities, all, no doubt. But, my good sir, have a care. For the choice of a wife the imagination is a dangerous emissary.

Some day, when your brain is less inventive, you may question whether the repose of manner was not superfluous flesh, and the womanly reserve only mental vacuity.

* * * * * * *

MR. JACK LEISURELY,

DEAR SIR:—Do I think that your character is well adapted to the successful pursuit of a social career?

The data with which you have furnished me are incomplete. The predestined Society man is mainly to be distinguished by the extraordinary way in which he takes his pleasure.

The popular young man of Society—and who would be other than popular?—lives under the highest pressure. He is probably busier accomplishing less than any man in any other walk of life.

He never gets a full night's rest. He wouldn't if he could. He looks tired, rushed. He prefers to look so. It is his badge of popularity. He knows no leisure. He shuns his own company as if he were infected. As often as he meets you, he complains that he is a slave—a mere slave. Yet he does nothing to throw off his bondage. He wouldn't lengthen his chain by a link. He enjoys being uncomfortable. Nature has kindly given him tastes. But he avoids doing anything he likes. Perhaps the trend of his mind is scientific. The thought of an evening with his microscope gives him a pleasurable thrill. He spends that evening leading a german.

His soul throbs responsive to the music of the masters. While Pachman is interpreting Chopin at a concert hall, he sips tea in stifling parlors, and, warmly encoring a painful exhibition of musical palsy, brings upon himself another mandolin solo.

A pipe, a log-fire, and this novel—oh! the comfort of it! thinks he; and he gets into his dress suit and drives to the ball.

Experience has taught him what he may await there, and he finds the prospect too uninviting to be resisted. He knows full well that every time that he has accepted an invitation to a private dinner or reception he has signed an I O U payable on demand. Now, as he moves about the ballroom, programme in hand, an arresting glance reminds him that his note

is due. In acknowledgment of such indebtedness he inscribes his name upon at least eight programmes. Eight times he bows and eight times murmurs thanks for favors which he has been silently commanded to solicit.

Perhaps these eight dances do not cover his full indebtedness. If such is the case, there are localities that he must avoid all night, lancers that he dare not enter, tables at which he may not sit. The sudden proximity of a certain blue dress makes him start like a thief. When that blue dress enters within his range of vision he becomes near-sighted, far-sighted, over-sighted, as the distance may demand.

Later in the evening, at an hour when programmes are presumed to be filled, he recovers his normal vision. He makes a little rush across the floor to where the wearer of the blue dress stands, excitedly demands her card, shakes his head regretfully at the absence of a blank, and writes his name for an impossible extra. She smiles pleasantly as he expresses his disappointment, and he leaves her with that special degree of comfort reserved for the man who realizes that a woman knows that he has been lying.

As the night advances the fun waxes wilder and wilder. He dances once with a pink corsage whose brother is his friend, and then with some white tulle because her escort once did as much for him. Then there is a dreamy waltz with an orange brocade with whom he always danced, and so cannot stop now; and a long lancers with some huge green sleeves whose father is a good customer. An extra with a wonderful sapphire necklace, at whose side it is the proper caper to be seen; a schottische squirmed through under a pair of maddening lorgnettes—Emily's friend; a romantic promenade with a watteau back—Emily's ancient sister—and he is free to claim his waltz with Emily—sole dance of his own choosing.

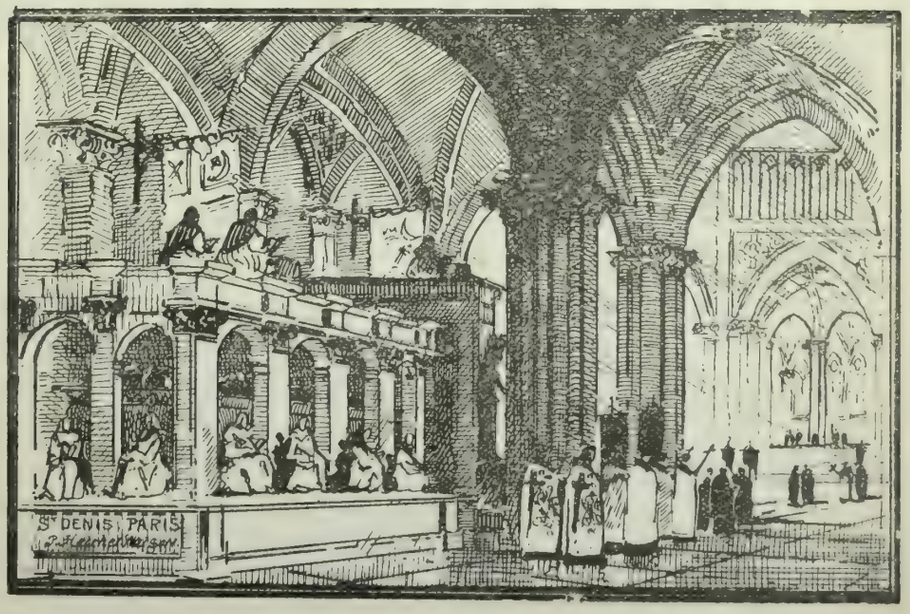
Fourteen dances danced through with automatic gayety, or walked through with cheerful apathy, or talked through with animated indifference, in order that he may waltz once with Emily, temporary goddess of his polytheistic heart.

He has not even the satisfaction of a fruitful martyrdom. A young lady fills her programme as a theatrical manager papers his house, that the public may not comment upon the empty places. On the morrow she will whisper to her intimates that the show did not pay.

But, you object, there must be some motive for all this suffering. Suffering! Why, he is having a hilarious time. The morning following the ball, he presents a hollow-eyed, white face at the office, and assures everybody, between yawns, that the ball was a tremendous success, and that he spent a most delightful evening. To deny himself the sleep he craves that he may remain awake and be bored; to gulp his pleasures so quickly that he never gets a chance to taste them; to stand through a first night's performance, which, comfortably seated, it would be painful for him to witness; to hide the sensible side of his nature so securely that he often has difficulty in finding it; to be seen everywhere and feel festive nowhere—it is in pastimes such as these that the Society man finds his keenest pleasure.

So, my good sir, if you feel an irresistible craving to be miserably happy, accept the divine appointment and enter Society.

Very truly yours,
DR. HIGHFEE.



PUSHING his adventurous shins through the deep snow that had fallen over night, and encouraged by the glee of his little sister, following in the open way that he made, a sturdy small boy, the son of Grayville's most distinguished citizen, struck his foot against something of which there was no visible sign on the surface of the snow. It is the purpose of this narrative to explain how it came to be there.

No one who has had the advantage of passing through Grayville by day can have failed to observe the large stone building crowning the low hill to the north of the railway station—that is to say, to the right in going toward Great Mowbray. It is a somewhat dull-looking edifice, of the Early Comatose order, and appears to have been designed by an artist who shrank from publicity, and although unable to conceal his work—even compelled, in this instance, to set it on an eminence in the sight of men—did what he honestly could to insure it against a second look. So far as concerns its outer and visible aspect, the Abersush Home for Old Men is unquestionably unhospitable to human attention. But it is a building of great magnitude, and cost its benevolent erector the profit of many a cargo of the teas, and silks, and spices that his ships brought up from the under world when he was in trade in Boston; though the main expense was its endowment. Altogether, this reckless person had robbed his heirs-at-law of no less a sum than half a million dollars, and flung it away in riotous giving. Possibly it was with a view to get out of sight of the silent big witness to his extravagance that he shortly afterward disposed of all his Grayville property that remained to him, turned his back upon the scene of his prodigality, and went off across the sea in one of his own ships. But the gossips who got their inspiration most directly from Heaven declared that he went in search of a wife—a theory not easily reconciled with that of the village humorist, who solemnly averred that the bachelor philanthropist had departed this life (left Grayville, to-wit) because the marriageable maidens had made it too hot to hold him. However this may have been, he had not returned, and although at long intervals there had come to Grayville, in a desultory way, vague rumors of his wanderings in strange lands, no one seemed certainly to know about him, and to the new generation he was no more than a name. But from above the portal of the Home for Old Men the name shouted in stone.

Despite its unpromising exterior, the Home is a fairly commodious place of retreat from the ills that its inmates have incurred by being poor, and old, and men. At the time embraced in this brief chronicle they were in number about a score, but in acerbity, querulousness, and general ingratitude they could hardly be reckoned at fewer than a hundred; at least that was the estimate of the Superintendent, Mr. Silas Tilbody. It was Mr. Tilbody's steadfast conviction that always, in admitting new old men to replace those who had gone to another and a bitter Home, the trustees had distinctly in will the infraction of his peace, and the trial of his patience. In truth, the longer the institution was connected with him, the stronger was his feeling that the founder's scheme of benevolence was sadly impaired by having any inmates at all. He had not much imagination, but with what he had he was addicted to the reconstruction of the Home for Old Men into a kind of "castle in Spain," with himself as castellan, hospitably entertaining about a score of sleek and prosperous middle-aged gentlemen, consummately good-humored and civilly willing to pay for their board and lodging. In this revised project of philanthropy the Trustees, to whom he was indebted for his office and responsible for his conduct, had not the happiness to appear. As to them, it was held by the village humorist aforementioned that in their management of the great charity Providence had thoughtfully supplied an incentive to thrift. With the inference which he expected to be drawn from that view we have nothing to do; it had neither support nor denial from the inmates, who certainly were most concerned. They lived out their little remnant of life, crept into graves neatly numbered and were succeeded by other old men as like them as could be desired by the Adversary of Peace. If the Home was a place of punishment for the sin of unthrift, the veteran offenders sought Justice with a persistence that attested the sincerity of their penitence. It is to one of these that the reader's attention is now invited.

In the matter of attire this person was not altogether engaging. But for the season, which was mid-winter, a careless observer might have looked upon him as a clever device of the husbandman indisposed to share the fruits of his toil with the crows that toil not, neither spin—an error that might not have been dispelled without longer and closer observation than he seemed to court; for his progress up Abersush Street, toward the Home, was not, in the gloom of the winter evening, visibly faster than what might have been expected of a scare-crow blessed with youth, health and discontent. The man was indisputably ill-clad, yet not without a certain fitness and good taste, withal; for he was obviously an applicant for admittance to the Home, where poverty was a qualification. In the army of indigence the uniform is rags; they serve to distinguish the rank and file from the recruiting officers.

As the old man, entering the gate of the grounds, shuffled up the broad walk, already white with the fast-falling snow, which from time to time he feebly shook from its various coigns of vantage on his person, he came under inspection of the large globe lamp that burned always by night over the great door of the building. As if unwilling to incur its revealing beams, he turned to the left, and, passing a considerable distance along the face of the building, rang at a smaller door emitting a dimmer ray that came from within, through the fanlight, and expended itself incuriously overhead. The door was opened by no less a personage than the great Mr. Tilbody himself. Observing his visitor, who at once uncovered, and somewhat shortened the radius of the permanent curvature of his back, the great man gave visible token of neither surprise nor displeasure. Mr. Tilbody was, indeed, in an uncommonly good humor, a phenomenon ascribable doubtless to the cheerful influence of the season; for this was Christmas eve, and the morrow would be that blessed 365th part of the year that all Christian souls set apart for mighty feats of goodness and joy. Mr. Tilbody was so full of the spirit of the season (to say nothing of bird) that his fat face and the pale blue eyes, whose ineffectual fire served to distinguish it from an untimely summer squash, effused so genial a glow that it seemed a pity that he could not have lain down in it, basking in the consciousness of his own identity. He was hatted, booted, overcoated, and umbrellaed, as became a person who was about to expose himself to the night and the storm on an errand of charity; for Mr. Tilbody had just parted from his wife and children to go "down town" and purchase the wherewithal to confirm the annual falsehood about the hunchbellied saint who frequents the chimneys to reward little boys and girls who are good and truthful. So he did not invite the old man in, but saluted him cheerily:

"Hello!—just in time: a moment later and you would have missed me. Come, I have no time to waste; we'll walk a little way together."

"Thank you," said the old man, upon whose thin and white but not ignoble face the light from the open door showed an expression that was perhaps disappointment made visible; "but if the Trustees—if my application—"

"The Trustees," Mr. Tilbody said, closing more doors than one,

and cutting off two kinds of light, "have agreed that your application disagrees with them."

Certain sentiments are inappropriate to Christmastide, but Humor, like Death, has all seasons for his own.

"O my God!" cried the old man, in so thin and husky a tone that the invocation was anything but impressive, and to at least one of his two auditors sounded indeed somewhat ludicrous. To the Other—but that is a matter which laymen are devoid of the light to expound.

"Yes," continued Mr. Tilbody, accommodating his gait to that of his companion, who was mechanically, and not very successfully, retracing the track that he had made through the snow; "they have decided that, under the circumstances—under the very peculiar circumstances, you understand—it would be inexpedient to admit you. As Superintendent and *ex officio* Secretary of the Honorable Board"—(as Mr. Tilbody "read his titles clear," the magnitude of the big building, seen through its veil of falling snow, appeared to suffer somewhat in comparison,) "it is my duty to inform you that, in the words of Deacon Byram, the Chairman, your presence in the Home would—under the circumstances—be peculiarly embarrassing. I felt it my duty to submit to the Honorable Board the statement that you made to me yesterday of your needs, your physical condition, and the trials which it has pleased Providence to send upon you in your very proper effort to present your claims in person; but, after careful, and I may say prayerful, consideration of your case—with something too, I trust, of the large charitableness appropriate to the season—it was decided that we should not be justified in doing anything likely to impair the usefulness of the Institution intrusted (under Providence) to our care."

They had now passed out of the grounds; the street lamp opposite the gate was dimly visible through the snow. Already the old man's former track was obliterated, and he seemed uncertain as to which way he should go. Mr. Tilbody had drawn a little away from him, but paused and turned half toward him, apparently reluctant to forego the continuing opportunity.

"Under the circumstances," he resumed, "the decision—"

But the old man was inaccessible to the suasion of his verbosity; he had crossed the street into a vacant lot and was going forward, rather deviously, toward nowhere in particular—which, having nowhere in particular to go to, was not so aimless a proceeding as it looked.

And that is how it happened that the next morning, when the church-bells of all Grayville were ringing with an added unction appropriate to the day, the sturdy little son of Deacon Byram, breaking a way through the snow to the place of worship, struck his foot against the body of Amasa Abersush, philanthropist.

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ON TAMALPAIS.

MARTHA T. TYLER.

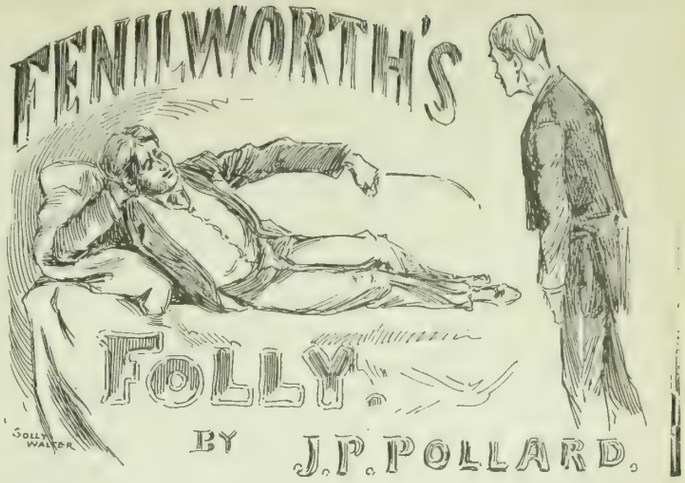
In a dream beneath the beeches
And the alders let me lie,
Where the redwood reaches, reaches
Loving arms to meet the sky,
And a sunbeam, leaf-imprisoned, falls upon the ground to die!

Strangely sweet these mountain passes
Where the manzanitas flare,
Lightly touched with bloom and grasses,
As if some one should declare
"Spring stepped here, but not to loiter, for the slopes are brown and bare."

In the shadow of the laurel,
(Daphne thus her tresses shook)
Banked by fern and tender sorrel,
Gently glides the wilding brook,
Mountain poet, singing ever praise of rush and pebbly nook!

Tenderly the wind intoneth
'Neath the rustling forest eaves,
And a startled dove bemoaneth
Her lost nestling to the leaves.
In this sylvan sanctuary something liveth, then, that grieves.

So all peace is tinged with sorrow
Highest joy dwells not apart.
What from nature could we borrow
Dear to minstrelsy or art,
Did we not through light and shadow feel the beat of Nature's heart?



THERE is a certain dim little room in the Anglomania Club which is known of the waiters and members as *Monte Carlo*, because poker is perpetual there. It may seem an odd sort of place to spend Christmas Eve in, but I am a bachelor, and am peculiar enough to prefer the companionship of the men at the Anglomania to the allurements of mistletoe and red lips; the fact remains that this was where Christmas Eve found me. I will admit at once that the club was positively Stygian on that occasion; there were not enough men there to make talk for one man to listen to, and the waiter loomed about dismally as if protesting at our being there at all.

I had been playing but a little while when Fenilworth, the artist, came in. I could see that he had been drinking. He is one of those pale, smooth-shaven fellows who turn the color of Rhine wine dregs when they are in their cups. He sat down behind my chair, and in the mirror opposite I could watch his naked upper lip curling and twisting in his horrible efforts, now to smile, now to keep from smiling. His face fascinated me so that my play grew simply hideous; I turned to him casually and told him I wished he would keep his luck altogether to himself, that it was a pretty poor specimen of luck anyway. He only smiled more horribly than ever, and grew a shade yellower; when I got up to throw myself on the sofa he took my place at the table silently.

I couldn't have been asleep half an hour when I found one of the waiters shaking me violently by the shoulder. The game was still going on, but Fenilworth was no longer at the table. "If you please," said the waiter somnolently, "Mr. Fenilworth is in the mantel-room, and wishing to speak to you, sir. It's very important, sir, I'm to tell you."

"Confound Fenilworth," I muttered. "Waking a man up out of a Christmas nap ought to be on the statutes as a crime punishable with death. And it will be put there, do you hear, it will be put there; I'll see that it is!" The waiter said "Yes, sir," very simply and without any expression on his face, as every perfect waiter should. The Anglomania may not be a perfect institution, but we do rather fancy our judgment in the matter of waiters. And I will admit, without reserve, that this is the only particular in which I, as a member of the Committee for Selecting Waiters, deplore the rigidity of our constitution anent Englishmen. Everybody about town knows that the Anglomania is so named because no one who has ever been proven a victim to Anglomania may become a member; but it is, perhaps, not generally known that we have a rule forbidding the house to Englishmen, either as members or waiters. And everyone who has ever had a man will admit that the Englishman is the ideal waiter.

When I entered the mantel-room Fenilworth was pacing up and down with that naked overlip of his writhing like a snake.

"She's gone!" he said, standing suddenly quite still, his left hand on the high mantel and clenching his right hand convulsively, as if he wanted to strike me. "She's gone! The girl with the scarlet mouth and the topaz eyes! Gone! And that isn't all! No, that isn't all!"

"Do you mean to say," I asked, not very gently, "that you

had me aroused just because you wanted to tell me some of your wine-woven yarns?"

"Oh, listen! I've been drinking, I'll admit that, but I know what I'm doing. And I want your advice. Say you'll give me your advice!"

"Oh, advice is cheap, and I have a great deal to spare. The trouble is finding anyone who'll listen. And that only proves that you are dr——"

"I tell you she's gone, my beautiful Whitebell is gone. Don't you remember?"

And then I did remember. Whitebell was a glorious girl, with the majesty of a sonnet in her profile, and the beauty of a sphinx on her brow, who, as everyone supposed, was Fenilworth's *fiancée*. That is to say, he had been seen everywhere with her and he had been raving over her quite poetically. Somehow or other, no one had discovered, or cared to discover, her surname; he always called her Whitebell himself, and there is not a man in the club so ill bred as to be inquisitive.

"Yes," I said, "I remember."

"Well, then, listen. I wish you had ten ears, because I am so excited that I may talk like a Niagara. But this is it. You know the kind of a useless fool I was six months ago; I was letting my brain and ambition go to dry-rot just because I had a penny or two that my father made. Well—this girl came into my life, with her lips of poppy red and her breath of *elixir vitæ*. I met her quite in an ordinary way; there was a lawn party at Mrs. Tantallon's and presently I heard the hostess saying vaguely, 'Miss Whitebell—niece of mine—both so literary—sure you'll get on,' and then I found this dream-come-true standing before me. Her eyes were topaz, as I said, topaz, and very deep; they had to be, because I lost myself in their depths, and when I found myself, I found, too, that I had left my heart down there. After that, it didn't take long. She drew me like a charm; and magnetism works both ways, you know. For the last six months I have been in Heaven."

"I don't think yours is expert testimony," I interrupted. I couldn't help it; that stolen sleep of mine was still rankling.

"Be still, will you? I repeat, I was in Heaven. There are not languages enough in the world to describe her charms and her talents. She was sympathetic as an heir at a millionaire's death bed. She looked at me with those topaz jewels, and told me that I must awake and do something to show the talents that were in me. Or, if my ambition were so still in sleep that I dreaded to risk myself in awakening, why, then—for her sake! And the poppy red lips were so fragrant! I worked, I tell you; I actually worked. And I did some work that wasn't half-bad, and not because I had talent, but because I was in the fairy's realms. I assure you that a kiss from Whitebell would bring poetry from the lips of a statue!"

"Aren't you getting a little hysterical?" I asked. I had to think of the club's reputation for conservatism.

"Not at all. You didn't know her, that's all. How could you imagine what was so beyond imagination? However, if you're so impatient—— But I must tell you how perfect she is in my life, or you will not understand the end of it all. We lived an Elysium together; a dream full of champagne-like kisses and love that angels never knew. Well, two days ago—will you believe it?—I came home, with a kiss ripening on my lips, and—she was gone. Gone without a word, a trace, a sign!"

"Well," said I, "you don't imagine I'm a detective, do you? How am I——"

"Oh, you are perfectly—— Wait, won't you?" His voice rose high, and his lip spiralled itself convulsively. "I was dead; for the time, I assure you, I was quite dead. I knew nothing, I felt nothing. Gradually I came to life, and then the agony, the sheer pain of finding her perfume there, her presence gone, was almost more than I could bear. But I rallied, and went out to look for her."

"How absurd!" It struck me that this was the most foolish fellow I had had to listen to since Moffatly died of a joke that went the wrong way.

"Yes, I wasn't very hopeful. But, will you believe it, I met her in ten minutes from my leaving the house, walking on the Avenue —— with a devil—I mean a man who looked like Napoleon and Mephistopheles mingled! I could not restrain myself; I rushed up to her and called her a frightful name; instantly there was a crowd, and if some friends of mine had not got me away I do not know what might have happened. The last thing I saw was that devil of a man standing there, smiling like a Satyr, and shrugging his shoulders. I knew he was calling me a lunatic!"

"Weren't you?"

"No; a thousand times no! Why will you interrupt? Now, here is the last thread in this tragic woof! Read!" He thrust a paper at me. "I got it this morning."

It was a letter signed Victor Versailles, and it ran thus:

SIR:—For the insult you yesterday offered my wife on the public street, I herewith challenge you to offer me the only reparation possible. My seconds will wait upon you to-morrow. My wife tells me that during my absence in Mexico you have taken every opportunity to hound her with your undesired attentions. I insist, therefore, that one of us must not leave the field alive, and if Heaven is just that one will be You.

"H'm," I said, "this is quite mediæval. He puts it pretty plainly, doesn't he?"

"But your advice! Quick, it is your advice I want. Well, now, no hemming and hawing. I have suffered enough of that. What am I to do? Must I fight the man? Advise me, I tell you! What? You won't? Then——"

He sprang at me, and I felt his hands about my throat, his lips hissing madly at my ears. I just managed to scream "Adolf, Adolf!" with all my might before I passed into unconsciousness.

I awoke to find Adolf, the waiter, standing, expressionless as ever, before me. "You called, sir," he said.

"Oh, did I?" I looked at the table, where that perpetual poker game was still in evidence. I rubbed my eyes.

"What became of Mr. Fenilworth, Adolf? I thought he was—"

"Left the club two hours ago, sir."

"H'm, I must have been asleep."

"Yes, sir; and a Merry Christmas to you, sir."

"Thank you. Same to you."

And, I assure you, that no other Christmas morning in my life was ever so full of relief.

J. PERCIVAL POLLARD.

FORGET!

We would forget
The face that we have strived to blot in darkness,
But through a mist of tears it comes before us,
And the dark, sad eyes reproachfully implore us
Not to forget!

We would forget
The name unheard so long,
Yet we call it softly, tenderly,
And with passionate regret, we try
To forget.

We would forget
The wild, sweet kisses of the Past,
Tearing the strings of memory from the heart
Our brains reel * * darkness * * at last
We forget!

L. H.

JOURNALISM AND ITS CRITICS.

GUNS TURNED ON CAPITAL, LAW, MEDICINE, THE PULPIT, AND CLUBDOM.

BY ARTHUR McEWEN.

The San Francisco *Call* printed the other day the notions of a number of local journalists on what would constitute an ideal newspaper. In contributing to that symposium it gave me pleasure to say that complaints against the average existing newspaper come mostly from men who wish to hold it to a standard of conduct which they themselves are painfully conscious of falling below—precisely as men of doubtful lives are usually most solicitous that the walk and conversation of their womankind shall be above reproach. That is, from men who are fond of ideals, high ideals—for other people.

Lawyers are especially prone to mourning over the want of a noble disinterestedness in the press. They come out very strong on its duty to scorn mercenary considerations and perish for righteousness' sake. Yet if any newspaper should dare to adopt the lawyer's professional moral code, that newspaper would be abhorred and slain, and justly, too. So ought the lawyer to whom a fee is full justification for everything. And where is the lawyer who puts the Commandments into the scale against a fee?

The business man confers his disapproval on the press. If it sands its sugar, mixes shoddy with its wool, or lies to overreach a rival, the business man is shocked, genuinely shocked.

The preacher, also. He is grieved to see a newspaper withheld, by respect for its advertisers, from charging gallantly against wickedness in which those advertisers are participants. The difference between an advertiser and a pew-holder, from the point of view of the newspaper business office and the pulpit, respectively, is not apparent to the unregenerate lay eye.

The doctor refuses to tolerate in the press solemn false pretense, assumption of knowledge that it does not possess, humbug that is meant to please subscribers.

"Be what we would like to be if we could afford it," is the essence of the current criticism of the press.

This criticism is not objectionable in itself. After all, it is a more or less unconscious confession that the press is better than its critics. Though they have abandoned hope of reaching their own personal and professional ideals, they appear to cherish the belief that it is possible to see their ideals for the press realized, else they would scarce go to the trouble of being critics. Who ever wastes energy and risks his reputation for sense by demanding that lawyers shall be disinterested, business men honest, preachers indifferent to the prejudices of the congregations which pay their salaries, or doctors drop palaver with lady patients?

The press has faults, and plenty of them. But a newspaper is made to sell; and the first aim of its proprietor, therefore, naturally is to furnish a paper that will suit the taste of the majority. The faults of the press are the faults of the public. It is to the honor of publishers that the press is maintained at the standard which prevails. The average newspaper is neither so venal nor so demagogic as it easily might be to its financial gain. Few other business men make so many sacrifices for principle's sake as do publishers. This is not because publishers are, as a class, better men by nature than other merchants, though ordinarily they are far more intelligent. The reason is that their business is such as to require of them the profession of a moral code, of a public spirit, that is unknown on Front and Sansome Streets, and the profession insensibly affects their minds and reacts on their conduct. There is in reality a great deal of moral purpose and public spirit about the average newspaper. If it were run on "business principles" strictly—the principles, or want of them, which control business men in their daily dealings—it would be too villainous a thing to live. Moreover, no publisher is able to direct his paper in detail all the time. There is perpetual war between the business office and the editorial room. The former accepts in its nakedness the ethics of Front Street; the latter is inhabited by men afflicted with that variety of brains which are incensed at wrong, responsive to the appeals of weakness, and open to enthusiasms. These men may not be exceptionally lovely in their lives, but in their thoughts and feelings they are generous and unworldly, haters of sham, mockers at the pomposities of life, and scornful of the conventional successes won in business and politics by means which would render the prizes valueless to men of honor. To the working journalists—a tribe with intelligence, humor, and fathomless contempt for the dignities of the politician and the burgher—the daily newspaper is indebted for nearly everything that distinguishes it from a wholesale hardware store, a grocery or a lawyer's office. They are not moss-gatherers, there, for the gift of thrift has been denied them, but they are men. Many of them are gentlemen, but few ever become, or care to become, "prominent citizens." Indeed, a journalist who can aspire to that species of greatness has mistaken his calling. He should be a proprietor, and give two-thirds of the weight of his influence to the business office in its perennial struggle with the "cranks at the editorial end." Not but there are decent fellows, bright fellows in the business office, but they are compelled to mingle, pretty constantly, with the business community, and their point of view necessarily becomes biased and sordid.

When I reflect on how much intellect, knowledge, study, and professional enthusiasm, which is wholly disinterested, go into a newspaper, I can't withhold my respectful admiration from the critics of the press, their impudence is so splendid, so grandiose. I mean in particular the posing *dilettantes* of the magazines and the clubs—the intellectually sexless nobodies who are ambitous to be thought "superior," and who, toward that end, deck themselves with opinions on a variety of subjects which they deem it creditable to wear—opinions they express as an advertisement of their membership in a caste into which they desire to have it thought they were born. These geldings are commonly failurettes as individuals in the mercantile and legal lines. Incapable of achievement and without the capacity to form reasoned likings, they outfit themselves with a list of things they don't like—a list cribbed from larger specimens of their breed, whom they envy and admire. But for the accident of family or other helpful circumstance, these well-dressed, well-fed ciphers would have been waiters or barbers, or, if lucky, lackeys. Not one among them has the brains to be a reporter; yet nothing is commoner than to hear these mindless ephemera mingling sneers at newspapers and newspapermen with their cigarette smoke. It does no harm, of course, but it is a fashion largely followed, because it is believed to imply the superiority of the sneerer, who, were necessity to land him in a newspaper office, would be equal, perhaps, to the literary task of addressing wrappers. They throng the Bohemian Club, these uneasy nonentities, and other clubs, too, for clubs are apparently intended by Providence as breeding grounds for snoblings. In the East the ablest of them—none here are up to the performance seemingly—tire the knees of their mindies, once a year or so, by dandling other people's mental offspring in, say, the pages of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, which has secured William Dean Howells as its foremost contributor.

Virile men, the men who get to Washington by force of character, the men who organize industry and make millions for themselves—the fellows in general who turn the crank of the world—don't despise the press or the people who create it. They know better, for they are acquainted with mankind, and have learned to respect brains, the same being so scarce an article. But they wonder at men of talent contenting themselves with the small material rewards of journalism. That secret is sufficiently easy of explanation. If one be without the special money-making knack he is ordinarily condemned, no matter how great his intelligence otherwise, to serve as the slave of somebody else—a salaried coolie of commerce, an underling in a law-office, or something equally painful and degrading. Journalism is a city of refuge, offering to the clever freedom to be themselves. They are paid for the expression, not the suppression of their individuality. They are at liberty to be gentlemen or blackguards as they choose, or to alternate between the two characters for their personal refreshment, if they like. They own themselves, in short, to an extent that is possible to very few in this work-a-day world. It is one of the callings in which self-respect can be retained entire—one of the few in which life can be lived with the minimum of interference from others. That liberty is journalism's charm, and it lends to the career its dignity. The young man who enters the profession with the needful brains to excel, and the balance to resist its vagrant suasions, is one of the fortunate of the earth, who has no reason to envy any other on whom fate places the burden of earning a livelihood. The press is a body and will treat a man like a gentleman if he shall deserve it.

As for the critics—well, there is ground for all of them to stand on, God knows; but were the press to exchange compliments by turning its lantern on them, 'tis to be feared the result would scarce be fit for publication.

SUNSET—SWANGE.

Lo! now the cup filled high with golden wine!
An emerald cup, gold-laced, with jeweled rim,
Blue where the shadows deepening 'neath the brim
Sparkle and change, when twilight, calm benign,
Folds in her arms fair daylight, and doth twine
Her purple robe about her. Gently dim
The radiant colors; mist-wreaths, gaunt and grim,
Blot out the valley with her smile divine.

Swiftly rose-light flush o'er the spreading gray,
Bright scarlet swords leap out across the sea;
Night, calling softly, claims th' unwilling day,
While low winds whisper of the love to be;
Then sudden silver fills the sobbing bay,
Where day dies gladly, for death leaves her free!

—*J. E. P., in Figaro.*

Edward Freiberger pays this beautiful tribute to a friend's coat in Chicago *Figaro*:

"If you should hear an awful noise, like a circus come to town,
Or sounds like an explosion, or a comet falling down;
Pray do not be alarmed nor try to leave by train or boat,
Because the sound is nothing more than Charley Hanford's coat."

"SPRINGTIME." By E. DEBAT PONSAN.

"ENCOURAGEMENT." By CHARLES SCHREIBER.

REPRODUCED FROM FAMOUS PICTURES IN

S. & G. GUMP'S ART GALLERY.

A FOOL AND A COQUETTE.

A DIALOGUE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—Mrs. La Salle (a widow, thirty-five). Dexter Floyd (a bachelor, thirty-eight). Scene: Mrs. La Salle's drawing-room. Enter Dexter Floyd.

He (slowly relinquishing her hand): I was quite right at the ball the other night. You look just as you used to look.

She: And why should I not, pray? What are fifteen years in the history of the world? Or is it seventeen?

He: Seventeen. Seventeen almost to a day.

She: And seventeen years have not taught you that you should not be so precise with dates? In recalling the past to a woman you should treat it like the azure distance of a near-sighted person—as though it were just across the way. (Dexter Floyd moves chair for her.) No, not there, please. Against the light. So. (Sits.) This, you see, is the sum total of what seventeen—or fifteen—years have taught me. Not to sit with my face to the light.

He: I repeat that no such precaution is necessary.

She: And I repeat that you blunder. The more you insist there is no change the more plainly does it become apparent that there is. Ah! now I shall take my revenge. The light is full on you. Since you are so uncompromisingly honest with your seventeen years I shall see what that interval of time has done for you. Upon the whole I think it has treated you kindly.

He: Thank you.

She: Oh, you need not. To grow older is a *faux pas* which the world condones easily enough in a man.

He (earnestly): I cannot tell you what an emotion, delightful and yet painful at once, I experienced when I saw you across the room the other night.

She (laughs a little): Really?

He: When I saw you standing there, and your daughter—

She: Ah, yes—my little Diane. What do you think of her?

He: She looks very much like you. There is nothing one could say of her that would be better.

She: Ah, how you have learned to flatter! In the old days you had not that little accomplishment, you remember? But seventeen years of successes—social, literary—er—geographical, archæological—I don't know how to designate your exploits as a traveler in all parts of the known and unknown world—have supplied the deficiency.

He (sighing): Ah, my successes! You are very good to give them that name. I can assure you that all my wanderings and experiences have only resulted in a more ardent return to the old ideals, in the belief that a harmonious domestic life with the one creature who alone can make one perfectly happy is better than—

She (interrupting): In short, you want to get married.

He: Yes. You have divined the truth exactly. I do.

She: A very sure sign, my dear friend, that you have not allowed the grass to grow under your feet all these years, so to speak. The more rapid a man's career, the more certain the advent of the reaction whose symptoms you describe. That's what your return to the old ideals means—weariness.

He: No, no, I assure you. I am in earnest. If I had a son I should want him to marry very young. Indeed I should. I believe in it. I have grown reactionary in all my ideas of matrimony. Now, if I were in your place, I should be looking for a husband for Diane already.

She (aside): Can he have taken a fancy to Diane? Is it possible that he— (Aloud) Well, since you have given me the example, I don't mind confessing to you that my ideas with regard to the marriage of young girls especially are sufficiently reactionary as well. Diane is only fifteen, but—

He: She looks much older.

She (sighing): Yes, she is old for her age, unfortunately. I should have preferred her beauty not to burst into bloom quite so soon. She won't wear so well, as it is.

He (recklessly): But what does it matter if you intend to marry her young?

She (staring): I imagine that her husband might be interested in the preservation of her beauty, might he not?

He (absently): Oh, yes, of course. (Looking at her.) I remember that you, at seventeen or eighteen seemed younger than your little daughter now.

She: Another way of telling me, by indirection, that I have worn well—that I am not, that is to say, quite in the sere and yellow leaf yet.

He: Ah, how cruelly satirical you have become. You were not so in the old days.

She (severely): In the good old days, my dear friend, I was a great little goose.

He: Oh, no, a most delightful little duck. There! Do excuse me! Pardon me, do! Remember that I have lived among Hottentots and Papuans more or less for a decade.

She (still unbending): There seems to be no chance of forgetting it.

He: I only meant to say that you had the charm of such wild, sweet girlishness as we do not seem to see nowadays. Your pretty Diane marks the difference. She is a beautiful flower grown under glass. You have trained her superbly, I make no doubt, in every particular. She is, incipiently, what you are now. But not what you were when I—first knew you.

She: Then the difference is all to Diane's advantage. Don't interrupt me! I told you my ideas with respect to young girls were reactionary. I don't believe in giving them too much liberty. I am bringing Diane out very early, it is true. That accounts for your seeing her and dancing with her at the ball the other night. But that is only in accordance with my belief that girls are better for being early settled in life. Keep them well in hand and then marry them to a man who understands himself before their whims and caprices have grown rampant enough to interfere with their own welfare—that is my theory.

He (earnestly): I think it is an excellent one! A most excellent one!

She: You notice, of course, that I said a man who understood himself. By that I understand a great deal myself. I should not marry Diane to the first reasonably presentable suitor. I should want to be convinced.

He (absently): Yes, yes. Oh, of course. (Then in a more eager tone.) And you, when you have married your young daughter—and, indeed, I cannot tell you how sensible I think your plan with regard to her; a husband is really far better qualified to assume the responsibility of such a young creature than a mother who is still young herself—when you have married Diane, what shall you—what plans have you for your own future?

She (aside): Is he afraid that he will be burdened with a mother-in-law on the premises? Upon my word, I never heard greater impertinence! What a question! Hottentots and Papuans, I should think so, indeed! (Aloud with an ironical intonation)—Whatever way I may see fit to order my future, my dear friend, one thing is very certain, it shall not intersect with my daughter's at any point. I believe in leaving young married people to themselves.

He (still more eagerly): Do you, really? Yes, yes, of course. It is doubtless the best plan—there is no question about it, in fact—best, perhaps, for the daughter, and best, also——"

She (ironically): For the husband—not so?

He: Oh!—Ah!—I was thinking of the mother.

She: Oh! You are considerate of the mother. Extremely nice of you, I am sure. (Laughs.)

He (staring confusedly): What have I said? The truth is, I don't know. I don't half know what I am saying.

She: No. That is very obvious!

He: Don't be so cruel! Don't laugh! I have consorted so much with barbarians that I have lost all the ease of civilization. I am to be pitied, I assure you. If I had known ethnological research would put me at such a disadvantage. * * * If you only knew how much I wish to tell you one thing and how hard I find it to choose the proper words you would not quiz me so heartlessly!

She: There, there! Don't excite yourself. I suppose I should tell you that I know perfectly well what the one thing is you want to say to me. What then? I hope I am making it easy for you!

He (moving his chair nearer): Is it—is it possible? You know—you really know—what I want to say to you? What I have wanted to say ever since I looked across the room the other night and saw you standing there—

She: With Diane? Yes, I know.

He (a deep breath): And may I—can I—hope? Oh! (moving nearer still) if only I could make you understand the emotion that took possession of me then and there—what, indeed, had—

She (interrupting nervously): Yes, yes!—that is—please spare me. I know what lovers' tirades are. I have heard them before.

He (vehemently)—Lovers' tirades? I cannot allow you to confound such a feeling as I have had in my soul always—yes, always!—with the trite protestations other men may have poured out at your feet! (seizes her hand.) Oh, if you could see—believe—

She (disengaging herself coldly): It is not necessary, in order to gain my consent, that you should make love to me, Mr. Floyd.

He (in stupefaction): Not necessary. I—I do not understand!

She (with mounting indignation and agitation): Nor do I, except on the ground of those affiliations with Papuans and other savages on the strength of which you have once before invoked indulgence. Certainly, for a civilized community, your proposal is curiously made!

He: Good heaven, madame! I think there has only been one way discovered to tell a woman that one loves her!

She (rising): That one. (Rapidly with dignity)—There is some great mistake here, Dexter Floyd! Had you, or had you not, the intention of asking me for my daughter Diane's hand?

He: I? Your daughter Diane? That child! (Vehemently)—Never!

She (beginning to tremble): But then—what—what—

He: My dearest! (Passionately)—Let me call you so! It was you I was thinkng of! I have been thinking of—heaven knows—I believe every moment of the time since I last

saw you all those years ago! Oh! (Makes a dash for her.)

She (retreating): Stop! Stop! Are you insane, Mr. Floyd?

He (wildly): No, no! Not that I know of.

She: I believe you are! What did you, mean, then, by speaking so continually of the child and urging an early marriage for her? Why did you?

He: Speak continually of her? Did I speak continually of her? I was not even thinking of her! (Following her up.)

She (intrenching herself behind a chair): But you certainly said that you wished—thought—advised—that she might be married soon.

He: I said I thought all young people should marry early. The younger the better! The earlier the better! Ah, Beatrice, think! If we—we two—had only had all these past years together instead of apart. (Circumvents the chair by slow degrees.)

She (retreating and drawing the chair with her): But you—you insisted that an early marriage would be especially desirable for Diane!

He: Well, then, if I must confess all, I did feel so; I do feel so, because in that way I should be less jealous of her! There! You know all my ignominy. I love you so; the love I have always had for you has grown to such proportions by seeing you again—so charming, so even more seductive than you seemed to my boyish dreams—that I am jealous. Yes, outrageously jealous of everything and every one who has a right to a share of your love. I trust I shall never fail in a stepfather's duties toward Diane. (Stops abashed.)

She: Mr. Floyd (with overwhelming dignity)! Really, the way you take things for granted!

He (humbly): The Papuans again—the Papuans—I assure you!

They look at each other a moment. Suddenly Dexter Floyd seizes the barricading chair and hurls it to the other side of the room.

He: My angel. (He catches her in his arms.) Ah, Beatrice, would I had not been such a callow fool and you such a wicked coquette seventeen years ago!

She: Fifteen! Fifteen!

He (recklessly): Well, then, fifteen—*Evelyn Thorpe.*

A MAGNIFICENT HOLIDAY DISPLAY.

If one desires to see the latest and handsomest style in art goods of all kinds one should visit the magnificent store of Sanborn, Vail & Co. The display of holiday wares is very large, and of sufficient excellence and variety to please the most fastidious taste. Nothing suitable for Christmas gifts has been omitted from their stock by this interesting firm. Among the novelties that make appropriate presents are pictures, in oils and water colors, etched and engraved, and in the daintiest oil imitation ever seen here; frames in silver, ivory, and gilt; leather goods, embracing handsomely chased purses, pocketbooks, and card cases; and table ornaments of all descriptions.

For the holidays there will be an especial sale of the china that attracted so much attention at the Keramic exhibition. This collection is certainly worth seeing, and those who were not fortunate enough to attend the Club's reception should go to Sanborn, Vail & Co's next week. People from the country should not leave San Francisco without visiting this splendid store.

MEN WE KNOW.

MAJOR J. L. RATHBONE.

Few men are better known in this city than Major J. L. Rathbone. Belonging to one of the most influential families in New York, he had the benefit of a splendid education, graduating from Phillips' Academy, of Massachusetts, the Polyclinic School of Troy, and the United States Military Academy at West Point. At the last-named place he was the best drill master and brightest cadet officer of his class. He entered the army, and was aide-de-camp to Major-General Schofield, serving as such for nearly ten years, part of the time

on the Coast. Here he married, resigned from the army, and built a beautiful home at Menlo Park.

Major Rathbone was appointed Consul-General to Paris in 1887, and filled the position with honor to himself and country. Such was the success of his conduct of affairs there that President Cleveland is reported to have told a number of persons since then that he regarded the Major's as one of the most satisfactory appointment he made in the diplomatic service during his administration.

Major Rathbone is a staunch Democrat, and at present is taking a lively interest in the workings of his party. At the monster meeting at the Mechanics' Pavilion, to ratify the nomination of Grover Cleveland for the Presidency, he occupied the presiding officer's chair, and was unanimously voted a grand success. The Major is president of several corporations; is ex-President of the Pacific Union Club, and ex-President of the Pacific Coast Blood Horse Association, and in the latter position made racing exceedingly popular in this State. Since his return from Europe, Major Rathbone has been very busy in his private affairs, and as Director of the Nicaragua Construction Company; and it was largely due to his energy and perseverance that $250,000 was raised in this city last spring for that enterprise. The Major is now building a magnificent residence in this city, with a view to making San Francisco his permanent home in preference to his Eastern one, where his family reside. Few gentlemen are more widely known, respected and beloved in this community than Major J. L. Rathbone.

JOSEPH P. KELLY.

Among the most notable of our rising young lawyers is Joseph P. Kelly, the subject of the present brief sketch.

Joseph P. Kelly was born on November 13, 1861, in San Francisco, and his father was the late Michael Joseph Kelly, who was the largest contractor in California. He used to live upon the block where the Palace Hotel now stands, and it was here that young Joseph P. was born.

Mr. Kelly commenced his education in our common schools, next went to the St. Ignatious College and afterward entered the University of California. From the college he went to the Hastings Law College, after graduating from which he commenced to actively practice law.

Mr. Kelly was associated with the Hon. Walter H. Levy and the late Judge Heydenfeldt. The latter left the charge of the bulk of his business in Mr. Kelly's hands, confident that he possessed ability enough to handle it. Mr. Kelly is a living proof of what a young man of talent and integrity can do at the bar here, for his practice is a most extensive one, and he has had the conducting of some most important cases. Among them we may mention the Dashaway disputes, which made such a fuss at the time; the famous Zeile estate case, involving upward of a million dollars; the Dama case also was handled by him. Perhaps the most important cases with which Mr. Kelly has been connected, so far as his reputation as a lawyer is concerned, are the well-known railroad licensing cases which were taken to the Supreme Court at Washington, in the face of the fact that eminent legal authorities stated that the license ordinance of San Francisco could not be upset. The courts of this State upheld that opinion, but upon Mr. Kelly's taking the case to the highest tribunal on a writ of error, the decision of all the lower courts were reversed, and Mr. Kelly sustained.

Outside of the law Mr. Kelly has one hobby, if it may be so called, and that is the study of mechanics. He devotes all his spare time to this, and not without some good results, for he has invented two or three great improvements upon the construction of rails for railways. One of them is to do away with the open space between the rails which causes that clickety-click noise that is such a nuisance. Another invention is one to prevent the derailment of trains.

JOSEPH ROTHSCHILD.

The man who stands as advocate for a large class of citizens must have genius. Joseph Rothschild is attorney for many of the best-known mercantile houses in the city, and has

a large court practice. He is a native of California, and has been singularly successful in his profession. Mr. Rothschild graduated from the State University, and then took his degrees at Yale in 1873, where he was probably the most popular man of his class. On his return here he was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court, and has been most successful. He is regarded as the best lawyer in commercial practice here and has won many important suits. Mr. Rothschild belongs to many leading organizations. He is Past President of the Independent Order Free Sons of Israel; Past President Unity Lodge, I. O. B. B.; Past President Golden Shore Council No. 5, United Friends of the Pacific; Ex-Vice-President Young Men's Hebrew Association; Past President Board of Relief, I. O. B. B. He is a member of the Masonic Order. He is also Past Grand President of the

Independent Order B'nai Brith. The favor with which he is regarded by his own people is the very best test of his integrity. In politics Mr. Rothschild has always been a consistent Democrat. He was elected School Director six years ago, and the flattering vote he then received shows his popularity with the whole people. He was elected Vice-President and Executive Committeeman of the recently Reorganized Democracy, and is a member of a number of political clubs.

DR. G. J. BUCKNALL.

Since Governor Markham's accession to office he has developed a most happy faculty for selecting the "right man for the right place," and in no instance has he given more signal proof of this than in the *personnel* of

his recently-appointed Board of Health. Not only is the public satisfied, and the press complaisant, but the medical fraternity to a man has acknowledged the eminent qualifications of the appointees. Among the members of the new Board none is better or more favorably known than Dr. George J. Bucknall. Dr. Bucknall was born in New York City, and comes of a good old Revolutionary stock, graduated from the Medical Department of Columbia College, after which he spent three years in the School of Medicine, Paris. At the breaking out of the Civil War he returned to America, intending to enter the volunteer service in behalf of the Union, but a prolonged attack of typhoid fever totally incapacitated him for service. He resumed his medical studies at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, of New York, and also was for three years under the eminent Dr. Willard Parker. He was graduated in 1864, and after a year's travel in Europe devoted three years to practice in the hospitals, making a special study of skin diseases. In 1868 he came to San Francisco, and has been engaged in active practice here ever since. In 1872 Dr. Bucknall was appointed Surgeon-General, N. G. C., by Governor Booth, and held the same position on the staff of Governor Pacheco. Dr. Bucknall is Examining Physician of the B. P. O. Elks, and is Consulting Physician of St. Luke's Hospital. He is also a member of the Geographical Society, and Olympic Lodge, A. O. U. W.

WILLIAM BRODERICK.

The interests of the people are safe in the hands of William Broderick, whose honesty and integrity have been tried a score of times. Mr. Broderick is an Irishman by birth, but is American in everything else. When but three years of age his parents brought him to this country, and in New York he grew up and gained a splendid education. Coming to this Coast, he was given the management of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, which was then in its infancy on the Coast, and he made a great success of his trust. But Mr. Broderick was desirous of getting into a profession where individual effort would meet with larger remuneration, and he began the study of mining. After business hours he gave his attention to works on assaying, and as an expert in this line gained considerable reputation. He accepted a position with a prominent coterie of Nevada mine owners and remained with them until 1870, when he was induced by a company to undertake the examination of some mines in San Carlos, Mexico.

On his return to the city he began his political career. The people sent him to the Legislature where he made a splendid record. With Judge Coffey, Mr. Broderick did much toward insuring an improvement in the registration laws, and it was due to their efforts that the law was passed. Mr. Broderick has been an active man of affairs for a long time, yet his three score years sit as lightly on him as the teens on a schoolboy. He is a careful, clear-headed, conscientious man, who will not be moved from a position that is right by any arguments. For the office to which he has been called he is admirably fitted by experience and liking, and that he will make a successful officer there is not the slightest doubt.

CHARLES LYONS.

Probably the best-known man in his line of business is Charles Lyons, whose picture is presented here. Ten years ago Mr. Lyons came to San Francisco, practically unknown;

now he has interests in almost every city in the State, and is known personally or by reputation all over the Coast. Thoroughly familiar with his business, Mr. Lyons opened a large tailoring shop in this city, and before long was at the head of three first-class establishments, whose combined income soon made him rich. There were no spasmodic jumps to his well doing; his success was steady, and it was assured by the excellence of the goods he offered and the satisfaction he gave his customers. He was the pioneer of low prices and stylish tailoring. Giving his personal attention to every detail of his business, he has had no mistakes to rectify, and has lost no customers.

His first store was at 1214 Market Street, where he led the fashions not only in the making of clothes, but in the material. He became known as the "London Tailor," and his styles and cloth were imported. His prices were low, and his business increased so rapidly that he was compelled to open another shop. This he did at 302 Kearny Street, where he followed the same methods that had brought success in his first venture. Again his capacity for handling business was not adequate to the orders he received, and he had to open a third establishment, at 908 Market Street, between Stockton and Powell Streets. With these large stores to control, Mr. Lyons is a busy man. To every order he gives his personal attention, and nothing leaves any of them that has not been examined by him.

JOHN D. SIEBE.

The present Assessor, John D. Siebe, has shown a splendid capacity for dealing with the business of his office. Always an earnest worker for the Republicans, Mr. Siebe has

received considerable honor at his party's hands. Several times he was elected to the State Legislature, and was given much important committee work there. As a public official he has made an enviable record, and his continuance in power is not to be wondered at. In the management of the affairs of the Assessor's office he has been economical, and the tax-payers have no reason to complain. He has shown himself to be an excellent disciplinarian, and has exercised considerable care in the choice of his clerks.

Notwithstanding the increase in the business of his department each year Mr. Siebe has kept down expenses, and evidently gives to the office the same attention that he would if the position were part of his private business. In 1891 he effected a saving of more than $3000 in his department, and during the present fiscal year will save to the tax-payers a like amount. His assistants are careful men, and it is the Assessor's desire to run the office as economically as is consistent with the proper discharge of business.

THE PICTORIAL WORK.

The excellence of the pictorial work on this issue is mainly due to the splendidly equipped half-toning and engraving establishment of Bolton & Strong, 430 Pine Street. This firm did all the half-tone and line work in this edition, including the cover, which will revolutionize the lithographic business in this city, and notwithstanding the hurry and rush incident to getting out an edition of this size, did the work as well as any firm in the country. The pictures speak for themselves.

The two half-tone pictures on page 20, reproduced from famous paintings in the art gallery of S. & G. Gump, should be seen by all lovers of art. "Encouragement," by Charles Baptiste Schreiber, was Salon picture No. 1519. The artist studied under Bonnat and Brandon, and is one of the most successful artists in Paris. "Springtime" is from the brush of Edouard Bernard Debat-Ponsan, who took the second class medal in 1874, was created Knight of the Legion of Honor in 1881, and was awarded the medal of the Paris Exposition in 1889. The pictures are splendid examples of the artists' best work.

The sale of Japanese bric-a-brac under the patronage of P. L. Davis & Co., on Montgomery Street, has been very successful. Many articles admirably suited for Christmas presents are to be seen at their salesrooms, and, as a consequence, the auctions have been well attended.

THE BUFFOON'S WIFE.

[*La place Dauphine* in 1629. This was the time of the poet Clidamant, who, ill-nourished by the Muses, hired himself to a dentist. Each day the dentist pulled one of the poet's teeth, and the poet proclaimed to the by-standers that it was not a disagreeable operation. The thirty-third day, having no more teeth, he hung himself The most striking feature of *la place Dauphine* on this soft spring day is the stage of a Merry-Andrew, which slants many feet above the pavement. A gaudy red and green curtain, ornamented with grotesque figures, hangs at the back, but low down, on the right, the sunlight reveals the interior of the booth. Rouge pots and brushes are on a board spread with broken dishes. The spot resembles both kitchen and actors' dressing-room. A few rickety steps lead to the stage. There is a stove, where a pot of steaming soup sends its fumes, like incense, toward a felt hat hanging on the wall; it is the hat of Fortunatus. Outside, below the stage, benches are arranged for the fine ladies and gentlemen of the court, who do not disdain to frequent these shows. All the surrounding windows are rented at high rates early in the morning.]

SCENE I.

(Francisquine, red-headed and bare-armed, near the stove—Tabarin enters by the stage entrance, tipsily singing.)

TABARIN: Hollo, my little wife! We have been drinking a few bottles in your honor, my little Francisquine—my pretty little prize, won in the lottery of destiny. (His wife scarcely heeds him beyond a few scolding words, but goes on with her cooking.) Listen to me, dearest. The buffoon—the tippler is not here; look at the man and be good to him. I love you ardently—I am so foolish. I found you one day asleep on the sidewalk, with your magnificent red hair undone; it seemed to me that the sun had fallen there. I love you—you can do with me what you will. I am famous. There are women, perhaps, among the rich, who would listen to me, but I love you. Your big eyes, your nose, which turns back with the air of a bird lighted on your face with its tail in the air, your large mouth, your great round arms. O, my charmer! The show, the rouge, the hat of Fortunatus are all for others, that I may make them laugh—for you I am a fool ready made. Take off my wig—caress my hair. Do you want gold ear-rings? I will give them to you, and a collar of pearls, too. When we have made a lot of money we will go away. I will buy an estate. Our neighbors shall be jealous. When you pass they shall say, "See M. Tabarini's wife!" for I will drop the name of Tabarin. Let me kiss your pretty throat. But you—you do not love me. Often, when we play the farce where the jester returns from the country and finds a gallant hovering about his wife, I think that misery may some day be really mine. There is one of the cardinal's guards who sometimes rides by here. I fancied I saw him the other night creeping in at the stage door. But no; I had been drinking. You have a kind heart—you would not make me unhappy. That lace about your throat is lovely; you are growing plump, my darling.

FRANCISQUINE: Nonsense! Come eat your soup.

TABARIN: Yes, if you will. (He kisses her on the lips while she is eating.) Oh! the fine soup—the delicious soup! It is like sugar.

SCENE II.

(The audience assembling.)

TELAMIRE (turning about and thrusting back her train with her foot): How foolish in Polyandre to bring us here among these common people.

PRINCESS PHILOXENE: Certainly if what I wear did not divert the curiosity of the people from me I should blush deeply.

THEODAMOS: The garden of your face would bloom with a few more roses!

POLYANDRE: Ah! ladies, the best of people sometimes mix with low company, and goddesses might take the caprice to descend to the earth.

AMALTHEE: Ah! See that little man carrying a monkey on his back! Doesn't the monkey resemble the cardinal?

THEODAMAS. Marvelously. But if we do not hasten to take our places the loungers will get the seats.

TELAMIRE: Is it true that these burlesques are sometimes coarse and may make us regret coming?

PRINCESS PHILOXENE: Perhaps the buffoon should be informed that people of quality are here, so that he may not transgress propriety in our presence.

ARTABAN: By my sword! it would be fine to have that rascal dare to use before me words that could surprise your modest ears, ladies. But the curtain opens and the jester appears in his famous hat.

(The fine ladies and gentlemen are seated. The populace throng every corner of the place; here and there appear guards and musketeers. The buffoon is welcomed with loud cries. The show begins.)

SCENE III.

(Tabarin on the stage—Francisquine in the interior of the booth.)

TABARIN: Oh, oh! Behold! here are people I am not accustomed to see, whose pockets are not as empty as mine, to judge by the richness of their costumes. Noble ladies, noble gentlemen! and you, assembled idiots, sharpers, and simpletons, thieves, and courtesans, I shall not amuse you by the metamorphoses of my incomparable hat—by my impertinent questions and jokes. The truth is, I am in love, and with my wife, Francisquine. Long live Cupid! I am so transported with my passion that I can only splutter poetry. But Francisquine is a little coquette. She may have flirted while I was away. Ah! cavaliers, musketeers, cannons, helmets, and armor! If any man has approached her, may the devil take me if I do not punish him!

(When the show opens, a soldier—one of the cardinal's guards—enters the interior of the booth by the little stage door. Francisquine throws her arms around his neck. At first he sits beside her, then he takes her on his knees, and now he is toying with the lace about her throat.)

Hollo! Francisquine, hollo! Are you dead, my little pullet, that you do not answer your husband? She may be in a far-off room, and with your permission, noble gentlemen, I will draw the curtain so that she can more readily hear me.

(Tabarin, continuing the show, lifts the curtain, and suddenly utters a great cry, for the poor man sees his wife seated smiling on the guard's knees. The lover abruptly flies. Tabarin drops the curtain and remains on the stage motionless and suddenly haggard and wan.) The Lord have mercy upon me! It is no longer a play! Francisquine! I have seen her! There, in my home, on that chair—and that man who embraced her. Ah! my good ladies—my good gentlemen! It is no longer a farce—there is no longer a jester! I am a poor man—I loved her so! Ah, my wife! Ah, the wicked woman! Ah, my God!—my Francisquine! (He falls prostrate on the stage and weeps hot tears.)

TELAMIRE: Truly, this buffoon's jokes are not so vulgar as was suspected; and he has had, especially in the last part of his monologue, an appearance of sorrow, sighs, and sobs, that would do honor to the most studious comedian of a regular theatre.

THEODAMAS: Excited by the presence of a public new to him, he has made unusual exertions, and raised himself from a buffoon to a veritable actor.

PRINCESS PHILOXENE: It does seem so. But listen, I beg of you; he is lifting his head.

(During this time Francisquine remains out of sight of the audience, standing near the stove, terrified for she has heard her husband's awful cry.)

TABARIN (striding up and down the stage): But she was everything to me. Why did I play the fool and receive kicks? For her—for her alone. That she might be a happy woman I have almost ceased to be a man. Ah, the wicked woman! Oh, I will kill them both. I swear to you I will kill them!

TELAMIRE: We must own his grief is touching—of a nature to please people of taste if put into tragic strophes.

TABARIN (his eyes protrude from his head, his whole appearance is fearful): But is a sword—any sort of weapon—in my possession? One does not assassinate with a harlequin's wooden sword. Heaven have mercy! Must I kill them with tooth and nail?

ARTABAN: There is something superb in his air. The droll fellow only needs a few lessons to shine as a hero of tragedy.

TABARIN: You who are talking—yes, you down there—give me your sword. Great heavens! Give it to me, or I shall come and take it.

TELAMIRE: You did not tell us, Polyandre, that we should be given a part in the show. But, since it must be, go ahead, Artaban; lend the jester your unconquered sword. His comedy is singularly diverting.

(Artaban approaches the stage, draws his sword, and sends it to Tabarin.)

TABARIN: Ah! thank you, sir.

(With one movement he pulls the curtain aside and bounds into the booth, falls upon his wife, who, screaming, tries to flee, plunges the sword in her neck, withdraws it covered with blood, and, horrified, staggers backward up the steps to the stage, and reappears before the audience, raising toward heaven the sword dripping with blood, and so terrified and terrifying, that a cry of admiration bursts from every mouth, and fine ladies and gentlemen and all the common people break into thunders of applause! Then Tabarin lets his arm fall and drops on his knees, stupefied, while they applaud more and more.

TABARIN (stammering): Ah, miserable wretch! You have killed her! Francisquine! (He looks at the sword and takes it in both hands.) Ah, sword of misfortune! (He breaks it.)

TELAMIRE: Don't be uneasy about your sword, Artaban. The buffoons are accustomed to change the objects confided to them, when they must appear to destroy them.

(Francisquine, bleeding, her hand upon her wound, drags herself to the little stairs, mounts them painfully and finds herself on the stage, looking like a wounded animal, wild and savage. Tabarin, sunk in horror, has neither seen nor heard her come. She fills her hand with blood from her wound and suddenly smears her husband's lips. The throng breathe with difficulty. The admiration is such that they forget to applaud.)

TABARIN: Ah! you! you! you! Yes, your blood, I will drink it. Give it to me, more! I love it! I was wrong to injure you. Do not die! Pardon! You understand—I saw you—with another—but it is nothing—I was very wrong. Do not die!

Ah! my little dove, kiss me. A doctor! Go seek a doctor! Miserable audience! Don't you see that this is real, that she is dying? You look at me with terrible eyes. Do you want me to find the guard for you? So that you are no longer angry, what does it matter upon whom you smile? Do you want to kill me? There are still pieces of the sword; here, take them. But hold, my pet, hold, see, it is very sharp, take it then! Ah! my darling!

(All mouths are open. Some eyes are weeping. "Behold a very agreeable comedian," said Telamire; "and wouldn't one believe that blood to be veritable blood?" Meanwhile Francisquine, gasping and with chattering teeth, has seized the piece of sword Tabarin offered her; hideously pale and with eyes starting from their sockets she crawls toward her husband who, remaining on his knees, tears his old coat and offers his naked chest. But at the moment she is about to strike, her face contracts in a supreme convulsion, she falls at full length, her head upon her husband's knees.)

FRANCISQUINE: Scoundrel! (Falls to the floor and dies. Shouts of applause and stamping of feet everywhere. Even the court ladies and gentlemen rise in excitement. All the tumultuous glory a comedian could desire surrounds the wretched actor.)

ARTABAN: Ah! By the immortal gods! There was never anything more perfectly played. Telamire, deign to allow me to offer your bouquet of roses, less fresh, I confess, than your own color, to that admirable comedian.

(Artaban approaches, bouquet in hand, sees that the blood really flows, comprehends all, recoils, thrilled with sudden horror, and his affright is instantly communicated to all the throng.)

TABARIN (rising, with a voice of thunder): Arrest me! Hang me! I have killed my wife!—*Translated from the French of Catulle Mendes, by* E. F. DAWSON.

For California wines of the highest grade, use the Napa Valley Wine Company's "Private Stock." These wines are not only the finest, but their quality is uniform from year to year.

This note is of considerable interest; it is from the Santa Cruz *Sentinel*, but the italics are all my own: "The most healthy time in the world to take a bath is *in the morning* before the break of day."

A MODERN PRINCESS.

Dedicated to Thomas Nelson Page.

A happy princess, loved full well
By four brave knights of modern trim;
And yet the legends only tell
"Through all the world she followed him."

Who loved her first was straight, and lithe,
And tall, and strong, and clean of limb;
Of worldly pelf he had his tithe,
The princess *might* have followed him.

The Second, or so runs the tale,
Was blessed with gifts time could not dim;
Did charms of intellect prevail?
And did the princess follow him?

The Third lured love with shining gold.
This life is full of truths as grim,
And Cupid's darts are bought and sold;
Sweet princess, did you follow him?

The Last—she could not sound his heart—
With happiness her cup would brim
Who won his love. The rest apart,
I *hope* the princess followed him.

Our tortured brains can find no light
"Beyond the utmost purple rim,
Beyond the day, across the night"
The princess followed—but which *Him?*

—*A. L. C., in Kate Field's Washington.*

MUSIC.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Musical activity has been singularly persistent of late. Such a season of concert giving as the past few weeks brought in their train is almost without precedent in local annals. So many concerts, though themselves not unmixed blessings, have a beneficent effect upon the community at large in making it more familiar with a class of music which is always of somewhat higher value than the dulcet strains attached to entertainments of "Ali Baba" and the farce comedy types. Strongly as the public is addicted to these performances, the vigorous concert giving of late has been sufficiently well supported to prove the existence of a taste for the enjoyment of better things. Now that a turn has been taken in favor of music, unadulterated with variety show adjuncts, it is to be hoped the number of concerts will improve in several matters, the selection of programmes and the bringing forward of unplained, unvarnished vocalists especially. The chief bane of our concerts is the singing. It is not to be expected that every singer who comes forward should make listening a pleasure; that would be desiring the impossible, but in most cases the desideratum wished for is that the positive tortures of hearing be minimized. The years of patient study given by the instrumentalists before attempting to entertain the public are not dreamed of by our vocalists. Some voice, little training, no knowledge, and the aspiring songsters are quite prepared and expectant of snatching the laurels of fame without further ado, and they do spend time in marveling at the defects in each other. Italian opera *scenas*, long made memorable by artistic interpretations of the best artists are trilled and trolled at the public as unblushingly as ever, by successive relays of limp debutantes, and, in some measure, the same may be said of the selections of the instrumentalists, with the advantages, however, in favor of the latter.

The past year has been a remarkable one in the history of local musical development. Concerts, from having been somewhat scorned, begin to emerge into dignity. Enterprise and enthusiasm are no longer regarded as aberrations worthy only of returned students and extremists generally. The public generally is more interested than ever before and the amount of study given to various kinds of music is largely on the increase. If the attendance at the three concerts given by the Symphonic Orchestra are to be taken as a criterion of public taste and support, there should be no reason why these stimulating performances discontinue at the conclusion of the series. Permanence ought to be a settled fact, and these concerts might then become the centre of local musical striving after the best. Mr. Adolph Bauer, as conductor and organizer of this enterprise, deserves the thanks of the interested community and the fullest measure of success attainable. LESLEY MARTIN.

THE OAKLAND "TRIBUNE."

From all I hear the holiday issue of the Oakland *Tribune* promises to be the best edition of an evening paper ever published on the Coast. The field the *Tribune* has made for itself is a large and lucrative one, and its circulation has gone up steadily. The Dargies and Mr. Bond have been making especial efforts on this issue, and there are to be many excellent features in it. The story-writing contest has attracted great attention, as the publishers offer a number of prizes for the best short story by scholars in Alameda County. The circulation of the holiday number is big enough to please even the most exacting advertiser.

BEAUTIFUL MARBLE STATUARY.

The handsomest marble statuary ever seen in San Francisco arrived this week consigned to S. & G. Gump, whose magnificent art store at 113 Geary Street, is one of the sights of the city. The statues and statuettes, of which there are twenty-six cases, are from Florence, and are the work of the most noted of the sculptors there. They were imported especially for the holiday trade, and it is quite safe to say that they will win the favor of the art-lovers of San Francisco. Aside from these, the firm of S. & G. Gump shows a splendid assortment of novel art goods.

Eclipse Extra Dry is the only true champagne grown in America, fermented in bottle and made from the choicest of California grapes.

The Oakland *Tribune* is mean enough to presume anything. It says: "Five ballet girls are to dance before a New York jury. The judge didn't have to excuse a man on the panel."

The finest dessert for your Christmas dinner is a Crosse & Blackwell's English Plum Pudding.

The Wave

A Society, Literary and Political Journal,

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

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SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 17, 1892.

OUR CHRISTMAS ISSUE.

This is the Christmas edition of THE WAVE, and modesty forbids a stronger statement than that it is the handsomest and most valuable issue of a weekly paper ever published on the Coast. It reaches its many thousands of readers at this early day for a variety of reasons. In the first place, publishers must take care of advertisers, and to gain them the benefit of the holiday trade a journal such as the CHRISTMAS WAVE should be out at least a week ahead of the 25th. Then THE WAVE circulates very extensively in the East, and subscribers would not care to receive their copies three or four days after Christmas. It is needless to say that no weekly paper on the Coast publishes a larger edition than this of THE WAVE.

SPLASHES.

A HIGHLY CULTIVATED ignorance of the subject precludes my offering criticisms on the baseball presented by the Bohemian and Pacific-Union Clubs last Saturday. Far the best thing about the match was the audience. The fashionable elements were out in full force, and had the *oi polloi* from the nether half of Market Street responded as it did in days of yore, doubtless the affair would have been a greater financial success. However, the amount taken was considerable, and no one has aught to complain of. Had I but two pages instead of a mere brace of paragraphs at my disposal, I would endeavor to condense a few of Manager Bobby Grayson's explanations of the Pacific-Union defeat. They are very ingenious, as one might expect, for Mr. Grayson is a subtle reasoner and has theories for everything. However, the sad fact remains staring one in the face that the lights of last year are extinguished.

* * *

Really, it was an overwhelming, disastrous defeat. Of the conquered, the two Eds—Bosqui and Eyre—alone distinguished themselves. Of the victors most credit is due Lieutenants Stevens and Flagler whose batting approached brilliancy, and to Pitcher Owen, whose portrait framed in the paraphernalia of the game should be hung forthwith in the Red Room. I believe a proposition to decorate Stevens with some baseball order or other is being seriously considered, but I hope it will not prevail. Nature has been so lavish of her favors where he is concerned that extra adornments would savor of "painting the lily." Not only is he handsome, but he is also fascinating. Add to his appearance the influence of these three baggers and he becomes irresistible. His path through life is strewn with hearts. He is the man who remarked once that there were but two maids in San Francisco whose charms satisfied him. "One of them," he sadly added, "is too stout."

* * *

Of enthusiasm there was no great exhibition. The atrocious tin horn was agreeably absent. No great outbursts of clamor smote the afternoon air. But one could not expect exuberance from so swell a crowd. All knew their names were in the Blue Book. Their gowns were rich; their plaudits well-bred. Two up-stairs boxes held Pacific-Union and Bohemian members. They did their best to encourage the teams, and were vociferous applauders of runs and errors, but long ere the ninth inning dawned the capitalists had silently melted away—to the extreme delight of Joullin, Nagle, Harry Brady, *et al.*, who whooped up their boys until the glorious end.

* * *

Afterward there was a big dinner in the Bohemian Club. The tables were arranged in the form of a T, and everyone sat down. About nine o'clock the defeated team marched down and then a very enjoyable evening was had. A sort of informal jinks were given, speeches made, songs sung. Everyone had a good time and, strange to say, no one was unduly excited.

* * *

SOCIETY is a barren subject this week. Save for the Catherwood tea and the Fortnightly Club's reception, nothing whatever has occurred. Strange is it not that in the middle of the season there should be so complete an absence of entertainments? In other cities far less pretentious than this there are gatherings every night. Several dinners are given each week. There are teas in the afternoons, theatre parties at night. In the whole season here there are rarely given more than half a dozen dances and then so much is made of them that one is prone to regard them as events. There is solid foundation for the accusation of dullness brought against San Francisco Society. Just what to ascribe the absence of energy to I am in doubt.

* * *

If people cannot afford expensive entertainments let them have teas and receptions, which everyone knows cost little or nothing. It is not the refreshments, however, that people go out for—it is the opportunity of rubbing shoulders with their friends. The gathering is the main object. To another cause is this leaden dullness also ascribable—the inactivity of the young married women. There are any number of them now "in the swim"—brides of the last two years—and one never hears of them lifting a finger to banish the prevailing stagnation. The excuse of poverty is not applicable, for most of these matches were made between the scions of wealthy families. They have pretty homes and adequate experience of the gentle art of hospitality, but seemingly they are ready to take everything and give nothing.

* * *

In other cities one hears of teas given by Society men. They gather in their apartments the girls who have, during the season, entertained them. Of course, there are chaperones in adequate profusion. The requirements of conventionality are rigorously complied with, but such affairs have a suggestion of novelty, and are, in consequence, decidedly enjoyable. Mr. Sheldon has, in the past, given some very agreeable little parties in his bijou home on Pierce Street. Mr. Greenway, last year, gave a tea in his rooms on Ellis Street that everyone went to. The fact is, however, that the men who are rich have no inclination towards expending their assets for the pleasures of others. They are born with an hereditary tendency towards economy which neither education nor worldly usage seems able to rid them of. Let us pray for a change.

* * *

Mrs. Catherwood is to be congratulated on the success of her tea. Besides being the largest affair of the kind given in several seasons, it was decidedly one of the most enjoyable. The guests commenced arriving at four o'clock and from that hour until long past eight the hostess, Miss Catherwood and a bevy of very active assistants were kept busily engaged in receiving. Before the afternoon was half over the wisdom of selecting the Occidental Hotel was amply demonstrated. The large parlor made a model reception-room. Snowy canvas covered the floor. Masses of foliage and red berries tied with cardinal ribbon concealed the chandeliers. There were huge bouquets of roses at the base of the mirrors. Round the room were palms and ferns. The effect was very handsome—indeed, it was a complete transformation, for hardly a suggestion of the old apartment was left.

* * *

The main hall was curtained off by means of artistic portières. The corridors, covered with canvas, made a delightful promenade. Altogether, the requisite degree of privacy and the most ample accommodations were served. Refreshments were partaken of in the suite of rooms adjoining. On the arrangements it would have been impossible to improve. Besides being the brightest woman in Society, Mrs. Catherwood is an adept hostess. She and her daughter were indefatigable in their efforts to secure the pleasure of their guests. A young people's dance followed the

tea. The big parlor became a model ballroom. To the scores of matrons in street costumes succeeded a bevy of maidens in evening dress. Most of the pretty girls were there in costumes that set off appropriately their charms of face and figure.

* * *

Miss Catherwood wore white and looked very well. Miss Ames, Miss Scott, Miss Smith, Miss Mae Dimond, Miss Hillyer appeared to decided advantage. Miss Cone, of Red Bluff, was conspicuously a belle, and, in a dainty costume of light tones, attracted considerable attention. The debutantes, of course, were well represented. Among them were the Misses Breeze, who, with their brother, have recently returned from the East, and will take part in current festivities. Among the married ladies Mrs. McKinstry, in black silk and lace, looked decidedly handsome. Mrs. Schwerin in red, and Mrs. Lockwood in a very pretty confection trimmed with fur, looked charming. The affair terminated with a Virginia reel about midnight. The music by Brandt was excellent.

* * *

The attraction for Monday next is a paper tea and concert given at Trinity Home at 1611 Bush Street, between the hours of three and ten. The lady directors of this admirable institution have the affair in charge, and the proceeds are to be devoted to its benefit. There are to be lots of amusing features as an excellent programme has been arranged. In the afternoon there is to be music. Several clever amateurs have volunteered to sing and play, notably Miss Alice Ames, who will render a violin solo. The admission is only fifty cents, and that includes refreshments. There ought certainly be a crowd in attendance.

* * *

GENERAL AND MRS. SIMPSON are at the Palace But few of those who knew Patsie Ritchie so well, had heard the news of her death years ago. Yes, the General's spouse, though a charming woman, is not the brilliant, interesting, ugly being who said such dreadfully clever things, and was Patsie to everyone in Society. Speaking of her, someone remarked to me: "Dead! why, I thought *she* would never die." There was nothing suggestive of the King of Terrors about her. She had the sovereign gift of humor, a gorgeous contempt for mere conventionality, and an ability at story-telling that was fascinating in the extreme. Besides, in the days of her ascendancy, she gave the best dinners in San Francisco. No one ever thought of letting another engagement stand in the way of accepting an invitation from her. What exquisite *menus* she could compose.

* * *

What Patsie Ritchie did not know about wine was hardly worth mentioning. The very best claret anyone had ever tasted was found in her decanters. As for her Burgundies—epicures used to wonder where she found such superb vintages. Briefly, she was a character—a very fascinating woman, whose cynical flashes no one objected to, because—well, just because they were Patsie Ritchie's. In the latter days of her reign here she grew immensely stout—tremendous, in fact—but every one was sorry to lose her when she went East. But that was a very long, long time ago.

* * *

OVER THE BLYTHE case great legal minds are still concerned. Most of us, having accepted the decision of the Supreme Court in favor of Florence, are loath to admit there can be more to come. Attorneys for the other claimants are still laughing about the ignorance of the laity, however, and declare exuberantly that Judge Garoutte merely enunciated the preface. In all this talk I have yet to hear allusions to the style and manner of the decision itself. It was the Sacramento jurist's first chance and he made the most of the opportunity. It contains some excellent passages and some very stilted ones. He has yet to learn that simplicity of phrase indicates the highest culture. Here is one sentence. The reference, of course, is generally understood, as the Jessup and Macdonald cases have familiarized the public with probate law. "The statute of this State is manna for the bastards of the world."

* * *

Tim Lyons, who is one of the attorneys for the Gypsy Blythes, argued a motion for a rehearing in the Supreme Court the other day, and actually had the audacity to criticise this graceful thought. The word "manna" he declared had a more reverent significance, and he suggested that "pie" would make a truer and more artistic sentence.

* * *

Burke Holliday, who is making the Gypsy Blythes' fight, has discovered so important a piece of evidence that he believes after it is sprung the Williams heirs must retire into their Welsh obscurity. Their claim was founded on a letter purporting to have been written by the deceased millionaire to a brother—Williams—in Wales. Said epistle was specific in its character, and compared with a series of epistles sent from England to Dr. S. F. Norton, an old friend of Blythe's, was proved to be in his handwriting. The date of the correspondence was '72 or '73, and I believe these were the only specimens of the millionaire's chirography of that period extant. No one suspected their genuineness until Mr. Holliday, struck by the difference between the writing of the address and that of the enclosure, submitted them to an expert. Then it was shown that the letters were forged, and that the same person had written the Blythe letter to Williams.

* * *

Accessory proof was accumulated in quantity. The ink was shown to be of a different quality, the paper to be newer. In fact, a fraud of the most pronounced character was shown up, and in the fight before Judge Coffey all this will be presented. However, that is for the future. In the meantime, Attorney Highton has moved for a new trial for Alice Edith Blythe, and in support of his motion has served Judge Coffey with 1400 type-written pages of law argument, new testimony, so it is very apparent the end of the great case is still far distant.

* * *

AND THE JUROR DIED. That episode in the Curtis case has evoked legal memories without number. It but rarely happens that the grim reaper snatches a victim from the jury box. Respect, doubtless, for Justice as she is administered explains the immunity the Twelve enjoy. Among the reminiscences Colonel Harry I. Thornton supplied this of John R. McConnell, who, in days gone by, was noted for his oratorical staying powers. His eloquence was Herculean, his verbal facility unique, and he usually succeeded in tiring a jury to the verge of compelling them to yearn for annihilation.

* * *

As Attorney-General, he appeared against a man accused of murder, and when his time came for argument he nerved himself for a great effort. The first day he spoke on the prisoner's antecedents and in the evening begged to be allowed to finish in the morning. He continued throughout the day at terrific length—expatiating on one phase, then another of the case, logical always, but interminable and tiresome. The end of the fourth day came and found McConnell still speaking. The despairing jury reluctantly granted him permission to conclude when the Court reconvened. Next morning but eleven jurors answered their names. One was missing. Up and down town they searched and finally found him in a corner of the basement of the court-house. His throat was cut from ear to ear. A razor was in his hand. In his pocket was a letter:

DEAR JUDGE:—McConnell has driven me to suicide. A fifth day of his talk would have killed me sure, and rather than suffer I have cut my throat.

"That cured McConnell," concluded Colonel Thornton.

* * *

AMONG THE MEMBERS of the new Board of Education things, at the present time, are in a very unsettled state. They are so unsettled, in fact, that the two or three thousand persons who are seeking the fifteen or twenty soft, and the hundred or so hard, berths within the gift of the Directors, cannot tell whether the Board is going to be Democratic or Republican. To be sure, seven Democrats have been elected on the face of the returns, which gives that party a clear working majority, but a complication of mental and physical antagonisms render it uncertain whether or not all the Democrats will stand in for a "clean sweep." Ever since the "Tough Old Board," of which the late Robert

Richardson & Robbins' Plum Pudding—A Delicious Dessert.

P. Hastings was President, set the fashion of turning the rascals out, it has been the rule for every incoming administration to appropriate to itself all the offices in the Department not made perpetual by law, even down to the female janitors and window cleaners. The "Tough Old Board," I may remark in passing, was conducted on a plan devised by our late esteemed fellow citizen, Mr. C. A. Buckley.

* * *

But the joyous prospect of a "clean sweep" on this occasion is being interfered with by the ambition of President Hyde to succeed himself. Mr. Hyde has been re-elected as a Non-Partisan, and his assurance in attempting to become the President of a Democratic Board will not seem so absurd after explanation as it does at first blush. Between Dr. Decker and Mr. Hyde, members of the retiring Board, there exists a deadly enmity. During the past two years, as my readers may have observed from the public press, they have lost no opportunity of exchanging compliments. Dr. Decker thinks that Mr. Hyde would, if given a fair chance, steal sheep. Mr. Hyde thinks that Dr. Decker would, under the same conditions, steal lambs. Moreover, neither is afraid to say these very things whenever there are no newspaper reporters around to print his words.

* * *

It seems that Decker possessed sufficient influence to shut Hyde out of the Kelly and Crimmins convention, and force him into the Non-Partisan camp. Thinking he had thus disposed of him, the Doctor accepted a nomination from the Republicans himself, and made arrangements to serve another two years in the School Board. But Hyde upset his calculations. Throwing all his money and influence into the Non-Partisan scale (I am told his personal expenses alone were over $6000), Hyde managed to pull himself and two of his colleagues, French and Dutton, through. To antagonize Decker he supported J. H. Culver, one of the Republican candidates, who is Secretary of the Mechanics' Institute, a well-known and popular man. The contest between Decker and Culver raged fiercely for days before the election, and, in a small way, it is raging still. Though the majority is small, and may yet be swept away by the official canvass, it is reasonably certain that Decker is elected. Were this not so, Hyde could probably without difficulty be re-elected President of the Board. With Decker there to fight him, however, it is extremely doubtful if he can make the "riffle."

* * *

The new Board will consist of seven Democrats, Ames, Burke, Clinton, Stafford, Carew, Rosewald, and Dowling, three Non-Partisans, already named, and two Republicans, Decker and Dunn. Mr. Hyde has arranged for the support of the three Non-Partisans. Dr. Clinton will be the caucus Democratic candidate, and it seems perfectly clear that if the seven Democrats vote for him nothing can effect his defeat. But all the Democrats, if my information is correct, do not intend to vote for him. Professor Rosewald, through his intimate connection with a certain music firm of which Mr. Hyde's brother is a member, will, it is said, desert the Democrats and vote for Hyde on the theory that it is necessary at this juncture to have a Non-Partisan President. This will give Hyde four votes, Decker and Dunn will throw away their votes and Clinton will receive six. As the law requires seven votes to effect an election, this will produce a deadlock. It is by this deadlock that Mr. Hyde expects, strange as it may seem, to win.

* * *

The law governing the Board of Education has been construed by the Supreme Court to say that if a President is not elected before twelve o'clock midnight of the first day on which it meets for organization, the old officer, if he be a member, holds over. Some years ago an attempt was made to dislodge a President who had served a year. He deadlocked the Board, and held over. His right to do so was found by the Supreme Court in the law which says that if the Board does not elect a President once a year, the incumbent continues in office. Mr. Hyde's scheme for continuing himself in power, however, is liable to come suddenly to grief. The Democrats believe that a few moments after the deadlock becomes operative, Dr. Decker, moved by his enmity, will paralyze Mr. Hyde by voting for Clinton and electing him. Before I close this paragraph I wish to advert to one sad feature of this School Board fight. In order to defeat Dr. Clinton all sorts of stories are circulated about him. He is well known to be a Catholic and a member of the Young Men's Institute. It is charged that he does not send his children to the public schools. Much as I deprecate the introduction of religious prejudices into politics, I am compelled to notice this serious charge. It is, I regret to say, quite true. Dr. Clinton does not send his children to the public schools. His eldest is a three-months-old baby. But Clinton is a trifle too rabid.

* * *

OVER THREE MONTHS ago a gentleman connected with the school department of an interior city took me aside and confidentially informed me that the Eastern and California school-book publishers had formed an offensive and defensive alliance. Having heard this story before, I smiled at it. However, a curiosity born of long practice in minding other people's business, led me to languidly inquire for particulars. My friend thereupon outlined a gigantic conspiracy. For ten years, he said, the school-book publishers, foreign and domestic, have chafed under the competition forced upon them by the sale at cost prices of the State series of school text-books. "They have now formed a ring," he added, "and armed with a sack which is said to contain $250,000, they propose to move in a body upon the next Legislature. The law providing for a State series of school-books will be amended, emasculated, and repealed. In short, the State series, if the sack can effect it, will be destroyed."

* * *

When my friend had concluded, I laughed at him again. "Why, sir," I said, "are you aware of the fact that the Legislature has expended over a million dollars in the creation of the State series of text-books, and do you know that the people throughout the country would howl bloody murder if a serious attempt should be made to destroy them?"

"Yes, I know all about it," he answered. "But, you are incredulous. Wait and see."

* * *

I waited exactly six weeks, and then I read in the newspapers that a convention of school teachers over in Oakland had, by resolution, denounced the State school books as worthless. A few days later the same newspapers made a record of similar action by another convention of school teachers which met somewhere in Southern California. Subsequently these resolutions began to appear in County Boards of Education. There was a fight in the Sacramento Board over a resolution which called on the Legislature to abolish the State school book system. There was a distant mutter on the same subject among the members of our own School Board, but when I asked about it I was gravely informed that the exigencies of the election then pending rendered a declaration on the school book question impolitic. Later on, my communicant added, the books would be "denounced."

* * *

By this time I had begun to smell a rat. Surely, I thought, this remarkable unanimity of opinion among those who teach the young idea how to shoot cannot be the result of chance. This rodent so oppressed my olfactories that last week, when the County Superintendents of Schools held their Convention in this city, I set myself to watch them. These County Superintendents are generally politicians, and they are everywhere up to trickery and chicanery. If there is any educational scheme in the wind they are the first to smell it out. If my suspicions are well founded, I reflected, these fellows will surely confirm them. I waited patiently for four days, and there was nothing but silence on the subject of text-books. My estimate of the County Superintendents was rising rapidly when, on the last day, and in the last hour of the Convention the same old resolution was brought out by one Harrell. It declared, as usual, that the State text-books were "faulty" in conception and a detriment to the welfare of the schools, that they cost in the end more than those of some "reputable" series published by some private firm, and that the Legislature ought to be called upon to abolish them.

* * *

The resolution was not debated, but was adopted unanimously. This proved that the

Richardson & Robbins' Potted Ham for Picnics and Teas.

money of the text-book ring had been carefully distributed. Although I have a very low estimate of the kind of human nature you find in politics, I confess that I was amazed to see a Convention of County School Superintendents adopt a resolution like this. The action involves a proposition to destroy State property—printing machinery, paper, books, and type—worth half a million dollars. Moreover, it involves the robbery of the parents of public school children for all time to come. I presume the "rise" in the price of school books, if this job is carried out, will represent an added annual expenditure by the people of the State of a quarter of a million dollars. And yet these County Superintendents enter as cheerfully and lightly into the scheme as if they were ordering a round of cocktails. I do not wish to be unnecessarily harsh upon these political pedagogues, but I believe that men who would thus attack an institution as sacred as the State series of text-books, would sell out their country. They resemble the men for whom Bonaparte entertained so much contempt. "They are hogs," he used to say. "They feed on gold. I throw them gold and lead them whithersoever I will."

* * *

But if all the school teachers and all the County Superintendents in Christendom should combine they could not abolish the State series of school text-books. The text-book ring could not do it with a sack twice as large as the one with which it purposes moving on the Legislature. Prior to the adoption of the Constitution of 1879, McGuffey, Bancroft, the Harpers, and half a dozen other publishers, engaged in a battle over their respective books at every session of the Legislature. Once in two years, regularly, our corrupt lawmakers used to change the school books, thus continually subjecting the people to robbery. The text-book lobby was the most powerful of any that attended the Legislature. The biennial fleecing had become such a nuisance that in 1879 the constitution-makers took the power to adopt text-books away from the Legislature and lodged it in the County Boards of Education.

* * *

This drove the lobby from the Capitol and distributed it throughout the State. Once freed from the presence of the ring, the Legislature, as if to get even for the neglect, devised the State series of text-books. These at one blow knocked the school book publishers into a series of cocked hats. They have been "kicking" ever since, and every School Superintendent, pedagogue and School Director under their influence has kept up the lament. It would seem to almost any reasonable man that if the State books are "defective," as claimed, the remedy would be new compilations and not destruction. The puerility of the reasons given for abolishing the State series discloses the true inwardness of the whole movement. But the State school books will not be obliterated. They will continue to be publishsd if I have to go to Sacramento and "see" that $250,000 sack myself.

* * *

THE SUBJECT OF OFFICE absorbs the attention of great political minds just now. He is, indeed, an able conversationalist who can switch them off to matters less speculative. Every Democrat of prominence is something or another *in posse*. There is an embarrassment of Mint Superintendents and Collectors, Treasurers in quantity to guard the gold of the world. Besides these, deputies without number. Admitting the huge gap that yawns between aspiration and gratification it would be interesting to know whose say-so is to regulate Cleveland. That John P. Irish will be a power with the new administration is admitted. Besides enjoying the estimation of Cleveland he is personally his friend. Doubtless he will have something to say and the opportunity to repay the slights the delegation heaped on him in Chicago. Ed. Curtis' status is another disturbing element. That he had a large share of the President's ear during his last term is well known. Will his influence be as strong again?

* * *

There are two organizations claiming the control of the patronage. The State Central Committee having made the fight expects to reap a fair share of the reward. There is also the Sullivan-Dwyer organization. For recognition it is putting forth vehement claims, and among its leading spirits has aspirants for everything from janitorships up. The older politicians laugh at the Y. M. I. machine, and deny its influence. One good story on the subject is told. Max Popper and William Lawlor were marching down Montgomery Street, when Sam Daniels, one of the Sullivan body guard, rushed up. He is the man whom Gavin McNab speaks of as the fifth section of the vertebræ of a boss.

* * *

"Popper," he said, impressively, "you are a candidate, I believe, for Superintendent of the Mint?"

"No, sir; you are misinformed," said Max, who rejoices in a faculty for positive statement; "I am a candidate for nothing."

"Ah," returned Daniels, "I am glad we will not have to oppose you. *We* have found an excellent man for the place, and Mr. Cleveland will doubtless appoint him. Good-bye, Max." And Mr. Daniels swept gorgeously up the street.

The magnificent assumption reminds me of the story about Christopher Buckley and Clunie on the way to Washington, shortly after Cleveland's inauguration. From Chicago they telegraphed to the President:

On the way. Make no appointments till we arrive.
BUCKLEY AND CLUNIE.

They arrived, but the great man refused to listen to either. Their recommendations were ignored and the Field triumph took place.

* * *

On authority one cannot gainsay I am given to understand that between Judge Sullivan and Jerry Dwyer a raging gulf now yawns. Nothing under the sun so conduces to contention as success. The Hibernia Bank attorney is jealous of the Nevada Block lawyer, and, though the outward manifestations of geniality continue, behind it there is hostility. The trouble arose over the nomination of County Clerk Haley. Dwyer's candidate was Arthur Shattuck, while the ex-Judge favored the successful aspirant. Several warm controversies in the Executive Committee were transferred to the floor of the Convention, and then it became apparent that Sullivan had the majority of votes. That was rather a painful pill for Mr. Dwyer to swallow, and was only the beginning of a series of misunderstandings which may yet have interesting consequences.

* * *

IN THE AFFAIRS of clubs, as of men, there is a tide that leads on to fame, or synonyms tantamount thereto. A few weeks ago, by the expenditure of a few paltry dollars, the Bohemian Club might have acquired repute throughout this broad land. Wherever music is, its name would inspire admiration, regard even—respect, above all. But the chance has gone. Sordid instincts and jealous interference prevented the appointment of Professor Sauvlet as Musician in Ordinary to the Club, just as he was about to be decorated by Queen Isabella of Spain. He is a remarkable man, this Sauvlet, a true artist, enthusiastic, devoted—in his heart a well-spring of harmony. In by-gone days he had the honor of being Court musician to the King of Holland, and many a rollicking

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Royal Baking Powder

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gavotte he has given to the literature of that country.

* * *

He has just composed an opera full of stirring, swinging melodies, illustrative of the life of King Kalakaua, and certain choice Bohemians invited him to render sections of it in the Red Room. He came, an impressive figure, the light of inspiration in his eye, his long scant locks hanging gracefully on his collar. He played, and played, and played; and every one said "bully," "lovely," "great work." In the course of the night someone asked Julian Steger to sing, and the Professor volunteered to improvise an accompaniment. Throwing his head back, his eyes set on the ceiling, his fingers wandered into strange harmonies on the key-board. Suddenly he burst into tears. Burying his head in his hands he sobbed aloud. The boys gathered around. Bravely he threw back the scattered locks that his emotion had disturbed.

"Ma dea boys, I haf to cry ven I improvis. Nevaire mind, id ese gone, dose dears," and he commenced again to strum.

* * *

Bravely he played on, the big drops of water rolling down his fat cheeks. An instant later, his emotion overcame him. He succumbed.

"You will forgif dese dears," he sobbed. "I haf so mooch grief."

"What is it, Professor?" chorused sympathetic voices.

"Shentlemen, my moosic affects me und I dink of my disappoindmend. Den I haf to cry."

"What was it, Professor? What has occurred?" His listeners were anxious to hear Steger sing.

"No, I cannot tell you my sorrows, shentlemen. Never mind. I am but a moosician." Again he sobbed and strummed three or four more bars. Everyone was feeling rather miserable when Sauvlet, again raising his head, threw back the lengthy curl which his emotion had located over his eyes.

* * *

"Shentlemen, I haf been Court Musician to the King of Holland. I vant you to make me moosician to de Bohemian Cloob. I vill compos marches, valtzes, symphonies, in its honor. I will——

"You haf heard of my march. Oh, beauful melody, that I haf compos for de little King of Spain. Pom, ponn, popom—superb." He banged out some vehement chords. "Den I get de most beautiful lettaire from de Queen. She say I am daycorated. Shentlemen—daycorated. Den I vait for de star and de ribbon for me breast. It nevaire come. Den von day I haf a lettaire from the Shamberlain of de King saying I can haf dot by sending on dwo hundret dollair—dwo hundret dollair—so mooch money." Again he burst into a spasm of grief.

"I haf such sorrow, shentlemen, I haf not so mooch money and I cannot be daycorated."

* * *

Every one looked sympathetically at him; even Steger, who was waiting to sing.

"Den I dink dot de great, reach Bohemian Club might get de decoration for me—de star, and dot I play for dem, and compos'—an'—dey haf all de honor—only dwo."

The sobs suddenly ceased. Up looked Professor Sauvlet to see the effect of his sad story. His fingers evoked a few disjointed harmonies from the keys. No one said a word.

"I guess I have to go home," said Steger, who still hung around the piano waiting to sing.

Alas! that was weeks ago. The decoration is still in Spain, and no one has yet made an attempt to raise so much money. The most curious phase of the situation was that not a soul but Pete Bigelow saw the humor of the situation. You should hear him tell the story.

* * *

DISAPPOINTMENTS, like accidents, occur in the best regulated families. The most poignant that has come under my notice these many moons was suffered by Roger Magee and some friends of his invited to pass a Saturday evening at Mill Valley. Among the agreeable architectural features of the region is the Casa Magee, a comfortable mansion filled with all the accessories of luxurious lounging, and provided with requirements for sumptuous dining. Some time has gone since the boys have had any fun, and, like the generous host he is, Roger stepped into the breach and made preparations for a festivity. It was to be extraordinarily fine. Supplies of the most interesting character were laid in—the favorite beer of the guests, *patés*, fine ham, canvas-back ducks, and Gorgonzola cheese—a *menu* fit for four kings.

* * *

Besides, Roger sent over two bottles of his favorite whisky. This is a delectable vintage, especially imported, smoother than silk velvet. I refuse to tell how much he does pay per gallon for it—no one would believe me. The party started by the "five" boat for Sausalito, Dan Polk, William Sharp, Roger Magee and the rest. Such appetites as they had cultivated for the occasion! The shades of night had fallen ere they reached the Casa's gates. Each took a whiff of the air to try if it would bear translation into the dainties they anticipated. Strange, there were no lights. The kitchen blinds were drawn. No fires. Roger entered, struck a match, and uttered a cry sadder than the wail of a banshee. On the floor lay the cook, in her hand an empty bottle of the precious whisky. The other, also empty, had rolled under a neighboring chair.

* * *

The guests surveyed the sad scene somberly. For five minutes dead silence reigned. Finally Mr. Magee, pointing to the ducks and the other uncooked dainties to the array of beer bottles and the companies of claret flasks, and gazing at the empty whisky bottles said, in a voice unctuous with grief:

"Gentlemen, my poor house and all it contains are at your service. You will excuse my early retirement. A touch of the heart complaint incapacitates me from enjoyment. I'm going to bed."

No one said a word.

* * *

THE UNENVIABLE ABILITY at gaining publicity that some people have, Thomas Williams showed somewhat prominently last week. Not being an adherent of the bad-man theory which Mr. Williams is utilized as an illustration of, I am loath to believe half I hear of him. He is, doubtless, high-handed, aggressive, reckless, but it would be difficult to persuade me he would resort to disreputable practices simply for the sake of a few dollars. In the first place Mr. Williams is not in need of money; in the second, such conduct is ill-befitting a gentleman, and he is certainly one by descent and education. However, as I know very little about racing I have no intention of concerning myself with that branch of the subject. I am anxious, though, to hear from Mr. Williams about ejecting the women, and especially concerning Mrs. Tobin.

* * *

To commence with, no woman with any exterior appearance of respectability should be violently dragged out of a race course. That was disgraceful to all who were unfortunate enough to be concerned in it. The scene was discreditable to the Association, an odious outrage against decency and decorum. The facts, as I understand them, are these: Some twenty-five women given the liberty of a certain portion of the track for betting purposes are suddenly ordered to their old quarters on the grand stand. Here was a new rule summarily promulgated and arbitrarily executed. One of these women refused to be ejected, and Captain Callundan proceeds to lay violent hands on her. She is

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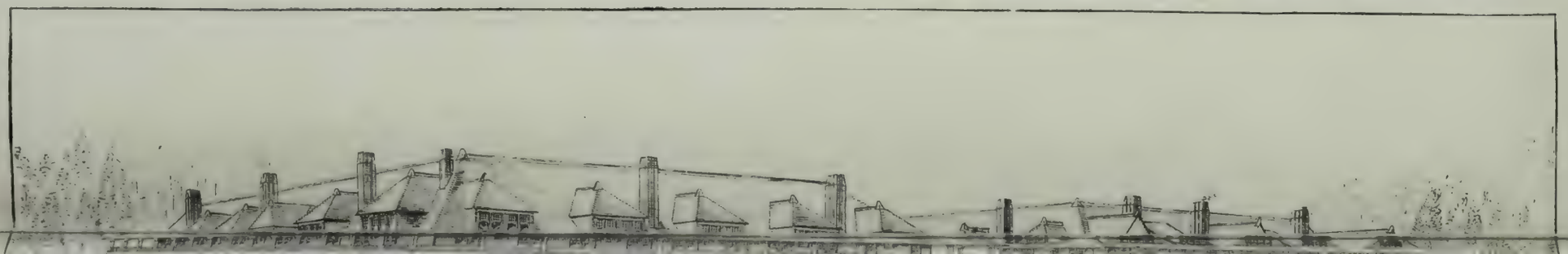
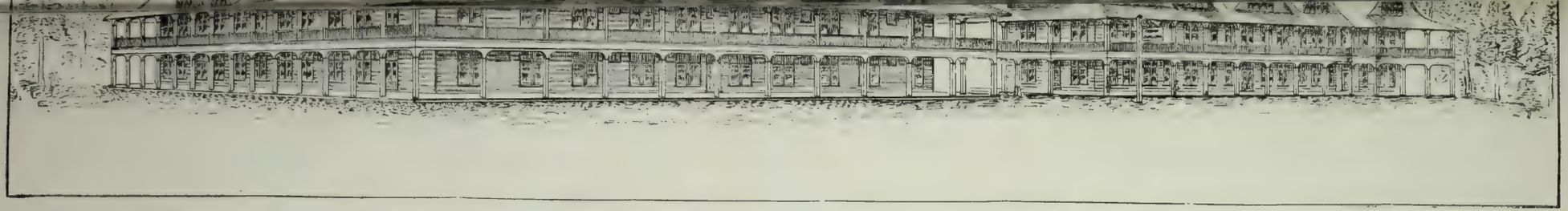
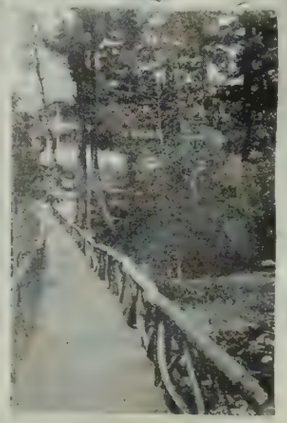
TAVERN CASTLE CRAGS AND VICINITY.







PHOTOS BY TIBBITTS

dragged out as though she were a dog. She is brutally maltreated; the spectators shout shame. Almost a riot is precipitated. The episode is degrading, dishonorable, and unchivalrous in the extreme.

* * *

This Mrs. Tobin may not be a saint, but she has made against Mr. Williams an accusation that, it seems to me, he should not let pass without contradiction. She states he was animated by personal motives in causing her ignominious ejectment. It is impossible to believe he could be guilty of such a thing. If the men who are his friends credited it, would they associate with him? I am sure Mr. Spreckels and the others would quickly send him to Coventry. I should imagine, though, an accusation of murder would be preferable. However, apart from that phase of the case, the episode was horrible. Proper notice should have been given the women to vacate. They ought not to have been summarily ejected. When one of them refused to go, the proper course to pursue would have been to allow her remain. Anything in preference to precipitating a public scandal. Simple precautions the following day would have prevented her return.

* * *

The affair has an ugly look. It is discreditable to the Association, to Mr. Williams, and, most of all, to Captain Callundan. He should have refused to lay violent hands on a lady who was committing no breach of the State or Municipal law. His instincts as a man ought to have taught him that such action was not so cowardly as it was vulgar and disgraceful. After such a scandal it were a good deal the best that some new men took hold of racing.

* * *

The University Club's reception to Camp and McClung for Saturday night promises well. The members of the several teams—victors and vanquished—have been invited, and, besides, quite a number of men interested in the game are going to attend. There will be a punch, some speeches and considerable all-around jubilation, and altogether it ought to be a very successful affair. The silver football, which is really an exceedingly beautiful trophy will be presented either by President Sydney Smith or by Vice-President Thomas, who is much interested in the great game.

* * *

The Press Club gives a reception to J. Whitcomb Riley Saturday night. An active committee, headed by D. M. Fraser, has been busy over the preparations, and a programme of decided interest is promised. President Harry Todd is down for a speech, and, of course, the guest of the evening will be persuaded to recite one or two of his inimitable poems. Besides, there is to be a stereopticon exhibit, the pictures to consist of caricatures of well-known newspapermen. The baseball illustrators of both the *Call* and *Examiner* have been pressed into service, and I am sure there will be lots of fun.

* * *

It is sad to learn that James Phelan is in no condition to enjoy the Hibernian luxuries he imported at so much expense from the old country. Of the velvety potheen it is true he may sip a glass or two, and perhaps be warmed once again at the blaze of the peat fire, but I fear they will only evoke dead memories and will not give him the pleasure he anticipated. Mr. Phelan is ill, seriously ill, in his Valencia Street mansion. He has never fully recovered from the effects of the carriage accident that happened to him at Santa Cruz this season. Indeed, though the worst is not feared, the state of his health gives his family great uneasiness. Others, I fear, will have to drink that potheen and will see the shamrocks he had intended to grow for his own edification flourish.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Delphine Delmas and W. S. Barnes is announced for January 5th. At the ceremony, which will be celebrated in the Delmas house on Taylor Street, only the immediate friends of the contracting parties will be present. It is to be followed by a reception at which Society in general will have an opportunity of congratulating the happy pair. Mr. and Mrs. Barnes will spend their honeymoon in the South.

* * *

The first formal entertainment of the reorganized Fortnightly Club took place at the residence of Major Rathbone on Jones Street, Wednesday night. Tableaux, an operetta, and Mrs. Jarley's wax works made an interesting programme, and the audience is a unit in pronouncing the affair a success. The large drawing-room made a capital auditorium. Fitted with a stage, footlights, besides a drop curtain, and other dramatic adjuncts, the performers had all the paraphernalia necessary, and went all with exceeding smoothness. The honors were borne off by Mr. Carrigan and Mrs. Louis Parrott, who not only gave the operetta very cleverly, but distinguished themselves in their management of the wax works.

* * *

The Entre Nous Club gives a banquet and german at the California Hotel on New Year's Eve. The invitations, which have just been issued, are quite unique, and are sufficiently potent to insure a successful evening.

* * *

THE "VIRTUE its only reward" theory has no more satisfactory exponent than Colonel Graham, of the Fifth Artillery. His regard for the service, his devotion to insignificant details, the very severity with which he visits all imaginable breaches of discipline, have combined to earn him an unpopularity that must be undeserved. From captains and lieutenants one never hears a word of eulogy for him. Among the rank and file he is regarded as a fussy and officious martinet; the average of desertions from his command is high, and, altogether, his admirable qualities are recognized and commented on only by himself. I am sure the Presidians are capable of appreciating fine qualities when attention is drawn to their existence, and, before long, I trust that Colonel Graham may become the military hero in their eyes that he is in his own. I was edified exceedingly by learning of the success of a hop given Tuesday evening last at the Post.

* * *

No one enjoys the pleasure of his subordinates more than the Colonel. His efforts to promote the happiness of the greatest number, however, are too frequently regarded as an assumption of petty authority. Young people, like the wives of lieutenants, cannot be made to realize the necessities of obedience and imagine the Colonel should furnish reason with his commands. For weeks past the officers have been trying to inaugurate the usual series of winter hops. At least four times has Graham postponed the opening event. On one occasion invitations were all out and had to be recalled. No explanation was offered. Again, a date was fixed and once more the Colonel revoked his consent.

* * *

Everyone knows he must have had lofty motives, but his subordinates have found nothing too hard since to say of him. Finally he announced he would permit no dances until after the annual bazar was over, and then indignation reached its climax. That is why the attendance was so unsatisfactory. It is a pity a better understanding does not exist. I am surprised, indeed, to hear the Colonel spoken of as an old woman, a despot, a military idiot, etc., just because he desires to increase the efficiency of the service which, undoubtedly, Terpsichorean trifling detracts from.

The Witness.

A MODEL ESTABLISHMENT.

The largest printing and book-binding establishment west of Chicago is that of The Hicks-Judd Company, located at 23 First Street, in the centre of the business district. It occupies four floors, with its presses, type-setting, and binding machinery, and has continually in employment 150 hands. The growth of its business during the last two years has been remarkable. It had small beginnings like every other big concern, but it has come to the front with strides that have certainly astonished its rivals.

The explanation of the Hicks-Judd Company's success is simple. It is admirably managed. Controlled by competent men who thoroughly understand the business, it has obtained a first-class reputation not only for the excellence of its work, but for the promptitude with which it is executed. The biggest contracts are undertaken and pushed through with a degree of dispatch that promotes confidence. The magnificent facilities enables a uniform degree of excellence to be attained.

To understand the resources and magnitude of the establishment, a visit to its premises is necessary. On the second floor of the huge brick building at 23 First Street is located the printing department, with Mr. Jas. Radford, one of the most competent printers on the Coast, in charge. In orderly array is a veritable battery of presses—the latest a splendid four-roller Huber, capable of doing the very finest classes of work. On it the cover of the Christmas WAVE was printed—the first work of the kind done on the Coast, color printing being usually regarded as the exclusive domain of lithography. At the other end of the floor is the jobroom, where the job work is done. Here are set up all classes of job work from a plain visiting card to a mammoth poster. On the next floor is the book-room, where the type-setting for their numerous publications is done. Here the weekly edition of THE WAVE is set up and made ready for the press. The *Railway Handbook*, *Pacific Fireman*, and *Heald's College Journal* are also among the firm's publications. The balance of this floor is devoted to the bindery. Here is the finishing department where the fine tooling and decorating is done. A large force of the cleverest artisans in town is kept busy turning out all sorts and conditions of books. Around the walls is stored leather of all varieties—levant, Morocco, calf, Russian, sheep-skin. Here are machines for imprinting the designs that make a handsomely bound volume a thing of beauty. The preliminary binding work is done on the next two floors. There the folding and sewing, the cutting, stitching, and pressing are done. A big force of men and girls is employed under John Jackson. Here are the huge hydraulic presses. Cutting and stitching machines that perform their ingenious functions with admirable regularity keep up a constant humming. Here, too, are the ruling machines which turn out sheet after sheet of paper for the ledgers, day books, and account books generally, which this firm produces in such quantities.

The advantage of having so extensive a plant under one roof is apparent. The firm has to send nothing out. One hands one's copy in at the office—the completed book, bound, gilt, and tooled, emerges. This entire edition of THE WAVE is the work of the Hicks-Judd Company, and it speaks volumes for their skill and resource. It has been gotten out in little over a week—a task that no other firm on the Coast could by any possibility have executed. The ballots for the late election, general and municipal, were printed here in a matter of three days. Altogether the concern is a great one, and its President, Mr. N. A. Judd, and Mr. C. K. Rosenberg, its Secretary and Treasurer, are to be congratulated on the results of their active and intelligent work.

AN IDEAL NEWSPAPER.

I should not like to be proprietor of an ideal newspaper. It could not pay. Besides, it would be as productive of enemies as personal journalism. The ideal newspaper must tell the truth. Frail human nature that constantly breaks into error denounces as disreputable the agent of its exposure. With some foundation it laughs at sensationalism, at the inaccuracy of the dailies, but it prefers vulgarity to veracity. However, the *personnel* of journalism is fast changing. As an editorial room institution the nondescript is going out of fashion. As a means of education there is no college course that compares with a year or two on the staff of a great newspaper. As a matter of fact I am not exaggerating in the least when I say that the best informed, quickest, and cleverest men in town will be found in some capacity or other on the dailies.

That the ideal newspaper is nearer at hand because of the *Call's* symposium I do not believe. However, the expressions of opinion were very readable and served to bring forward in a public capacity men whom every one knows and no one ever hears of. When Arthur McEwen was approached by one of Editor Millard's emissaries he replied:

"The ideal newspaper is that which pays the highest space rates for ideas about the ideal newspaper."

Whereupon he was invited to air himself at any rate per column he might name.

A first-class atlas is a necessity in every household. Of course, it is an essential in every library. The most compact and intelligible of its kind is the "Universal Atlas," which Dodd, Mead & Co., has just published. Besides presenting maps of all the countries in the world, it also gives tables of population according to the figures of the last census, and altogether is a most useful book. The maps are clearly printed and agreeably colored, and render geography a pastime. (Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. For sale by Payot Upham & Co.)

A DUET.

HE.

Last night she said "no,"
  Does she mean it to-day?
For I know that altho'
Last night she said "no"
Her words were so low
  That they prompt me to say;
Last night she said "no,"
  Does she mean it to-day?

SHE.

I tried to say "yes,"
  But my answer was "no."
Do you think he will guess
I *tried* to say "yes?"
'Tis wrong to distress
  A poor maiden so.
I tried to say "*yes*,"
  But my answer was "*no*."

—*Richard Stillman Powell, in Truth.*

Home-made Southern delicacies, made after richest Southern recipes. Mrs. Margaret Touchard, No. 23 Post Street, San Francisco. Opening week of dainty Xmas art work. Dolls' opening. Telephone No. 5117.

The Oakland *Times* offers this advice to people it knows: "If you don't see what you want in the Democratic shop window, ask for it."

NOTES.

The Woman's Exchange is one of the admirable charitable organizations of San Francisco, and my remarks on its communication in last week's *Argonaut* must not be interpreted as reflecting on it. I should like to learn the name of the stylist responsible for that remarkable statement. It was inexcusably lengthy, outrageously involved, and uniquely obscure. With a mystery that deepened as I descended I read on, wondering at the circumlocution and the avoidance of full stops. Apart from diction, however, it is for what is not said that the letter is remarkable. The sting is in the sentence which insinuates that there exists a wide divergence between itemized accounts and the original estimates.

* * *

Professor Rosewald is then accused of direct extravagance, as these expenditures, the letter says, might have been materially reduced, whereas their own output was lowered by reason of the generosity of their friends. However, when it comes to writing, the musician has the advantage of lucidity and brevity, for he managed to tell his story in a paragraph, whereas the ladies take three-quarters of a column.

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CALIFORNIA MARKET

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

WITH THE "GOLDEN GATE."

Officer Jim patrolled his Montgomery-Street "beat" for years with thoughts no different from those of any other "copper" on Chief Crowley's force, albeit the ghost of a romance—a story of blighted hopes—hung like a bird of ill omen over his life and career, bringing failure to every honest effort. And when he died a few years back, he was simply Officer Jim, and nothing more, to the brother "coppers" who mourned him. Could his memory have reached to those days of toddling thoughtlessness, when pinafores and mud-pies were his daily "beat," he might have remembered the little house on Union Street near Stockton, by which the great General of California's early history passed daily on his way to and from Black Point.

Far back in those early days, in a London suburb a respectable English family lived. They were none too well off in this world's goods, and when the gilded dreams, conjured up by tales of California's gold, were coming to the people of every clime, the prettiest of the daughters resolved to start for this land of then easily-gotten wealth. She came by sailing ship in the early 'Fifties, and even before she reached this Mecca of the poor her troubles and romance began, for, with girlish guile, she entrusted her little all to a youth who won her heart and deserted her when the vessel touched the dock. The spirit that sent her here kept alive the courage within her, and she was soon installed as seamstress and governess in a San Francisco family of the early day's 400. Here the beauty and grace of well-bred, fresh, English girlhood won her love and esteem, and ere long the Fates brought to her an ardent admirer in the person of the great General. The Fates were not kind. Soon he secured the little house on Union Street, and left her there to live or die. In the little house, alone, without medical aid, and suffering in her shame she gave birth to the boy, who, afterwards, as Officer Jim, wore the only bright star in the destiny of his stricken mother and self.

The little food the neighbors passed in through the window, and the English courage of the girl, alone kept her from the suicidal fancies of a less brave soul. For a little while her fickle lover-general deposited in the hands of a late lamented Editor, of San Francisco journalism, a bare pittance for her support, but soon this stopped, and the haughty Path-Finder would pass by his boy daily as the little fellow played along the path to the Point, with never a word of kindness nor a hand of help. No visit to the sick-hearted mother; not a line of tenderness to cheer her.

Watching this one of the many dramas of early-day California was Mrs. K——, the wife of one of San Francisco's public officials, and when, under the strain of want and shame, reason fled from the poor woman's mind, she took both boy and mother under her roof, nursing back to light the clouded intellect, and adopting Officer Jim as her own.

But the shame of sin would let reason stay but for a time, and when the young mother became violent in her raving grief the gates of the Stockton Asylum closed for a time over her story. Then word went back to the English home, and two keepers came to take back the daughter to home surroundings and skilled treatment.

The star of ill-fortune still hovered about. Passage home was secured on the "Golden Gate," that fated ship whose burning brought sorrow to many a California home; that ended the labors of hundreds who had delved with success in the golden soil, and, belted with yellow girdles, sank under their weight below the tossing waves about the blazing vessel.

And years after, when praise of the Path-Finder was being sung in history and story, Policeman Jim was patrolling his beat with no thought or knowledge of the living sacrifices offered up to the sin of an unknown father; for the wreck-strewn waves closed the last chapter in the romance of the pretty English girl.

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LIBRARY NOTES.

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—Over the conduct of a certain lady in fiction I am in a quandary. She is represented as playing with the feelings of a very great man for purposes of her own. In a mild way I have regarded the affections as semi-sacred and have ever discountenanced coquettishness. In this instance, however, I find my conclusion vehemently combatted by a maiden of some intelligence who, when confronted with the situation declared its exigencies justified her criminality. While I would have sentenced the lady to penal servitude she declared her not guilty. Of course, the enlightened among us know justice is merely a matter of point of view and truth a theory, still if you will agree with me, I shall consider my cause justified. If not, I can only insist on believing myself right.

The story in question is Mrs. W. K. Clifford's—she who wrote the "Love Letters of a Worldly Woman"—its name, "The Last Touches." The heroine is Lady Harlekston, a beautiful woman, rather *passé;* the hero is Henri Carbouche, the greatest painter in France. He the co'dest of hard, impassive men, lives completely alone; he has no intimates, no haunts, no loves. His house is gorgeous, but dismal; his pictures bring thousands. Kings offer him decorations, and beg the honor of inspecting his studio. He declines both. In fact, he is a personage and a mystery. Importuned to paint Lady Harlekston's portrait he consents, after a series of refusals. She comes to his studio, and the sitting commences. They had met before. She had then been young and lovely. He was young, too, but poor, obscure, struggling, only he had a sense of tremendous power. They loved and parted; she married riches and a title, and he—he had remembered. That was twenty-three years before. Imagine how his eyes devour the tall, graceful woman who comes into his studio. They are the painter's eyes that refuse him a delusion. The gold of her hair is harsh with dye; the youthful bloom on her cheeks is unnatural; her eyebrows, darker than her hair, are fine and arched; her lips have lost their molding, and there are lines—lines that only death may smooth away. Mr. Carbouche smiled cynically, and forgave her nothing.

He is very cold, is this painter. Try as the lady may to renew their old intimacy, she is unsuccessful. At every point he baffles her. The past has no charm for him, apparently. Her face grows out of the canvas with all the mercilessness of a looking-glass. She is in despair—that artificial, made-up countenance whose every year might be counted. She tries again. The talisman is a collar of grey squirrel. At last she finds his heart. In a phrase or two I cannot reproduce the artistic value of this scene which is really a very clever one. With subtle seductiveness, she draws a confession of the old love from him, and as, bit by bit, the days gone by are conjured up, his brush wanders over the canvas "till the blue comes into the eyes again and the gold to the hair, and the softness of youth to the skin"—there, in its stead, is the woman of twenty years ago in all her glory and beauty.

"I loved you," he repeats, "and have lived alone for your sake."

She turns to hide her face. At that instant her servant enters, she takes with her the picture.

"Tell me you loved me," he whispers, "that you, too, meant your words."

A mocking laugh comes from her lips. "Oh, Monsieur, but the portrait is finished and it is charming. Adieu! The last touches were perfect." Then she sweeps from the room.

Was she not cruel? Was it not infamous to stir in the heart of that cold impassive man the fires that had smouldered there so long. She cared nothing for him; her vanity demanded his sacrifice. She had played with him in years gone by just as she juggled those last touches from his brush. Perhaps there was no harm done, for a love that smoulders so long has little flame left. She won, though. It was very clever, but you will forgive my contempt for so cruel a trick.

However, the story is a good piece of work. It and "An Interlude" are the only neat stories in the book. If they do lack that closeness of texture and the cleverness that characterized the "Love Letters," they are an excellent excuse for Mrs. Clifford's volume, and a decided relief to "Aunt Anne," whose drawing was strong, but included too much detail.

A typographical novelty is "The Original Papers," by Chester Bailey Fernald. It is a love story made up of letters, a few newspaper clippings, the phonographic report of a quarrel, a florist's bill, two cablegrams, and a Society paragraph. These are strung together on a wire, prefaced by a portrait of the lady, done in colors. Altogether quite an attractive and interesting specimen of bookmaking. The opening epistle is from Frank E. White, a Berkeley graduate, who has just invented a fireproof paint, to Miss Mary A. Wheeler. His handwriting, reproduced by a lithographic process, makes easy reading. In it, he explains how her words of encouragement had induced him to persevere in his researches. To her he attributes his success. Her answer, in a pointed feminine handwriting, follows. He calls; they become friends; the progress of their growing intimacy is told in Miss Wheeler's letters to her girl friends. She goes to Del Monte, and an imitation WAVE paragraph describes her as abstaining from surf and tank display, states her parentage and such other personal particulars as are ordinarily to be found in that disreputable sheet. So far, the course of true love has run smooth enough. Then, alas! Mr. White gets involved with his inamorata's parent, "Huffy" Bill Wheeler, who is the attorney for one Gaston Macaire who claims priority in the discovery of Excelsior paint. Here follows half a column from the *Examiner* describing the quarrel between them, and on the next page is a letter from Miss Wheeler to Mr. White dismissing him forever on the strength of her father's complaint. Personals from the *Times*, letters from the repentant Mary to a friend in England, explanatory paragraphs in San Francisco papers make up the rest of the tale which is entertaining for other reasons than the novelty of its make-up.

"Green Tea" is rather a readable story of no especial value. The scene is laid in this State, but there is little local color. Indeed, any other region would have made as acceptable a background. The girls in it are decidedly unconventional—the youths seem to possess all the moral vigor that pertains to the genus Native Son. However, there is too little plot for the length, for, though the book is a late issue of the "Unknown Library" and pocketable, it is printed in type of exceeding smallness. ORACLE, K. B.

BOOK NOTES.

A very useful little book for boys and girls is "Almost Fourteen," by Mortimer Warren. It tells in a simple way some physiological truths of the greatest value. It is a protest against the ignorance-bliss theory of education that so many parents persist in bringing up their children in. Christianity has its virtues, of course, but in inculcating a ridiculous modesty it has much to answer for. Much of the disease of this world is due to the stupid superstition that veils the most potent fact of life in mystery. (Published by Dodd, Mead & Co.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Last Touches," by Mrs. W. K. Clifford. Macmillan & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Green Tea," by V. Schallengberger. Cassel Publishing Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

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LOS ANGELES LIFE.

LOS ANGELES, December 12th. DEAR WAVE:—If everyone would recognize the law of the eternal fitness of things, how much more smoothly the wheels of social life would run, wouldn't they? James Whitcomb Riley, the celebrated Hoosier poet, has been here, and for two evenings the Los Angeles Theatre was packed with the best people of the city who flocked to hear him tell, in his inimitable way, about "Dot Leedle Poy of Mine" and "The Gobelins Will Get Yer, if Yer Don't Watch Out." Of course, everyone vied to do him honor in a social way. His brother and wife reside here and an afternoon reception was tendered him at the St. Angelo where they reside, which was a most enjoyable and appropriate affair, likewise the charming luncheon given him by Major Bonebrake who invited a dozen Indiana people, most of them old friends of Riley's to come and break bread with the famous poet whose songs are sung the whole world round. The only inappropriate thing in the way of social attentions was a Sunday morning breakfast tendered Mr. Riley by a woman, whom he knew not at all, who invited several other people whom Mr. Riley had never seen or heard of before, (and cared less for) and whose social, literary or other prominence by no means entitled them to occupying the valuable time and attention of the poet. Mr. Riley was too polite to refuse, but he confided to a friend, who told me, how much he was bored by this sort of entertainment. The worst of it was that the breakfast was served in a cold room. Mr. Riley is a delicate man and, as a consequence, took such a severe cold as to seriously interfere with his readings. This sort of toadyism is simply intolerable to people in public life who care not two straws for incousequential admirers who persist in showering upon them all sorts of social attentions. Hamlin Garland administered a rebuke to this same woman when she extended a hospitality to him on his recent visit here. "Well, Mrs E——," he said, "I will tell you frankly, if it rains hard I will come, but if it is pleasant I want to climb Mount Wilson." Will people ever come to understand that however much they may be interested or pleased with great people, that feeling is by no means reciprocated? People in public life, on the stage or lecture platform, care absolutely nothing for these social courtesies save when they come from friends with whom they have a personal acquaintance, and it is exceedingly ill-bred to force one's hospitality upon them.

And so the Stoneman-Brunson scandal is at last out and the gossips are now at liberty to "speak right out in meetin'." The love letter purported to be written by Mrs. Stoneman to her paramour, published in Sunday's *Times*, would do credit to a sixteen-year-old girl's first love epistle in a French novel. To paraphrase an expression of Shakespeare's "Who would have thought the old lady had so much love in her?" I expect the whole matter will be aired in court and then we shall have a rare and racy social sensation.

Society is just now grappling with a tremendous problem and I think we shall have to call upon Ward McAllister to settle it for us. The man who has the contract for dumping garbage for the city at the pitiful pittance of $17,500 per annum, wants to get his daughters into Society, and the 400 rebel, because their father makes his money dumping garbage. Dr. MacGowan, the health officer and Society man, however, has taken the matter up, and we are, meantime waiting with bated breath till the problem is solved.

KIT.

FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

FRESNO, December 14th. DEAR WAVE:—Imagine the condition of my feelings when I learned last night that our little Johny C—— had been shot through the toe by the cruel Arsenic. Just when Johny had invited me to the '89-'90 dance, too. Dear! dear! was ever a girl so unfortunate? The doctors are devoting their undivided time to the injured member, and have promised me I shall not be disappointed in my dance, but picture a Ward McA—— with a missing toe! Oh, me! oh, my! That will never do—"*no never!*" A successor must be chosen immediately, and as Imp made the present unfortunate cripple the leader, the swell set naturally look to me for the bright-minded Society swell who is to take his place.

My second choice is undoubtedly the most eligible party to the position if he would only devote more time to social affairs and less to the accumulating of a fortune. He is handsome, rich, popular, and a magnificent dancer, in fact, as a leader of a german, none in town can equal him. He has participated in just the right number of escapades to make him *blasé*. He has figured in two or three engagements, but never had his wings singed. He is the best all-round judge of female beauty, horse flesh, art, and wines in town; so what more could be desired in a leader of the 150? In presenting the head of this season's functions I beg of the girls to stand back and not crowd, and of the boys to suppress all old-time jealousies and give the successful man your confidence and support, I take great pleasure in presenting him in the person of Mr. William A. Shepherd.

I dislike the task of criticising amateur performances, there is so little one can say of them that is favorable. The Library entertainment last week drew a good house. Bellamy's "Looking Backward," by eight of our *jeunesse dorée*, was the most enjoyable feature of the performance, and afforded a long-suffering audience the opportunity of giving vent to their suppressed feelings. One dignified Society matron. "a successful high tea hostess," and whose knowledge of all that is *good form* is unbounded, sat out the evening in a pronounced fit of hysterics. Another matron and a stanch supporter of the Library fund, developed most wonderful facial contortions. I trust when I take part in Mr. Pyke's opera these swells will remain at home or wait until the "funny man" comes on to afford the opportunity of giggling. Otherwise they will upset my equilibrium and spoil my solo. The informal hop given at the Hughes Hotel last Friday evening was an awfully jolly affair, and I hope they will be given very often. The two brides were there, one in pale blue and the other in white. Tom and Lizzie are to be domiciled at the hotel after all. Mrs. Will —— entertained the idea of a winter home in the hotel, but I guess the atmosphere was a trifle cold there for an invalid. Frank and Lee are mourning the absence of their pretty married friend, and speaking of "married friends" reminds me of the "married flirts." The "blonde lady killer" is credited with the pallid face of a certain matron of the 401. His attentions to another man's wife having caused many heartaches and tears. I wonder how long this peculiar condition of affairs is to continue? Husbands must, indeed, be blind to permit it.

Mrs. White gives an "informal" card party to a few young people to-night, and to which I received an invitation. The Newhouses gave a dinner party Friday evening, followed by a poker party. I wish I had time and space to devote to moralizing on this very wicked mode of entertaining, and which our prominent Society matrons have indulged in all too deeply in the past three years. I may take it up in my next. Yours, IMP.

THE SADDEST PART.

When little Bess was but a child,
She came to me one day
And laid her head upon my cheek
In her sweet baby way.

"Papa," she said, "I want a doll."
What could her papa do?
With heart quite full of parent love,
I straightway bought her two.

The years sped on, the crown of youth
Lay on her maiden brow;
Again she came to me and said,
"I want a pony now."

The pony came. How glad was I
To see her happy face;
And on my wrinkled heart there lay
No blighting sorrow's trace.

Alas! how easy 'tis to give
Our treasure of the heart
To those we love, but oh, how hard
It is for them to part.

For yesterday she came again,
Just as a child of three.
And blushing, said: "He's there down stairs,
Papa, and he wants me."

AN ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHER.

Photography has been brought to the highest state of perfection at Thors, 14 Grant Avenue, where some of the handsomest and most artistic pictures ever seen here have been made. With the science advanced to its present stage, the art of posing, in which the defects are hidden and the strong characteristics are brought out, is the one thing required, and at Thors the operators are artists who understand every detail of photography. In posing ladies and children they are particularly successful.

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Col. Wm. Forsyth's Forget-Me-Not Violet, Imperial Brands Fresno Raisins,
Dr. G. W. Handy's Celebrated Glen Una Brand California Prunes.

MINING AND FINANCIAL.

The past week has been a most disastrous one to the Stockholders of shares in the Comstock. The cry of brokers for more mud (margins) was heard on every side, and each day saw weak accounts weeded out. It was thought by speculators that bottom had been reached before election and that a revival would occur after the heat of the campaign was over, and the calculations of many were that they surely would have a Christmas deal, but the events of the last few days have completely obliterated whatever hopes these few had. The patrons and readers of THE WAVE, that is those of them that speculate in mining stocks, if they took heed and followed the advice given by the writer in these columns for the last month or so, need not care how low they go, as I repeatedly have said stocks on the present outlook were not a buy and would see lower figures. This has come true, for at the present time shares are lower than for seven years or since 1885. To-day (Wednesday) at the close of business the highest price stock on the list is Potosi, and that is selling at $1.75. Think of it! Out of the list extending from Sierra Nevada at the north end, down to Overman at the south end, a distance of five miles and embracing about 40 active stocks, not one selling at $2 One redeeming feature during the week was the activity displayed by the middle group of stocks, those under the control of Alvinzo Haywood, namely Potosi and Bullion. For two weeks past these stocks were quite active, and, in fact, were the leading feature at each session. During that time Potosi advanced from $1.20 to $2. The street and operators have been watching the market and reading the reports of the Superintendent, believing the activity was based on work going on at the 1100 foot level, etc. Now, while it is true that the prospects are exceedingly good of striking ore on this level, still it is rumored on the street that it is a deal based on an election contest, and although the election does not take place until March, that already at this early day certain parties are beginning to gather the shares in. It is said that Joe Marks, who has been the largest buyer of the stock for weeks, is buying for Haywood, while Stauf, Lang, Paxton, and Cope have been buying for Morrow and Flood, who, it is said, seek to take the control from Haywood. On Tuesday, when the whole market was breaking, and the news was on the street that the Con. Virginia was on fire, Bob Morrow started in to buy Potosi, and carried the stock from $2.15 to $3. At this time pandemonium reigned, and thousands of shares changed hands. In fact, on Monday and Tuesday the largest business was transacted that has taken place for months; of Potosi, 15000 shares were sold, Bullion 9000, Con. Virginia 3600, Belcher 3500, and all the others well up in the thousands. As I said before, what helped to demoralize the market was on Monday when Superintendent Lyman of Con. Virginia, sent the news that the mine was on fire a little below the 1600 foot level, and compelled the men to leave both that level and the 1500 foot, thereby cutting off all the parts of mine that is ore producing (that amounts to anything). There will not be any further extraction of ore for an indefinite period. They will put in brick bulkheads, etc. If things look brighter there might be a prospect of Sierra Nevada and Union doing better. On the 900-foot level, quite an improvement of the formation of the material took place. Sierra Nevada was in active demand at from $1.25 to $1.35 at which figures large quantities of shares were bought, Hughes of the Pacific Board alone buying several thousand shares.

The news from the balance of the mines is not of an encouraging nature, and from the present outlook the majority will be levying assessments thick and fast. On Wednesday Con. Virginia sold down to $1.55, the lowest price for five years. During the present year the highest price has been $6.75 in January.

The Standard mine of Bodie shipped $21,000, the product of November. The Mt. Diablo mine of Tuscarora, Nev., sent to company's office 8430 ounces of fine silver. The Reid Mines Con. of Old Diggings, Shasta, have shipped a carload of rich sulphurets to the Portland Smelting Company; the product of a week's run at the Hart mine, in the same district, was 161¼ ounces, or $2700.

The Siskiyou Mt. Quartz mine is turning out exceedingly rich. With a two stamp mill and two men drifting, Spencer & Co. mine yielded $8000 in 24 hours, the ledge being a fissure vein. Jas. Ironsides made a clean-up last week from his Cherry Creek ledge, and sent the sulphurets to Selby & Co. The returns from 100 tons, including sulphurets, averaged over $61 per ton. The prospects for that locality becoming one of the richest quartz mining districts are very favorable. The Mayflower Gravel mine was the first to list on the Pacific Board, and is regularly bought and sold, has declared a dividend of 25 cents, and hereafter will pay 10 cents.

The ruling price of silver for the week was about 82¾ @ 83½. In addition to its regular dividend of forty cents per share the Atlantic Dynamite Company has declared an extra dividend of forty cents. Dividends have been declared and will be paid by the Enterprise Mining Company 10 cents; Golden Reward Mining Company, 2 cents; Calumet and Hecla Copper Company, $5; Omnibus Cable, 40 cents; California, Powder, $1; State Investment Insurance, 50 cents; Oakland Gas, 20 cents; Champion Mine, 10 cents. Assessments have been levied by Con. Virginia and California of 50 cents, the first since 1885. There is an overdraft of $42,188 with all expenses of November paid. The Utah assessed 10 cents per share.

At the Stock and Bond Board business was light and few local securities were quoted. The following sales were made: Spring Valley Water, 260 shares at 98 @ 97⅝; San Francisco Gas, 250 at 70½ @ 70, California Electric light, 225 at 22 @ 21⅝; Omnibus, 85 @ 56; Pacific Gas Improvement, 45 @ 78; Hawaiian Commercial 400 @ 5 cents; Giant Powder, 10 @ 43¼; Bank of California, 5 @ 263; Safe Deposit, 50 @ 49; and bonds, 3000 Spring Valley 6's, @ 121¼; Park and C. H., 1000 @ 90. SURETY.

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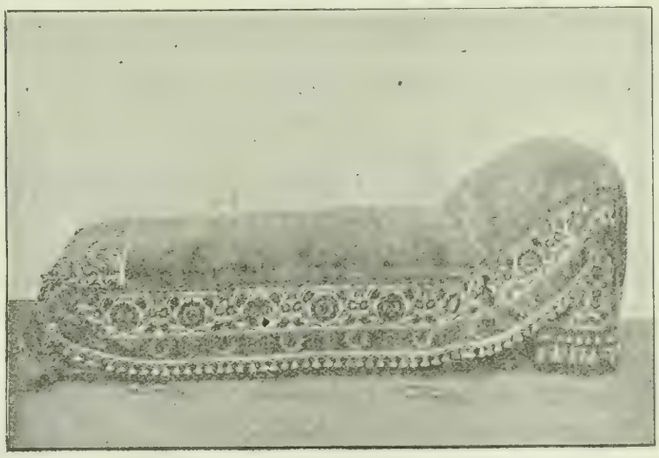

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SOCIETY.

We live in a very peculiar age,
When earls take for helpmates the scum of the stage;
With marriage a failure; divorce all the rage;
And when every one seeks notoriety.
Now, if you'd avoid all such trouble and strife,
You must take as a model the lights of high life.
Mind you don't even look at another man's wife,
For they never do that in Society.
Society! Society! For purity and for propriety.
The ladies, of course,
Never dream of divorce, in Society.

The passion for gambling is growing apace—
We trust not in kings, but we worship an ace;
And to have an odd dollar or two on a race
Is by no means a great impropriety.
In a country like this it appears rather odd
That bookmakers are fined or else put into quod.
If you take my advice you will "bet on the nod,"
For they always do that in Society.
Society! Society! For purity and for propriety.
They book all their bets,
And of course pay their debts, in Society.

Our ladies wear costumes both startling and quaint;
They squeeze in their waists till they're ready to faint;
Their innocent faces they powder and paint,
And use hair-dyes in endless variety.
But if you would copy the swells of the day,
And rank as a modest young maiden, I pray
You will not wear your garments *en décolleté*,
For they *never* do that in Society.
Society! Society! For purity and for propriety.
Where girls are so shy,
Of course dresses are high, in Society.

—*Walter Broe.*

CATERING A FINE ART.

Catering is a fine art. To appreciate that one must have enjoyed a supper by Ludwig. In the abstract there is nothing remarkable about a meal, but the difference between one that an artist has had to do with and that prepared by a mechanical kitchen maid is wider and deeper than the Pacific. But in eating there is more to be considered than the mere cooking. How many of us realize what a figure the service cuts. Does not a cutlet taste better from a silver dish, its dark brown relieved by the soft green of peas? Does not the canvas-back derive a more delicate flavor from a background of cress and wild celery? The knives, the forks, the spoons, the damask that forms the table covering—everything is an accessory of a perfect meal, and lacking them no meal can be so considered.

Here is Ernest Ludwig's advantage over other caterers. He knows what to do and how it should be done. Provided with endless services of plate and porcelain he sets forth a dinner and a supper in a most luxurious way. Besides delighting the palate, he also pleases the eye. He has a corps of trained cooks versed in the gentle art of stewing terrapin, of preparing oysters in the most seductive ways, of extracting from various sources the vitalizing *bouillon*. Application to him renders entertaining easy. He relieves one of the responsibilities of the kitchen. He supplies not only the means, but the material of a meal. He decorates the table in the latest style; he serves old wines and fine salads—everything. One never has cause to complain or reason to object. The viands are always hot enough or sufficiently cold.

However, when one says catering is a fine art it means Ludwig's catering, not that of other people. His headquarters are at 1206 Sutter Street, and there he keeps supplies for all sorts and conditions of entertainments. His kitchen is a model in its way. Here are admirable appliances for making the seductive ice cream that is a feature of his *menus;* here the terrapin is prepared for sacrifice on Society's altars. It is an important establishment for Ludwig's reputation is such that he has practically a monopoly of the business in this city. It is he who provides the exquisite suppers that are a feature of the cotillions. He is in charge of the catering department of the San Francisco Verein. The refreshments served at most of the teas given during the season are from his place. At the fashionable dances his men are found. The most artistic dinners given in private houses are prepared by his cooks. In fact he has so systematized catering that by employing him people save not only time and trouble but money. That is saying a great deal.

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THE MUMMERS.

"Ali Baba" has taken the town by storm, and the man who has not yet been to the Grand Opera House to see the extravaganza is more an object of interest than one of the triplets at the baby show. This is the most successful of Henderson's series of spectacular pieces, and, while he has put much more money into it than into any of its predecessors, yet he is getting it back fourfold. A new edition of "Ali Baba" will be produced on Monday, and it is quite likely that this will be crowded with local jokes of sufficient interest to keep the piece running for weeks yet.——

With the usual success of startling melodrama, "Captain Herne" has done such a remarkable business on the second week that it will be continued one more week, which will bring Henley-Boucicault and Stockwell's Company of Comedians' season to a close; Henley-Boucicault will go East, while Stockwell's Company will make a two weeks' tour of the Coast. Fanny Rice will be the next attraction at Stockwell's Theatre. The fame of Fanny Rice, however, is so universal and her popularity so great that all days of the week are alike to her admirers, as upon the occasion of her first visit here as a star she will draw one of the best audiences ever seen at Stockwell's. Fanny Rice is one of the cleverest women that ever set foot upon the stage, and long ago so established herself as a favorite with our local public that a reception will not be a surprise having proper knowledge of her great ability.——

The attraction to follow James T. Powers at the California will be Charles Dickson in the most successful comedy, "Incog," which is still playing to immense business throughout the country. The play is presented by a first class comedy company, and a clever representation of this very funny play, which made such a hit here last season, may be expected. It is probable that the new play, "A Paltry Million," which has made quite a success in the East, will be produced at the California.——

That admirable coterie of players, known as Charles Frohman's Comedians, will reopen the Baldwin Theatre on Saturday evening December 31st, in William Gillette's latest comedy hit "Settled Out of Court." It appeals directly to the fun lovers of this country, and its clever, sparkling dialogue, timely placed in the most ludicrous complications, have made the entire amusement public of the East laugh for the past six months. Mr. Frohman's Company of comedians is remarkable for its strength, and includes such well-known names as Georgie Drew Barrymore, M. A. Kennedy, Joseph Holland, and other San Francisco favorites. During the engagement here they will present Lestocq's brilliant comedy success "The Sportsman."——

The Bush Street Theatre has done an excellent business with "Bill's Boot." Next week the play is "U and I," a farce of sufficient drawing force to insure crowded houses for weeks. Many changes have been made in the piece since it was here last, and there are some new and pretty faces to be seen.

THE DEAKIN SALE.

The sale of Venetian articles at the rooms of the Art Association was well attended on Thursday, and many very artistic pieces of furniture were shown. This is one of the handsomest collections of the kind ever seen here. The articles were selected by Mr. Deakin, and are curiosities of the carvers' and turners' art. The next sale takes place on Monday, December 19th, when many rich articles in walnut and wrought iron will be offered.

LAWN TENNIS.

The different clubs throughout the State have arranged tournaments for the Christmas holidays. The California Club programme heads the list with its fifth quarterly tournament, gentlemen's singles, for the Club championship trophy, which will be played for on Saturday, December 24th, and following days. At least thirty-five players will take part, and it is the intention of the Tournament Committee to make this the greatest club affair of the season. W. H. Taylor, Jr., will not take part, but it is likely that Chas. Hubbard, the second best player on the Coast, will play.

H. N. Stetson, Geo. De Long, A. G. Field, A. F. Allen, Ogden and Southard Hoffman, the Whitney brothers, Hobart, Allison, and many other crack players have been practicing for the event with a view of making a creditable showing, and as they are all evenly matched, it is quite probable that players and spectators alike will be treated to a clever exhibition of tennis.

By defeating Allen and Field, W. Collier and G. Whitney have suddenly sprang into prominenee as a team. It will be remembered that the former team won the California Club's double championship trophy at the recent tournament, but during the past week the latter team defeated the champions in a stubbornly-contested match of three sets.

American players have at last adopted the English fad of holding covered court championships. The Chicago Auditorium was the scene of a singles tournament recently, which was played at night with the aid of powerful electric lights. C. A. Chase, who held the Western States championship for many years, defeated Malcolm Chace of Providence, R. I., in a remarkably clever match. Chase was on the Coast some four years ago, and was beaten by our champion Taylor rather easily.

It is some years ago since the covered court game was played in this city. That was before the organization of the California Tennis Club. Previous to that the armory now used by an athletic club, corner of Howard and New Montgomery Streets, was the scene of many an afternoon's play. McGavin was at that time considered the best on the Pacific Coast.

The Oakland and Alameda Clubs are in a flourishing condition, their courts being constantly occupied. Christmas Day will be the occasion of many hotly-contested matches.

The Magee brothers, Tom and William, are now on their way home, having left Liverpool for New York on Wednesday last. They had some excellent tennis while in Scotland.

A. J. Treat, of the California Club, is at present in Southern California, and it is almost a certainty that he will try on a few of the Southern crack tennis players.

THE SCORER.

One of the prettiest calendars issued for the coming year is that of James De Fremery & Co. It shows the Coast defense vessel, "Monterey," and is a real work of art.

Crosse & Blackwell's jams, in one-pound jars, still take the lead. These goods are guaranteed to be made from selected fresh fruits and pure refined sugar only.

Moet & Chandon champagnes are the third on the list of importations into the United States.

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LAST WEEK MATINEE SATURDAY
ENORMOUS HIT
Best Comedy Show of the Year
JAMES T. POWERS
AND MARVELOUSLY ENTERTAINING COMPANY
IN
A MAD BARGAIN
The Merriest, Wildest, Maddest of Farces
and That Dancer, Leona Forrest
MONDAY, DECEMBER 26th
Charles Dickson in Mrs. Pacheco's "INCOG"

BUSH STREET THEATRE
M. B. LEAVITT, - - - Proprietor and Manager
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TWO WEEKS
Commencing Saturday, December 24th
THE LAUGHING FESTIVAL
U AND I
Special Matinees Sunday and Monday, Dec. 25th and 26th

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L. R. STOCKWELL.....Lessee and Proprietor
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MONDAY, DECEMBER 19th
Third and Last Week of the
Powerful Melodrama
CAPTAIN HERNE U. S. A.
NEXT SUNDAY, DECEMBER 25th
Matinee Christmas Day (Monday)
FANNY RICE
AND HER OWN COMPANY OF COMEDIANS
—IN—
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Every Evening Including Sunday. Matinee Saturday Only.
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All the Fun of Farce Comedy
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The Beauty of the Ballet
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Get seats in advance and avoid the crush at night.
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Gentleman returning to Europe
Will sell privately, an Elegant Antique suite of Venetian Furniture, comprising 13 pieces, inlaid with the rarest Egyptian and Grecian Marbles; also, a pair of Elaborate Fine Gilt Bronze Candelabras; set of First Empire Bronzes, and a number of Oil Paintings.
No reasonable offer refused.
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Occidental Hotel.

CHRISTMAS, 1892

It is evident that the Ladies of San Francisco and vicinity thoroughly appreciate the quality and elegant fragrance of Alfred Wright's Perfumes and Sachet Powders, as is shown by the liberal purchases of the retail druggists for the year 1892, it being largely in excess of all former years. Alfred Wright's "American Beauty" is now a noted rival of the celebrated "Mary Stuart," and dates its origin in 1892.

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AFFORD to those seeking Land in San Mateo County for Investment or Homes, the Most Advantageous Opportunities. Each Tract abounds in Choice Suburban Residence Sites, and will be subdivided into lots to suit purchasers, from One to Twenty Acres. The Southern Pacific Company is now at work on the cut-off from San Bruno, and time to San Francisco will shortly be reduced to 35 Minutes. The Electric Road will pass in front of these properties. Easy Terms. Deferred Payments. And Rebate in Prices will be given to those Guaranteeing to Improve.

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AS

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CAPITAL, - - $1,500,000
SURPLUS, - - - 860,000

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FASHIONS: BY LETTER.

ANNE, DEAR:—How is it possible for me to write or think of the proper thing to wear when Christmas is so near? The shops are beginning to assume quite a holiday appearance, and one is tempted at every turn by all manner of pretty and especially dainty things. There is one matter I sincerely rejoice at, and that is the apparent slight demand for "store" fancy work that seasons past have seen, at least, thrust upon our notice. Oh, those terrible plush head-rests and pincushions that are never pretty, grow shabby in six months, as expensive as some delicate bit of Dresden or crystal that proves a delight for all time, provided a careless dusting does not interfere. Silver is prettier than ever in its new designs. Such delightful little smelling-bottles, desk appointments and dozens of things can be bought for little money and are always acceptable.

You ask me what I advise as a gift to your brother, and, though usually it's not an easy question to answer, I have the very thing for you this year. Cast away that stone china "Remember Me"-in-gold-affair and replace it by a bowl-shaped shaving-mug in plain burnished silver with the monogram on the inside; a brush with a silver handle, also with monogram, must accompany it. Take my advice in this matter, and we'll both receive a blessing.

As for time-honored fancy-work there is really but one class that is considered good form to give, and that is fine linen embroidered in wash silks, or decorated in drawn work. A dainty housekeeper can never have too many tea-cloths, tea-doylies, tray-covers, etc., and some of the holiday designs are artistic in the extreme. Of course, divan cushions and lamp shades when tastefully made are appropriate gifts, but they scarcely come under the head of fancy work.

Some of the girls are having lovely gowns made especially for Christmas dinners, and it is possible a few of them will appear at Del Monte the week following. You know what excellent taste Maud has, and really her last new gown which she superintended herself is a dream. The round tight-fitting underskirt is of heavy white satin over which falls a second full skirt of the new silk muslin which has more dressing than the qualities used during the past season. Around the very bottom of this skirt is a three-inch band of embroidery in silk, small pearl beads and dead white spangles. The only fullness is gathered directly on the hips giving a quaint Watteau effect. The waist of satin fits superbly, and, strange to say, is pointed. The neck is cut in the new way, straight around and low on the shoulders, with a full trimming of the embroidery which falls richly and holds in place the large single puff sleeves, also of the embroidery. From the back of the neck a narrow Watteau of the muslin falls, and is caught in with the folds at the back of the skirt. A single string of pearls about the neck and two American beauty roses (carried) will be the only ornaments used with this lovely toilette.

Another dinner dress which you would admire is of soft, though heavily-ribbed, pink silk. The skirt is gored and the four front seams are covered with narrow bands of old Irish crochet lace. A simple round waist has a high folded girdle and stock of the same lace, and the sleeves are, of course, puffs, but of pink velvet and larger than any I have seen yet. The lower part was of the silk tightly fitted with deep cuffs of the lace. Yours,

NANCY.

The White House

Finest Display Ever Attempted by any House in San Francisco.

WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO SHOW FOR THE HOLIDAYS THE LATEST EUROPEAN PRODUCTIONS IN

Bronzes, Terra Cotta, Sevres Porcelain, Limoges Wares, Dresden Wares and all the Newest Shapes and Decorations in English Faïence.

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Surplus Profits	15 000 00
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This bank receives savings deposits on term or ordinary account, in sums of one dollar and upwards. Interest paid from date of deposit, semi-annually, or credited to the account. Children and married women may deposit money subject to their own control.

The five-cent stamp system in use in connection with this bank.

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The Safe Deposit Department is a special feature of this bank. Safes to rent by the month or year from $4.00 to $25.00 per annum. Large vault for the storage of trunks, chests, boxes and valuables of every description.

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Special classes twice per week for young ladies between the age of 10 and 15 years. Terms reasonable.

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BALDWIN & HAMMOND
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BIG FRIED.

The man draws himself up in a corner of the porch awaiting the hour.

All around is the clinging night, the cold night of December, in which the lane conceals itself, congealing in the anguish of the mighty night. The thick mists make the shadows heavy. There is a drizzling rain.

The man is waiting for the banker Fried to leave the house of his mistress, Clara Lange. For he has resolved to attack him and rob him. He fastens upon his fist the American iron knuckles and feels in his pocket a knife with a long and slender blade. Then he thinks: "Damnation! I *will* light a pipe!" But he does not dare. And he remains there, freezing, dull-eyed, in the dreadful night.

And behold, far away, a soft, sweet sound of distant bells, scarcely to be heard. Then others nearer, then others close by; a grand and powerful vibration which stirs the shadows and fills the air with solemn joy.

Then the closed houses opened their doors and out of them came the bent shadows of grandparents, the small shadows of children, the frail shadows of pretty women—and this crowd which arrives on all sides moves toward the same aim, silently, as pushed by a mysterious force, guided by the summons of a Star.

And the man also leaves his shadow and moves on. And he perceives far in the night a great light, which is a church door. The rose window is flaming. An adoration of psalms and of incense rises in the glory of wax tapers.

Then he thinks: "It is Christmas Eve!"

And suddenly he sees again the Christmas Eves of childhood, the Christmas Eves of forgotten snows. The watchers in the great kitchen, where they crowded around the blessed Yule-log, and his overpowering sleepiness in waiting up so late. Then at the first stroke of the bell for midnight mass, they took down the cloaks, the wide hats, and, his little face swaddled in the big muffler that covered his eyes, they went out in the street, drowsy, in a dull torpor, where the air was full of a whiteness, vague and moving, and from everywhere descended the little watch-lanterns, tottering in the night, lengthening their wet reflections on the road. He remembers it very well: Mother Annette, who always carried her foot-stove, Aunt Rose, and the others. Oh! how far away all that is! It is long since they were extinguished, all those little watch-lanterns. But their reflections dance in him always, lighting forgotten corners, lifting the shadow from that other time, and, as a child again, he has had, for a moment, a child's impressions, that which remains of good in his being is affected by the contact of that *naïve* emotion refound.

The night is quiet again. In the lane, hidden by the cold shadow, the man has returned under the porch and waits. He is tormented by trouble he can scarcely explain. For, in his simple soul, all his complex impressions translate themselves only in pictures. He sees the delicate, perfumed skin of big Fried, his great fingers laden with rings, his heavy watch chain displayed across his pompous front, and the large pocket-book stuffed with bank bills, the immense sum he is known to carry to-night. And his hand closes upon the knife with the long blade. Then far, far, away he sees the little lighted lanterns turning a corner of the street. And all of a sudden he decides: "No; the fellow may keep his skin. I will not strike an ugly blow on Christmas Eve."

* * * * * * *

About half an hour after midnight the banker, Fried, arrive at his club. He is in a frightful humor.

"Just fancy," he says, "why Clara wished to be dignified to-night—No, one has no idea—because it is Christmas Eve. Brought up all the tra-la-la, her recollections of infancy, when she was 'so high,' the snow, the midnight mass, all the pathetic sentimentalism. 'No, my friend, I beg of you, leave me to myself to-night, Let me be good again for an hour.' I persisted that I would go into the house. I got angry. No use. No; but you know not that——"

He passed his fat hand laden with rings through his silky beard, and concluded disdainfully: "To think that there are people who have such stupid prejudices; isn't it ridiculous?"

* * * * * * *

And far and wide, over the city, over the suburbs, over the silent fields, the grand night of compassion which saved the banker, Fried, the night of redemption wherein the assassin and the women met in one common thought, prolongs eternally, above the roofs, above the centuries, the ineffable words of peace and pardon.—*Translated from Jean Madelaine's "Contes sur Porcelaine," 1893, for* THE WAVE, *by* E. F. DAWSON.

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Ladies:—Call at the WONDER
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For Xmas.

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San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:40 A. M.; 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 1:50 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

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SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		In effect Nov. 20, 1892.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:30 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale and Way Stations.	7:30 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:30 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:30 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

ESTABLISHED 1850

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The Healing blossoms lean and look."

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PRECIOUS HERBAL OINTMENT

reaches and cures disease through the pores, arouses circulation, heals inflammation, banishes pain. 25 and 50c. Druggists or by mail. J. Gibson Brown, 47 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J

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Incorporated by Royal Charter A. D. 1720

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SURPLUS TO POLICY HOLDERS, - 8,980,251.00

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager, SAN FRANCISCO

City Office, 501 Montgomery St. General Office, 401 Montgomery St.

A BEAUTIFUL BANK BUILDING.

Probably the handsomest building in the city is that recently constructed for the German Savings and Loan Society, at No. 526 California Street. The structure was designed and built solely for bank purposes, and is the best equipped in the West. It is in the modern Renaissance style, and an imposing front of stone and marble, a fitting counterpart to the grand interior. While the front is richly designed, there is not too much ornamentation. The entrance is bold, and notable among its features are the square columns of polished red beach Maine granite. All the other granite of which there is a liberal use is from Raymond, Fresno County, Cal. Italian marble is used for the capitals and sculpture work. Much of the exposed granite work is highly polished. Leading to the banking-room is a vestibule constructed of a beautiful shade of Tennessee marble, and provided with a richly wrought iron grate in front. All the inside finish—wainscoting, desks, counters, and offices of President—are of St. Domingo mahogany. The grill work on top of the counters is of specially designed, hammered work. There are six steel vaults for the accommodation of the bank, all of which are lined outside with marble with bronzed cornices and moldings. Inside the vaults is steel shelving, and steel pass-book files are provided. The vestibule and floor outside the counters is genuine German mosaic, while that inside is of white mahogany.

The walls and ceiling are frescoed an appropriate design, set off with gilded stucco work. All the gas fixtures and electroliers are of special design. Over the centre of the banking-room, where the building is one story high, there is a magnificent dome of wrought iron and plate glass. In the second story of the building in front are located directors' rooms and lavatories, reached by a handsomely equipped elevator. The basement is elegantly fitted up with accommodations for the host of men and women employed as clerks. On the whole there is not a better appointed bank in the city. The building was designed by the architects Kenitzer & Kollofrath. The German Savings and Loan Society has always been a very popular bank. Since the organization of the society in 1868, about 79,000 persons have opened accounts with it, of which there now remain in the neighborhood of 28,000 depositors, whose deposits amount to over $29,000,000.

The Board of Directors are L. Gottig, President; Edward Kruse, Vice-President; George H. Eggers, Second Vice-President; O. Shoemann, Eugene Meyer, B. A. Becker, F. Tillman, H. Horstmann, H. L. Simon, and A. H. R. Schmidt is Cashier; William Herrmann, Assistant Cashier; George Tourny, Secretary; and John R. Jarboe, Attorney.

DORFLINGER'S AMERICAN CUT GLASS

Is shown in every requisite for the table. Beautiful pieces for Wedding and Holiday Gifts. Genuine pieces have trade mark label.

Uncle Josh—I guess James must be doing first rate down in the city practicin' law.

Aunt Mandy—Why?

Uncle Josh—Well, I heard two fellows that come in while I was there say they wanted him to come up and try a new case that evenin'.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

The *San Bernardino* offers sage advice to the county Solons: "Not until a county chain gang is formed will tramps stop coming into the county. Form one at once."

From the evidence it has on hand, the Oakland *Tribune* says: "Kansas appears to be ambitious of a reputation as the national jackassery."

"A Month Early is Better than a Day Late."

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OAKLAND GOSSIP.

OAKLAND, December 14th. DEAR WAVE:—The year is rapidly drawing to a close, and with it comes the memory of disappointed hopes and shattered dreams. Of course, to some the past year has been one scene of wild revelry, but the fun wasn't found within the sacred precincts of our 99, as there has not been a first-class scandal to enliven our conversation at the numerous tea parties that have taken place. Occasionally we have bordered on one, but the principals came to their senses in time to prevent a *denouement*. We have been surprised and shocked on more occasions than can be told. For instance, the lamentations that several of our damsels indulged in over the announcement of our friend's engagement to a San Francisco belle were pathetic, and the disappointment of poor, dear old Ben W—— was intense when Carrie gave her hand and fortune (?) to an Eastern dude and Henry has not as yet recovered from his love dream for S—— whose choice was for a gay lieutenant. The shock that Fannie Gamble's Boston capture gave to her Oakland friends was electrical; it's always the unexpected that happens, as was the case when Frankie Wellman astounded his exclusive relatives by announcing his approaching marriage to a little Fruitvale girl (the shock was almost as bad as Will's admiration for a little singer who is abroad), nor was the surprise any less when Jean finally succumbed to Howard Wright's alluring fascinations; you remember, dear, she is the beauty who "believed in Platonic friendship and all that sort of thing," her own words, I assure you, but a girl's word goes for nothing in affairs of that kind, as Elsie Lee proved when she accepted Sam Chambers, and, after a few weeks, changed her mind and departed for Europe. No one ever dreamed that such a womanly girl was capab e of inconstancy like hers, nor did Mrs. Wetherbee suspect that her niece, Grace Henderson, was willing to give up a brilliant stage career for Tom Mathewson, nor was she aware that Frank and Ella were engaged, yet she is accused by all as having made both matches. By the way, an affable lady is now in the market, and several of our bachelors are at her feet. Another of our charming widows, Mrs. Remi Chabot, has ten suitors where our belles have but one. She has wealth, beauty, and an indescribable charm. Have you ever heard of any one paying his *devoirs* to Mrs. Anthony C——? Methinks the man who would try it had better prepare for death, for her words and looks would be fierce.

Another surprise to our 400 was the double wedding of the Hush and Magee sisters and brothers, as was the engagement of Mattie Knowles and Harry Adams—their wedding will soon be celebrated. Flossie Coffin proved that love was a dream when she married peachy-cheeked Sam Breck, and the gossips have not yet ceased to discuss the wedding of Lou and Frederick; no one can account for it, nor can any one discover why Jim is engaged to Nellie, instead of the Fruitvale girl. Jennie Dyer's elopement and Frank Fisher's quiet marriage have furnished subjects for much conversation. Hear that Frank and his bride are living on this side. What do you think of the latest engagement, viz.: that of May Tubbs and young Grimwood, Willie Powning's cousin. Another house for Mr. Tubbs to build. *On dit*, that Harry K—— is quite disconsolate over the announcement, but didn't they keep it mum, as everyone thought that Emma was the object of his affections, but people now have it that Willie's attention to the East Oakland contingent is for Emma, but Frou-Frou, who always probes to the very depth of these heart affairs, knows that Nellie is still the object of his dreams, and to cease his devotion to the party would be eternal banishment. How can she be so relentless and cruel? He is a good-natured youth, and would make a devoted husband. Perhaps you think that Fritz Hinckley's marriage to Florence Blythe wasn't a startler. Fortunate boy, to have had such an intriguing mamma. Florence is awfully fond of her. Goodness, came near forgetting the greatest surprise of the season—Lena Brigham's marriage to a stranger. It really was more than a seven days' wonder.

I have told of the unexpected that has happened during the year, but the events that we hoped and prayed to take place, that are still only hopes, are so plentiful that many of us are crushed. Not one of us girls dare tell of the wild dreams in which we have indulged, nor of the amount of money we have expended to keep up with those "in the swim," and wandered from one fashionable resort to another in search of happiness and a fortune. Everyone expected that we would be wedded before the exit of '92, but, alas! we are still here and have decided to try a new system. Next year will find us domestic in our tastes; we will remain home, set a trap and pray Heaven to send the right bird to it. Just as an East Oakland belle was sure of capturing Harry Melvin, his engagement to a Portland girl was announced (he is exceedingly moody of late, perhaps because his *fiancée* is so far away), and how disappointed Society was when Nannie and Jim did not make a match, while the alliance of Fannie and John has long been discussed. Then why Floy and Will R—— still are at swords' points is an enigma. Mamie and Everett continue to be coy, and Bob Miller has surprised us all by becoming engaged, while Athearn and the three Harrys have disappointed us by transferring their attentions to your side. *On dit* that Cleve intends to frustrate the plans of his friends, as he is not engaged to Annie, although little Willie does call him "Uncle Cleve." He says his affections are otherwise entangled and that he is too fond of his liberty—he takes after his brother Harry Dam, who is a perfect lady killer. His latest play has created quite a stir in English Society.

Ever since the marriage of pretty Katie W——, everyone has hoped that Harry Pierce would succeed in his suit with handsome Mary S——, but disappointment again falls to our lot, as he is rarely seen on this side. Just think! He is the happy possessor of $8,000,000 and Tom, who knows everything past and to come, says that in the year of '53, he had a little oven on one of the streets of San Francisco, and sold hot apple pies for a living. His song was "Hot apple pies, come buy, three for a dollar."

How I have wandered on about the past and forgotten that I have a gay, brilliant present before me. Last week was remarkable for the opening of the "Young Women's Christian Home," and Mesdames Sharon, Stolp, Selfridge, Brown, Mygott, Wheaton, Henshaw, Deane, Murray and Hinckley are to be congratulated upon the success of their enterprise. The antics of the Delsarte girls are becoming wearisome. We had any amount of it by all the "stage-struck girls."

The night of nights has at last arrived; just two hours more and I don my yellow gown—the same I wore the opening night—and wend my way to see "Rosedale," Jack Wilson (the dear boy), Harry Melvin, Alec Rosborough, and all that I'm so fond of. The seats went like wild fire, and I predict a great success for the Charity Company, but please don't tell them, as they surely will go on a touring expedition and the loss would be irreparable to the Oakland maiden. A strange coincidence is that I am to occupy a seat in the same box that I did at the opening of the theatre.

The following is the foundation for a Christmas story and reconciliation: Scene: The porch of a handsome Jackson Street residence. Hour: Near midnight of a Saturday when all good Oakland husbands are supposed to be at their clubs. The flute-like voice of one of our gay Lotharios is warbling love-songs into the ears of one of our married belles. The innocent young couple are having a most glorious time when the husband appears upon the scene of youth, beauty, and moonlight. Tableau vivant. *Auf wiedersehen* FROU-FROU.

SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, December 16th. DEAR WAVE:—It is over—the Kirmess with all its bustle, hurry, work, gossip, envy, heart-burning, pleasure, and profit—all came to a happy finish and the ladies have secured a good round sum with which to relieve the miseries of the unfortunates. The chief reason of the success financially and socially was that Mrs. Murphy was the head and heart of it all. There is not another lady in this town who has so many admirers as she. I was glad when Miss —— had to eat a piece of humble pie.

Tom laughed himself sick over the frantic attempts of Stella and Elene to disguise the fact that they knew the flavor of *eau-de-vie*. You see, Irish ice cream was served one night, and after Loring N—— had one taste it was a hard matter to reserve any for others; but these young ladies wanted some badly, they sniffed and sniffed and then with such delicious *naiveté* turned their heavenly orbs up and said: "This can't be vanilla—I am afraid it's wicked." Loring assured them it was harmless as fresh milk; and they partook with gusto, but no one was discreet. Bettie Tisdale was simply entrancing with her harp. She sings well and is one of the brightest girls here. Mrs. Campbell was in her glory, her graceful children attracted so much attention. She dresses elaborately, but her husband approves and there is no scurrying around to raise money to pay the bills, as in some families. The Spencers did not put in an appearance, which seemed odd considering their adulation of the M——s. The Youngers were none of them out. Rosalie can sing as well as any of the prima-donnas who graced the occasion.

A *debut* party has really been given in this town—the first, in spite of the regiment of girls who from time immemorial have been coming out. Mrs. Smith of "Dana Farm" gave a coming-out party in honor of her daughter. The "sweet girl graduate" looked like an angel in her exquisite toilette of white crepe trimmed with rosebuds, and her pearls made my eyes water. They have a splendid home. Our young men had better keep their eyes open or they will stand but a poor show against the city boys who can dance. Mrs. S—— gathered a number of guests, who, being strangers to each other and comparatively unknown to both host and hostess, felt a good deal like cats in the proverbial "strange garret."

A number of our 400 are going away for the season—I call that a shame. The Murphys are in mourning, so would not entertain large parties, but Barney is never so delightful as when he has a chosen few around him. Others are going to avoid the expense of entertaining, so our lookout is not brilliant.

Mrs. Wing has already departed, probably to accustom herself to the sensation of being numbered with the swells. It is so recent that it must be a trifle uncomfortable.

Allie Ballou gave a pretty little dance the other night. Tom was there, but I was not invited. The sensation of the evening was that one of the daughters of the great First Street banker was there. She is not as frigid as her elder sisters.

Will B—— has a sore throat. He was dining in Milpitas and tried to swallow too much turkey. The boys say it has not stopped the flow of natural gas however.

Grace Thorne and Ruth Benson have been spending some time here. Grace is sparkling as champagne; Ruth and I never hit it off together very well.

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JUST AN INCIDENT.

BY DEAN DUKE.

I felt hurt. The city editor had previously given me work that came within my scope, and shown a spirit of consideration for my inexperience, as I was just a country-reared youngster trying to earn my way reporting for one of San Francisco's large dailies. Naturally, when I reported on at six in the evening, and was instructed to go to a fashionable party in one of the most exclusive and wealthy districts of the city, get a list of the guests, describe the more handsome costumes of the ladies present, outline the decorations and "write up" the affair, I realized that a task had been assigned me for which I was eminently unqualified.

It was a charity entertainment where a great many people with good clothes and a well-kept, self-satisfied appearance were going to see and be seen, and, incidentally, contribute to bettering the condition of some of their less fortunate kind. It was doubtless to be a "Society gathering," as the papers delight in saying. Men whose names appear in the papers every week of the year, and who were certainly educated, polished, and thoroughly conversant with every topic pertaining to our social, State, or National affairs; and the women—well, they would certainly be of a caliber to make congenial associates for such men. Rather a nice gathering to send a reporter to that would be pretty apt to appear awkward and self-conscious when awed by the greatness of the people with whom he mingled. That anticipatory predicament was too much for me, and again seeking the city editor I stoutly argued the necessity of a change of "detail."

"Why not assign me to the City Prison and let the reporter on duty there do the Society rot? He's used to it."

But the city editor was mad about something and said, "No!"

That settled it. I'd go and expose my *rodeo* manners to that assemblage and stumble over rugs and things to my heart's content—for now I was mad, too—and every time that I committed a breach of etiquette my explanatory apology would be that I was only a *Bugle* reporter, in consequence *entrée* into such exclusive circles had embarrassed me. That reflection on the "company manners" of the *Bugle* staff seemed a fair way to balance my books with the Autocrat of the Blue Pencil.

My attire was the usual blue cheviot suit, with sack coat, so often seen on the streets, but after I had replaced my dark scarf with a white *mulle* four-in-hand and squandered a nickel on the nearest bootblack, I felt that my appearance was, at least, neat and respectable, if not the conventional full-dress.

As the car carried me toward the place of gathering I felt myself relenting in my desire to "square accounts" with the city editor through the plans first outlined, and resolving instead to place myself at the disposal of the hostess, get the required data as quickly as consistent and return to the office.

On arriving at the large and brilliantly lighted house where the guests were rapidly gathering, I was surprised to note that from many of the fine equipages that deposited their loads at the door alighted young men that I knew about town, some clerks in offices and others that eked out a precarious sort of existence in shops of their own.

"Guess I'm all right among those fellows," thought I; "they've handicapped me a little in the way of clothes, but after eleven o'clock I'm pretty apt to 'have the pole' for each heat if we score up for sobriety."

From the balcony entrance of the house to the curbstone where the guests left their carriages, was erected a shelter of awning, though it was a beautifully clear night. Probably raining in "Lunnon," though, I hazarded; for I allow myself to indulge in those trenchant mental extravagancies whenever any one with heavier financial weight than myself does a thing I dislike.

Upon entering the house I quietly betook myself to the gentlemen's dressing-room and despatched a servant from there to the hostess with my card; for, of course, I was not a guest, but simply a person sent there to perform a duty. I had a better job than the lackey that had departed with my credentials, though I lacked his imposing perspective of snowy shirt front and retrospective showing of spike tails. But I did not envy him his habiliments—not a whit, for a number of the young men lounging in the room began discussing the probabilities of the "feed," and exchanging with each other current gossip of the "street" concerning people whom they could see outlined in the reception-room across the hall, and it was certainly a very miscellaneous gathering, judging from their sentiments. Within that absent flunky's linen and doeskin they might have taken me for one of the guests, and I had done nothing to be deserving of such censure—I was not "miscellaneous."

Directly the lackey appeared and conducted me to an inner room where I met the hostess, and a most charming woman she appeared. Beside her stood a very pretty brunette maiden of probably eighteen.

"Now, I cannot spare the necessary time to give you the information you require," began the hostess hurriedly; "but I think I have arranged matters so," here I found myself unconsciously bestowing an approving glance upon the brunette *parti*, who obligingly beamed back—Oh, but I'm a sure victim to brown eyes.

"Miss Archer, this is the gentleman from the *Bugle* office, and you will please give him a list of our guests, show him the decorations, and help him out like a dear, won't you? And now be sure and give us a good long account;"—this last to me—and the hostess vanished.

Though the parting injunction to my custodianess to "help him out like a dear," had a delicious ambiguity about it, I felt comparatively safe.

"And so you are a reporter, are you?" queried Miss Archer. I bowed an acknowledgment of my guilt.

"Well, I've often wanted to see a real, sure-'nough reporter. I read the papers nearly every week and papa just hates reporters. But you don't seem very bad," she added, generously.

"Have you a list of the guests?" I asked, anxious to get to the business in hand, as I was not prepared for a very active discussion relative to the merits of reporters.

"Oh, yes; please come this way," and she led me into a further room, where, going to a small *secretaire*, she secured a paper, bearing a long list of names, and seating ourselves at an adjacent table, we soon had the list copied; she then told me a few details of the evening's entertainment; its object, the patronesses, etc. We had but completed our work when two young women, who were passing the door, arm-in-arm, laughing and chatting, attracted the attention of my fair sponsor.

"Oh, Kate," she called softly, "you and May come here;" then, as the young ladies entered in response to her invitation, she arose and gravely introduced me as Mr. *Bugle*, adding, "Girls, this is the reporter that came to get an account of our affair this evening."

"How lovely," chorused the new arrivals. I blushed slightly, feeling that I had in a measure created a favorable impression upon the friends of Miss Archer; for, if not, why should they designate me as "lovely."

"I don't think I ever saw a reporter before. Isn't it strange?" began the young lady addressed as Kate. I assured her that it was not at all remarkable, as there were only a few of us left.

"Let's go get the other girls," was Miss May's proposition.

"All right," acquiesced Miss Kate, and excusing themselves they departed.

"Are they coming back?" I asked Miss Archer.

"Oh, yes," she replied, gayly; "they'll bring some of the other girls."

"For what?" I asked.

"I'll int oduce them to you, and we will have a real pleasant time."

"But, really, you must excuse me, as I am compelled to return to the office."

"So soon?"

"At once."

"No, indeed; not until we have at least had some ices together," she insisted. A bell was tapped, waiter arrived, Miss Archer gave the order, and, almost before I knew it, I had been maneuvered out on a sort of side balcony to the first floor. The ices were served.

"Let's go in the conservatory to eat them," proposed Miss Archer, as she led the way into the rear of the hothouse, where it was quite shadowy. Finding a small stool there she sat down, and showing about eight inches of the stool yet exposed, she invited me to be seated.

Now, let it be understood that when in my right mind I am a cattleman, and having passed through several campaigns with the Indians, I know what it is to be hard pressed. But, really, to sit down on that eight inches of stool and be in such dangerous proximity to as fascinating a creature as Miss Archer, was a little more venturesome than anything I had undertaken up to date.

"Sit down!" she said, imperatively, and I sat down.

We consumed the ices slowly and when we had finished and I had deposited the glasses in a convenient flower vase, our conversation flowed smoothly on, changing easily from one subject to another. Finally Miss Archer seemed depressed.

"Did you ever feel as though you were all alone in this world?" she asked pensively.

"Never!" I assured her promptly, with my mind on the city editor and that worthy's explosive remarks anent "late copy."

"I feel at times and many times, as though life was more a burden than a pleasure," she continued. "Feel though I was as utterly alone as if cast on some far-away island. No one knows how I feel—there is a sort of vague, yet unmistakable longing for something in the Mystical Beyond, and a feeling that it will come to me some day; something that will be my Ideal. It will be that something that can soothe, sustain, and sympathize with a woman, and can love with that pure and holy love of which the poets speak. Not in all my acquaintance is there one man for whom I care the slightest, not one whom I can honestly regard as my friend. I have spent a more pleasant evening with you than I've had before in months—and yet, I feel alone."

How she could feel alone with me yet occupying the remaining eight inches that she had allotted me when she usurped the stool, was

a poser. But she must have felt alone or she wouldn't have said so Then I hope to be banished if she didn't sigh impressively, and in the effort come my way sufficiently to reclaim two inches more of the stool. The thing was growing serious. Evidently I must get our conversation in a more cheerful vein and do so at once, for another of those reclamatory sighs would most certainly make her feel alone, that is, so far as my sharing the stool with her was concerned.

"Now I tell you, Miss Archer, you're all right," I began, cheerily. "You're just down in your luck a little, may be. Get that way myself. Only yesterday got fined fifty cents for trying to run twenty-seven letters in a twenty-one 'head,' and it made me feel pretty sore for a time, too; but if there's any hereafter I know the man that's going to suffer for that. I just bet you'll get even on somebody for the way you feel now. There's—"

"Mr. Bugle!" It sounded like a pistol report. "May I trouble you to conduct me to the drawing-room?" she asked in sort of a cold, metallic voice.

"Certainly," and without her deigning to notice my proffered arm, we returned to the house.

After her chilling "Good evening, sir," I returned to the office to fight it out with my chief over turning in "late copy." Though I had certainly succeeded in bracing up Miss Archer's drooping spirits, if I'm any judge of omnipotent signs in women something that I had said or done must have displeased the young lady.

A few nights later, in company with a crowd of the boys at Norman's, I related the above experience. To temper down the chaffing I received cost me nearly a week's salary.

"I tell you," said the Water Front reporter, who had been to Samoa, and is credited with being one of the most "live" men on the staff, "if I'd been there I'd have condoled with that dear creature. I'd have been her 'Ideal,' and it's an even bet that she'd never have crowded me two inches to one side on that stool—she'd have done mighty well to have held her own."

After we boys parted that night the baseball reporter and I went home together.

"Jake," I asked, as the car sped us over the cobbles, "what did Billy mean when he said he'd be that girl's 'Ideal,' a big, fat, bruiser like him?"

"Never mind, Walt," said the baseball authority, soothingly; "when you've been longer on earth you'll know more."

Down here in Deming, N. M. (while one can hardly say it's on earth). I am learning some.

WARNING TO MERCHANTS.

What the White Fire Buggies Are.

The conflagrations that have of late been so disastrous should only be a warning to our merchants and business men with the fact that at any hour of the night their places of business may be enveloped in flames, while the owners are at home peacefully slumbering, and their valuable effects are being destroyed. San Francisco, however, is one of the few cities which has the advantage of possessing a well-equipped and painstaking Fire Despatch Company, which guarantees to each subscriber instant transmission to the place of business in the event of any danger from fire, either in his premises or dangerous proximity.

The Commercial Fire Despatch Company, whose main office is in the Flood Building, now has the city so districted that any merchant or business man (who may be a subscriber) can be conveyed to his place of business between five P. M. and eight A. M., and on Sundays and holidays within ten minutes of the sounding of the alarm. John H. Wise is the President of the Company, and Samuel H. Brown, the Fire Commissioner, Vice-President.

SPLENDID EXHIBIT.

A. LUSK & COMPANY WILL SEND FIVE CARLOADS TO CHICAGO—THE COLLECTION NEARLY COMPLETE—ON FREE EXHIBITION.

The firm of A. Lusk & Company, of this city, having been allotted space in the Horticultural Building of the World's Fair at Chicago, has determined to arrange an elaborate exhibit of California canned fruits for that purpose. To this end this firm has completed arrangements for the collection of an exhibit that will be the most complete of its kind ever displayed in this country, and which will tend to show to the millions of people who will visit the great Columbian Exposition the diversity and excellence of California in this line.

During the whole of the past season one department of the Company's factory has been working on this exhibit, and several hundred jars of California fruits have been prepared and put up in handsome jars, from twelve inches to six feet in height. The entire exhibit will comprise about five carloads. Beautiful silken banners are being made for the Fair, each depicting some brand of fruit prepared and sold by this Company and by the different agencies of the Company throughout the world. The whole exhibit will be surmounted by a grouping of the national flags, the collection embracing the flags and coats of arms of each State and Territory.

The business of A. Lusk & Co. is exclusively that of manufacturing canned fruits, and they have three extensive canneries, located in different parts of the State. They have retired entirely from the dried-fruit and raisin business, on account of the fact that the rapidly increasing demand for their superior canned goods requires all their time and attention, and severely tests the capacity of their several large canning establishments. The Company has opened direct offices for the sale of their goods in New York and Chicago, and they are now represented by direct brokers in all the leading cities in the United States. As an example of the immense business done by this corporation it may be mentioned that they have been the most extensive patrons in this State of the clipper-ship lines running from this city to New York. They have also been heavy shippers to England, as they have agencies in London and Liverpool. In an interview it was learned that their total shipments from their different canneries will aggregate about 1400 carloads for the season, which is by far the largest shipment made by any California company. Within the past few weeks the Company has received the first premium in the State of Texas for its canned fruits, and they have also received, at various times, gold medals (the highest premium) from the Mechanics' Institute of this city, and were also awarded the gold medal at the New Orleans Exposition.

A representative of the *Daily Report* personally inspected the Columbian exhibition of this firm on Brannan Street, between Third and Fourth Streets, so far as completed, and it is safe to say that nothing of equal interest as showing the horticultural products of this or any other State has ever been put into a single collection. This is in a room about thirty-five feet square, and partially shows what an elaborate exhibition the Company proposes to make. Any one sufficiently interested in such matters who may wish to view this exhibit can do so, as it will be open for inspection until it is shipped to Chicago.—*Report.*

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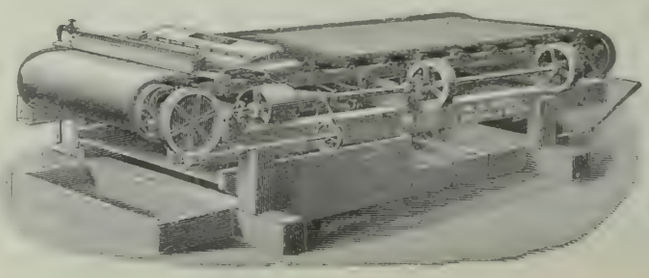

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SAN FRANCISCO CAL

MORLAND'S WIFE.

BY HENRY BIGELOW.

"Morland was among the dead in that last fight in Chile," he said to me as we lay Sunday afternoon in the young, sunny grass at Lime Point.

"I haven't thought of him for ten years," I answered, looking out on the quiet bay, with its blue ripples and treacherous eddies.

"I had a line from Peniston in Valparaiso yesterday, speaking of it and asking me to write the boy. The lad's with his grandfather in Sussex."

"I haven't heard from Morland since he was in South Africa, helping the Dutch to fight."

"Oh, I had a letter from him when he was in the Tonquin. He was an odd chap always, even after the wife went off in that queer way."

"You were with him that time, weren't you?"

"Yes, I was, and Peniston helped us out. You see, Morland married when he was only twenty. His wife was seventeen, and it was a love match. They lived in a fool's paradise six months. She was too fragile to be a wife, and they used to say she was the girl with the cameo face. Their funds went stale when the Boyntons burst up in the stock market. I was just starting for America and Morland said, 'I'll go, too.'

"He said it with a gulp in his throat, because she was looking out of the bow-window in a frame of Lady Banksia roses.

"'Don't!' I answered, because I was so fond of her, I was startled at the misery before her.

"'I must,' he replied. 'There is enough left to keep her in comfort—and she has her mother and father. I've got to get a fortune somehow and somewhere. I'll go with you.'

"Well, we went. First we tried it as pupil farmers in Minnesota—on the prairie. Then I sent home for some more cash, and we left in disgust for California. We struck San Diego, next Riverside, and all the while the hardest luck. Morland was full of bounce at first, and ready for anything. He didn't write as often as I would have done if I could, but everywhere we went there came a letter almost every day. Only sometimes they came in a bunch. At last—eight months after—he grew homesick. I don't know exactly how. I thought it was so, when he showed me a long letter she had written on the great square, thin sheets of foreign paper. It said that their little boy grew more like its father every day. He hadn't told me that a child had been born. It was filled with an inexpressible yearning to be with Morland. I blushed a bit, and passed over the loving, delicate names she called him. It seemed too sacred—but then you know I'm an Irishman. I wondered rather at Morland making me read the letter, and had a touch of indignation when I saw the last words, written far below her signed name: 'It is so much harder for those that are left behind!'

"But when we found good luck at Pasadena and then a Los Angeles he grew more restless and impatient than ever. He made me read all his letters, though he didn't know how much it hurt me, and I couldn't tell him.

"By and by a letter came which said that she wanted to join him in his California home. I remember Morland laughed hysterically as he read it out and mumbled over the sentences of love between, filled with the crowing baby's talk.

"He grew angry with me when I said he was absurd. I couldn't help it, you know. We were only in a cabin and we were simply trusting to the fruit for our fortune, and that fortune such a little one.

"I remember we walked into Los Angeles a month after to cable her not to come because I had shamed Morland out of it. It was so ridiculous and I was so sure the life would kill her in six months. She was meant to sit eternally before painters of ivory miniatures and not for the stupid waiting for trees that bear fruit by clay.

"The market was glutted that year and we failed. But hope came out of it the next moment when Byram took a fancy to us both and gave us a share in his place. How I remember the day he wired us, a year after, to the ranch, at San Luis Rey, saying that our fortune was made.

"Why, we fell on each other's necks and cried. I don't know why, exactly, and he thought it was for his sake.

"We dashed into town and sent the cable, and we asked for an answer.

"Morland didn't sleep that night, he was so filled with wildness. I tried to calm him, and we finally ended in walking about the country in the moonlight. Late in the next afternoon the answer came. It was only 'God bless you.'

"Then there was a month of waiting. The telegram from New York was maddening to me, but Morland began to grow more silent as the days increased. We took the steamer to San Francisco, and there was a day to wait. It seemed to me like the day before I should be hanged, and Morland talked to me as calmly as he could and said that he felt sorry he had unnerved me so.

"The overland train came in the afternoon in those days, and we two went over to the old Oakland wharf to meet her. I had a certain exultation while we waited, but still Morland was silent—so strange that I couldn't understand him.

"We watched the smoke of the train, as the men on the wharf said it was coming. It rushed down the long pier, and all the while I felt the horror that might hit me if she wasn't there.

"The train stopped, and we ran up with the waiting crowd to meet the dusty passengers. At last there came out on the platform a lady in gray, with a tottering baby at her side. She had a tired, flushed face. She glanced about her, and Morland cried out.

"She seemed to take all the steps at one jump in her flight into his arms. I stepped forward and caught the rosy-cheeked, dusty baby.

"Morland turned to me quietly, and said:

"'Get me some water—she has fainted.'

"I don't remember all that came after, for it was only confusion and a heartless, hideous five minutes.

"They had her carried into the sleeping-car, and laid her on a cushion. I hurried about calling for a doctor, but the ferryboat had taken off the crowd.

"At last the conductor said that he was sure that she was dead. He pushed away Morland's arm from her waist, and placed his head there, and Moreland cursed him.

* * * * * * *

"Poor little woman, she's lying over across that blue water there in Lone Mountain, and when I got Peniston's letter the other day, I was sure that she must be happy at last."

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LANDSCAPE PAINTINGS.

A LAYMAN TELLS HOW TO SELECT THEM.

What constitutes a good picture, and what are the necessary requisites to enable one to judge?

Many persons seem to think that because they have seen large numbers of paintings they are competent to pronounce upon the merits of any canvas. While to be familiar with the work of many artists and different schools is of assistance in judging a picture, it should be remembered that there is a great difference between a mere passing glance, or even admiration of a picture, and that calm study which is necessary to fair decision.

Virgil Williams was wont to declare that the first requisite in art was to learn how to draw, and that to learn how to draw correctly took seven years. While the critic should certainly be able to judge of the correctness of any given bit of drawing, there are many great paintings which owe their distinction not to mere correctness in outline, but to a subtle something which, by a mysterious power, draws and holds those initiated in the refinements of art.

A flash of true oratory from a gifted speaker will move an audience to demonstrative applause; and a figure painting, representing a heroic sentiment, will attract a crowd of spectators. The philosophy of some learned mind, while not interesting to the many, will furnish food for contemplation to the thoughtful; and, likewise, some modest canvas, representing more the soul of nature than mere outline, offers something that appeals to the finest sentiments of the human heart.

It is the favorite dictum of some connoisseurs that to be of any great value as a work of art a picture must be painted out of doors. The assertion is here ventured that the best landscapes have been executed in the studio; in proof of which are the works of Rousseau, Corot, and Millais, and in our own day, and in our own country, the productions of Innes, Keith, and Hill. A painter who thoroughly realizes how impotent is his art, compared to the subtilities of Nature, how impossible it is to match her coloring with his feeble pigments, will do best when, in the quiet of his studio, undisturbed by exquisite effects that disturb because they cannot be equaled, his soul stirs within him, and he endeavors to produce upon his canvas the effect that Nature presented to him.

Apropos of this is the story of a famous landscape painter who composed his best work in the studio. Having lately returned from the country, a number of his sketches lay scattered about. They were being looked over by a fellow artist, a firm believer in out-of-door composition at all times.

"Ah!" said he, "after all, you must confess that those things painted on the spot are best, that they have the spirit, the swing of Nature. Now just look at that tree, a beautiful bit; the leaves so full of movement, the whole so truly drawn. That tree alone is proof of what I say."

"Yes," assented the artist dryly, as he scumbled in a foreground, "I painted that tree in after I got home."

But for one who has not served a long and arduous apprenticeship in outdoor work, in all kinds of weather, and at all seasons of the year, to attempt to paint correctly would be like a *litterateur* endeavoring to write history with but a scant knowledge of his subject.

The finest actors are those who read their lines so naturally that we forget that we are before a stage listening to one who is only assuming a part, and imagine there is actually before us the character represented. This impression lasts until some incongruous detail brings us back to the fact that we are but looking at an imitation, and not the real. And so with paintings, whether painted outdoors or indoors, the moment an untruthful detail obtrudes the vision disappears and we see but the paint. Hence the absolute necessity to the artist of that long and painstaking apprenticeship so vital to a truthful representation.

Aptly illustrative of this is William Keith's work. The public seldom sees his sketches; they are but his memoranda of localities. Stored away in his studio are stacks of them, together with scores of memoranda books with pencil sketches covered with shorthand notes of color and various other facts. It was in accumulating this store-house of details that he has found out one of the greatest secrets in art, which, with his natural genius, well controlled dramatic force, has made him one of the foremost of landscape painters—*what to leave out.* This cannot be taught. Each artist must find it out for himself.

But there are many devotees of art more fond of detail than breadth, and who insist that as details exist in Nature they should be indicated on the canvas. Their error consists in that they demand of art not only more than art is capable of giving, but more than Nature herself actually presents to the eye. More exactly stated, it is necessary for the focus of the eye to change each time a view of different plane is examined; it is therefore impossible to at once observe in a landscape detail in every part of it. There is but a general impression and detail must be searched for separately. As a canvas is but one plane in itself, which the eye can easily take in without materially changing its focus, a general impression only should be given, otherwise the painter is going beyond not only his capabilities, but also the bounds of truthfulness, for it is impossible for the eye to examine detail in a foreground, and, at the same instant, study the glorious coloring of a sunset.

Color is the garment in which ever changing nature clothes herself. Some one has truly said that unless color gives the student exquisite pleasure he can never become a painter. Surely this same feeling should be possessed by him who would judge of the merits of a painting, not to speak of a knowledge of the many other essentials which go to make good composition.

The charm of a good painting consists not in what it represents, but in what it suggests. Its finer qualities are hidden save to those who are responsive. It is not so much what is shown. The principal mission of what is shown is to recall a past impression. The paintings of the Yo Semite are more beautiful to those who have seen the enchanted valley than to those who have not been so fortunate.

A connoisseur of the technique of art, of "handling," is competent to judge of the mechanics of the painter. When he adds to this accomplishment a thorough knowledge of nature, then he is competent to judge of the merits of a painting. But for one possessed of neither requisite to boldly declare, beyond the expression of mere opinion, that a production is good or bad, is assuming a royal prerogative ill-becoming the ignorant.

Studio "lounging" may give one a fair knowledge of handling, but to study Nature one must go to Nature. She has in inexhaustible store rich rewards for those who love her. The quiet of the woods, the grandeur of the ocean, the dawn of the day, the silent coming of the night—representations of these changes can only be truly appreciated by those whose souls respond when Nature smiles.

ARCHIBALD J. TREAT.

"OUR SOCIETY"

Blue Book, containing the names, addresses, and reception days of the leading Society people of San Francisco, and the principal social centres of the State, is now in a state of preparation for the opening of the Society season of 1892-93, and will be issued November 1st. We will be particularly careful in the selection of names to grace the pages of the Blue Book, and will eliminate many which have appeared in former publications. It will be kept on file exclusively at all the clubs, fashionable hotels, theatres, summer resorts, etc.

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CALIFORNIA AS A SANITARIUM.

In an article written for the *Californian*, Lieutenant John P. Finley, of the U. S. Weather Bureau, makes the following statement: "Theoretically, California should furnish the best and the most varied health resorts and sanitariums in the United States. Within her borders almost every form of wasting disease should find the means of temporary, if not permanent, relief."

This theoretical statement, from an unbiased, scientific standpoint, is fully and abundantly confirmed by actual experience. The cool and bracing coast climate, devoid of any trace of malaria, extends from the northern part of the State to the extreme south. There is the choice between this cool, humid atmosphere and the dry, warm atmosphere of the inland valleys.

In the matter of altitude there is a yet greater difference. From Palm Valley, 300 feet below sea level, to the upper Sierras, 7000 or 8000 feet above, any altitude can be selected, and comfortable homes be founded.

The peculiarity of an almost rainless summer, during which the injurious germs of animal and vegetable decay are destroyed by thorough desiccation, is one of the striking features of California climate.

During the rainy season it is usually too cool to facilitate fermentation, and the result is, except along some of the river valleys, an absolutely pure atmosphere. The ocean winds, entering through the several coast openings, are tempered by the intermediate area passed over, and often receive desirable healing properties by taking up the resinous ordors of the pines and redwoods on the Coast Range.

The skillful physician, acquainted with the climatic conditions, should find little difficulty in selecting a locality where climate and environment will do all that these agencies can ever do toward the restoration of health. There is enough of wildness to keep the mind constantly engaged, and enough of civilization to satisfy the most exacting.

Sufferers from pulmonary diseases, people whose systems are charged with malaria, or are "run down" by overwork, find immediate and, in many cases, permanent relief, in this invigorating climate, establishing anew the fact recognized by all intelligent persons, whether physicians or laymen, that "Nature is the best healer."

For full and complete information about California, or any particular locality therein, such as guides, maps, and descriptive literature of all kinds, call upon or address the following named officers of the Southern Pacific Company:

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ROMANCE OF A DOOR-MAT.

I am a door-mat.

He generally comes home from the club at about two in the morning. It is a great relief to feel that He is at home, as I can then resign myself to sleep without the fear of being trampled upon unexpectedly. When I know it is coming I do not mind it, as one can become used to anything.

When He first bought me the embroidered muslin curtains in that window over there were new. So was his wife, for that matter.

In those days He returned at eleven. Every month has added a half-hour to his nightly stay at the club. So you see He has had me, the embroidered muslin curtains, and his wife just six months. Now, as I am not good at arithmetic, I have a hard time guessing how long it will be before He remains away altogether.

But we are used to that sort of thing—his wife and I.

It appears that She is a door-mat also, although it must be some new kind. I know this, because I heard a lady who was calling say to her companion just as she pressed the bell:

"He simply *walks* on Her, my love!"

And the other said:

"*I* would never stand it, my dear!"

Which was all great nonsense if She really is a door-mat, as they are never consulted in the matter.

For a long time after this I regarded Her with curiosity. It seemed a strange thing for a door-mat to look out of a window night after night with a perfectly white face, instead of lying down quietly that people might trample upon her.

But I suppose there are door-mats and door-mats.

After a bit She was not at the window, and I saw two flitting shadows upon the embroidered muslin curtain quite often of an evening.

And I knew that a certain man with a cameo face whom I had often seen with Him was with Her then. I never liked the man. He had a way of looking about carefully before he tiptoed up the steps. One would say he was a thief.

Now, there are feet and feet.

And I always hated his. When he stepped upon me it was always with his toes, and his narrow-pointed boots gave me many a vicious dig. I can stand heels, but I hate to be dug into with these narrow-pointed toes.

He never walked in that way. He had a careless, square way of putting his foot on me which pressed evenly and never hurt. And as for Her feet—the feet of the Woman Door-Mat—I swear I actually loved Hers.

Dear little careless feet!

Careless, because half the time She would run to and from her tiny brougham without a thing over her satin ball-slippers.

"Such a heavy, heavy heart!" I heard Her whisper one night as she ran across me. But her little feet were light for all that. Once the man with the cameo face came home with Her just at dusk. And, as usual, he walked like a thief. And for an hour I could see their shadows on the curtain.

As he passed over me, in coming out, digging those miserable pointed patent leathers into me as he went, he was smiling, and I heard him mutter:

"I shall win her! She shall be mine!"

Fool!

For he had told me his secret. I—his enemy—knew that he was trying to steal His Woman Door-Mat.

Queer, was it not? If he had really wanted a door-mat, why not have stolen me?

A few days before Christmas an intimate friend of mine, the Snow, and I talked it all over. And between us we caught him.

I was simply immaculate that evening when the cameo-faced man came; for the snow had been falling softly, thus effacing every footprint. But as soon as he passed, tripping lightly from his cab, and tiptoeing over me with his narrow—peculiarly narrow—shoes, why, the snow waited and I held those footprints as I never held any before.

And at ten he went, stepping upon me once more. The Fool!

At midnight He came.

And it was such a white winter's night with the snow and the starlight, that He noticed the prints upon me, as I intended He should. And I told Him all.

"I know that foot," said He. "It is the narrowest I ever saw! He knew I was not here—as he left me— What—"

And He unlocked the door in a fierce hurry and rushed within.

In the morning when the house-maid aired the little library the muslin curtain whispered to me that there had been trouble within the night before.

"Who called?" asked He.

"Don't you know?" replied the Woman Door-Mat, nonchalantly.

"I was told that—"

The Woman Door-Mat smiled and shrugged her shoulders.

"He left me at the club."

"So he said."

"And knew—I was not here."

"Naturally. He has usually selected those times for calling."

"*My most intimate friend,*" said He, very slowly, looking at her in sorrow. "And you infer—"

"Is it not always a man's most intimate friend? Who but he knows as well when a woman is neglected?" And the Woman Door-Mat left the room.

But He sat there all through the night and early morning hours.

At last on Christmas Eve, when they were returning from a ball together, He carried Her from the cab to the door, running lightly up the steps and setting her down upon me. They were both laughing.

And as He placed her upon me He kissed her, while her white arm stole out from her furs and clung to Him. I knew that they were happy. Even a door-mat would have known that. It is absurd to be as happy as they were. There is no poetry in happiness.

And as He leisurely took his key from his pocket to unlock the door, He said:

"Dozie, I told you I was told that; you remember—the other night?"

"And who?"

"You are standing on him;" and He laughed.

Looking down, she drew her lace skirts aside, and glanced from me to Him, and then back again.

"That blessed, blessed door-mat!"

And then she sank upon her knees, dragging her laces in the snow—

And kissed me. Oh, it is true—I swear it!

And I—a door-mat—thrilled wildly at the touch of those soft, smiling pink lips. Probably no other door-mat in town has ever owned a like experience. Probably I shall never have such another. Yet I am content.

One kiss!

But I have heard that there are kisses one of which is worth a whole long lifetime filled with the platitudes of other lips.

And that is my romance.—*Johanna Staats, in Truth.*

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THE HOTEL DEL MONTE.

In speaking of Del Monte one may well be pardoned if one should exhaust the vocabulary of praise. When this Hotel was called the Queen of American Watering Resorts, the name was rightly bestowed; there was not in all the country a rival to the honor, and the passing years have not produced a claimant to the title. This magnificent hotel, the theme of poets, the haunt of Society, the delight of thousands, the home of an eternal summer, where buds never die, and where the humming-bird banquets the year around, holds a high place in the estimation of those who seek the luxuries of home at summer and winter resorts. No hotel in the world has the natural advantages that have made Del Monte famous, nor has art employed her myriad hands to the advantage of the public any other where as she has done here.

The grounds surrounding the great resort are an enduring panorama to the taste of those who laid them out; forests of oaks and pines and madronas; lawns soft and velvety, on which shadow and sunbeam paint strange figures; gardens, where blossom the flowers of every clime, stretch in yards and acres and miles about the hotel. To the visitor who comes from the ice-bound East, the beauties of Del Monte at this time are a revelation. The place looks like a vast conservatory; the air is warm and fragrant; the walks are bright with the embroidery of Flora; the hills sleep tranquilly in a blue haze; the ocean rolls peacefully to the sandy shore, nor ever roars with rage or shakes his mane; the beach is alive with bathers—and all things speak of summer that makes this charming spot its constant home.

The drives, of which there are numbers, are incomparably the finest in the State, and lead to spots where artists love to linger. Through forests of cypress, "bearded like Druids of old;" on the banks of some strangely still and silent lake; by the haunts of seals and sea fowl; through gardens of wild flowers; along broad and smooth carriage ways lined by giant trees, and giving glimpses of missions and monuments; past quaint and curious fishing hamlets, the roads wind to the presentation of scenes always new and beautiful. One may spend weeks about Del Monte without exhausting the rare beauties of the place; every turn discloses some charm of view and vista that was not expected.

For the pleasure and entertainment of the guests in the open air every provision has been made; there are great fields for baseball or football matches, the finest tennis courts on the Coast, croquet grounds, bowling alleys, and whatever else is needful for pleasure and exercise.

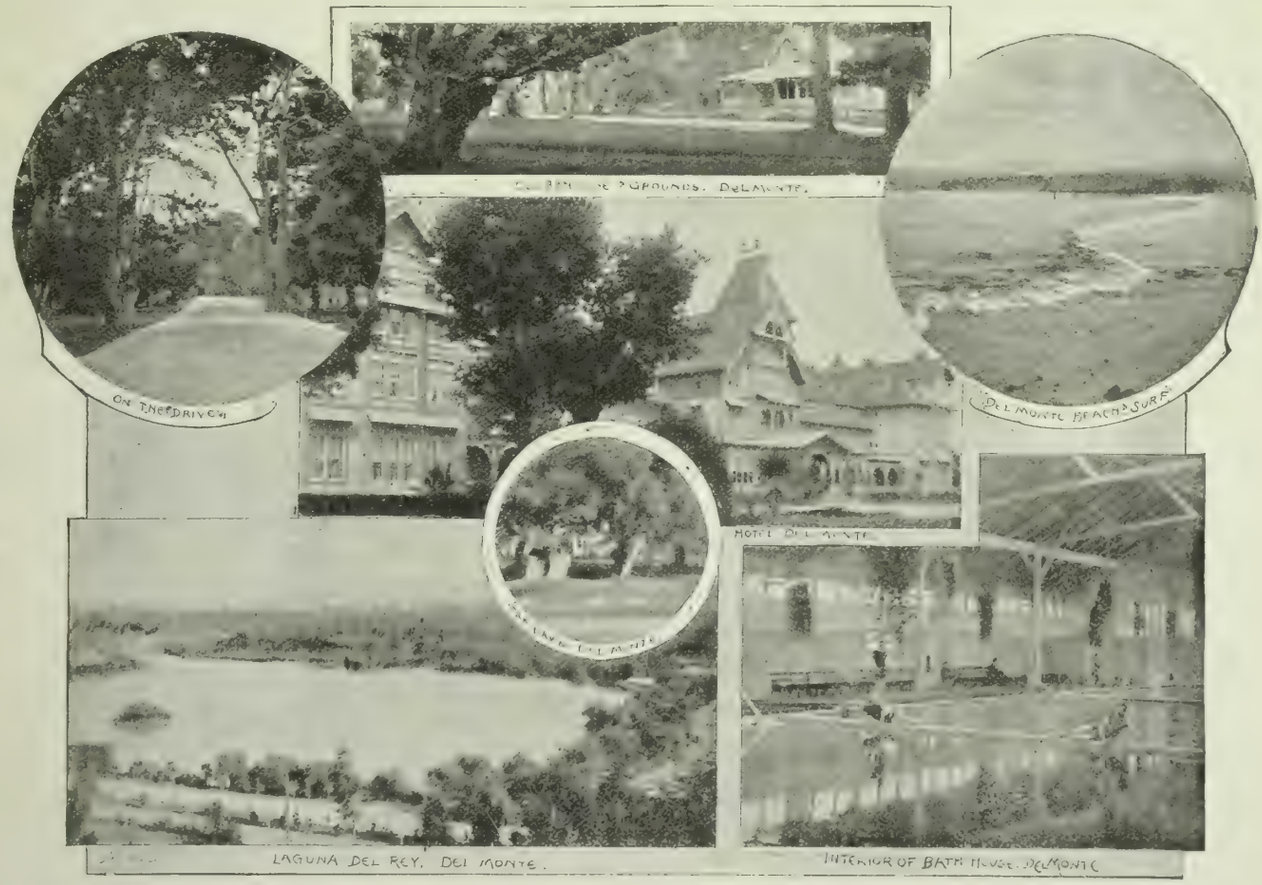
The hotel itself is a magnificent structure, in the designing of which the comfort of guests was as much a matter of concern as the artistic expression of a refined, though elaborate, style of architecture. Del Monte is an ideal hotel from all standpoints. In the splendid appointments of the apartments, every one of which opens to the sun; in the magnificence of the service, which is unrivaled in the caravansaries of the world; in the excellence of the cuisine, whose *chef* has an international reputation, and in all that goes to make life a pleasure, and pleasure a luxury.

The billiard-room for ladies, off the magnificent parlors, is a revelation in pleasure rooms; the tables are as true as any on which the great championships have been decided; the ballroom is spacious and handsomely fitted up; the corridors are heavily carpeted, and in the season present a kaleidoscopic scene of great beauty.

Although it was thought that nature and art had done all that was possible at this famous resort, another improvement has been recently made. An electric plant has been added to the conveniences, and throughout the hotel the globes have been put up to the further adornment of the immense chandeliers.

Some of the most enjoyable Society events ever given in California have had their scene at Del Monte; here the Country Club has its annual shoot; the tennis championship of the Coast has been decided here, and picnics, balls, and parties without end enliven the summer days and winter nights. The people are looking forward to the usual New Year festivities, when a big hop will be given.

The pictures presented here scarcely do justice to the scenes about Del Monte. But they convey in some small measure an impression of the beauties that abound about the Queen of American Watering Resorts.



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Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

S. S. "City of Panama" will sail for Panama, at NOON, Saturday, December 17th, calling at Mazatlan, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San Jose de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur and Punta Arenas.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc; S. S. "Peru," Saturday, December 24th, 1892, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "City of Rio de Janeiro," Saturday, January 14th, 1893, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "City of Peking," Saturday, February 4th, 1893, at 3 P. M.; "S. S. "China," via Honolulu, Tuesday, February 14th, 1893, at 3 P. M.

Round trip tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

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Cash Assets - -	$21,911,915	Assets in America	$1,956,330

WM. J. LANDERS, Gen'l Agent, 205 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

EXCHANGE THOUGHTS.

Here is encouragement to the defeated Congressmen in Washington now. How they will get home nobody knows. It is from the Sonoma *Democrat:* "It is possible to walk or drive all the way from New York to California without touching foot or wheel in a State that went Republican at the recent election."

Guest—Great Scott, man! Can't you be more careful? You have spilled the sauce all over my topcoat.

Waiter—Beg pardon, sir, I am sure. I'll pay for it.

Guest—How will you pay for it?

Waiter—I won't charge it on the check, sir.

Buckton—I wonder why it is that lightning never strikes twice in the same place?

Nendick—Because after it strikes once the place isn't there any more.

Apparently forgetting that the people of Monrovia who want beer do not want water, the Los Angeles *Herald* says: "The last proposition out is that Monrovia is to have a big brewery. If good water has anything to do with the quality of the beer, that turned out on the foothills ought to be nonpareil."

The San Jose *Mercury* has broken out in a new place. "Perhaps December has been called the 'last ember of the dying year,' because the old flame gets very little sparking at Christmas time."

Senator Frank Moffitt was always gallant. Hear him, in the Oakland *Times:* "After all, don't you think Mrs. Lease would be an improvement on Jerry Simpson and the windy whiskers of old Peffer? We do. We are opposed to Mary Ann for United States Senator, but we are more opposed to the sockless sage of Medicine Lodge and the whistling zephyr of Pawnee Ford. If Kansas must be represented by a freak, let it be Cyclone Lease."

The people of Santa Cruz have fled to the woods. The *Sentinel* threatens them in this manner: "The President's message, to the extent of five columns of printed matter, will appear as a *Sentinel* supplement Sunday."

The *Inter-Ocean*, strongly in favor of protection to home industries, says: "New York and other Eastern cities have contributed an advance guard of thieves and bummers for the World's Fair, and Chicago will be wise to build extra rooms in the workhouse and penitentiary to accommodate them."

The Stockton *Independent* accuses New York of a peculiar kind of meanness: "The New York newspapers are delighted at the bold robberies that are terrorizing Chicago. They regard the thugs as their best friends, because they think their crimes will reduce the attendance at the World's Fair."

Wife—"It's raining, and Mrs. Goodsoul wants to go home. I have no umbrella to lend her except my new ten-dollar one. Can't you lend her yours?"

Husband—"Great Scott! The only one I have has her husband's name on the handle."—*Harper's Bazaar.*

Reidson—Did you know that it snowed in New York the day after election?

Steveland—That wasn't snow.

Reidson—What was it, then?

Steveland—Why, that was dust from the departing Republican ice wagon.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

My friend of the Sacramento *Bee* may always be relied on to express two meanings in one package, as witness the following: "Weddings are following each other thick and fast in Sacramento. The infant industries of this section of the Nation are in no danger, even if the Republicans were snowed under."

The Sonoma *Democrat* is still shouting. It says: "Our political opponents were dreadfully afraid before the election of tariff changes. Now they want to precipitate them at once on the country. They will come fast enough, but not at your bidding."

FALSE ECONOMY

Is practiced by people who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist sell it.

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New attractions at Strozynski's show window.

Corner Ellis and Leavenworth.

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(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE	FROM DECEMBER 3, 1892.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*12.15 p m
.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, and Calistoga	6.15 p m
*7.30 a m	El Verano and Santa Rosa	*6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7 15 p m
8 00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton	*8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Martinez	12.15 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4 00 p m	Martinez, Stockton, Merced and Fresno	12.15 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4 00 p m	Benicia, and Sacramento	10.15 a m
4.00 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.15 a m
4.00 p m	Vacaville	10 45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8 45 a m
5.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	10.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	9.15 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	9.15 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
‡7 00 p m	Vallejo	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

†11.45 p m	Hunters and Theatre Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	‡8.05 p. m.
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.38 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.03 p m
12 15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations.	3.30 p m
*2 30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.37 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, Gilroy and Principal Way Stations	*9 47 a m
*4 30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5 15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7.30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

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[In effect November 1, 1892.]

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9.00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 10:00 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO to MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, A. M.; 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:20, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, A. M., 12 M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip Saturdays at 6:30 P. M. Fare, 50 cents round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days) 6:30, 7:58, 9:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:15 P. M. Fare, 40 cents round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:55, 8:15, 9:55, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:40 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:40, A. M.; 12:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:10 P. M. Fare, 25 cents round trip.

Leave San Francisco.	Through Trains. Destination.	Arrive San Francisco.
7:50 A. M. } Week 1:45 P. M. } days. 8:00 A. M. Sundays	Camp Taylor, Tocaloma, Point Reyes, Tomales and Way Stations.	10:25 A. M. Mondays 12:15 P. M. Week days, except Mondays 6:10 P. M. Daily
7:30 A. M. Week days 1:45 P. M. Saturdays	Howards, Duncan Mills, Cazadero and Way Stations.	10:25 A. M. Mondays 6:10 P. M. Week days

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Friday to Monday Excursion—Round trip tickets: Tocaloma and Point Reyes, $1.25; Tomales, $2; Howards, $2.50; Cazadero, $3.
Sunday Excursion—Round trip tickets: Point Reyes, $1; and Tomales, $1 50

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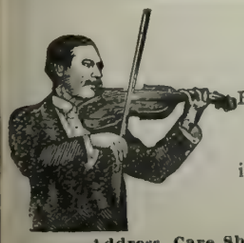

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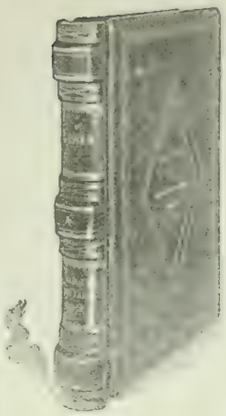

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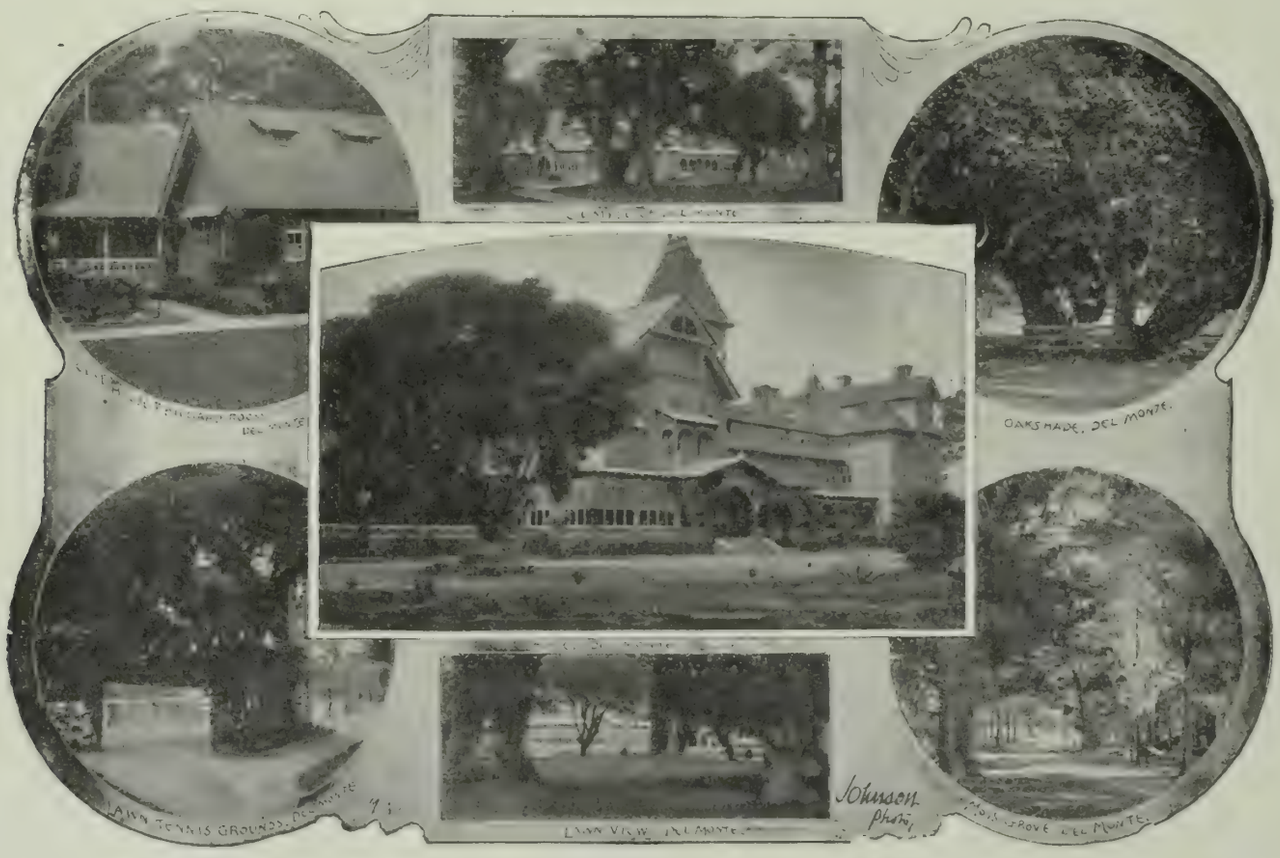
HOTEL DEL MONTE



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Vol. IX. No. 25. San Francisco, December 24, 1892. 10 Cents

The Wave

A Society, Literary and Political Journal,

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For advertising rates and all other matters pertaining to the business of the paper, address Nos. 26 and 28 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco.

J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

Entered at San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter, by COSGRAVE & HUME.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 24, 1892.

"THE WAVE'S" PORTRAIT ALBUM.

The portrait presented with this issue is that of C. S. Laumeister, Sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco. Mr. Laumeister has been here long enough to earn the respect and regard of thousands of people in all walks of life, and his popularity was shown unmistakably at the polls when he was elected. He retires from office willingly; he has given a clean, honest administration, and will take up his private business to the enrichment of himself and family.

SPLASHES.

THE BOHEMIAN CLUB'S annual exhibit of "pot boilers" will be made shortly for the edification of the members. The artists will hang up their pictures in the form of stockings, and the wealthy members will encourage the painters—by praising their works. Of course, there will be some excellent examples shown, but there will be some dissatisfaction at the manner in which they are hung. There always is, but if some of the gentle knights of the brush don't see their pictures skyed this year, I will consent to eat them—the pictures—frames and all. If the Club would take a suggestion from me, I would advise it to hang just one picture at a time; let it remain on exhibition for a week and put up another. To prevent a row over precedence, I would insist on the artists throwing dice for choice of first and subsequent views.

* * *

President Gerberding is making arrangements for the Christmas jinks, which take place on the last night of the year. There is method in that madness. As is well known, a large number of the members never go near the rooms excepting on a big jinks night; when they appear they crowd to the wall the people who use the Club on all occasions. It is, I believe, for the purpose of giving these gentlemen an opportunity of staying away that the jinks are announced for the last night of the year. There will be numerous parties on that evening, organized for the purpose of being in at the death of 1892, and it is expected that a large number of Bohemians will remain away. An excellent programme has been prepared for the jinks, and if the attendance is not as large as has graced past events the entertainment will be as good.

* * *

There is an annoying feature at nearly all of the Bohemian Club's jinks. As is well known there is considerable talent there of many kinds, yet the committees are unable to get up a proper chorus for their entertainments. Much hostility is shown when it is suggested that outsiders be called in to assist, yet when a chorus is needed there is not enough material in the Club from which to form a competent body of singers. The Loring Club chorus has been good enough to lend their voices from time to time, but many of the members—some of whom use their positions there for the purpose of pushing their private business—objected to this on the ground that the Club's hospitality was too conspicuously accepted. It is also stated that to outsiders who gave their services favors had to be extended, and members were crowded out on this account. What the committee will do on this occasion I am unable to state.

* * *

THE RELATIONS between the two Universities and the Olympic Club are liable to be strained for some time to come. The youthful managers of the great football match seem to have forgotten the courtesies due the older athletic institution, and omitted sending tickets even to the eleven. None of the officers were accorded more consideration than was given the most ordinary layman, though the Club voluntarily relinquished its box, which the boys sold at a big profit. The relations between Berkeley and the Club have hardly been intimate since the last football game at Central Park, and this episode is not likely to enhance the *entente cordiale*. President Harrison has always extended the liberty of the outdoor grounds and the gymnasium to the students, and it is curious they should have so forgotten the amenities.

* * *

My impression is that the Olympics will retaliate by barring them from participation in their games. This would be a distinct deprivation, and, under the circumstances, deserved. Reserved seats were put at the disposal of the University Club, and this fact seems to enhance the neglect. It is explained, however, that Vice-President Thomas especially stipulated for this accommodation, and the Olympic Club might have had the same by asking. However, that does not alter the situation.

* * *

THE EVENT for New Year's Day will be the formal opening of the Olympic Club's new building. Everything will be ready, I believe. President Harrison and the Directors are working like beavers. The contractors are far advanced with the woodwork, and the aspect of the gymnasium, of the swimming tank, and of the parlors, is promising. The ceremony is to be an elaborate one. In the morning a reception with the invariable egg-nog accompaniment; later on, a promenade concert to continue all the afternoon, and in the evening the formal dedicatory exercises and a grand concert. To this only the members and their lady friends are to be admitted. The oration General Barnes is to deliver. H. J. Stewart has composed an ode for the occasion and it will be rendered by a choir of trained voices.

* * *

With the New Year the Club advances its initiation fee from $40 to $70. Besides it has been decided to form a life membership limited to about 200. This is gained by a cash payment of $500, which exempts from dues. At present the club has 89 life members and 6 charter members who are exempt. The total membership is 1584, of whom 1367 pay $3 per month. President Harrison's efforts are being directed to bringing the roll up to 2000.

* * *

AN AMENDMENT to the Constitution is soon to be voted on at the University Club. It is proposed to admit twenty-five non-University members, men who will make considerable use of the Club and be active factors in its *menage*. Among the charter members are a small number of non-graduates, but they are of the prominent citizen type, and of little use to the institution. They are rarely seen at the clubhouse and are not productive save in so far as dues are concerned. If the amendment passes there will, of course, be a long list of nominations. These will be voted on until they are reduced to the requisite twenty-five who will then be admitted to all the privileges of membership.

* * *

This move is not made because of a lack of membership, for the institution is growing with welcome rapidity and its finances are in excellent shape. The ladies' dining-room has become immensely popular and every night both dinners and suppers are served there. In

fact, the returns from the restaurant department are already a valuable source of revenue.

* * *

THE POST-FOOTBALL reception at the 'Varsity Club was as successful as anything this flourishing young institution has given. The members turned out in satisfactory numbers, and all united in congratulating the heroes of the hour, Walter Camp and Thos. Lee McClung. Over the result of the great game there was much fun made. As neither team won, the silver football trophy remains for the next twelve months as an adornment of the clubrooms. Some very pleasant talks were made by different men. Vice-President Thomas, who has exhibited a great interest in the game, spoke of the moral and physical aspects of Messrs. Camp and McClung's visit.

* * *

The Glee Club from the University rendered in fine style some rollicking college songs. One college melody seemed to warm up the hearts of the Yale men in the audience and they joined in the vociferous chorus with which each verse ended. Afterwards a very good supper was partaken of and then quite a number drifted down to the Press Club where the Whitcomb Riley reception was in full swing.

* * *

THE HOLIDAY SEASON is to receive due celebration at the Concordia Club. On Xmas Eve there is to be a sumptuous banquet at which roast turkey and roast goose will be fittingly honored. As everyone expects duck at this time of year, the succulent canvasback will, of course, be a factor in the *menu*. Afterwards there will be a little speaking, some songs, and other exercises. The total membership, however, is looking forward to the great ball on New Year's Eve. This, I am assured, will be an event of the first water. Costumes that have done duty for the earlier months of the winter are discarded and new and dazzling combinations are brought forth. It is to be quite an affair. There will be no literary entertainment.

* * *

At 11:30 everyone will go to supper, and at midnight the feast will be at its climax. Then, the new year will be duly inaugurated, compliments and congratulations exchanged, and hilarity will be strictly in order. Preparations for the "Night in Venice" are progressing rapidly. The affair promises to be the most interesting the Club has ever given.

* * *

The San Francisco Verein celebrates the incoming New Year in an interesting manner. The German Dramatic Company has been engaged for the evening and will give a representation in the ballroom. The stage is of ample dimensions to permit several changes of scenery, and the performance will go off just as admirably as if it were given in the Baldwin. After it comes the supper at midnight, and then follows dancing, which, I feel sure, will be kept up well into 1893.

* * *

To-night Count and Countess Festetics give a dance at the residence of Mrs. Louis Haggin. Quite a number of young people have been invited, and the affair will doubtless be quite brilliant. Dancing ends at midnight, of course. It seems ages since the Haggins, who, in years gone by, were such generous entertainers, have given anything.

* * *

Miss Jennie Catherwood has sent out cards for a dance on New Year's Eve. About fifty men and girls have been invited.

* * *

A really meritorious applicant for public favor is the *Traveler*, a monthly illustrated journal published by E. Mc D. Johnstone and William V. Bryant. Typographically, it is the handsomest paper I have seen; the pictures are remarkably fine, and show in their arrangement the artistic sense for which Mr. Johnstone is famous. Even the advertisements are handsome, and invite perusal. The *Traveler* should be successful.

* * *

Early in February Mr. and Mrs. La Montagne, *née* Catherwood, are to make a flying visit to California in the private car of President Zimmerman, of sundry railroad systems in the South. Some very swell New Yorkers are to accompany them. They intend visiting Santa Barbara and the South before coming to San Francisco where the party remains several weeks. Undoubtedly they will be extensively entertained. Miss Jennie Catherwood will go East with her sister and will spend the remainder of the season in New York.

* * *

I have it from excellent authority that no engagement exists between Mr. E. Burke Holladay and Miss Mollie Torbert. Reports to that effect have been widely circulated by Dame Rumor, but there positively was no foundation to them.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Will Crocker, Miss Sperry, and Mr. Richard M. Tobin are now at home after a very enjoyable visit to New York. They were quite extensively entertained, had cards to the Patriarchs' ball, and met a number of prominent literary as well as Society people. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest La Montagne gave them a swell dinner at Delmonico's, and Albert La Montagne gave a theatre party in their honor, followed by a supper. At this, C. Dana Gibson and Richard Harding Davis were invited to meet them. Mr. Gibson was much struck with Miss Sperry, and, I am told, invited her to sit for him. I suppose one will have an early opportunity of recognizing the features of the pretty Californienne in *Life*.

* * *

An interesting *morceau* of gossip from Gotham is that Prince Poniatowski is paying attentions to Miss Birdie Fair with a view to a matrimonial alliance. There is no denying the lineage of this scion of the old Polish nobility. He is a direct descendant of Stanislaus Poniatowski whose son was King of Poland. This young man is said to be decidedly handsome and very deserving. Of course, he has not a cent, but he moves in the highest circles of European Society and offers thus a valuable equivalent for Miss Fair's millions. Strange the vicissitudes of families. Could a greater contrast in the matter of caste be imagined than this?

* * *

The next meeting of the "School for Scandal" Club takes place on the evening of Thursday, the 29th, at the Williams' house, 1925 Octavia Street. This being the third gathering, the evening is to be devoted to dancing.

* * *

In spite of vigorous efforts to keep the Fortnightly Club's entertainment out of the papers all its details appeared in the dailies. I imagine the ballet dancing feature must have been highly ed fying besides being amusing. Willis Polk is an accomplished votary of Terpsichore, and can pirouette with a grace and ease that even a professional might envy. The next affair is to be given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Eyre on the 28th inst.

* * *

I commend Mr. Alfred Wilkie's concert, on Wednesday afternoon next, to the attention of music lovers. There is no reason why the Maple Room at the Palace should not be crowded for the programme is of unusual interest. In fact, all of the musical *menus* served at these affairs have been excellent, and I hope the patronage has been sufficiently pronounced to encourage Mr. Wilkie to repeat the series later on in the season.

* * *

Among the gentlemen who graduated from the California Medical College a short time ago was Dr. B. J. La Grange, son of R. J. La Grange, late of Gloucester Gardens, Hyde Park, London. Within a few weeks these gentlemen will leave for Chicago, where they will remain until the opening of the World's Fair. After they have seen the glories of the Exposition they will return to England.

* * *

The San Francisco Whist Club seems to be filling a long-felt want at the Mercantile Library. A week ago a match game was played between members of the Bohemian and Whist Clubs, and resulted in a decisive victory for the latter. An effort will be made to get up a series of games after January 1st, the players to compete for a fine set of whist counters, of inlaid wood and silver, presented by Dr. Loryea. At the Mercantile Library now six to eight tables are going every evening, and some ladies are proving expert players.

* * *

The fancy dress cotillion last night was a brilliant success. Nearly all the girls were costumed as characters of romance and history. There were numberless dazzling confections. As I expected, half the men did not appear in court dress. The officers wore their full uniforms and added the glitter of gold lace and brass buttons to the general effect. On the floor, however, I saw more of the conventional full dress than the occa-

Richardson & Robbins' Plum Pudding—A Delicious Dessert.

sion called for. The decorations were superb, eclipsing those of the *bal poudre* last year. Miss Hager, costumed as Manon, led, assisted by Miss Maynard and Miss McNutt. The affair occurs too late for extended mention, and I shall reserve further comment for next week.

* * *

The hop at the Presidio on Tuesday evening was the sole Terpsichorean event of the week. As might have been expected, the ballroom was crowded. Indeed, there were too many dancers for dancing. Circulating was a task calling for consummate skill in the steering art. I am given to understand that Colonel Graham rather resents my attempt to defend him from the aspersions of his subordinates. As usual, my kindly efforts are not appreciated. I hope this recalcitrant military hero will mend his ways. There is ample room for improvement.

* * *

SOCIETY AT REDWOOD CITY has a choice morsel to gossip over in the elopement of Miss Miriam Kirkpatrick and young Mr. S. L. Brown. For months past they have loved—if wisely, rather too well for the comfort of *Mère* Kirkpatrick, whose approval was not vouchsafed them. Not that she frowned on the presuming swain. On the contrary, he was welcome as a guest, but not as a son-in-law, his financial resources being inadequate for the luxurious support of more than himself. He is in the service of the Southern Pacific, is a promising young man, and his connections in Washington, D. C., whence he hails, are excellent. His inamorata is the daughter of the late Dr. C. A. Fitzpatrick, and is a tall, fine-looking young woman who is quite capable of making up her own mind as the sequel goes to show.

* * *

They decided, some time ago, that nature meant each for the other and were not at all discouraged by *Mère* Fitzpatrick's opposition. To make the assurance of fidelity doubly sure, however, the two started off last Sunday for San Jose, and Dr. Haskell made one of them according to the approved method. They returned to Redwood City and said not a word of what had occurred. Monday morning a copy of the San Jose *Mercury* came into the mamma's hands. Among the marriage licenses she saw two familiar names—her daughter's and Mr. Brown's. Of course, that gave the situation away. There was rather a stormy scene. She refused to be reconciled to the match and vows the young couple will wait some time for her forgiveness. However, she will doubtless conclude to accept the inevitable. Mr. Brown's parent has considerable influence, having once been Postmaster General. Some of it he may exert for his enterprising son.

* * *

MY PARAGRAPH about Patsie Ritchie seems to have stirred up memories of that most interesting woman. Stories buried for considerably over a decade have again become current conversational coin. Here is one I heard the other day. Among other physical eccentricities she included a pronounced squint. How perverse looking were those eyes when their owner had delivered herself of some exquisitely ironic thrust! They glittered. Among her pet aversions was a Mrs. Carleton, whose salient physiognomical feature was a stupendous nose. Whenever she entered a room wherein Patsie was, that mischievous being made audible comments of the funniest character on the proportions of the organ in question.

* * *

One day, meeting Mrs. Carleton face to face, Patsie said, in a tone full of ironic sympathy:

"What a tremendous nose you have? Really, I think it is the largest I have ever seen."

Stung beyond endurance, Mrs. Carleton replied:

"Yes; I may have the largest nose in the world, Patsie, but *I'm* not always looking at it."

They never spoke again, but Mrs. Carleton passed into history as the only woman who had ever silenced the potent Patsie Ritchie.

* * *

Judge Coffey's virulent honesty is becoming somewhat of a nuisance. Undoubtedly a clever and witty man, he seems to be degenerating into a mere demagogue. Nothing delights him nowadays so much as curveting and prancing around as the only chaste, pure man on the bench—an attitude that is just a little wearisome, besides being stupidly egotistic. No one appreciates more keenly than I his many excellent qualities, but I am neither edified nor amused by his latest outburst. Not that I blame him for calling probate lawyers to time. I object to his aggressive manner of doing it. The difficulty is that he has not mixed enough with the world to realize the difference between wit and impertinence. It is very safe for a man in a baloon to be insolent and a bounce, but it seems like taking an unfair advantage. His judicial position puts Coffey out of the reach of reprisal, and it is ungentlemanly to take advantage of the fact.

* * *

The truth is, Coffey has the true Hibernian love of domineering. He is not an intellectual man nor has he especial strength of character. His honesty is constitutional and impregnable; he has an excellent memory and a clever wit. In the broad arena of the law he might never have put his head above water, but as Judge he is above men his superiors mentally and in practical life—if not morally. The result is he loves to bully them, to force his personality on them and he rejoices in the privilege to say cutting things his position gives him. Withal he never dares cross swords with a master of verbal fence. When lawyers of strong ability come before him he subdues his impertinence, and if he indulges in personalities, they never get any further than his clerk's ears. Someone once remarked that in reproving a bailiff or a recent graduate of the law college Judge Coffey rises to sublime heights.

* * *

IN JOURNALISTIC CIRCLES the subject of Loring Pickering's health commands some attention. Not that the old gentleman enjoys the favor of his subordinates for he had as little to do with them as possible. The destiny of the property is a subject of great interest, however. It is believed that George K. Fitch will be supreme editor and will dictate the management of the *Call*, which argues the possible discontinuance of the present policy of progress. Out of his private resources Mr. Pickering advanced the money necessary for the purchase of the new press and, despite his advanced age, it was he who gave the recent fillip to the editorial department. After his death I presume many curious stories will be told of his career. He never enjoyed even a minor degree of popularity, the coldness and reserve of his disposition preventing him from mingling in Society.

* * *

He managed the *Call* with far more ability and honesty of purpose than most people will admit. He made a family paper of excellent morals and considerable principle. It was free from most of the vices of journalism and was honest far above its contemporaries. I have never believed Loring Pickering and G. K. Fitch were bought off by the Railroad Company. They were "caved-down-the-bank," it is true, but not by the use of money. They were threatened with the kind of a boycott that killed the Sacramento *Record*, with the establishment of an opposition paper, and the exertions of the tremendous railroad influence against every firm that advertised with them. He is a cold, selfish, and crafty old man, is this dying editor, but for all that he was a good deal of a man and a gentleman.

* * *

The *Examiner*, I'm told, is making unusual preparations for the publication of a New Year's edition, something in an artistic colored cover. That marks a new era in journalism, although, as a matter of fact, the daily paper of the future will be about the size of THE WAVE, which is neat and handy. I hear advertisements are being prepared that are in themselves quite fetching. Of course, they have first to be got, but W. S. Dreypolcher, who is at the head of the advertising staff of the *Examiner*, is pushing the merits of the New Year's issue. Mr. Dreypolcher is one of the best advertising solicitors on the Coast; he has a very valuable acquaintance among business men, and always gives what he contracts for. I learn that he will be married in the near future.

* * *

WITH DEEP REGRET I learn of the impecuniosity of Mrs. Jackson. She is the wife of the late Supervisor, and a most estimable woman. Those who watched the career of her husband imagined, indeed, she

Richardson & Robbins' Potted Ham for Picnics and Teas.

would find herself comfortably provided for. Certain municipal speculations he had been engaged in yielded excellent results, and the assumption she could live in luxury was quite general. Strange to say, however, no assets could be found. A careful search of his papers revealed no deed, no records, and above all, no accumulation of greenbacks. He was a very careful man, was the late Supervisor. In transacting business with the various and sundry corporations whom the Board pillaged he took no chances. Cautious, shrewd, secretive, he defied detection by a variety of plans which, also, seem all to have defeated their object.

* * *

A few days before his lamented demise, Supervisor Jackson participated in a greenback distribution made on the eve of a Board meeting. He had received the sum of $1500 in greenbacks in return for voting "aye" on a certain franchise. Like the thoughtful man he was, he placed the little bundle in an inside pocket and carefully buttoned his coat over it. In the course of the evening he turned rather jocularly to a colleague who had been similarly favored, and remarked laughingly, tapping his breast:

"Rather a joke on me if I was robbed of this before it gets into Meyer's safe, eh?"

"The laugh *would* be on you," returned his friend.

A very few days later Mr. Jackson was taken seriously ill, and soon afterward he died.

* * *

A day or two later Dr. Meyers, whom everyone knows—the intimate friend and adviser of the late Supervisor, a very shrewd, sharp politician, who in his North Beach district is a good deal of a boss—accosted the very man whom Jackson had talked with, and begged the loan of $100.

"What for?" was the question.

"You're a friend of Jackson's, aren't you?" Meyers asked.

"Yes," returned the Supervisor.

"Well, he did not leave a cent. We've searched high up and low down, and not a nickel is there in sight. Mrs. Jackson hasn't any coin, and I guess you'll have to help me out."

"Meyers," said the Supervisor, "you know Jackson had money—I guess he's handled over $20,000 since he's been in the Board. I know he had fifteen "hun." the other night leaving the Hall. I guess you'd better look again." He searched again, but with the same measure of success. Not a cent in sight.

* * *

Since then, the bereaved wife has sold her home and all the furniture and is anxious to work. The story is in circulation among politicians who have various theories to account for the disappearance of the sack. Their suspicions, however, are impotent, because no legal measures to restore the widow her own could be taken, even if they knew its whereabouts. Among the stories told in connection with it is one on Dr. Meyers, who, prior to last election, was high up in the counsels of Messrs. Crimmins and Kelly. In the rear of the Third Street saloon a council of war was being held, and besides the political firm there were present three or four influential toughs and Dr. Meyers. The exigencies of the situation demanded more money, and the possibility of obtaining another assessment from the candidates was considered.

"As for me," said Dr. Meyers, candidate for Supervisor, "I'm cleaned out. It is as much as I could do to pay the regular assessment."

* * *

An incredulous expression came over the faces of his listeners. There was an interval of silence which one of the tough young men broke:

"Doctor," he inquired, sarcastically, "ain't it about time you broached that sack of Jackson's?"

History states the treed politician blushed, but this is rather too imaginative. It records no retort. Of course, the remark is quite without meaning, and doubtless had no reference to the late Supervisor whose intimate friend Meyers was.

* * *

Will Hearst is doing the Nile in a very sumptuous manner. He has a dahabeah of the largest size, and has with him a party of friends besides an artist from the *Examiner* staff. Before leaving Alexandria he had the craft luxuriously fitted up with all the imaginable conveniences, and the presumption is that he is thoroughly enjoying himself. The dahabeah was at Luxor when the news of Cleveland's election was received. The young editor immediately improvised a celebration. He obtained a quantity of fireworks, and got up a procession in which a number of Arabs marched to strains of National airs including "Tarara boom de ay." I believe Mr. Hearst does not purpose returning to the Coast for some months to come.

* * *

I CANNOT VIEW with any other sentiment than regret the impending retirement from office of Auditor Thomas J. L. Smiley. For the past four or five years that interesting personage, as I have observed him in the public press, has been to me an unending source of amusement. As Chairman of the Republican County Committee, when, it was said, the late Boss Higgins used to consult him upon affairs of state, as Registrar of Voters, by grace of the late curious Governor, Mr. Waterman, and as Auditor and Election Commissioner, he has seemed to me a character that the reporters for the newspapers would have done well to have treated more copiously. The fact that they have recorded only a few of his idiosyncrasies, and then only in a serious vein, appears to indicate that they have not appreciated him.

* * *

Although not enjoying Mr. Smiley's personal acquaintance, and therefore compelled to view him from afar, I regard him as the greatest humbug of his time. His blatherskiting powers are so far above those of Dr. O'Donnell that the latter is a mere excrescence compared to him. Mr. Smiley was formerly an auctioneer. In that business he picked up a fund of bad jokes, cultivated a species of rasping sarcasm and acquired a readiness of repartee that enables him to simply overwhelm the ordinary man. A politician who knows him informs me that until Smiley encountered Andrew J. Clunie, the talkative young lawyer, the old man had considered himself invincible. The scalps of his victims have been so numerous that his wigwam has had to be enlarged several times to provide drying space for them. But Clunie took all the conceit out of him. He blackguarded Smiley until the old fellow quite flew off the handle. "His jaw has been out of joint ever since," my informant added.

* * *

Much as I shall regret to see Mr. Smiley make his exit from the political stage, I cannot refrain from telling a story on him before he takes his departure. I do not vouch for its truth; in fact, I seriously doubt it, and if he attempts to hold me personally responsible for it, I shall promptly apologize. But here it is: Some years ago Smiley had a partner in the auction business almost as fertile of resources as himself. I believe his name was Wood. The firm was famous for doctoring asthmatic pianos, resuscitating rheumatic chairs, and reviving decrepit bedsteads, and passing them off as new. One day a ship loaded with Portland cement went ashore inside the Golden Gate. About 200 barrels of cement washed up on the beach, and, when recovered, were found to have turned into solid rocks.

* * *

For those unacquainted with the properties of Portland cement it may be well to remark that when brought into contact with water that material is converted suddenly into stone. The 200 barrels, each containing a block of granite, were sold at auction. They were purchased for a song by Mr. Smiley. In subsequently disposing of them Mr. Smiley's firm displayed its talents for business. The barrels were carted over to the Potrero, broken up, and the hard cement re-ground. New barrels, bearing fresh, bright labels, were provided and filled with the product. The "cement" was then placed on sale. At about this time James Phelan, Sr., was constructing the block on Market Street which now bears his name. He wanted some cement, and finding that that of Smiley & Wood looked as good as any, and was the cheapest in the market, he purchased the whole lot.

* * *

Imagine the rage of Mr. Phelan, if you can, when he discovered that his economy has resulted disastrously. The cement would not "set" at all. It turned into mud immediately upon being dampened. The whole lot

had to be thrown away. My informant says that a law suit grew out of the affair, but if it did I never heard of it. In fact, I am inclined to doubt the story altogether. It seems to have been devised solely to illustrate the propensities of Mr. Phelan and Mr. Smiley —Mr. Phelan's habits of economy and Mr. Smiley's fertility of invention in business operations. But of one thing I am sure. Whether the story is true or false, if Mr. Smiley returns to auctioneering upon the expiration of his term of office, I shall never buy anything from him without a warranty bond. Now that he has been Auditor and Registrar he will be more "foxy" than ever.

* * *

DR. CORNELIUS HERZ, the versatile physician, who is spoken of in the Paris dispatches as being connected with the Panama scandal, was formerly a resident of San Francisco. Considering that at one time he filled a rather large space in the imagination of certain worthy citizens of this city, it would be remarkable that none of our newspapers had searched its files for his history, seeing that some of the dispatches mention him as having obtained his first "start" in California. This is quite true. He did obtain his first start in this State. It was here that he began to practice the swindling operations which have since given him world-wide fame. His appearance in, and disappearance from, the social swim of San Francisco, as related to me the other day by one who knew him, are quite romantic, and well worth repeating.

* * *

Dr. Herz arrived in California about twenty years ago; he was young, handsome, and possessed a fascinating address. It is needless to say that he immediately "caught on." He soon made the acquaintance of prominent people, to whom he told fabulous stories of his doings in New York and Chicago. According to his statements he had been the lion of both of those towns. No one knew where he came from, and he gave out so many contradictory yarns about his antecedents that a shrewd few soon began to discount him. Among his friends were Dr. James Simpson, the late M. J. Keating, and Senator Peter Deane. Until he disappeared with considerable money belonging to these gentlemen they all continued to firmly believe in him.

* * *

Herz was an electrician and scientist. He claimed to have invented and patented several electrical appliances, one or two of which were to revolutionize the science of medicine. To a chosen few he imparted the secret of these discoveries, and so thoroughly were some of his new-found friends taken in by his wonderful stories that they loaned him large sums of money. With this coin and the returns from his practice he rented palatial apartments at the corner of Kearny and Sutter Streets, and for awhile flew very high. Suddenly, one morning, he turned up missing. When his creditors got together and compared notes they found he had duped them to the extent of about $25,000. From his warmest and most devoted admirer, the late M. J. Keating, he had borrowed the day before his flight $5000.

* * *

Of course, his electrical discoveries were all a humbug. They existed mainly in his fancy. But so plausible were they that he worked them off on the Parisian public several years later. Five or six years ago he "failed" in Paris for 2,000,000 francs, and to escape from his creditors he fled to London. His California victims never followed him, but when he turned up in the gay French capital as the hero of a gigantic financial explosion, they took pains to send over accounts of his doings here. Some of these found their way into the newspapers; but they seem to have had no effect, for it was cabled later that he had compounded with his creditors and agreed to pay them in full as soon as his "electrical" theories could be carried into practical operation. This treaty enabled him to return to Paris and resume his confidence operations. Running afoul of the Government as he has done in this Panama affair, however, is quite a different thing from victimizing a few private individuals, and it is not unlikely that the brilliant doctor will yet be jailed. Indeed, if the *gens d'armes* finally get him several of our own citizens will rejoice hugely.

* * *

BIRDS IN THEIR NESTS agree, and from all time have done so, but it is altogether different with poets in our local song factories. This remark, which at the first glance might seem gratuitously spiteful, is apropos of a tale now going around this town, of which Dan O'Connell, of Bluff King Hal fame, is the reputed father. Now Dan, as everybody knows, is not the only child of song resident within our city limits, and among his more potent rivals is the illustrious Patrick M. King, who is credited with having once alluded to Dan as merely a "Kerbstone Poet," whatever that may be. Well, when the campaign opened Patrick started a campaign song factory in conjunction with a kindred son of inspiration, to wit, Austin Reed, and began grinding out patriotic rhyme by the hundred weight. Now, Austin and Patrick being different kinds of poets, neither would trust the other to criticise his own work, and then arose a rub.

* * *

"I'll tell you what it is," said Pat to his partner, "and that's this: We can't be judges of our own goods, for every hen thinks its own chick is a peacock. But we'll take 'em down to that Kerbstone Rhyme-slinger, O'Connell, below on Merchant Street, and we'll see what he says when he hears 'em."

"A very sagacious suggestion of yours, brother King," acquiesced Austin. And down they went.

"Now Austin, me boy," began King, as soon as they had explained their mission to Dan, "now Austin, me boy, read that gem of yours on Cleveland."

Austin drew forth his manuscript and spouted, and at the close of every flowing measure King nodded his head and said, "Good, very good; there's lots of go in that," and other words to that effect. At the conclusion of the song—it was estimated that 200,000 copies of it, at least, would be purchased by the Democratic State Central Committee—King applauded vigorously. "Mr. O'Connell," said he, "what's your judgment? Now, honestly, haven't those verses got the true ring in 'em?"

"That's what they've got," responded Dan. What on earth else could the man say?

* * *

Puffed with pleasure at the sweet applause, Reed next suggested that his partner should submit a sample of a song which he had prepared for Republican purchasers only.

"Oh," said King deprecatingly, as he cleared his throat to begin, "this is only a little thing that I just dashed off as a starter; but—er—er—I think that it's—er—about—er—"

"Yes, that's it," interpolated Reed, "it's simply pulsating with patriotic fire." And Mr. King read his fervid effusion through.

* * *

"Isn't that inspired, Mr. O'Connell?" queried Reed, as his partner ceased. "Now honestly, Mr. O'Connell, don't you think that chorus is inspired?"

"Why, sir; there can be no thinking about it whatever," promptly responded Dan. "That's inspired, or I'll eat my hat."

"I knew it, sir. Thank you," said Mr. Reed. "Thank you, very much, Mr. O'Connell. And now, King, come along back to work."

* * *

The firm of song-makers departed. At the foot of the stairs Austin Reed excused himself. "Pardon me, Patrick, but I forgot to ask Dan for a book of mine. Wait here while I run upstairs for a moment; or hadn't you better meet me in the office later on?"

"I'll wait, old chap," said King, and he waited. Meanwhile, Austin Reed ran upstairs to Dan, and spoke to him something like this: "Say, Dan, old man, can't you do anything with that blithering idiot, King? You know he thinks that balderdash he read you now is poetry, and—"

* * *

"Pooh!" said Dan, "I know that. Why don't you take it and touch it up a bit for him? Now, you know as well as I do that it's hopeless rot, but you can't expect me to tell him so. Why don't you touch it up a bit? You can write poetry and may be able to tinker it up somehow; but, my God, man! you can't expect me to rehash stuff like that."

"I'm afraid it's no use, Dan. The old chap don't know what a chump he's making of himself. He'll never let me touch it. He's waiting below for me now; I must hurry off or he'll be getting suspicious. So long, old man!" And Austin rushed away. At the foot of the stairs King met him.

"By the way, Reed," said the partner,

"I just think I'll go ask Dan about that little ode I wrote on the Duke of Cheshire's hiccough the other day. If you wait here I'll be down in a moment."

* * *

When Dan saw the hoary head of the second poet he knew what was coming and forestalled the question.

"Great Jupiter, King!" he exclaimed, "can you do nothing with that appalling rigmarole that Reed thinks is a poem?"

"Hang it all, Dan, I've come to ask you what a man can do under such circumstances. He's my partner I know, but— Oh, damn it, man! that stuff of Reed's is simply a drool!"

"Can't you touch it up a bit, don't you think? Put some ring into it like there's in that song of yours; some snap, you know, some melody."

"I don't think he'll let me put a pen to it; but if he tries to sell it under the firm name we're ruined. He's waiting below now and if I don't hurry down he may suspect something. Good-bye, my friend."

"Good-bye," said Dan, and then he lay back in his chair and wondered did poets ever come like lovers in batches of two, said couples having two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one.

* * *

IN POLITICAL CIRCLES there is a single topic of conversation—the Senatorial fight. So far it is merely a preliminary skirmish the candidates are engaged in. When the Legislature convenes the real warfare begins. The status of affairs at present is that Stephen M. White has more votes than W. W. Foote and Jeremiah Lynch together. The great Los Angelan is strong in the country and has votes in San Francisco. But to elect requires sixty-one votes—a majority of the whole Legislature—and there are but fifty-nine Democrats. In the body are two Independents, one from San Diego, the other, a Non-Partisan from a local Assembly District. They can consistently switch their votes to make the required number.

* * *

The plans of White's opponents are directed to postponing a caucus of the Democratic members. This would exhibit the Los Angelan's strength. As long as a certain number of legislators refuse to go into it the *status quo* continues. It is claimed that White cannot get another vote, and that delay must add to the strength of Foote and Lynch. Yet, on the one hand it must be remembered there is intense feeling engendered in the Southern camp against the Alamedan and the *Examiner*. If it becomes evident that White cannot be elected, his votes will not be cast for Foote. That is positive. Here, then, is Lynch's strength. He has made a good fight, so far, and his candidacy must not be regarded with the contempt it seems to inspire in certain quarters.

* * *

He will poll a respectable vote on the first ballot, and if no other candidate enters the field will divert strength from White. The chances are, however, that Judge Wallace will enter the race at Sacramento, and he may cut a prominent figure before the end of the session. Of course, his candidacy will complicate the situation and undoubtedly a rancorous fight would be precipitated. If properly managed he would be strong, but the chances are against him finding the right man. His own selections have been singularly unfortunate. It must be remembered, however, that the astutest politicians on the Coast are behind Foote, and they are making a clever fight. One hears little from them, but they are active.

* * *

The *Examiner's* fight is a strong one. It is waged in a quiet, logical way that tells where vehemence would be discounted. The press of the State is denouncing the Monarch with vigor, but the paper means business and its broadsides are effective.

* * *

IN CONNECTION with the coming session of the Legislature one hears but little about "cinch" bills. This seems to argue that the boodle experiences of the members of the last Legislature, and the fate some of them met at the late election, have had the effect either of making the boodlers more cunning or more conservative. Although I have recently circulated somewhat extensively among the legislative politicians who hope to "raise the wind" during the next two months, I have heard nothing discussed but the Senatorial question. No one seems to know anything about my old friends the "canner's bill," the "valued policy insurance bill," the "pool seller's bill," the "gambling bill," the "pilo bill," and the other bills which have been devised to make people bleed who possess money.

* * *

The supposition is that all these "cinches" are to be abandoned and a set of new ones concocted; but that is a job of some magnitude and not easily accomplished. Years and years have been consumed in perfecting the bills named, and they are not likely to be easily replaced. An embryotic legislator, with whom I conversed a few days ago, said the expectation was that the Traffic Association would supply sufficient cinching material to keep the boys busy. "They are going to bring up a constitutional amendment to abolish the Railroad Commission," he said, "and then a bill to establish a rate of freights and fares. Some of our people will introduce a bill to reassess the rail roads. With the three we ought to make the Southern Pacific sweat blood."

* * *

This same gentleman, strange as it may seem, informed me that the Senatorial fight is not going to be a boodle contest. "Of course," he added, "some of our people will get very hot in the collar about this, but it cannot be helped. Neither Foote nor White has any money. Jere Lynch has some, but he declines to give it up. Hence we've got to fight it out on principle. Two fellows who are looking for boodle said to me the other day, says they, 'Bill, will it be legal to elect a Senator who don't put up?' 'Of course,' says I, 'you don't suppose a man has to buy your vote if he can get it for nothing, do you?' 'That's what we were told. A feller down at the headquarters told us that if Steve White or Billy Foote gets it without giving a couple of thousand a vote the Secretary of State won't give him a certificate.'

* * *

"I felt sorry for men like them, and said, 'Oh, he was fooling you. A man don't have to pay you if he can get you without. It's your business to see that he don't get the place without putting up.' They went off saying that if the law read as I said it did, it was an outrage, and they would introduce a bill to change it. Really, getting down to the facts, I think things have come to a pretty pass when a man can be elected Senator in this State without putting up."

Indeed this is so. Custom and usage make the common law, and it certainly has been the custom in this region to pay roundly for the place. There seems to be danger that if we elect a man who does not pay, the Senate will refuse to let him take his seat.

* * *

FEW SAN FRANCISCANS realize the Latin Quarter. Next to Chinatown the most interesting portion of the most cosmopolitan city on the earth's surface, it is full of curiosities, architectural, social, and human. It contains a dozen millionaires at least, and quite a number of men whom, if they are not listinguished here, have had their names in the history of the older world. The latest addition to the list is Dr. Nardi, the physician who accompanied U. S. Grant on his tour round the world. He is a very clever and rather a peculiar individual, this Americo-Italian, and his house, on the corner of Union Place and Green Street, is full of curiosities gathered in all parts of the world.

* * *

The furniture of the several parlors and halls is very rich and decidedly unique. The chairs and sofas are not of conventional patterns, and the generous hospitality the doctor accords to his friends is not modeled after the manner of this part of the country. Among the most valuable of his curiosities Dr. Nardi regards a collection of articles made from human skins. He is an expert dermatologist, and for amusement, some years ago, set about making this uncanny accumulation. He has boots made from the skin of a negro, purses constructed out of the epidermis of a beauteous maiden of fourteen, and sundry other things, each of which has a history. He has also medals, degrees, and orders, souvenirs of the war and interesting relics of Grant, on whose staff he was throughout the great struggle. The cross of the Legion of Honor was awarded to him for his services during the Franco-Prussian war, through which he served in the medical corps. Before coming to California

Dr. Nardi lived in Philadelphia, where he had a large practice. This he was compelled to leave on account of his health, which could not withstand the rigors of the winters there.

* * *

PRESIDENT HARRISON will, undoubtedly, be a great card for the Stanford University. The privilege of listening to an exposition of law from the ex-ruler of 65,000,000 of people is not granted many students. The inside history of the appointment discloses the interesting fact that Harrison himself sought the appointment. When he was here on that famous excursion he visited Palo Alto and was moved to express considerable admiration of Senator Stanford's plans. The beauty of Menlo Park and the climatic advantages of the region attracted him, and to President Jordan and the Senator he remarked:

"After my term is over I should like nothing better than to be connected with such an institution as this."

After the election Stanford remembered the President's remark, and through Secretary Halford learned that the great man was of the same mind. Hence the appointment.

* * *

Apart from the exalted position he has occupied, Harrison is one of the cleverest speakers in the country, and an eminent lawyer. Though by no means a wealthy man, he has a comfortable sufficiency of this world's goods, and may, in the course of a year or so, conclude to settle permanently in the neighborhood of Palo Alto. His expressions of admiration for the Coast have been strong enough to satisfy a guide book compiler.

* * *

THE BLYTHE ESTATE is, of course, a long way from settlement, but it is near enough to distribution to cause some of those interested in it considerable trepidation. It is a fact that not a great many of those even most closely connected with the great suit know how much the heirs will get, and the general public is in total ignorance of the sums that were contracted to be paid before the suit was begun. For my part, I am sure that the entire estate, if sold to-day, would not bring $4,000,000. Of course, the property is practically out of debt; there has been no waste, no extravagance in the administration of the estate, and in this the Blythe case differs from many others that have been tied up for years.

* * *

The amounts that the lawyers are to receive will make an enormous hole in the receipts of the heir, and the public will be interested in knowing just what sums they have contracts for. Here are the exact figures, and in each case an iron-clad agreement exists whereby Mrs. Florence Blythe-Hinckley will be required to liquidate the claims before she can call the estate her own. Attorney-General Hart, who did the greatest part of the work in gaining evidence, working up the case, and preparing it for his associates, gets 10 per cent; W. W. Foote and Garber, Boalts & Bishop will divide 7½ per cent; Mrs. Hall McAllister and her late husband's partner will divide 7½ per cent; Colonel Kowalsky gets 2 per cent, and Mrs. Perry gets 7½ per cent, provided that her share does not come to more than $500,000.

* * *

There have been some large drains made on the estate; Mrs. Hinckley got $600 a month for her maintenance; Mr. Wright has received $130,000 for his services; and there have been other charges. When the estate is finally settled, the fees of the administrator and his attorneys will amount to between $125,000 and $150,000; then there is the Mattingly judgment of, I think, $125,000 to be paid. The income from the property is about $19,000 a month, which is enough to keep the wolf from the door of the person who is finally declared the heir. The nearer to settlement that the case comes the stronger is the talk of a will, and I would not be at all surprised if, at the last moment, the document that old Blythe signed should be shown in court. That he left a will there is not the slightest doubt; its contents have been hinted at, and it is likely it will be produced by one of the claimants when the chances for recovering a greater sum than was devised by the dead millionaire are gone.

* * *

LITERARY MEN of first-rate ability seldom drift so far afield as the Pacific Coast. We have had Rudyard Kipling here and Cable, but to the majority of individuals whose names one is accustomed to read in the magazines this is a *terra incognita*. Among younger writers no one has of late years made more of a reputation than Hamlin Garland whose "Main-Traveled Roads" was so extensively read and reviewed. He interprets the life of the Prairie States with ruthless fidelity. Besides, he is deeply interested in Single Tax and other great questions of socialism and modern reform generally which he has of late been inculcating in his books. He arrived here Monday last and on Tuesday evening read scenes from his books in Metropolitan Hall.

* * *

As his identity and the fact of his presence here had not been properly advertised the audience was rather a thin one, and not by any means adequate to his reputation. Personally, Mr. Garland is a quiet, sincere, earnest young man, with a keen sense of humor and a very distinct individuality. He is an agreeable talker, an excellent listener, and a keen student of character. He is spending Christmas with his parents, who are temporary sojourners at San Jose. It is a pity he goes South immediately, for he is a man whom the handful of literary people here would honor themselves by entertaining. Admirers of his work will rejoice to hear he is about to publish another series of stories similar to "Main-Traveled Roads."

* * *

I AM TOLD that among the large army of gentlemen who are marching up to seize office is ex-Candidate for Governor Pond. Feeling time hang heavily on his hands, through having enough money to be able to employ small-salaried men to handle his business for him, he is ambitious to serve his country as Collector of the Port. Against his candidacy for that position I must protest. I have no objection to any man's efforts to benefit himself; I do not object to Mr. Pond because he is not qualified for the position; I do not oppose him in the interest of anyone else; I object to him on the ground that if he gets the collectorship he will seek the Presidency, and for his own sake I think it better to refuse him the smaller place as his inability to gain the chief magistracy might prove fatal to his remarkable gift of asking.

* * *

Why does Mr. Pond ask to be appointed Collector? Does he need the salary? Have the remarkable efforts that he made for the Democratic party caused his discharge by bigoted Republican employers? Has he done anything lately that entitles him to the position? I think that "no" will be the answer to each of these questions. Mr. Pond is a very rich man; he can retire from business any day, and the interest of his capital will keep him in luxury; his efforts on behalf of the Democracy were of such potency that he was, in my estimation, the main cause of the defeat of the Democratic candidate for Mayor. Mr. Pond has not yet explained why he did not nominate Colin Boyd after he had promised to do so; there is some inside story to that that Mr. Pond may relate in these columns if he so desires, but so long as he is accused of betraying his friend he cannot hope to get any office that will bring him into

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close connection with the business men of this city. When it became known that Mr. Pond had promised to nominate Colin Boyd, and had then refused to do so, the latter's friends saw to it that the man in whose interest Mr. Pond had acted was laid under the snow.

* * *

STRANGE ARE the usages of economy. If I did not know the fellow's proclivities so intimately I should be inclined to discredit a story about Tom Gin that they told me at the Press Club. Never had anyone more respect for a dollar than he, and, in the fine art of saving, Nick Luning might have taken points from him. What think ye, artists in parsimony, of this method of meeting a board bill, though? The payment of that weekly subsidy used to hurt Tom's tenderest susceptibilities. He tried housekeeping, rooming—every imaginable scheme to reduce his expenditures, but without adequate result, until there crossed his path an Irish landlady who fancied his journalistic reputation. Her husband had political ambition about the same time and some perception of the value of advertising.

* * *

Tom Gin became an inmate of the establishment, and, seated at their own private table, served by the handsomest waitress in the house, gave him points and paid her compliments between courses. When conversation became general they talked real estate. Those of us who are not experienced would be surprised how a paragraph or so reduces a board bill. But time came when the ambition of the husband was gratified and the landlady reaped a carriage. Then, wanting advertising no longer the journalist's bills began to climb like vines in spring. But they continued the best of friends. One day, however, she invited him to ride with her in the park and he, pleading another engagement, begged to be excused. I think he told someone his objection to conferring distinction on people who forgot when interest was due on the investment.

* * *

Just what form of diplomacy was utilized I have no means of learning, but the next invitation was not refused, and now any very fine afternoon you may see the editor and the landlady out in the Park. A placid smile irradiates her fine, honest, Hibernian face, and whenever he cracks a joke her rich laugh peals Irish diamonds through the groves. And he—since that auspicious moment his happiness is complete. Nowadays the compound term board-bill has neither meaning nor terror for him.

* * *

I am informed that the *Wasp* is not dead The belief that it had ceased to exist was pardonable when it was known that Tom Flynn was trying his 'prentice hand at the idiotorial helm. Having killed rowing as an honest sport, I was inclined to think he could kill a paper like the *Wasp*, and while my informant may be correct in saying it is not dead, my knowledge of Flynn makes me confident that its lease of life is short.

* * *

THE LEAST OSTENTATIOUS Christmas offering given to deserving charity this year was that of the Directors of the Blood Horse Association. These gentlemen who, if given a little time, will lift horse-racing from the position it has occupied in this city to one of legitimate sport, determined, two weeks ago, to devote the receipts of one meet to the needy charities of San Francisco, and last Friday was decided on as the day likely to produce the largest proceeds. There were no trumpets blown or drums beaten; the Directors and members of the Association paid their money, got their friends to attend, and almost without assistance from the press raised $1429. On Monday the money was divided among the following charities: The California Women's Hospital, Little Sisters' Infant Shelter, Nursey for Homeless Children, Associated Charities, Fruit and Flower Mission, the Benevolent Society, and the Francesca Relief Society.

* * *

There has been a great deal of noise made over the raising of a much smaller sum than that, and the people who give their services for charity usually secure more than the work is worth in advertising. The members of the Blood Horse Association made very little outcry, and I notice that no one is being advertised for his work in the matter. There is some talk of getting up a gentleman's race on behalf of some charity, in which the horses shall be ridden by their owners. It is to be hoped that those who have the project in hand will push it forward.

* * *

TO ASSUME IMAGINATION a common quality is to exhibit sturdy ignorance. Few men have the capacity to invent an episode, fewer to think up a climax. Though veracity is even rarer, most of us have it constantly in mind and, unconsciously, expression is fettered. As a *raconteur* ex-Senator Fair has this advantage over rivals—that he regards facts merely as material for embellishment. Occurrence is of no importance to him, provided the narrative has artistic value. Here is his latest story, and though it is related as an actual happening the ex-Senator would be properly contemptuous of a listener who believed anything half so interesting could happen.

* * *

Considerations of space prevent my reproducing all the verbal embellishments Fair used to decorate this tale. It is given in a confidential tone; in places the rich, full brogue he has sinks to a hoarse whisper. So graphic is the picture he conjures up that one imagines one's self on the plateau in Chihuahua—in the distance snow-capped peaks—a huge rolling plain, dimly illumined by a wintry moon.

"Do ye know, there is more truth in some of the ould stories those preests tell than I eever believed. Those Mexicans have a leegend that the Saviour, riding into Jeeroosalem on an ass, left the marrk of His cross on the poor little animal's back. Since then all donkeys, or burros, as they call them in Mexico, have boorne the sign. At midnight on certain nights of the yeer this cross shines out luminous with preecous sthones.

* * *

"We were crossing the plains, Angus and I, afther visiting the butiful cathedral at Chihuahua. Our pack mules went asthray and we had to camp there out in the o-pen air without a bit of covering over us. It was a coold night. The guide made a little fire, and there we lay down, Angus and I. He always sleeps well, Angus does, and, indeed, afther I got a little warm, I dozed off mesel'. I think 'twas midnight I woke up, and I looked over to where our burros were picketed and I saw something glittering and blazing on the back of me own donkey. I didn't beelieve me eyes, but there was the most wonderful thing I ever saw. As plain as me own name on the safe there, was the cross all in dimonds and breelunts that almost dazzled me. 'Twas butiful, but in a few minits it faaded away, and just thin I pulled out me watch, and there it was just a little after twelve o'clock."

It is in the most mysterious of whispers that the gifted narrator tells how he saw the time.

The Witness.

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LITERARY WIVES.

BY HENRY BIGELOW.

I am against them from first to last, and I would rather have married that soft, black-eyed, foolish little daughter of Shyloc than be wedded to a dozen Portias. A literary woman is like a whistling girl and a cackling hen—"neither fit for God nor men."

I never knew a writing wife who was not untidy, and as for the poetesses they are all ignorant of baths and hairpins. I have watched the careers of more than a dozen female writers who entered into the holy bond of matrimony, and only one of these marriages has turned out happily; and this one only because the woman is a perfect angel—though her hair is always shedding its hairpins, and she lets her mother-in-law take care of the baby.

Book-learning is good enough for men if taken moderately, but Heaven save me from a wife that knows anything beyond her Bible and Miss Yonge's novels. In women we see nature reflected. They are sleek animals, and it is this quality in them that attracts man. They act entirely from instinct in their natural state, while we men are always trying to get "pointers" from history, or from one another, forgetting our several temperaments.

It is a blessing that there are not many men who have chosen literary wives, because the "Blue-Stocking" never acts, like her sisters, from instinct, but copies the sterner sex, and reasons with her sentiments and emotions.

A pretty little bread-and-butter girl sees a fellow she likes, and ten to one she bears him fat cherubs, and sees to it that the cook makes his dinner table smile; but your pen-pricked woman burns her brain till there are dark rings beneath her eyes, and wanders about the earth with cavernous cheeks seeking her "affinity." As a rule she never finds her "affinity," and dies an old maid; but if she does, he is either a crank or an ass. If he is a crank, the two at once proceed to become a combined nuisance, and go on a mission; if he is an ass, he is always a stupid, good-natured one who is content to stir the soup, and see that the first and only baby gets its pap.

Literary women are averse to bearing children, and therefore enemies of the State and the moral laws of Society. They are willing to amuse themselves with one doll, and after that they must be devoted to their Art. Napoleon Bonaparte showed his excellent sense when he banished Madame de Stael from France. He wanted women who would supply the empire with staunch, worthy men, and not with gossip.

It has always been a marvel to me how this literary habit becomes so dangerous to the femininity of woman. The other professions left open to women—saving the law—do not destroy those exquisite qualities of grace and love which men most prize. Take the actress, for instance; she preserves all that gentle tenderness of which the stage cannot deprive her. She is constantly an object of public admiration, and her beauty feeds on it; yet she makes a charming wife, as a rule, and it is always her husband's fault if he is not happy.

The same rule applies to the woman who sings and the woman who paints pictures. They are apt to have little or no book-learning—all of them—and in consequence have not tasted of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Really, I believe that Mother Eve was driven out of Paradise because she began writing fashion letters to the newspapers; and it is not at all unlikely that the big snake had promised to buy her a typewriter if she'd be real obliging.

To speak personally, I married a woman who never reads the newspapers, and I am mighty glad of it. They are bad fodder for wives, for they suggest constantly vague suspicions of what men are doing in the line of crime and baseness. Why not leave a woman in all that angelic sense of purity and innocence which she never need lose, even though married?

I wonder how much book-learning the Virgin Mary had? Do you suppose she could spell her own name? And yet that is the kind of a wife I would wish for. She was content with the lowly manger, and afterward she was not afraid to take a long, thirsty, dusty trip to Egypt through a hot wilderness.

Do you remember how a fashionable Roman *dilettante* called on the mother of the Scipos and displayed her diamonds? What did Cornelia say? Why she pointed to her two boys and exclaimed: "These are my jewels!" How angry the other woman must have been! I do not doubt that she dabbled in literature.

But to be sensible, the fact is that the more women try to imitate men, so much the more do they become like him, and therefore so much the less fitted for his companionship. I place woman far above man in the human scale, and I exact from woman that she shall preserve the ideal of womanhood.

There is a pessimistic female named Olive Schreiner, who is doing more to destroy the sacred barrier which guards woman from man than any other person I know. She wrote the "African Farm," "A Dream in the Desert," etc. Her philosophy is sickening, and immoral in the extreme; not indecent, but worse than that—discouraging to a virtuous life. To have this woman for a wife would be like life in Hell to a man possessed of the memory of his gentle mother, and endowed with heart and courage given him by her.

The composer Chopin tried to exist on an idyllic island of the Mediterranean with Georges Sand. What bitterness and unhappiness came to them both! And, again, when a captivating poet tried the same life how woefully did he fail. Here was a woman who has never had an equal among her sex in the art of literary creation, yet she smoked strong cigars and was constantly untidy.

So, if a woman must write, let her never marry, for as sure as fate she will make her husband as unhappy as herself. Let her imitate the poetess Sappho, and be the leader of a band of ink-spattered maidens, wandering along the desolate shore of a romantic sea.

GOOD COOKING

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The editor of the Oakland *Tribune* will have his fling. He says: "The shrill controversy among the ladies who travel on shape over the model of the Montana statue becomes rather tiresome, but we may be allowed to offer a suggestion that Miss Lillian Russell furnish the model for the 'fatted calf.'"

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The Wave

A Society, Literary and Political Journal.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, December 24, 1892.

THE BLIGHTING EFFECT OF FRAUD.

Two interesting out-door sports, baseball and horse racing, are rapidly being jockeyed to death in this town. The prevailing races of the Blood Horse Association have given rise to charges and counter charges which, if borne out by the facts, ought to lead to the utter disgrace and discredit of the organization. For the most part people attend horse races to wager their money. If conducted fairly, wagers laid upon contests of equine speed constitute the most harmless if not the least objectionable of all forms of gambling. Men who lose their money on honest races do not usually grumble.

But how vain for a man to pay his car fare out to the Bay District Track and lose his money on a programme race! Much more satisfaction would be obtained by hunting up one of the brace faro games, which Chief Crowley cannot find, and subjecting himself to honest highway robbery. If the Blood Horse Association does not see that its races are fairly conducted it will be but a short time ere it will itself be ruled off the track. The Directors are using their influence now in the interest of honest sport, and the earlier they apply the power they have the better it will be for all concerned.

In this State baseball, the most interesting of all our National sports, has long been the plaything of "Mike" Finn, "Colonel" Robinson, and "Uncle" Harris, who have used it merely to rake in ducats. I have never known the championship pennant to be won except under circumstances that plainly pointed to jobbery. These "managers," by constantly parading their "fights" before the public and manipulating their players in order to make an "exciting" finish, have disgusted all the admirers of the National Game and well nigh destroyed their interest in it.

The proceedings of the California League on Tuesday, when three of these baseball jockeys wreaked their vengeance on Manager Vanderbeck, of Los Angeles, because he had beaten them at their own game, merely capped the climax of a long series of indecent exhibitions.

An old horseman once told me that he always felt guilty when he won money on a trotting race. "I never mix it with honest money," he said; "I pay my taxes with it." He firmly believed that all trotting races were a swindle. He was of opinion, however, that the running affairs, owing to the ability of the horses to get away from the jockeys and win in spite of them, were still safe betting propositions. But if tricks in starting and judging are to be introduced, money won on running races will soon, also, only be fit for the Tax Collector.

As for professional baseball, it has been murdered by its managers. Football, under respectable auspices, will next year take away all its interest.

AN ODORIFEROUS COMMITTEE.

If I were to be asked my opinion (which I am not to be) uld say that the gentlemen who contemplate reorganizing the Republican party in this city with the present County Committee for a basis, may as well save themselves the trouble. That body has been so thoroughly uprooted and exposed that its very name is a stench in the party nostrils. Any attempt to reorganize it would simply be looked upon by the public at large as an amusing exhibition of imbecility.

There is but one way to reorganize the Republican party in this city. The County Committee must first die. I mean figuratively. It must, in short, take a transfer and get off the earth. If the Republican party ever expects to succeed again in San Francisco it must send Mr. Martin Kelly to Carlsbad and banish Mr. Philip Crimmins to the Dry Tortugas. The presence of either in the city —the mere suspicion that either still claims to be a Republican—would be enough to defeat any ticket the party might nominate.

Two years hence there will be a Governor and a State ticket to select. No State Convention of which the mind can now conceive would have the hardihood to seat a Kelly and Crimmins delegation from this city. With the sentiment that prevails here in the Republican party against these bosses, such a proceeding would be foolhardy. It would invite defeat. There is but one use to which the Republican County Committee can now be put. It will make excellent coffin meat, and it should be interred without ostentation or display. Even a simple burial service might attract the attention of the Health Department and cause that arm of the government to order the removal of the body beyond the city limits.

The present weather clerk, Lieutenant Jenkins, differs from all his predecessors in his manner of handling climatic changes. He has informed a newspaperman that he is not certain whether it will rain or not within twenty-four hours. This action of Lieutenant Jenkins takes predictions regarding the weather out of the bean-guessing list of contests, and puts it where it probably belongs, among the "impossible to tells." Still, Lieutenant Jenkins has fallen in the public estimation.

* * *

It seems that the only honest man in Paris to-day is the unfortunate fellow who did not get a chance to steal something. I believe that the French have a proverb to the effect that "Opportunity makes the thief." No such scandal as this shown in the Panama Canal investigation has ever before blackened the page of a Nation's history, and the Republic must, indeed, be on a strong foundation if it can stand against the arguments of its foes that only under a government of the people could such wholesale robbery be perpetrated. The Republic is in danger; the French love change; revolutions correct abuses; submission courts aggression; the lever of outraged public opinion is now under the keystone of the government, and further evidences of corruption will weigh hard enough on it to throw down the Republic.

* * *

Romance is not absolute in Los Angeles. But the youthful millionaire who married the lovely waitress in his papa's hotel is a rare type. Imagine a local Crœsus doing aught so daringly unconventional. Mr. Johnson is evidently courageous, and, assuming that only the brave deserve the fair, it is satisfactory to learn the lovely Miss Victoria Shepherd is a blonde. If she is as admirable in her new role as she was capable in her old one, Mr. Johnson has won a prize. At least she must have learned the shining virtue of obedience—the modern hobgoblin of the female mind.

* * *

One day this week Police Judge Rix fined a Chinese $100 for foolishly permitting himself to be caught witnessing a fan-tan game. The same day another Police Judge fined a white person $5 for attempting to violently rob a friend. The only comment I can make on this is that Justice is not so blind as those who believe in Santa Claus think.

* * *

Now that the Supervisors are holding their final meeting would it not be well to nail down the City Hall? The next Board may want to meet there.

* * *

From unmistakable signs that are agitating the heaving bosom of the stock-market one may have no hesitancy in stating that the succulent mud-hen will be a pleasing feature of the mine-owner's Christmas *menu*.

* * *

If anyone doubts that advertising pays, that one should talk with C. L. Dingley, Jr. That gentleman made enough money in advertising his flour to retire to a chateau at Belvedere. He is in the field again, this time with Geyser Water, and the proprietors of bottled *aqua pura* will be called on to exercise some ingenuity and expend considerable money to hold him down.

* * *

At this happy time The Wave wishes all its readers and all the readers of its contemporaries a Merry Christmas. It forgives nearly all its enemies; congratulates some of its rivals on their remarkable strength of imagination when speaking of their circulation, and hopes that all the stockings in the land hung up this evening will be filled to the heart's content of old and young.

MUSIC.

THE YEAR'S PROGRESS.

A distinct advance can be traced in the course of the musical events of the year just passing away, and the step forward has been made solely through the efforts of musicians who have been laboring in our midst for some years past. Taken widely, the benefit accruing to our public from the visits of itinerant companies and players has been infinitesimal this last year. For opera we have had displays weak and unambitious beyond compare with the remembrances of other seasons. Vocalists of mongrel accomplishments wedded to inept chorus and orchestra have been the rule, and no new works have been brought forward. Artistic tours have been made only by the Ovide Musin Concert Company and Bernhard Mollenhauer, the violinist. Indifferent light opera companies, the artists above mentioned, and traveling military bands make the sum total of music from outside sources heard here during the twelve months gone by. The success, either artistic or financial, achieved by these temptations was remarkably in keeping with their deserts; no trophies were carried away, nor have their deeds left any impression upon the public mind. Some of the unsuccessful invaders have aired their grievances against the local public with more freedom than discretion. The experience of some of the now greatest artists has proved that an artistic repulse is best passed over in silence. Spiteful complaints against a public by second-rate artists are ludicrous and do not deter the best artists from making tours or taking occasion to be heard whenever opportunity offers. Lillian Russell's talents and efforts were not received here with the acclaim that is customary in the East, and the public treated itself to an attitude of becoming indifference toward the overrated comic opera singer which showed unusual taste and judgment. When genuine artists make themselves known here their reception is sufficiently encouraging, and the receipts not to be caviled at. At present our audiences are growing rapidly in numbers and discrimination as the continuance of so many local concerts will attest.

In a measure the absence of virtuoso visitations has not been felt and in place thereof there has been a concentration upon local musical effort which has been a great gain if only for the sake of having proved that there is no need to depend upon outsiders for arousing interest in the art. The attractions of concerts given by performers of resident talent have been superior in their educational value to anything done for us by visiting artists, and to them is due the tinge of artistic selection which is becoming observable in the average musical affairs. Another year of equal progress and the city will be ready to support and enjoy the work of a permanent symphonic orchestra.

Not by professional musicians alone has fostering care been expended. Among others Mr. W. Ludovici has done much. The concerts once given in Steinway Hall, and more lately at the Palace Hotel, memorable as having brought before the public the best programmes of chamber music to be heard here, were due mainly to his exertions. The Saturday Popular Concerts, inaugurated by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr and Mr. Sigmund Beel, have won thorough popularity, and continued to maintain a high standard of taste in the selections. Their success has been of great advantage in establishing the feeling of confidence between the public and promoters. It is to be hoped these concerts will continue to attract as fully throughout the coming season.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie has also come into line in the cause of music, and his Ballad Concerts have met with success and promise to become established. The class of music to be heard in our concerts is growing into refinement rapidly, and with time there will be little cause of complaint upon the value of the literature submitted. As to the performances, it is not necessarily a matter of obligation that they be absolutely satisfactory in every respect. The best talent will always find a congenial field for exhibition in the more developed atmosphere of greater cities, so that something considerably less than the best in talents and accomplishments is to be counted upon. Local training in every branch begins to be modern and governed with a view to completeness, and the progressive spirit is possessing the majority of our teachers so that there will, in a comparatively short time, be a generally fair standard of accomplishment and knowledge.

The Symphonic Orchestra's concert with a programme of Beethoven's "Eroica Symphony," Rienzi Overture, "Suite Arlesienne" of Bizet, "Funeral March of a Marionette," Gounod, and the "Adoration of the Magi," from Mr. H. J. Stewart's "Nativity" was as largely attended and as attentively followed as the other performances had been. The Symphony, given with but few rehearsals and naturally having many consequent drawbacks in its performance, was nevertheless received with enthusiasm. The colossal proportions of the conception were sufficiently well defined to leave a deep impression upon the audience. Mr. Bauer's *tempi* are not always taken without extremes, as proved by the high speed of the opening allegro. It is too soon to expect any high degree of finish or nuance in any of the playing. Some improvements had been made and the strings gave more satisfaction. Bizet's delightful "Suite" was the most successfully given of all the numbers, the Minuet having an approximation to delicacy. Mr. Stewart's number did not fail to suffer, heard in conjunction with the rest of the performance, its chief interest being in its capacity as representative of local art. The usual vocal numbers were omitted without noticeable regret.

Mr. Donald de V. Graham's concert proved successful, and his efforts in the cause of charity won their due meed of applause.

LESLEY MARTIN.

NO DULL SEASON.

It is a mistake for business men to believe that after Christmas people do not purchase their wares. The astute dealer knows that while during the week preceding Christmas sales are very large, they may yet be kept up by maintaining the quality of the stock. This is the reason why Sanborn, Vail & Co. have no cause to complain of hard times after the holidays. The large display of novelties and art goods that make their store an attractive one before Christmas is renewed, and there are no empty show-cases to deter the intending purchaser from buying. The choice of goods will be as large on Monday as it was last week. The exquisite pictures that proved so acceptable as Christmas presents will be replaced by others just as beautiful; the pretty frames, unique purses, handsome pocket-books, fine stationery, and the hundred and one other articles for which this firm is famous, will be on the counters just as if the business of last week had not been the largest Sanborn, Vail & Co. have done in some years. While speaking of this, it might be well to say that this company does the best card and invitation engraving in San Francisco.

LAWN TENNIS.

Should the weather, which has been quite threatening during the week, be at all pleasant this afternoon the California Club's fifth quarterly tournament for the Club's single championship will be called promptly at 2:30 P. M., and will be continued on Sunday and Monday.

The following players have entered: Geo Loughborough, D. Searles, H. R. Simpkins, G. F. Whitney, R. N. Whitney, W. B. Collier, H. H. H., P. B. Collier, J. A. Code, E. G. Schmiedell, F. S. Mitchell, A. G. Field; A. B. Wilberforce, R. J. Davis, D. E. Allison, Jr., D. Linderman, A. S. Keeler, R. M. Eyre, H. N. Stetson, Jas. H. Bishop, W. S. Hobart, J. H. Mee, Geo. V. Gray, S. Hoffman, O. Hoffman, G. B. De Long, F. De Long, G. L. Bradshaw, A. F. Allen, and W. B. Lee. A great deal of speculation is being indulged in as to the probable victor. It looks as if the outcome would be between G. De Long, Og. Hoffman, Stetson, Field, and Wilberforce; while young G. Whitney, the latest aspirant for championship honors, promises to make it very interesting for the more experienced players, as he has shown wonderful improvement of late, particularly in double playing; with W. B. Collier, Jr., as partner, they succeeded in defeating Tobin and Hubbard during the week, and it is more than likely that they will represent the California Club at the World's Fair in '93.

Field and Hobart had a very hard fought match lately, in which the former won by a very slight margin, two sets to one.

Harry Stetson has not been playing much lately, owing to a sore wrist. It is quite probable that he will not play in to-day's games.

The Alameda Club has arranged a singles tournament for Christmas. It will be a championship event, and A. F. Allen, the present holder, will be called upon to defend the title.

The local clubs were altogether deserted on Saturday last, as every player, with few exceptions were at the football match.

Miss B. Hooper who has lately returned from Europe, and Miss Susie Morgan, the Coast champion lady player, met in a friendly practice match at the California Club courts on Wednesday last; three sets were played and the first two were won by Miss Hooper, 6-2; 6-4; the third going to Miss Morgan, 6-4. It was a very clever exhibition on Miss Hooper's part, as she seemed to drive very well notwithstanding that it was her first trial of a hard court. Miss Morgan, on the other hand, did not play with her usual steadiness, owing, no doubt, to lack of practice, as she has not touched a racket since the Club's recent ladies' event, which she won handily.

Miss Hooper will be the guest of the California Club for some time, and it is certain that she will meet Miss Morgan again as well as many other of our best players.

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THE MUMMERS.

THE CHRISTMAS PLAYS.

No tears will flow on the stage during Christmas week. The purveyors of theatrical entertainments have all yielded to the fashions set by Merrie England, and will give us farce comedy and extravaganza. For my own part, I should prefer a nice, gloomy, bloody tragedy, as, like very many of my species, I borrow happiness from the miseries of others. That is a revolting confession probably, but if you will take the trouble to examine your own mind, if you have it with you, you will find that much of your own pleasure is derived from the same source. At this Merry Christmastide I will venture to say that few pangs of sorrow will shoot your happy heart because you know that very many people are sad; your appetite will not be lessened for the Christmas courses and Christmas plum pudding because your poor neighbor's meal consists of a tightening of his belt. You—but, dear me, what thoughts on this occasion. I am positively feeling almost as joyful as you.

In the various plays that will be presented on Christmas week there are no villains to speak of. There are, of course, some graceless husbands who are a few chips shy on morality; some indigent police captains who become opulent by putting in their spare time in robbing the people; a few bad fathers who try to keep lovers apart—but no real, desperate villains who stab the hero in the back, throw the heroine over the cliff, or strangle their partners to hide the evidences of their own embezzlement. Nothing of the sort will cheer us at this joyous season, and, as a matter of course, we shall have to take our pleasures in remembering how much better off we are than our neighbors. Thank heaven! We always have that consolation.

Happiness on the stage has a very depressing effect on many people; I know a number of level-headed ladies who will not go to see a comedy; a farce they abhor, preferring to watch the trials and tribulations of the heroine, over which they can have "a good cry," and they have sense enough to leave the theatre before the last act. The reconciliations that ensue always cause them much sorrow. With these good people I think that the theatrical managers have conspired against my enjoyment of the season; they should have given us at least one dismal play of lachrymal tendencies in the contemplation of which we would have taken that chaste delight that is only found in comparing our own state with that of others.——

Mrs. Pacheco's comedy, "Incog," will be seen at the California next week, beginning with a special Christmas matinee on Monday. It is probable that the play will be as successful this season as it was presented for the first time. The company is a remarkably good one, and some changes have been made in the dialogue and situations that improve "Incog" very much. As before, Charles Dickson is the star, but the principal parts are played by competent mummers.——

Fanny Rice, pretty, clever, and *chic*, will appear at Stockwell's next week. The play she has chosen as the vehicle of her abilities is "A Jolly Surprise," in which there are sufficient specialties to almost entitle it to be called a variety performance. Every opportunity is given Miss Rice to shine to advantage, and those who know her will feel quite sure that she will not neglect any of them.——

"U & I," the great laughing festival, opens its two weeks' engagement at the Bush Saturday, December 24th. "U & I" and Christmas always come together at this cozy little theatre, and this is its third visit here during the holidays. The farce has been rejuvenated up to date, and merry music, catchy songs, graceful dancing, and bright comedians, pretty girls, etc., will do all they can to chase away dull care. Mr. Geo. P. Murphy, "the master" of German dialect comedians, has the part of Professor Ungerblatz, the music teacher, and is said to excel all his predecessors in his conception.——

Charles Frohman's Comedians will re-open the Baldwin Theatre on New Year's Eve with a performance of William Gillette's latest adaptation from the French, entitled "Settled Out of Court." The engagement of this company is for four weeks, and "Settled Out of Court" will be presented the first week. The arrangement of plays for the balance of the engagement is as follows: Second week, the new comedy, "The Sportsman," written expressly for this company by the author of "Jane." Third week, first presentation in this country of Sydney Grundy's great London success, "Arabian Nights." Fourth and final week, a revival of "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," with nearly the original famous cast.——

What an extraordinary run "Ali Baba" is having! The entertainment certainly deserves success, but that is so rarely an excuse for gaining it that it is a pleasure to once in a while see a meritorious work applauded. The new "business" has drawn many people to the Grand Opera House this week, and the attendance for the holiday season will be enormous.

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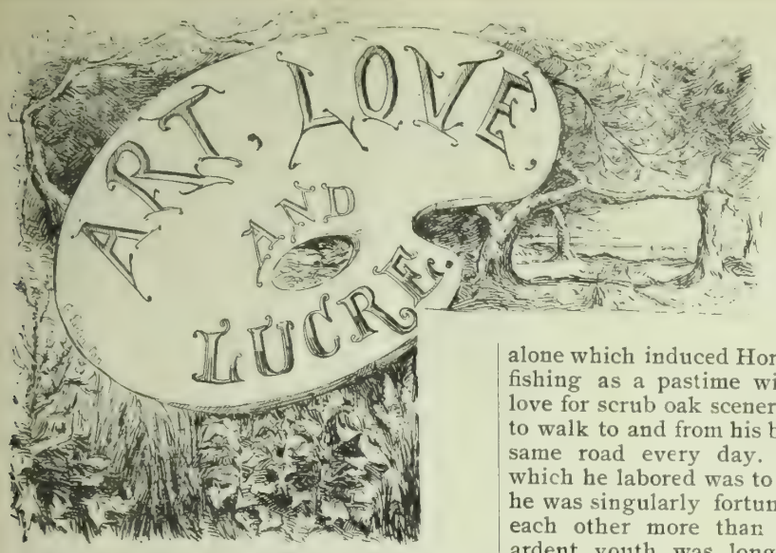


It was on a dusty Long Island road, late in September, that the two met. The oaks and maples had just begun to shine in gold and red, and the wayside was bright with crimson leaves of sumach, white clusters of wild parsley and the ragged plumes of the wild aster. There was nothing romantic in the forests of scrub oak on one side or the white stretch of the great bay on the other, and yet, as he glanced up the road, Horace Deming, artist, said to himself, with a quickening of every drop of his blood, that he had never seen anything half as beautiful as the woman who was approaching him.

Yet Maud Taintor was not always called beautiful. There was a gentle stateliness about her that always attracted admiration, and her wealth of chestnut hair and eyes that matched it in color were said by her worshipers to be worth a king's ransom. But her mobile mouth defied description by rule and line and her nose was not strictly classical, and whence, then, argued the critics, came the unrivaled charm by which she absolutely queened it in Society? That her admirers were legion was an indisputable fact, and that in itself proved that her claims to the apple of Paris had a solid basis of foundation.

As Maud Taintor passed him she gave an upward glance at the stranger and, with utter unconsciousness of what she had done, made him her captive for life. At least, he said so a minute afterward. Sitting in communion with himself in the cool of the evening he tried to think otherwise. It was only his artist's eye that had been pleased with the picture of the overhanging trees, the slanting sunshine, the variegated carpet of wild flowers, the silver of the distant bay, and—yes, the fair young girl in white who had swept by him with a bunch of golden-rod in her hand. Was it golden-rod? Of course it was. As if he could ever forget that—or her.

Meanwhile, how fared it with the maiden?

Beyond the fact that she wondered who the stalwart, earnest-faced young fisherman was, as well she might wonder in a locality where strangers were a rarity late in September, her thoughts and dreams were untroubled. Men were epidemic in her personal vicinity all winter and she had been glad to run away from her admirers at the summer resorts to spend a few quiet weeks at her aunt's old-fashioned homestead by the sea. There none would know her either for a beauty or an heiress and she could possess her soul in peace. For once in a while the old Quaker blood of her maternal ancestors asserted itself in the city girl and the spirit moved her to take refuge among plain people and their quiet ways. Had she dreamed of the havoc she had caused in another human heart that day she might have been tempted "to take up her testimony," as her Quaker forefathers had been used to say, against the temptations of solitude also.

It was not a fondness for the water alone which induced Horace Deming to take to fishing as a pastime with pertinacity, nor a love for scrub oak scenery which impelled him to walk to and from his boarding-house on the same road every day. If the reward for which he labored was to meet his enchantress, he was singularly fortunate, for they passed each other more than once, and while the ardent youth was longing for a chance to rescue her from sea serpent or dragon and thus obtain the privilege of her acquaintance, his introduction was brought about in a very commonplace way—through the good offices of an old college classmate of his father, who was minister of the only church in the adjoining village and, of course, knew everybody.

Is it true that woman loves last and longest? Some of the professors who claim to be learned in the art of love say so. At any rate, this was the case in the present drama of real life. Horace Deming fell "head over heels" into love before he had exchanged a word with his divinity and his passion grew with every day's further acquaintance with her. Perhaps it was the ardor that stood confessed in his eyes that first penetrated the heart of Maud Taintor. She had no idea of falling in love with her chance acquaintance when first they met. Nor after he had become a regular visitor at her aunt's cottage did she dream that the acquaintance would ripen into an attachment. He literally won her heart. He was not handsomer than others of her acquaintance, nor better educated, nor a more brilliant conversationalist. But he was an earnest man. Whatever he did he did with his whole soul. And he had the advantage of having his proud, sweet mistress all to himself during the days when he was wooing her.

Unconsciously the artist wooed her in the only way Maud could have been won—after the fashion of Othello. He bared his heart to her. His life had been white and clean and he told all its secrets unhesitatingly. On hearing of his early struggles, of the battles of a boyish arm to keep a home for his mother, of his days of work for bread and nights of toil for art, of his sense of duty and affection which had kept him poor in providing for his only sister, soon to be married now—she learned to love the man whose story taught her to respect him. But she did not know she loved him, or, at least, had not confessed it to herself, when all unwittingly one day she gave voice to his declaration.

They were walking under the scrub oaks and her dress was brushing against the plumes of the golden-rod and she was consoling him for the hardships of his life in the past.

"No matter," she said, "some day you will be famous and will marry a rich wife and will not have to work for a living, but only paint for pleasure."

"That is one thing I would never do," he said, replying only to one phrase she had used.

"What is that?"

"Marry a rich wife. I should despise myself if I went wooing an heiress. No. I must win my own home. Do you think for a moment—"

He turned abruptly, seized her hands and failed to notice in the obscuring light of the sunset how pale she became as he did so.

"Do you know, Maud—I must call you so for once—that I love you? I know you to be all that is pure and sweet and I fell captive to your beauty the hour we met, but I would not have dared to go on loving you had you been rich. I can give you a quiet home such as that in which I have met you, and I will work for you—oh, so gladly!—all my days. I have nothing else but my love to offer you, my queen, and the best man on earth would not be worthy of you—yet I love you, Maud—oh, how I love you! Can I hope?"

He could say no more in his deadly earnestness, and she, the peerless beauty who had queened it so long in social circles, had not yet lifted up her eyes from fear that the throbbings of her heart could be heard by her conqueror. Yes, she did love him. She had not dreamed of it before, but she knew it now. And the banner of her pride was torn down and trailing in the dust at the feet of love.

"Mr. Deming," she almost whispered, "I never dreamed—I did not know—oh, what shall I say? I am afraid it is too late to say anything—"

It was too late. Through her sudden burst of tears he had caught the sunshine of a smile, and before she had completed her sentence her stately head was prisoned in his arms.

That night she said to herself that she had done wisely and well. She said the same thing to her aunt the next day, and that sensible old lady agreed with her. But what would her father say and what of the marriage her father and mother both proposed "some day" with young Caperson?

The first week in October Maud returned to her home on Madison Avenue with a color on her cheeks and a light in her eyes that delighted her father. A few days later Horace Deming returned to her studio in a far less fashionable part of the city and waited a message from Maud telling him when to present

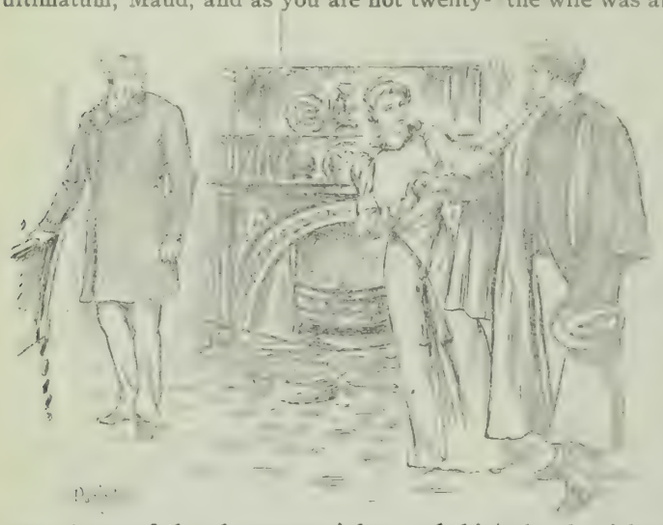
himself to her father. He knew that she lived in a fashionable avenue, but he knew also that people in moderate circumstances lived there by dint of good management, and when the message came he took himself up town without a suspicion of what was in store for him.

The first surprise awaited him in the magnificence of the mansion and the luxury of its appointments, but a greater surprise yet awaited him in the haughty manner in which his suit was rejected. "A pauper artist marry one of the wealthiest heiresses in Society—never!"

The greatest surprise of all followed this abrupt announcement, which Mr. Taintor made in a voice loud enough to be heard through the house. Before Horace Deming could reply he heard the sweep of a dress and looked up and met an encouraging glance from Maud, who came forward and stood at his side.

"Father," she said, "this gentleman has honored me with his hand. I have accepted him and will never marry another. I love him."

"Bah, a pair of fools. You have heard my ultimatum, Maud, and as you are not twenty-



one yet your father has some rights, and this fortune-hunter will have to wait for the handling of your money."

It required the persuasive touch of gentle fingers on Horace's lips and hand to restrain him, but at last she sent him away quiet and comforted. First, however, she made him seal by a kiss his forgiveness for the deception she had practiced upon him in regard to her wealth. The friends of proud Miss Taintor would never have believed it was her if they had heard her meek confession that evening. "I was afraid I would lose you if I told you, Horace, and now that you are in trouble on my account I know you will not leave me."

But true love never runs with entire smoothness. Old Mr. Taintor was a sharp manager and he took unscrupulous young Caperson into his confidence.

As the result, four days later Horace Deming received a note from Maud returning the letters he had written her and saying with curt and formal emphasis that she desired to receive no further communication from him and should deny herself the honor of his acquaintance.

The blow was terrible, but the young artist survived it and devoted himself with renewed energy, if with a blasted heart, to his art. It was a mistake, he knew, that would one day be rectified. But he could not demand an explanation from the heiress.

That year the most striking picture in the Academy of Design was a dusty country road, shaded by scrub oaks and maples, in brilliant Autumn dress, and against a background of ocean and forest and sunset sky stood the shapely figure of a maiden in white, carrying in her hand a spray of golden-rod. The face of the girl was in keeping with the scene and all Society said "it reminded them of some one."

Two ladies stood before the picture one afternoon and gazed first at the picture and then at each other. "It is simply perfect," said the taller of the two.

"Thank you," said the other; "my brother painted it."

"Your brother?" cried Maud Taintor. "Come with me. You have saved two lives and I owe you mine."

It did not take long to explain matters: Mr. Taintor had employed young Caperson as a spy and had managed it so that he had taken his daughter to walk one afternoon where they would be sure to see Horace Deming and his sister. A confidante was called up as the artist passed on the other side of the street and was asked who the couple were. He said they were Mr. Deming and his wife, but he understood that the wife was about to go South and make her home with her parents. Maud asked no questions, but that very day, on her return home, sent the missive which nearly broke her lover's heart and her own. Too late she repented and wished she had made further inquiries. But her father had rightly calculated the effect of her reawakened pride and the result of his plot.

Married? Of course they were and without any unreasonable delay. The picture that was the means of reconciliation (Maud was its secret purchaser on the day after she first saw it) hangs in the place of honor in the library. People who do not know its history are very apt to wonder why the rich wife of the great artist—Society gladly calls him great now—prefers to wear in her hair, instead of jewelry or hothouse flowers, a spray of golden-rod.—*Max Leroy.*

THE FOOTBALL MATCH.

A CRITICISM.

The first point that would strike an experienced spectator in last Saturday's game was the weakness of both teams in defensive play. This is much to be regretted, as it resulted in compelling both captains to refrain almost entirely from kicking. Each team thought it better to "hang onto" the ball as long as possible in the hope of making their five yards, rather than to punt down the field and thus give it to their opponents. Again, the two elevens were at their worst in those points on the forward line where they should have been strongest.

The Berkeley eleven was terribly weak on the ends. During the first half their important defenses were absolutely useless. They seemed entirely powerless against the interference of the Stanford backs. During the latter part of the last half, Henry, the Berkeley right end, somewhat redeemed himself, but on the whole his playing of the position was poor.

The Palo Alto center was both light and inexperienced. The men played a hard, steady game, but the weight of Berkeley was too much for them. Pierce, at center on the Berkeley team, put up a very good game. He was quick on his feet, got through the line well and really outplayed both his guards. Of the rest of the Berkeley line, Foulkes showed up the strongest, though he is rather slow and clumsy.

More than half the work of the U. C. team, both offensive and defensive, was done by Hunt. I put him down as the best man on the field, on either team. His tackling was superb, hard and low, and his line bucking excellent. His one great fault is fumbling the ball. Taylor, the U. C. pullback, played a good game, and should have been tried around the end oftener. The only long run of the game by the U. C. side was made by Taylor, and he should have been used more frequently.

The work of the Stanford team behind line was very clever. Every one of their backs played his position well. In Walton they have a man who is sure to develop into a first-class footballist. Clements played a brilliant game, although he was apparently in poor condition. He showed himself the same deceptive, strong runner as of last year. Rich, the Stanford tackle, did well, too. The whole team played with vim, dash, and grit, and really deserved the game.

Right here I must say that the Berkeley University, as compared with Stanford, lacks spirit, both football spirit and college spirit. The Berkeley team after a goal, straggled to the centre of the field in a listless, heartless fashion, with their minds intent on everything but the game. The Stanford boys ran forward together, every man on the team apparently with but one idea—victory. I have never yet seen a Berkeley team imbued with the sentiment and *esprit de corps* one expects from a University Eleven. This fact was apparent, also, in the cheering. The Stanford students cheered well and heartily; the Berkeley boys hardly seemed able to give one well-concerted yell. The latter team apparently lacked discipline. JOSEPH S. TOBIN.

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NOTES.

A painful tendency toward the amateur drama exhibits itself at intervals in San Rafael. Whether to blame audience or performers for encouraging a taste so vitiated is difficult to decide. Professional sinners are numerous enough without adding the baleful derelictions of embryos to the sum total of Thespian crimes. However, fools rush in, protest to the contrary. The gentle youths and maidens who perpetrated "Sunset" and "Who is Who?" on Saturday evening last, in the capital of Marin County, doubtless meant well enough. The first belongs to the *genus* farce, and was tiresome in the extreme; the second, I am told, was, in a mild way, amusing. Act I. of "Sunset" is taken up with the recital of a sad effort at love-letter writing. Heavens, it was tiresome.

* * *

The honors, such as they were, of "Who is Who?" are to be shared by Mr. Murison and Miss Lichtenberg, who seemed to possess a semi-conception of their parts. Indeed, they were rather unaffected and easy—characteristics that the remainder of the cast lacked. Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Evans, who were the butler and the bachelor of the plot, exhibited more ambition than histrionic talent. With frequent rehearsals, however, they might be induced to realize a talent for football, chess, dialect poetry or, indeed, any line of endeavor rather than acting. The Winter elite of San Rafael and Ross Valley composed the audience and was unskillfully applausive. There were dozens of pretty girls, however, and scores of Britishers, a combination that is not so rare as some people might think.

* * *

What a vulgar and awkward performance that is of Miss Leona Forrest, at the California Theatre. She is a tall, robust, ungainly female of uncertain age, and her movements suggest big feet and strong muscles. Anticipating a certain admixture of grace with the high kicking, I awaited her advent with some interest. I was disappointed by a complete absence of smoothness, ease, rapidity. Miss Forrest raises her limbs with lumbering deliberation, and contorts her large frame as though her joints were rusty. The handspring with which she concludes her gyrations leaves little to the imagination, and is as clumsy as it is coarse. Her exhibition is alleged to be very similar to that given by the musical hall dancers in New York, but I cannot imagine them so utterly graceless.

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FASHIONS: BY LETTER.

ANNE, DEAR:—It is a fortunate thing that we have a season when custom, at least, compels us to think of others, else I sometimes believe many would become utterly and hopelessly self-absorbed, so wild is the chase in self-interest. It really delighted me to find May, her brows actually knit over the problem which would better suit the cook's complexion (and disposition)—a green or gray wool dress. Even the new evening silks across the aisle in the White House did not seem to claim her attention, and I marveled at the kindly feeling the Christmas time brings forth.

* * *

To my surprise, in searching for gifts I have found many delightful little articles for grandmammas, and a list may prove useful to you, even at this late day. A silver ring with chain to hold the knitting ball; a dainty little pair of scissors for her work-basket with gold handles; if she knits or crochets I am sure nothing would please her more than a set of silver or gold needles or crochet hook, and then one of the new lavender salt bottles of cut glass, with silver top, would be an everlasting source of comfort; then a teacup and saucer of Coalport or Crown Derby they are sweetly dainty, a delight to buy and a delight to give.

* * *

About the most elegant evening wrap of this season has just made its appearance, and, though by no means inexpensive, could easily be made here. You will readily understand it was modeled for a young chaperon and not a debutante. Of green velvet, it is long enough to cover nearly the entire gown, has a square yoke outlined with the trimming, is open to the waist in the back, and has large full sleeves that can be worn over the most delicate gown without the smallest risk of crushing the large puffs that are now invariably worn underneath. The wrap is trimmed in gold embroidery, and the entire sleeves are made from cloth of gold; all the edges are finished with marten sable; it is thickly wadded and lined throughout with pale green satin. As you may imagine the effect is very gorgeous.

* * *

Another evening wrap quite as effective in its way, though simple, is intended for a young girl. To be sure it is the same military cape in cut, though differently treated, and is of the softest white camel's-hair. About the entire edge, and finishing the hood and collar, is a fine line of silver embroidery; two large hood are lined in the palest shade of silver silver frogs form the fastening. The cape and satin.

* * *

As a parting word, my dear, let me impress upon your mind that the picturesque is the one thing you must keep always in your thoughts when new gowns are being ordered and made, barring, of course, those intended for the street. Study old prints, photographs of paintings, even the old family photograph album may give a suggestion. We have all been wishing for this era in fashions, now that it is ours let us make the best of it. NANCY.

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OAKLAND GOSSIP.

Oakland, December 20th. Dear Wave:—No, you need not tease any more. I will not give my candid opinion of "Rosedale" for all the boys of the Charity Company are my friends, and it would be cruel to expose how ridiculous the whole affair seemed to me—no, not the whole, for *the* Gipsy Dell scene was one of rare beauty, and "Elliott Gray" Wilson, who is an ideal stage lover, never before looked so handsome, nor has he ever done better acting; but wasn't it ludicrous to hear "Matthew Leigh" Remillard expatiate upon the good and the beautiful. Words of modesty and virtue falling from the lips of that ever gay and frivolous youth were so amusing, and the audience lost all its gravity when he said that he never allowed liquor to pass his lips, and, *sub rosa*, dear, only five minutes before he had indulged in a soothing cup, so as to allay the pangs of an unrequited affection, for his part was truly a trying one—to love a woman madly and be compelled to be a brother to her is more than an experienced actor could do gracefully, so "Matthew" is to be forgiven for all his "smiles" between acts. "Lord Cavendish May" Melvin proved his versatility again by taking the part of a cold, calculating villain to perfection, but he had no love-making to do, and the audience could not account for the powder on his Prince Albert (the powder was pardonable on Phil and Jack); could he have been making love behind the scenes? Had his *fiancée* been in the audience, there would have been good cause to sever the engagement.

"Miles McKenna" Herrick, "Brenberry Knobb" Rosborough and "Corporal Dan" Dunn were so horribly disguised that their friends did not recognize them, and were so fiendishly ugly that the impression they made upon me can never be obliterated. Every night since they have appeared in my dreams to haunt me. "Miles McKenna" Herrick was like nothing that has before been created (and they tell me he is vain); he was wicked, more wicked, most wicked, and really made one of the hits of the play, which, on my part, was a revelation, for I never dreamed that Lester had such latent talent.

The song birds of the Athenian Club, Dr. T. B. Richardson, Dr. Boyes, the Lawrence boys, A. Barney, Harry Baher, Ed. Brangs and Ed. Taler, sang a lovely serenade, "Good-night." It was composed for the occasion by Mr. Imhaus, the manager of "Rosedale."

So you want to hear about the girls of the Charity Company? Since they all are professionals, or would-be professionals, I didn't take much interest in them, and, since Maud Morrell's aunt has put my mind at rest about Jack Wilson and the little lady I'm perfectly happy. The gossips say that they are really and truly in love, but (this is a dead secret) Maud is engaged to some one, not in Oakland, besides she has almost decided to accept an engagement with the "Incog" company. She has decided talent for soubrette parts, and made a charming little "Rosa Leigh" in Rosedale. Everyone knows that "Lady May" Albright is engaged, so there is nothing to fear from her. Wish the Charity Company would tell me why they gave "Lady Adela" Campbell such gorgeous gowns, and such simple ones to the other ladies. The contrast was too great, and did not seem quite fair. Mrs. Beck, Miss Hanlon, Miss Donovan, and little Laura Crews are strangers to us, but they did well, Mrs. Beck making an especially fine "Tabitha Stark," but seriously, dear, no one could have induced me to take part, as the people in the play worked hard to make an impression, just for "Elliott Gray" to come in at the finish, make a few cool remarks in that enticing way of his, and receive all the laurels. Heard one sarcastic maiden remark that "Rosedale" was selected so that Jack could appear in that gorgeous red uniform. Well, who can blame him? But no more compliments for him—he is too good a fellow to send on the stage.

No one has dared approach Phil, Lester, and Dr. Dunn since they created such a sensation, and it is whispered that they are making efforts to secure positions in the theatrical world. Alas, what a little it takes to ruin a man! Went both nights and was glad, as the second performance was more finished and we did not have to wait so long between acts for "Lady Adela" to change her gowns. Those who occupied boxes the first night were the Judge Henshaws, A. A. Morres, Dargies and Dams, Graysons, Ralstons and Hinckleys, the Remi Chabots and Bromwells. The second night was just as swell. Mary Durham had a theatre party, with Louis Carrigan for escort, then the San Francisco youth had a bevy of pretty girls in a box, Minnie Houghton being the center of attraction. The F. M. Smiths paid seven dollars premium for their seats, and the Hutchinsons occupied the same seats the next night for one dollar. George De Golia and his charming wife occupied a box, with Will Rabe and pretty Lou Allender. Nannie Prather Clay has already grown weary of country life and has persuaded Harrison to go into the music business in Oakland. He has thrown up his position, and they surprised their many friends by appearing at "Rosedale."

Annie has a rival. If you doubt my statement, just ask Cleve who the *distingué* lady was that he was with on Montgomery Street about three P. M. yesterday afternoon. Ah, well, that is nothing, as Annie still has poor, lean, lanky "Papa Eph" to console her.

Mercy! I've done nothing but gossip about the Charity Company, and forgotten to tell you that I went to the great football game with Willie Powning—poor fellow has since been seriously hurt. Then Dr. Richardson gave a swell dinner party; the Kings had a reception that papa would not allow me to attend—was astounded to hear that the East Oakland contingent was there—and there was a dance at the Metropole, and, best of all was the Mexican dinner that Floy and I attended on your side. If rumor be true, the hostess has forgotten many of the friends she used to entertain while living at the horrid, old Galindo. Called at the Palace, yesterday, to see the Hardys and Humes. That marriage to Frank was a miracle for the family. Is'nt it just too lovely that Dr. Wendte has decided to remain in Oakland? He is one of our most attractive eligibles. Adieu, kind Wave, I now go to finish my Xmas purchases, and wish you all kinds of happy surprises on that eventful day, and a merry, jolly Xmas. Yours always,

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MINING AND FINANCIAL.

The past week has been an uneventful one in the stock market; the fluctuations were not enough to attract the notice of the speculator; the tendency of the majority of the mines as regards values was downward. The news from the Comstock, as a rule, was of a usual character, nothing exciting or startling. At the last of the week a report was circulated that an improvement took place in the ore vein of the 300 foot level of the Belcher. On this news several operators, notably Walls and Gollin, bought largely of the stock, and these and others purchasing the price was carried from $1.45 to $2, but on Monday under the lively selling of Gardner and Goldman, of the Pacific Exchange, the stock weakened, and on the further news that the ore was low grade, the price of Belcher receded to its starting point, but, on the purchases of Bob Morrow's lieutenants, the price was carried up to $1.65. Next to Potosi this stock is largely dealt in, and from the way the stock is handled may sell for higher figures. But the mystery of the street is Potosi. When the rest of the market is weak, and it looks as though not a share of anything is wanted, Potosi will be in demand, and at an advance likely. This has been the case each day. A few hundred shares would send the stock from $1.75 to $1.90 It was the only stock that looked as though it would advance, and still I cannot tell the patrons of THE WAVE to invest in the mine. There is nothing new in any of the different levels on which they are working, still the demand may be created, as I said in the last issue of THE WAVE, from an election contest; anyhow, on the merits of the mine the stock is no buy. There has been a quiet demand for the North end stocks, Sierra Nevada and Union Con.; not of a character as to warrant these stocks to advance rapidly, but just enough buying to keep them firmly at ruling prices. In the middle mines Best & Belcher, Gould & Curry, Savage, and Hale & Norcross were weak and inactive, and from the amount of shares of the two latter that are offered it looks as though an assessment will be levied. At the South end, Overman, Caledonia, Seg. Belcher, and Justice, nothing new to report, all selling below 50 cents a share and with no demand, a few hundred shares filling the orders. A committee consisting of Messrs. Harmon, Hamilton, and Hirshfield were appointed at a meeting by the Gold Hill Pumping Associati n to confer with the managers of the Middle and Northwest mines on the Comstock lode and invite them to join in and drain the lower levels and resume deep mining. The opinion is generally in favor of this, and seems to be the only salvation. At present the expense of pumping is borne by the Gold Hill mines, and as the Alpha, Exchequor, and Justice mines have given notice that they wish to withdraw from the compact, it will make the expense to the remaining mines so burdensome that the stockholders will refuse to pay assessments, and if all the mines on the lode would join in and pay the expense of pumping, it would be but nominal, and deep mining could be resumed and further exportations made, and perhaps new bonanzas discovered, and thus bring a new era of life to the stock business, and instead of only having 66 stamps working at the mills on the Carson River have again 328 working daily as formerly. It is said that J. C. Flood is going to New York to consult with D. O. Mills, Sam Jones, and John W. Mackay in regard to the above subject of pumping.

At Shasta the Texas Con. Mine is developing right along. Mr. Hart has four cars of high-grade ore a month; the shipments average a profit of about $2000 a carload. The total output of a mine is about $14,000 a month

The Lower Gold Mine at Amador has, in the last few months, opened out a large body of high-grade ore. This was found on the 800 foot level. The vein is 20 feet wide, and improving as they enter it. This development makes a bright future certain, and insures its stockholders handsome returns for their investment.

Dividends have been declared by the following incorporations: Alameda Sugar, $5; Great Western Quicksilver, 25 cents; Oregon Railway & Navigation, 1½ per cent; Western Union, 1¼ per cent; Savings and Loan, 5 7/10 on term and 4¼ on ordinary deposits; People's Home and Savings Bank, 5 per cent on term and 4⅙ on ordinary; Mutual Saving, 5 7/10 on term and 4¼ on ordinary.

Assessments have been levied on the Pacific Rolling Mill. $25 per share; Crown Point 25 cents; Utah, 10 cents; Gray Eagle, 7 cents; and Siskiyou Con., 1 cent per share.

At the Stock and Bond Board business was light, among the rest being some Bank of California stock which sold at $262, the previous quotation being 264. This stock is being sold for the Sharon estate and others. There were also sold on 'Change of Spring Valley Water, 98 shares at $98.25 @ 98, California Electric, 810 at 21¾ @ 21½; Pacific Gas Improvement, 150 at 77.50 @ 76.25; San Francisco Gas, 130 at 70.25 @ 70; Hawaiian Com., 200 @ 5 cts.; Hutchinson Com., 100 @ 2½; Atlantic Dynamite, 125 at 46¼ @ 46½; Firemen's Fund, 13 @ 170; and 2000 Spring Valley Bonds 4's @ 92.25.

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CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 33 Post Street—For the half year ending December 31, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1/10) per cent per annum on term deposits, and four and one-quarter (4¼) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1893.

JAMES A. THOMPSON, Cashier.

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Through line sailings — December 15th, S. S. "San Jose," Sunday, December 25th, S. S. "San Juan," January 5th, 1893, S. S. "City of New York."

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Steamers leave San Francisco on the 3rd and 18th of each month, calling at various Mexican and Central American Ports.

Way Line Sailings:

S. S. "Colima," January 3rd; S. S. "Starbuck," January 18th

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc; S. S. "Peru," Saturday, December 24th, 1892, at 3 P. M.; S. S. "City of Rio de Janeiro," Saturday, January 14th, 1893, at 3 P. M. S. S. "City of Peking," Saturday, February 4th, 1893, at 3 P. M.; "S. S. "China," via Honolulu, Tuesday, February 14th, 1893, at 3 P. M.

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INSATIATE SELF.

A man! He looks upon a maid
Enslaved, desiring, but afraid;
Regards her face, believes it fair,
And longs to put love's token there;
But "Oh, too dear! and oh, too good!
I dare not, though I wish I could."

A maid! She marks her favorite swain
With pleasure, though much more with pa in;
And thinks what bliss her bliss must be
Who wins one kiss from such as he;
And chides herself for thought so rude,
Yet, trembling, wishes that he would!

Brief, bashful mood, so sweet and shy,
You're doomed of soft success to die;
For soon the maid, and soon the man,
Will know she will, will know he can;
And self, its little exile o'er,
Return to rule forevermore.

—*Figaro.*

EXCHANGE THOUGHTS.

Sam Davis in the Carson *Appeal* gives a great deal of publicity to the following: "In New York a man has been held for examination in $500 bail by the United States Commissioner for dunning another man for $7.50 by postal card."

The Fresno *Republican* feels badly over something; it says: "The tower on that courthouse job begins to loom up like a plug hat on a ward politician. There are also some other points of resemblance."

Probably Mr. Kipling is willing to try reciprocity on the rest question: "Rudyard Kipling says the American people do not understand the art of resting. Why, then, does not Kipling, out of the exuberance of his generosity, inaugurate the welcome era by giving us a rest?"

The Colusa *Sun* suggests a capital improvement: "One of the reforms that the people have a right to expect from the Democrats is the abolition of political sissyism."

FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

FRESNO, December 20th. DEAR WAVE:—Were it not for the mental, as well as bodily, exertion of Christmas shopping this week, I should have been positively ill from inertia. As it is I have been struggling with the blues, occasioned by Lee's anticipated Eastern trip. I can come to but one satisfactory conclusion over this sudden freak of his, and that is the suspicion that a sweet, brown-eyed girl, now in Europe, is returning home next month, and Lee is going to escape the vigilant parental eyes and plead his cause in gay Gotham. I regret extremely, though, that Lee should leave ere the gay season has fairly begun. He is one of the best dancers in the 400, and Heaven knows, we have few enough who can trip the light fantastic without tiring a girl out or treading all over her little feet. We have two or three to take his place and to whom I shall turn for consolatory attentions.

Handsome Robert Barton has joined the '89-'90 Club and makes a most desirable member. Pretty Bobbie Sutton has returned to the paternal roof to spend the holidays, and with his sweet bang and cute ways plays havoc with the feminine heart. If Bobbie would only lose a trifle of that San Jose conceit he would be better company. I hear that dear old Dock will be with us a few of the holidays; if I can only have an old-time waltz with him at the '89-'90 party, Monday evening, my cup of happiness will indeed be full. How awfully swell that ball will be to be sure! Canvased floor, full Barton orchestra, swell decorations and dainty dance programmes. Then, the girls are all coming out in their very swellest gowns, so I expect to be lost in contemplation of the gay scene.

Candid Catrina would have me believe that our 150 actually shed tears last evening over Clara Morris' acting. I'll acknowledge the scenes were quite affecting enough to bring tears to the eyes of the most hardened but, ye gods! how few of the swell set could afford to shed genuine tears in this age of bleached hair, penciled eyelashes, brows, and rouged cheeks. Nay! nay Catrina! Now some prudish old maid or antiquated matron will deny this soft impeachment, but they are either too ugly to ever hope to improve upon what nature has done for them or too sour to cater to the masculine heart.

The Cotton Club gave a very pleasant entertainment last week, and I thoroughly enjoyed myself (for the first time), as they had extended invitations to several outsiders and the young element.

In my wanderings among the jewelry and art stores, in quest of suitable holiday offerings, I see our Society buds and matrons in their swagger street attire, and can't help but think how much prettier some appear thusly attired than in the trying full dress. I met Mrs. Reichman and her handsome cousin selecting innumerable dainty articles for their numerous relatives and friends. Then came smiling Nancy with her sister, Mrs. A——, the Helm girls, Kate Moultrie and Annie Harris, the Colonel's cute wife, all full of happy expectancy. In the family carriages were the Phillippses, Mrs. Will H—— and her sister, Mrs. Tom P——, both looking unusually happy; Mrs. General M—— and her sister Mrs. Phonse N—— wearing very swagger hats; Mrs. John D. Grey, happy in the recent arrival of her charming daughter from the East; warm-hearted Rose with Mrs. J. W—— out on charity errands, and many others, all busy with their holiday work. The ministers' crusade against card parties will fall flat on our 150, I am afraid, as it's the one mode of enjoyment at present. Another wedding to take place in the Helm family ere long, I hear. More anon,

IMP.

LOS ANGELES LIFE.

LOS ANGELES, December 19th. DEAR WAVE:—We are having a cold wave down here (no pun intended on your warm and spicy journal), and the gripmen on the cable cars are clad in buffalo skin ulsters. "That's a sensible garment," remarked a shivering passenger as she handed her nickel to the half-frozen conductor, who *didn't* have a fur ulster on. "Yes," was the quick response, "it represents a good many *cents* more'n I can afford."

Dr. L—— was on the car that morning, too, and I could but wish she would give a little more attention to her back hair. The bleach is wearing off fearfully at the roots, and the wavy locks at the nape of the neck are as brown as brown can be, while the shining mass coiled so gracefully above is as bright and golden as a veritable sunbeam.

Miss W——has returned from her visit north and gained seventeen pounds, so she told Madge, in the four weeks she was away. I notice she wears her blonde tresses *a la chignon* since her return instead of in the clustering tendrils of yore.

Our musical world has apparently been "taken in" by a stranger who hailed from the East, I believe, Harry Reeves, who claims relationship to the great Sim Reeves, England's noted singer. He created a *furore* here among the musicians, and I hear was offered three positions as soloist in as many leading churches. Now it seems that there are some disagreeable stories afloat about his skipping from Atlanta, Ga, leaving sundry and numerous bills behind unpaid. He has been dropped like a hot potato by some of our people who were disposed to do the friendly toward him.

We had our first cotillion of the season last week, and pretty Mrs. MacG—— led the german, for it was a leap-year affair. It is reported quietly that the fastidious Francis J—— has at last put his neck under the engagement noose and will wed Miss S——.

The gossips say also that pretty, petite Maud N—— is wearing a magnificent engagement ring, the pledge to Judge C——, that bye and bye, "when the robins come again," she will wed him. Cupid is getting in his work early in the season this year, and the engagement of J. de Barth Shorb, Jr., and Miss Lulu Glassell is announced, likewise that of Dick Lacy and Miss Maud Sullivan.

There are some girls down here doing something which I wish they wouldn't, and I don't believe they would if they could hear the side remarks that the rest of us make. They appeared at the recent Riley readings in a series of statue poses gowned in artistic draperies, and posed before the audience in a rather vulgar sort of fashion that pleased the men immensely, of course; in fact, it was a curiosity to watch the opera glasses go up, in the hands of male critics, whenever they appeared. Glancing hastily round one horrified spectator whispered to her chaperon, "Why, actually Major B—— is blushing. Where are we at?"

Now, I may be prudish, but I do not think it is just the thing for young girls to pose in public for the express purpose of showing their grace and form. I don't believe a good man would want his sister or his wife to do it. Apropos of the opinion which I have delicately expressed, I quote from the columns of a local paper concerning a concert, where these young ladies were advertised to appear, but for some reason did not. I have italicized certain suggestive phrases.

"The *big attraction* of the evening that brought *so large a number of young men* together was left out, and the graceful posing that was so much admired in photographic form at the door had to be left to the imagination—it was a case of *supposing*—and the boys who had paid their fifty cents did not like to have that part of the exercises cut out."

There, that is plain enough surely for even the dullest sort of a brain to comprehend, and these girls, young ladies from some of our best families, who, I do not doubt, are entirely innocent of wrong, will, I hope, take warning.

The Kirmess fund has at last been disposed of, and will be used to establish industrial schools in the various wards of the city, but oh! "the irony of fate," the woman who took the brunt of all the hard work has been left out entirely, and the money placed in the hands of a woman who is known to be antagonistic to her. Much honest indignation is expressed over it, but I suppose Mrs. W—— will now run things to suit herself. Her son, the jaunty doctor, has been elected a member of the school board and I expect there will be some wire-pulling to introduce the cooking school fad into the public schools, which is Mrs. W——'s particular hobby now. Her daughter, Miss W——, has practically retired from Society and is devoting herself to philanthropic work.

KIT.

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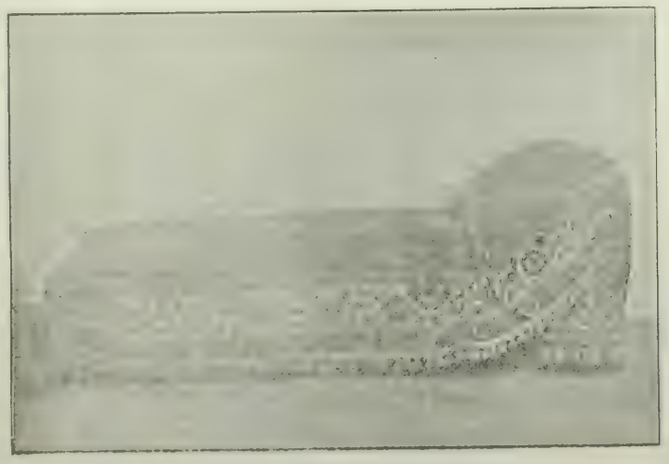

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LEAVE	FROM DECEMBER 3, 1892.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*12.15 p m
.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, and Calistoga	6.15 p m
*7.30 a m	El Verano and Santa Rosa	*6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7 15 p m
8 00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton	*8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Martinez	12.15 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4 00 p m	Martinez, Stockton, Merced and Fresno	12.15 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4 00 p m	Benicia, and Sacramento	10.15 a m
4.00 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.15 a m
4.00 p m	Vacaville	10.45 a m
*4.30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.00 p m	Europe n Mail, Ogden and East	10.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	9.15 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	9.15 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
‡7 00 p m	Vallejo	‡8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m
	SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.	
‡11.45 p m	Hunters and Theatre Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	‡8.05 p. m.
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m
	COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)	
*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.38 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.03 p m
12 15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.30 p m
*2 30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.37 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, Gilroy and Principal Way Stations	*9.47 a m
*4.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7.30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

VIA SAUSALITO FERRY.

[In effect November 1, 1892.]

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO to MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00 A. M.; 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M. 1:30, 3:00, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:20, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, A. M. 12 M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P M. Extra trip Saturdays at 6:30 P. M. Fare, 50 cents round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days) 6:30, 7:58, 9:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:15 P M. Fare, 40 cents round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:55, 8:15, 9:55, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:40 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:40, A. M.; 12:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:10 P. M. Fare, 25 cents round trip.

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7:30 A. M. } Week 1:45 P. M. } days. 8:00 A. M Sundays	Camp Taylor, Tocaloma, Point Reyes, Tomales and Way Stations.	10:25 A. M. Mondays 12:15 P. M. Week days, except Mondays 6:10 P. M. Daily
7:30 A. M. Week days 1:45 P. M. Saturdays	Howards, Duncan Mills, Cazadero and Way Stations.	10:25 A. M. Mondays 6:10 P. M. Week days

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SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, December 20th. DEAR WAVE:—If anyone imagines this town is anything but progressive, let him come here and stay a week, or, if that is impossible, let him "listen to my tale of" reformation.

You may remember we began with politics, and having purified the Republicans clear out of sight, then we turned our moral hose and mental soap upon *religions*. The first fruits of that were the perversion of the Rev. Garnett, who now, like a little cherub, "sits up aloft" and smiles benignly on those still floundering in the pools of ignorance.

But Rev. Mr. H—— will need to keep his eyes well open. Now we have begun our attack upon charity, which heretofore has been conducted on rather a loose plan. That is, we have been in the habit of giving a piece of bread to a hungry man or woman without asking their standing in a community—seeing only the suffering brother, but *nous avons changé de cela*. No more feeding peripatetic gentlemen; no more bestowing of cast-off garments on a shivering woman until the case has been investigated. We have bought yard and yards of beautiful *red* tape, which is to be wound around every case, and no more "private judgment" is to be permitted. The cases are to be "sat on" by a committee embracing Methodists, Unitarians, Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and followers of St. Joseph; and if *all* agree that the object is worthy, why we will give a small sum to relieve most pressing necessities. But you see we shall not have very much to dispose of in that way, because we have to *rent* a large building, furnish a fine office, employ a *heap* of officers, a superintendent at a good salary, deputies to do his bidding, and that will take about all we shall raise, leaving only a small margin for "red pepper."

Now, then, we are prepared to receive your words of admiration.

This promises to be a very dull winter. Mrs. Murphy and her daughter, Miss Evelyn, have gone to spend the season in Eastern cities, so that settles the question of gayety.

Mrs. Ward Wright does not care to entertain San Jose Society. The Spencers never open their doors any more, not even for the nice little luncheons Mrs. S—— used to give.

Stella gave a luncheon Tuesday—rather a pretty affair. Percilla still hopes to captivate Louis A——. She presided at the table with the same grace that distinguished her grandam in the days of yore. Kate was her right bower, while Mabel, Maud, Elene, and Gertie lent their charms to the feast.

Frank Cokyendall and his pretty wife are now settled in their new home. I hope they will return some of the attentions shown them. The great fellow is heels over head in love with his wife, and Tom says "no wonder." BABBLER.

FRONTIER.

When man shall set upon Thought's farthest height
Achievement's guidon, hoping thence to see,
At last, all knowledge yielded to his sight
Unveiled by mystery.

That vantage point will only show to him
Fresh fields beyond whose utmost edge appear
More lofty peaks, which, by their outlines dim,
Define a new frontier.

—Meredith Nicholson, in Kate Field's Washington.

The Stockton *Independent*, the San Joaquin Valley's authority on art, says: "Several actresses of the sylphide order of architecture have been offering premiums to be accepted as models for Montana's Goddess of Justice at the World's Fair. Perhaps it was a left-handed actress who stood as a model for the statue on San Joaquin County's courthouse. No well instructed artist's model would grasp a sword in her left hand."

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7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:30 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:30 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
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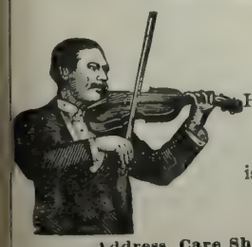

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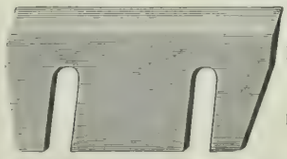

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The Wave

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

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SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 31, 1892.

SPLASHES.

IN THE GENERAL upheaval of Dr. Herz reminiscences, some comments on Dr. Stout may not be out of place. He was able, if credulous, and believed fully in the fascinating physician's invention. There is no questioning the faith that backs its hopes with coin of the realm, and all Dr. Stout's assets were at the mercy of his friend, Dr. Herz. In those days the former's practice was the best in town. Not only did he attend the fashionable world, but his reputation was excellent in circles without social aspirations. His income was large, his equipages swell, his manner confident. To-day, Dr. Stout is blind and penniless. He is supported by the Society of Pioneers. He is paralyzed, and all because of Dr. Herz. Of course, the glib-tongued, subtle adventurer played with him; he forged his name to checks and endorsements.

* * *

When the downfall came Stout was terribly involved, and, as if to illustrate the old saying about misfortunes never coming singly, he was unfortunate enough to touch his eye with vaccine virus. The result—he gradually lost his sight. Herz is one of those cruel deceivers without conscience or principle whose fortunate careers force one into believing in Sheol. The idea that he may die and escape in annihilation the consequence of his crimes is unsatisfactory.

* * *

THE OPPOSITION of Charley Fair to the expenditure of $50,000 for a mausoleum to his mother must not be considered as an evidence that he is lacking in filial regard or *post-mortem* respect. The fact is that young Mr. Fair might be relied on to do as much in honor of his mother's memory as any of his family, but he does not believe in the ostentatious display that a $50,000 mausoleum would entail. It is a matter of regret, however, that he did not sink his feelings in this matter, and permit the erection of the monument; this course would have closed the mouth of gossip and given others an opportunity of shining as examples in filial love.

* * *

Aside from other causes, though, it is just likely that Charley Fair recalls the fact that determined opposition was shown to his application for the residue of his estate, and it may be that in declining to consider the proposition to erect the mausoleum he is doing what is vulgarly known as "getting back." Of course, even with young Mr. Fair opposed to it, the grand sepulchral monument may be erected, as his sisters could well afford to have it put up without the slightest financial assistance from their brother.

* * *

THE LATE L. L. Baker was a very good, generous, and honorable man who had few prototypes in the mercantile world. He took a paternal interest in the rising generation, he did his best to encourage art, he bought all the pictures his means would allow, and he built one of the handsomest houses in San Francisco. Even the Huntington house, on California Street, is no better, architecturally, than the fine example of Gothic on the corner of Washington and Franklin Streets. It was designed, strange as it may seem, by the same man who built the Hobart and the Will Crocker houses, both of which lack unity and grace. However, the interior of Mr. Baker's residence is as decidedly artistic as the façade.

* * *

It is admirably furnished in modern style with a perfect regard for harmony. Considering the mongrel architecture of this city, the man who has taste enough to leave as a monument to his judgment a good house has done well. Otherwise, Mr. Baker was a shrewd business man who had built up one of the most extensive hardware establishments on the Coast. I presume the business with which his name is identified will be continued, and Wakefield Baker will assume control of his father's large interests. Mrs. Baker is a broad-minded and highly cultured woman who is interested in affairs and in charity far more than in Society.

* * *

THOUGH MRS. LOUIS HAGGIN'S residence is hardly spacious enough for entertaining on a large scale, it presented a charming aspect on Christmas Eve. The parlors, halls, and dining-room were hung with red berries and holly, which set off to fine advantage the wonderful old tapestries and curtains that adorn this house. It is very valuable as well as unique, this collection of draperies. It includes examples of the far-famed products of the old Flemish looms, of Gobelin, Aubuston, and Madrid tapestries, besides some bits from William Morris' place in Surrey. There are also some very beautiful old vestments woven with the consummate art that seems a dead characteristic. The effect of these as a wall decoration is far richer than that produced by paintings or polished wood.

* * *

The dance was given in honor of Mrs. Haggin's nieces, the Misses Hooper, and it proved an enjoyable affair. There were about fifty couples, and the Hungarian band furnished music. Supper was served at a buffet and was in progress most of the evening. Mrs. Haggin and Countess Festetics received the guests who were for the most part young people. Dancing, of course, ended at midnight.

* * *

Count and Countess Festetics leave in a few weeks for a prolonged tour. From San Francisco they go to Honolulu, thence to Japan, China, and the Indies generally. Some months must elapse ere they return to San Francisco. Mrs. Louis Haggin has gone East, intending to be absent only a few weeks at the longest.

* * *

The *régime* of fresco-artists and decorators has come to an end, and the Flood mansion is now more beautiful than ever. I believe this house is by far the handsomest on this side of the Rockies. The architecture of the façade, though not graceful, is severely grand and in perfect taste. The interior is admirable. There is no gainsaying the perfect harmony of the tones and furnishings or the richness of the general effect. As for the pictures, they are by far the best in San Francisco. There are three Corots—excellent examples, by the way—two Rousseaus, two Daubignys better than Irving M. Scott's. They were selected by a Mr. Baumgarten, of the New York firm of Herter Bros., who superintended the decoration of the house.

* * *

Mrs. Flood and Miss Jennie are now occupying the mansion. During the last few weeks they have received calls from many of their old friends, and they purpose, I believe, emerging from the severe retirement which they were plunged in by the death of Mr. Flood. No one was ever mourned more sincerely. In a quiet way they will do a little entertaining, and, subsequently, may undertake something on a larger scale. Their advent "in the

swim" would be very welcome, for both ladies understand the arts of hospitality.

* * *

THE CHRISTMAS COTILLION was a fitting apogee for a season far gayer than that of '92. It combined the fascination of a fancy dress ball with the features of a Leap Year festival. The sex was supreme It had the ages under tribute for costumes, and, for the evening, the male initiative of selecting partners. The consequences and the clothes were charming; wallflowers were a novelty in gender; the mere spectators had a spectacle brilliantly interesting. As for the decorations—they were a fitting frame for so dazzling an assemblage of belles. Considering the opportunities and the material, the anachronisms were less glaring than one anticipated, and, in certain instances, more pardonable than one dared hope. There were "guys" who furnished points for flippancy, but beauties, also, whose charms new settings displayed to rare advantage.

* * *

Odd Fellows' Hall has architectural deficiencies that acoustics, however excellent, do not compensate for. On Friday night it was transformed. Palms and ferns, in *jardinières*, hung from the roof. Draperies of delicate hue concealed the balcony. On the floor the snowy canvas made an admirable background for the pale-toned fabrics of the dancers' costumes. Tall fern trees and broad-leaved palms made of the stage a conservatory. In the midst of the foliage lamps glowed. Bouquets of incandescent globes shed a soft radiance on gleaming diamonds and shimmering satins. At intervals the calcium light enveloped the moving throng in an atmosphere of pink or pale yellow The delicious rhythms of the Hungarian orchestra supplied the animating impulse.

* * *

No one could accuse the costumes of pronounced originality. Some maidens exhibited combinations more eccentric than beautiful; others wore confections that were little better than conventional ball dresses. There were Empire gowns in quantity; there were butterflies, Rosamonds, Juliets, and Marguerites. There was a Holly, a Priscilla, a Manon Lescaut, a "White Witch," peasants, Spanish damsels, Turkish maidens, dancing girls, girls in short dresses and puffed sleeves, in pale blue, pale pink, and paler yellow. There were colonial dames, a Queen Elizabeth, nymphs, Greek ladies and Roman vestals, besides a vast majority whose character pretensions were confined to looking as pretty as possible, and they succeeded.

* * *

As for the men—the score of dancing youths who braved criticism and exhibited their limbs reaped the reward of their daring. If one might speak of the belle among them I think the distinction would be conferred on young Mr. Wheaton, from over the bay, who is distinctly handsome, and presented, in silk stockings, a pair of admirable calves. Mr. Sheldon had many admirers, as Mr. Madison did, and Mr. Houghton. But some of the others were spectacles for their enemies to gaze gloatingly on. No, I shall not particularize. That certain youths of elongated proportions did not stake their fame with the fair sex by an undue exposure of slenderness spoke volumes for their discretion.

* * *

Who the belle was is hard to decide. Among the matrons, Mrs. Spreckels was first, with Mrs. Carolan a good second. Both wore beautiful gowns and looked really superb. Mrs. Elicott, Mrs. W. V. Huntington Mrs. Dr. Perrin, and Mrs. Webster Jones wore swell dresses, and were noticeable in the array of fine raiment. Among the participants Mrs. George Lent, in a Turkish costume, was the belle of the first set. The fez and the pretty gown set off her features to the best advantage. Miss Hager's dress, copied from a portrait of Manon Lescaut, was decidedly a success. Miss Alice Ames looked very queenly in the high ruff and black velvet of the Sixteenth Century. I am inclined to think Miss Deming, who was exquisitely gowned in pale pink, and Miss Decker rather carried off the honors. Miss Beth Sperry looked really beautiful in a very handsome white gown, and shared their supremacy.

* * *

But there were a dozen others who surpassed their standard. Miss Mae Dimond, Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mrs. Louis Parrott, who wore a Roman costume made of some soft pink material, Miss Bessie Shreve, in lilac and white, Miss Edna Robinson, in pale green and red, all looked charming. One of the most beautiful gowns in the room was Miss Jennie Catherwood's. It was a Juliet costume, made by Hermann, of New York, after an old engraving in one of the early editions of Shakespeare. A red wig gave a piquant fascination to the wearer. Miss McCutchen was far the prettiest of the butterflies. Miss Alice Merry made an ideal Marguerite, Miss Hilda McDonald was conspicuously handsome in an Empire gown and a white wig. Miss Josephine Delmas, Miss Bee Hooper, and Miss Helen Perrin were, perhaps, the prettiest of the debutantes.

* * *

Two distinctly handsome girls among the strangers—Miss Wells, of Cincinnati, and Miss Jessie Cone, of Red Bluff—had Lieutenants Nowlin and Flagler for partners. They were much admired. Miss Kimball, of Chicago, accompanied Mrs. Frank Carolan.

The figures were executed with the smoothness bred of long familiarity. Miss Hager was a competent leader and found Miss McNutt and Miss Maynard admirable aids. The supper was in Ludwig's best style, the usual *menu* being re-enforced by delicious pickled oysters from Baltimore and cold snipe. There is no question that the ball was t he most brilliant given under Mr. Greenway's management, and it is to be regretted he could not receive in person the congratulations he had earned.

* * *

THE USUAL CONTINGENT goes to Del Monte for the New Year. I suppose at least 200 people will see '93 in under the roof-tree of the ideal winter resort. To-night there will be a grand ball followed by a swell supper for which *Chef* Harder promises a *menu* of the most artistic character. The dinner, on Sunday evening, is to be a gastronomic event. Already a number of people have left town and the afternoon train will take down many more. The weather promises to be beautiful, and though the gardens have not the glory of summer bloom, there are violets, pansies, tulips, and a few roses to gladden the hearts and eyes of lovers of flowers.

* * *

The roads are in excellent condition, and just now the surf is high enough off Cypress Point to make that interesting region worth a visit. Then there is a full moon, and Monterey in the silver light is a paradise. Among those who have secured rooms are the Tallants, Tubbs, Houghtons, McCutchens, Kohls, Loomis, Slosses, Stewarts, Pynes, McKinnas, and Ryland Wallaces. Mr. Greenway, Mr. Small, Mr. Bagley, Prof. Richardson and several more are among the men expected.

* * *

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL CLUB gave a dance Thursday night, at the home of Mrs. Henry Williams on Octavia Street. It was the third entertainment of the organization, and, by agreement, took the form of a Leap Year hop. The initiative in choosing partners was taken by the girls, and as the men were rather in a majority, the wall-flower situation was rather reversed. It may be a consolation for certain unpopular or awkward swains to realize there can be no more Leap Year parties for four years to come. The affair was notable for the number of pretty women present. Mrs. Bert Sherwood, who is once again going into Society, looked very handsome. She wore rather a *bizarre* costume, which suited her dark beauty and brilliant coloring to perfection. Mrs. Chaplain Thompson was charming in a lovely gown of tulle and pink roses. Mrs. H. A Williams, Mrs. Archie Treat, Mrs. Ed. Bosqui, and Mrs. Bowles were also noticeable.

* * *

Miss McNear, of Oakland, though hardly a beauty, possesses an interesting type of face, full of character and intelligence, and a fine figure; Miss Hutchinson, a very pretty blonde, also of Oakland, looked decidedly well; so did pretty Miss Alice Merry and Miss Hilda Castle. Mrs. Williams is a competent hostess, and assisted her young *protégée* to entertain their guests with clever tact. I believe the club is to give at least two interesting entertainments during January.

* * *

The New Year's ball and entertainment at the Verein to-night promises to be of unusual interest. Besides the performance of the Ger-

Richardson & Robbins' Plum Pudding—A Delicious Dessert.

man Dramatic Company there are to be specialties by the cleverest members of the club, a skirt dance, an Amazon march *a la* Ali Baba, and several other interesting features. Of course, the dance itself will be a brilliant affair, and the supper, I am told, is to be an extraordinary effort. The Concordia ball will, as usual, be an event. The New Year hop is always the most popular of the season, eclipsing even the opening ball. A goodly number of invitations have been sent out, and the entire membership will certainly be in attendance.

* * *

Thomas N. Swyney gave a very jolly stag party in his rooms on Wednesday evening last. There were quite a number of men present, and some of the cleverest people in town ministered to their entertainment. Mr. Graham sang; Mr. Mollenhauer played several violin solos; Mr. Scheutze, of the Tivoli, gave several selections; Lesley Martin played. There was plenty to eat and drink, and every one had a very good time. The affair did not break up until rather an early hour.

* * *

The Woman's Auxiliary to the California World's Fair Commission proposes to make, at the Pavilion, a display indicative of that which is to be forwarded to Chicago. Mrs. Ella Stirling Cummins, Miss Mary Bates, and Miss Byrnes have the effort in charge, and I believe will make an excellent showing. The literary exhibit will make part of the display. Besides, there will be artistic decorations and many other attractive features that will gain the attention of even the casual passer-by.

* * *

Truxton Beale, who is now Minister at Athens, consigned Mr. Allen and Mr. Sachtlehen to the tender mercies of Bobby Grayson. As a matter of fact, they are to be congratulated, for no one knows San Francisco, high and low, better than the Pacific-Union wit. *En passant*, for the benefit of my readers who are not given to perusing the dailies, I will explain that these gentlemen are engaged in bicycling the world, that is, traversing as much as possible of God's footstool on a single wheel. Otherwise they are very bright and courageous young men, of considerable social prestige, and removed, by the possession of parents, above the necessities of more remunerative toil.

* * *

Lieutenant Blow is to have charge of the Hydrographic Bureau at the World's Fair. No one more competent could have been selected, and I feel sure he will justify the discrimination of the department. Lieutenant Poundstone will also be found in Chicago during the great celebration. He has been assigned to the model cruiser, which is to be part of the Government display in the Fair grounds. It is spoken of as the brick and wood ship, and will be about the size of the "Charleston." All the accessories of combat will be found on board, and the inhabitants of the inland States will have a chance of seeing what the new navy is really like. Mr. Poundstone left for Washington last week, accompanying Mr. Neblack, who has been entertained a good deal during his stay here.

* * *

Lieutenant James E. Runcie, I regret to hear, is detained in the East by a severe illness. He left San Francisco in November, purposing to be absent not more than a few weeks. His business concluded, he went to Cleveland, where his mother resides, and there was taken sick. For some time he had suffered from insomnia, and his eyes have given him much trouble. These disorders seemed to combine, and the result was an illness that has kept him confined to bed. He hopes to be back here in February, at the latest. He is distinctly missed at the Cosmos Club.

* * *

Colonel Trumbo has just returned from Washington and New York. As usual, he is full of good spirits and brings the latest stories current at the capital. One of them relates a dialogue between Tom Platt and a friend of his who had just come from the White House, after a sad interview with the President. It was a week or two after election, and the great little man had realized the magnitude of his defeat.

"He is very much broken up," said Platt's friend. "Spoke of the tremendous losses of the party and actually cried over the defection of Indiana."

"Cried?" ejaculated Platt, incredulously.

"Why, yes; I saw the tears rolling down his cheeks."

"Tears, indeed," returned Platt. "Why, man, those were only little chunks of ice melting."

* * *

Italian breakfasts, if conducted under proper auspices, are apt to be swell affairs. Dominico Rossi gave an elaborate one in honor of Jeremiah Lynch on Christmas morning last. The private dining-room of the *Bongusto* was the *locale* selected, and at a very artistically decorated table some half dozen guests sat down. All manner of select Italian dainties were served. There were Neapolitan truffles, birds stuffed with Florentine chestnuts and Zante currants, and other foreign dainties unique in flavor and manner of cooking. With them they drank Chianti (1880), Barolo (1871), and Aspumante (1878). The other guests were Pietro Rossi, Harry Bigelow, Mr. Ceresti, and Mr. McCarthy.

* * *

MISS MARGARET CRAVEN opens here with Frohman's Company this evening. She is to be tendered a reception this afternoon by a number of her own and her mother's friends at the California Hotel. It is not unlikely that she will play the leading role for Mrs. Barrymore has been very unwell, and Miss Craven, who is her understudy, has been taking her part. She played two nights in Milwaukee and in Salt Lake City, exhibiting a degree of ability that surprised her warmest admirer. In fact, Joseph Holland said he had never seen, in all his experience, so remarkable a performance. It must be remembered that Miss Craven is very young and has not been before the footlights two years yet.

* * *

Competent judges like William Winter and J. Milholland, of the New York *Tribune*, predict for this young Californienne a very brilliant future. She is a very pretty, piquant, clever, and natural, possesses a decided turn for comedy and an adaptability that are quite out of the ordinary. She ought certainly be given an ovation this evening, for she has done remarkable work, and it ought to be recognized in San Francisco, her native place.

* * *

I regret to hear that Mrs. Georgie Drew-Barrymore has been quite unwell, and was not able to take her part in "Settled Out of Court," *en route*. She trusts, however, that the glorious climate will restore her pristine vigor. Mrs. Barrymore is a favorite here, and is always certain of a warm welcome, which, indeed, her talent and appearance command everywhere.

* * *

Miss Irene Everett, the beautiful young Californienne whose debut with Roland Reed was so marked a success, has been very ill, I regret to hear. In Chicago she contracted a severe case of diphtheria, and when sufficiently recovered was taken to a private hospital in New York where she is convalescing. This illness it was that prevented her from joining Boucicault and Henley at Stockwell's. Rumor alleges that Manager Fleishman is soon to have the happiness of leading Miss Everett to the altar. He is of very wealthy parentage, apart from what measure of success he may win in the histrionic field, his father being the largest tobacco dealer in St. Louis.

* * *

The mandolin musicale that Samuel Adelstein purposes giving at Metropolitan Hall, on January 13th, promises to be a most enjoyable affair. The programme is sufficiently long and varied to suit all tastes, and some of the best-known musicians in town will take part.

* * *

The next Saturday Pop takes place on January 7th, for which an excellent programme has been arranged. A string quartette will be one of the features, and Mrs. Batchelder has consented to appear as vocalist.

* * *

The San Francisco Fencing Academy was opened last week with a thoroughly enjoyable entertainment. Some very pretty sword play was given by Louis Tronchet and Alfred de Smet, and there were other features of an interesting character.

* * *

MY REFUSAL to believe half the accusations against Colonel Graham may earn me unpopularity at the Presidio, but that I cannot help. I am determined to do him justice at any risk. One preposterous tale I will

Richardson & Robbins' Potted Ham for Picnics and Teas.

submit as a sample of the fables in circulation about this military hero. A certain lieutenant detailed for special duty on General Ruger's staff, reported the assignment to Colonel Graham and asked to be relieved from duty. To his surprise, the great man boiled over with anger and demanded to know why he should be deprived of his officers when their presence was so essential.

"You cannot go, sir," snapped Graham, "unless an application comes personally to me from the Adjutant-General's office, and even then I—I—In the meantime and until your departure you will perform your duties, and see there are no evasions."

* * *

That was Saturday. On Tuesday the officer had arranged to depart, but something occurring he decided to remain until the following day. Wednesday morning he presented himself before the commandant to say farewell.

"You still here?" shouted the old gentleman. "This is an outrage. You are now under General Ruger's orders and have no right here. I'll arrest any officers in this post who are not attending to their duties."

After a series of similar explosions the lieutenant escaped, glad to get away unscathed and regretting his politeness had subjected him to such an onslaught.

There is the tale. Just as if so cool and reasonable a man as Colonel Graham would act in so idiotic a manner. Were it true, and I am bound to say it is comes from an excellent authority, I should be inclined to have doubts of the commandant's sanity.

* * *

THE EXPULSION of Gavin McNab from the Executive Committee of the Reorganized Democracy has in it all the elements of a comedy. To fully appreciate the situation one should understand Mr. McNab's position toward the gentlemen who voted to eject him. He was one of the first to seek to purify the party; quick-witted, strong, aggressive, he succeeded in taking many splendid men into the Reorganizers' camp, and did as much as any other person toward strengthening the Reformers. When a respectable body was formed, the fighting began. McNab favored a democratic plan of taking in all in favor of the Reformers' principles; some of the other leaders, fearing that an influx of voters would wrest their power from them, objected; they had no use for the voter who would not deliver himself tied hand and feet to the leaders.

* * *

On every proposition there was a contest, and one side would win now, the other again. Finally, the power became centralized in the hands of those opposed to McNab; every influence that could be brought to bear against him was used, and when Barry Baldwin was proposed for Mayor it was against McNab's advice, and in the teeth of his statement that Mr. Baldwin could not carry one side of his own ward. I am not prepared to say that Mr. McNab voted for Smith or Jones; I did not see his ballot, and I do not enjoy his confidence to the extent that he would tell me what he does or does not do. I am inclined to think that he did as nine-tenths of the others on the Executive Committee did: voted for whom he pleased.

* * *

The motion for his expulsion came from that shining light of the Reorganizers, "Billy" Fitzgerald. Mr. Fitzgerald is a new convert to Democracy, and, therefore, is very bigoted. Like those weak-minded brothers who become apostates for reasons sufficiently strong to drive them from their former principles, Mr. Fitzgerald sees only abomination in those who follow his course, and when it was intimated that some of the members of the Executive Committee had not voted for all the Democrats he was virtuously indignant. Having served as a member of Bill Higgins' Committee, Mr. Fitzgerald was prepared to state that any Democrat who did not vote for a Democrat was a renegade of the worst type. After referring to the fact that the Executive Committee of the Reorganizers sent for the new Board of Supervisors and demanded that that body turn over all its patronage, I will conclude this article by stating that Mr. McNab was formally dropped from the roll.

* * *

MORE IMPORTANT than the financial standing of its shares would indicate is the Safe Deposit and Trust Company. It has a huge building on Montgomery Street, a system of safes that pay a fine interest on the invested capital, and a banking business with deposits aggregating over a million dollars. Quite an interesting deal has just taken place in this concern, and California Street is engaged now watching developments. For years Charles Main and his son-in-law, Charles McDermott, have been salient factors in the management of the concern. Together they held something like 4400 shares. Interested also is Henry Williams, whose name appears on the books of the bank as Vice-President. He holds 1000 shares.

* * *

Some time ago Mr. Williams made up his mind that the participation of Mr. McDermott in the management was more of a detriment than a benefit. He found other stockholders who had conceived a similar opinion. Thereupon ensued a concerted effort to exclude this interesting Oakland gentleman from the directory. Mr. McDermott was elected, and Mr. Williams prophesied the early downfall of the Safe Deposit and Trust Company. Only a few days ago, however, it transpired the latter had purchased the shares of both Main and his son-in-law, both of whom have resigned from the Board. Williams is, therefore, master of the situation. His friends explain he sacrificed his capital to save the depositors from the machinations of McDermott. The other side have it that Williams has his own schemes to execute, and that Main and son-in-law were drags.

* * *

The situation promises to grow more interesting, for ex-Manager Young seems to find pleasure in commenting unfavorably on the management of the bank, and Vice-President Williams has been heard to remark that continuance of these disagreeable criticisms would undoubtedly result painfully for the Young epidermis, inasmuch as he would be cowhided and run out of town.

* * *

IT IS MINOR CAUSES that precipitate major consequences. Some one told me the other day how the error of a deaf butler set two families by the ear, and almost brought an intimacy of years to a most disastrous end. Two matrons who live on certain corners of Franklin Street are so devoted to each other that they actually exchange the products of their *cuisines*. If one has a particularly tempting jelly she immediately thinks how much her dear friend would like some of it. The other retaliates in a similar way, and as both are rich and have admirable cooks, they enjoy life thoroughly. One day last week Mrs. F.'s *cordon bleu* prepared a dish of terrapin which was simply exquisite, and to her husband she said: "I must send some of this to Mrs. C." He agreed with her, and the butler was dispatched with the precious dainty and the giver's compliments.

* * *

Delighted with the *bonne bruche* and the thoughtfulness of her friend, Mrs. C. partook of the terrapin and generously bethought herself of a sick neighbor whom she was sure would enjoy some of it. So she heaped a liberal share on a plate, covered it with a napkin, and calling to her own butler, ordered him to take it round the corner. Alas, he is deaf, is this servitor, and being accustomed to carry such compliments only to Mrs. F., brought the plate there with Mrs. C.'s compliments.

"Ah," said Mrs. F., "what have we here?" She gave an anticipatory smack to her lips. "What, indeed?" queried her husband.

She unpinned the *serviette* and there, to her astonishment, was the terrapin she had so generously sent out a few moments ago.

"What does this mean?" she gasped.

"Simply that Mrs. C. does not care for your terrapin," was the answer of the husband.

"Well, I think that is very rude, and I wonder that Mrs. C. would insult me so, I would not do that to her."

* * *

The following afternoon Mrs. C. called to thank Mrs. F. for her terrapin, and, to her astonishment, was received with extreme coolness.

"I don't know whether I ought to speak to you," murmured Mrs. F.

"What have I done?" cried Mrs. C., in astonishment.

"Why did you send my terrapin back?" (indignantly).

"But I did not. It was lovely. I never tasted better."

"Well, you sent it up here with your

compliments, and Mr. F. said, 'See what you get for sending people dishes.'"

Of course, explanations followed. Mrs. C. told what she had done. Then both had a hearty laugh over the ludicrous complication, and the episode ended.

* * *

JAMES L. FLOOD left for New York on Friday night last. The date of his return is uncertain. He may be back in three months, and it may strike him to take a trip through Europe, and then Pine Street will not know his name for a season or two. However, Mr. Flood likes San Francisco, and, more than any other millionaire, enjoys life. Instead of gathering round himself a set of genteel idiots whose sole claim to consideration is the respectability of their parents, he makes himself the centre of a few bright, clever story-tellers who love the good things of this world, know a fine claret when they taste it, and the merits of a canvas-back duck when it is scientifically cooked.

* * *

Mr. Flood has a suite of apartments in the Grand Hotel and has his meals at the Poodle Dog. There, a special table is set apart for him, and for his delectation a particular *menu* is prepared. He seldom sits down alone, and his friends are rarely silent. There the newest stories go the rounds, and the latest gossip circulates with the *entrées*. Occasionally he gives a supper to some journalistic or artistic friend, and then he gets up a luxurious repast that would delight the soul of an epicure. Altogether he has an agreeable life and, I believe, never permits a single hour to evince its possession of leaden feet.

* * *

ABOUT THAT ruling passion of Senator Fair's, there comes from New York a capital story. The old gentleman visited his son-in-law and daughter not so many months ago, and Herman did the honors of the metropolis for him. He has a large, free-handed way about him, has Oelrichs, and no one ever accused him of half-hearted hospitality. Among other places, they visited the Hoffman House bar, had sundry drinks, and departed. After the Senator was well on his way back to the Lick House, Herman took a California friend of his aside and whispered:

"Say, I don't think the old gentleman can last much longer. His mind seems to be giving way."

"Eh, what's that?" answered the friend. "*His* mind weakening! Rats!"

* * *

"Well," continued Herman, "I'll tell you. We went into the Hoffman House bar for drinks. I handed the waiter a dollar and he put down sixty cents change. The coins lay on the table a moment, and then the Senator put out his hand and put them in his pocket. The same occurred again. Now, the old fellow is worth fifteen millions, and what use is a quarter more or less to him? I asked Mrs. Oelrichs about it and she said her father was so accustomed to treating in San Francisco that he was always under the impression he had done the paying."

The Californian listened and then burst into a prolonged guffaw.

"Oelrichs," he spluttered, "that's his oldest trick, and it's a beauty. I've seen him do it a hundred times in Virginia City. You'll never land him insane on that count. Borrow twenty from him and if he fails to ask you for it, begin to suspect. Depend on it, me boy, you'll have to pungle within twenty-four hours or you'll hear of it."

* * *

AS AN ECONOMIST, Senator Fair is eminently competent. For the Lick House he has enunciated a set of rules that denote extreme skill in the art of cheese-paring. There is a regular Penal Code governing the cooks and the bell-boys. Even the bar is not exempt from his pronunciamentos. Between the hours of eleven and one o'clock a free lunch of elaborate meagreness garnishes the counter. An array of tempting dish-covers give it a pretentious appearance. No difference has ever been made in the price of drinks. Fifteen cents obtained one all the privileges. Recently, however, the tariff has been advanced to a quarter. A bevy of customers from across Montgomery Street streamed in there a few days ago and ordered liquid refreshments according to their usual recipes.

* * *

"With or without lunch, gentlemen?" inquired the bartender, politely.

"What's the difference?" was asked.

"Senator Fair says we must charge two bits when the parties 'ave lunch, sir."

Nowadays, other establishments in that environment are obtaining most of the patronage.

* * *

TOM WILLIAMS, of the *Examiner*, returned from Washington in time to spend Christmas with his family. He enjoyed his six weeks' experience of National politics thoroughly but is convinced that absence only maketh the heart grow fonder—of San Francisco. Tom is, without doubt, one of the cleverest *raconteurs* in town, and the trip has given him plenty of material. As a matter of course he brings home a story or two which are well worth hearing. One is about Congressman Tim Campbell, of New York, known in Washington as Mrs. Malaprop's brother. He is one of the characters of the capital, bluff, vigorous, popular, and the possessor of a potent pull. In his district he is all powerful, and woe betide the daring individual who opposes him.

* * *

Appearing at Washington when the session opened, he seemed to his friend, Joe Manley, to look a little dejected.

"Hollo, Tim—what's the matter? You look—you're not looking happy," said the latter.

"No," returned Campbell, rather shortly.

"You were elected all right—usual majority, too," pursued Manley.

"Of course—but four scoundrels down there voted agin me, an' I'm trying to locate 'em," said Campbell, indignantly.

"The rascals," said Manley, sympathetically.

"Indeed they are. I guess I've caught one of them, an' he's in the Postoffice. We'll make an example of him if I can't get the others."

* * *

On another occasion Campbell met young Blaine and inquired very solicitously after his parent's health.

"How is he?" he asked with deep solicitude.

"Just a little better to-day," said the son of his father.

"I'm glad to know it. The death of so illustrated a man would be a great loss." And the New York Congressman shook his head ominously.

* * *

EVEN JOVE NODS at times, and if his lapses are pardonable how much more so are those of our fellow citizens who have no claims to infallibility. A certain prominent Jewish financier, whose name is good for several millions, and whose reputation for accuracy is almost impeccable, is the victim of a good deal of chaffing over a curious error he made a few days ago. I am sure there are few smarter business men on the Coast than he, and that is one reason why the episode creates so much amusement. He is a member of the Building Committee of the San Francisco Verein, and his opinion is deemed of great weight and consequence. The other day the architect called, bringing with him two sets of plans, one for the new structure and the second containing detailed drawings of a crematory which certain gentlemen purpose erecting near the Park sometime in spring.

* * *

"Here you are," said the architect, throwing down one of the sets. "Look them over at your leisure. The other committeemen have all signed and I think you will be satisfied." Exit architect.

The financier called in his partner, an equally grand and reverend capitalist, and together they spread out the plans.

"Let us look at the ballroom," he said, "that is what I am interested in."

"Here it is," responded the partner fishing out a sheet that represented a huge vaulted apartment with an admirable representation of a baptismal font in the centre.

"Here we are," he said. "Plenty of room, too, though I don't see what they want with this fountain. Do you?"

"No," said the financier. "And if this is an oven it looks to me a little extravagant."

He pointed to a strange structure of huge proportions marked "furnace," that seemed to occupy an unusual space.

* * *

"But I understand they are going to have the best kitchen in town," put in the partner, scanning the plan, "and I guess it's all right."

"The others have all signed," said the

financier, "and I suppose I'm all right. They know more about it than I do." Thereupon he affixed his signature, and, as he did so, in rushed the architect's office-boy with the other set of plans under his arm.

"Mr. Soandso says he left the plans of the crematory here by mistake, sir," he gasped breathlessly, "and he told me to give you these of the Verein."

The two able financiers gazed at each other aghast. Then they fell back in their chairs in an ecstasy of amusement. Their ballroom was the mortuary chapel, the oven was the furnace, the fountain was the stand on which the remains were to rest while friends and relatives paid their tribute of farewell glances.

However, there was the name signed in approval. The architect saw it, realized what had occurred, and gave the story away.

* * *

LORING PICKERING had a distinct personality of a negative type. He was not an able writer nor a man of marked talent in a single direction. His editorials were laboriously non-committal, he had no intimate friends, he was not a partisan; I doubt if he knew the meaning of the word enthusiasm. He understood the temper of this community better, I believe, than any other man, and, while he was not inclined to reason out motives for adopting a given course of action, his conclusions were nearly always correct. In troublous times, he always indited his leading article and his style was unique. Before the *Call* took on Republican tendencies it maintained a position between the two parties. Mr. Pickering possessed the gentle art of making in one sentence a positive statement and in the next modifying it out of existence.

* * *

For him circumlocution was among the fine arts. He realized that the policy of journalistic fight-making was an error, but he meant business when his guns opened fire. But he was nearly always on the winning side when the votes came to be counted, for Mr. Pickering never failed to discount his experience. His manner was a reflex of his character. His voice was loud and a trifle harsh. The exceeding deference of his address and attitude seemed to contradict the vigor of his tones. Withal he was a good enough man—not from conscience, but from a profound conviction of the advisability of virtue.

* * *

Like most newspapermen of the old school, he was given to editorial. The *Call* has for years had the best comment on current events on the Coast. The department cost him a great deal of money, but he wanted it and he was right. While profoundly distrustful of his staff, he had unbounded confidence in John White, but this was because the erstwhile business manager had made thousands of dollars for the paper. For years, when the *Call* ran only four pages a day, the partners divided an average of $100,000 per annum. For his services as editor, Mr. Pickering drew $10,000 a year. I suppose he leaves behind him a fortune of nearly three-quarters of a million dollars.

* * *

Among the interesting contingencies opened by the death of Loring Pickering is the possibility that Mr. Fitch will conclude the *Bulletin* gives him as much work as he cares to undertake. That means that someone will be selected to manage the *Call*. The Deacon, as he is called, is a curious character in his way and, like most men of reserved habits, is little understood outside his own editorial rooms. For the comfort of his employés he will do anything under the sun, and when they understand the policy of his paper he leaves them very much to their own resources. His chief pleasure is derived from editing with a scissors the vast pile of exchanges which the *Bulletin* receives. Even 'Rome Hart, of the *Argonaut*, has not a finer eye for an interesting paragraph or an available personal. Out of these files he makes up the Saturday supplement which is very readable, and all the odds and ends columns which the paper is full of.

* * *

If he assumes the *Call* helm he will have to abandon this occupation. He would not content himself with preserving the journal on its own lines, but would undoubtedly imbue it with his own Puritanical personality. That would take time. He would have to edit all the editorial and go over the proofs. He would have to see countless people every day, worry himself about the proper policy to pursue, and abandon all his old habits which, I am sure, he would not willingly do. However, *nous verrons*.

* * *

THE NEW SUPERVISORS show spirit. Let us hope they will prove honest. In disregarding the flamboyant claims of the Advisory Committee they have exhibited independence, an admirable characteristic in its way if backed by an ability to resist temptation. So often have I seen Supervisors commence their careers with unclouded characters and emerge without reputation that I am inclined to be pessimistic. The rewards of knavery are not to be sneered at. The spoils of office are in the thousands. Supervisors Taber and Wilkinson retire from their interesting incumbency with over $40,000 each; it is comparatively easy to duplicate their record. Who frowns on the amiable Burling or refuses the hand of the incorruptible Coffey? Yet these men are bandits, and if but evidence of their guilt were forthcoming would be in San Quentin.

* * *

On the other hand, the new Board must realize that their virtue has no outcome. For probity there is little recognition, as for turpitude there seems no obloquy. Honesty is only an asset of political ambition. Already there seems to be an agreement in the new Board. Seven members exhibit a tendency to act together, and Supervisor Day is the leading spirit. Supervisor Denman, who is Chairman of the Water Committee, has recently joined the Pacific-Union Club, where he may become amenable to the gentle suasion of Attorney Herrin and the courteous Webb Howard. There is more in a social environment than people are willing to admit. The atmosphere of that plutocratic institution is alien to a vulgar display of principle, and it may be that the wealthy schoolmaster will conclude that Spring Valley is more sinned against than sinning.

* * *

THAT E. B. POND has pull enough to persuade Grover Cleveland to appoint him Collector of the Port I don't believe. His pretensions, I fear, will receive a setback when the President learns his connection with the Oregon wagon road steal. That was decidedly a discreditable business, and Cleveland was at some pains to express his estimation of the job. That he would recall the ex-Mayor's visit to Washington during his administration and his efforts to keep the grant intact is unlikely, but that will be attended to. My main objection to the furtherance of Mr. Pond's ambition is that he is a millionaire and the other candidates are not. A mere seven thousand per annum is a pittance to him. It is a fortune for his competitors.

* * *

That he is honest as men go, I have no doubt. That he would acceptably execute the duties of the office is unquestionable. Mr. English, however, has infinitely more brain power, and as good a reputation. Besides, he has worked hard for the party, which Pond has never served save as a candidate. The latter is a cold, self-seeking, negative personality, who enjoys the rank among men that accumulated gains confer. English is broad-minded, generous, aggressive, possessed of a distinct personal magnetism, and a general capacity for management and rule. There is no comparison between the two, if popularity is to decide, for Pond is a name and English an interesting and very vital entity.

* * *

THE SCHOOL DIRECTORS are in a bad muddle. Every one wants to be Captain, and no one can get the necessary number of votes. It is a matter of considerable rejoicing that the official count dislodged Mr. Stafford, not that there is any feeling against that gentleman, but because his defeat makes it impossible to elect Director Clinton Chairman. Director Clinton is not, in my opinion, the proper man for the position; as he has no chance to get it, it will not be necessary to give my reasons for thinking as I do on the subject. The combination that must be made before a Chairman is elected will result in some queer deals during the next two years.

* * *

Mr. Hyde will probably be elected President; he is so eager for the honor that I really fear he will compromise himself in his efforts to get it. The offers he has made for

support are enough to induce almost any dishonest man to vote for him; yet he has the misfortune to be associated with some people in the Board who will not dispose of their influence for so much patronage. I very much doubt the advisability of making Mr. Hyde President; I am in favor of Mr. J. J. Dwyer for the office, and if it can be done without creating a revolution I should like to make ex-Judge Sullivan President of the Board of Supervisors.

* * *

THE POOL TOURNAMENT at the Concordia Club was won by Jake Spitz, who consequently ranks as champion. It was really a very interesting contest, and gathered every evening for two months past a number of spectators. The first game was played at the latter end of October, and the last, between Mr. Spitz and Mr. Newmark, just a few days ago. Alec. Herman and Mr. Frank acted, respectively, as handicapper and referee. They rank next to Mr. Spitz among the pool contingent, and probably would have made the contest closer. The winner was awarded a diamond billiard cue. The Directors are so satisfied at the success of this innovation that they have decided soon to inaugurate a bowling tournament.

* * *

There are half a dozen clubs now using the alleys, and among those who are constant attendants are some very clever bowlers. In the Friday Night Club are several adepts whose skill is unquestioned. The Thursday Night and the Monday Night Clubs have also their champions, and, of course, the result will be of great interest. The lady members participate, and to the winner a handsome prize will be alotted.

* * *

TO SUCCEED NOWADAYS one must be concentrated. Whoever would win fortune or fame must eschew aught that bears not on his ambition. The immense accumulations of the late James Phelan are susceptible of coherent explanation. He bent his entire energies to trading. In the day time he worked, at night he thought. He cared nothing for Society, art, books, he made no collections, he never entered a theatre. His brain was devoted to hatching projects, and he used the hours of daylight in executing them. Of course, the man had a special endowment of the money-making faculty and its subordinate qualities of secretiveness, economy, and shrewdness. Above all, he had judgment—business judgment, that is, and he seldom made an error.

* * *

Some of the choicest blocks of real estate in San Francisco, San Jose, in Tacoma, and Seattle belonged to him. It is of the kind denominated gilt-edged. He gathered it, bit by bit, not in huge parcels as Jay Gould gathered in stocks, but by slow and constant accumulation. The process, one might think, would tend to narrow a man's mind; the mere straining in a single direction could not but produce a species of mental myopia. That depends. Mr. Phelan had keen perceptive faculties and an alertness of comprehension and conclusion that were distinct factors in his success. He was a constant reader of the newspapers, he knew everything that occurred in the community, and drew inferences from events that had escaped the notice of his competitors. Nothing shows the versatility of his business faculties like the character of his trades.

* * *

He was the first man to ship wheat to Europe. He once made a corner in oil, he dealt extensively in sugar, he made thousands of dollars out of a speculation in nails. Real estate was his favorite, however, and to his intuitive sense of its value the dimensions of his splendid fortune is mainly due. Of course, it is easy to say James Phelan was an ignorant Irishman who cared only for dollars and made millions by blind investments. But it is not true. We are all of us trying to gather coins, and for that line of exertion the man had a genius. He founded banks, his building for many years was the finest in town, he was a financier on a broad scale, and ye who scoff should see the deep respect an expression of his opinion was received with by the local deities of gold and silver who have so gorgeous a contempt for aught that pertains not to solidity.

* * *

The dead millionaire was at his best at home. There he stinted himself in nothing. He enjoyed the best eating and drinking to be had, and thought nothing under the sun too good for his family. They had everything they desired or required. Economical, penurious, as he was reputed, he never refused a request that came from his domestic circle. Though decidedly secretive, he was gay, and genial, and shrewd in his home, and had a fund of observation and story to draw from in talk. The huge fortune goes to his children. To Mrs. Phelan there is an annuity of $30,000 per annum, and the house on Valencia Street, which reverts at her death to Miss Molly Phelan. She is given also a lot on Market Street, near Battery, the southwest corner of California and Drum Streets; also corners on the intersections of Fourth and Fifth and Jessie Streets. James D. Phelan gets the Market Street property, the rents from which are $15,000 per month, and Mrs. Frank Sullivan has the Sutter Street Market. These parcels they received by deed some three years ago.

* * *

There are bequests of about $50,000 to relatives and of about $52,000 to charities, including $5000 to the Jewish Orphan Asylum. The rest of the estate, including the properties in San Jose and New York, is to be divided between the three children. The estimate, $11,500,000, is substantially correct, though the annual revenue is quite an excellent percentage on that amount. The total income of the various properties is between half and three-quarters of a million per annum.

* * *

A story that the late James Phelan was fond of telling had to do with the Fenian times in Ireland. It was about an old Irishman who had the misfortune one night to find himself full of buckshot through venturing too far along a dark highway. The wounded man was carried to his home, the priest was sent for, and then a doctor was called in. For a long time the patient was unconscious, and the efforts to "bring him to" were unavailing. While the doctor was working over him his brother was engaged cleaning his gun and sharpening the points on his shillalah. With daylight, the injured man recovered his senses.

* * *

Having asked what the matter was with himself, and hearing that he was seriously wounded, he became unconscious again, but his brother aroused him.

"Dan, Dan, wak' up an' tell us who did it," he cried.

"Sure, I dunno who did it at all, at all," said Dan.

"Hev yez no inimies that cud hev done this t'ing?"

"Not an inimy in the wur-rld," Dan said, slowly; "not an inimy in——" He hesitated. "Sure, though, there's Tom Flynn."

"The thavin' blagard!" cried the brother, starting for his gun. "That thafe o' the wur-rld did it."

"Pat, Pat," moaned the wounded man, "where was I struck?"

"All over, Dan; all over—in the ligs, an' brist an' face."

"In the brist an' face? Ah, Pat," said the old man cheerily, "thim slugs niver cam' from Tom Flynn's gun. It must hev' been some av me fri'nds."

The Witness.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

LITERARY MEN.

THEIR UNLOVABLE SIDE.

BY FRONA EUNICE WAIT.

Mr. Henry Bigelow has delivered himself of a philippic against literary women which is as unworthy of him as it is unjust and brutal. Under the heading of "Literary Wives" he has assailed them all along the line.

Experience has taught me that there is but one way to deal with a man when his inordinate vanity and self-complacency takes an aggressive turn, and that is to give him a dose of his own medicine. I have never known it fail to silence him. If there is any one thing in the world which a man cannot calmly endure it is the search-light of comparison. He does not show up well when his own personality is exhibited in the nude. God help the woman whose domestic life and personal habits will not stand comparison with that of the man of her own station, pursuit, or walk of life!

If it is true that literary work unfits a woman for wife and motherhood, what does it do for the literary man? Does he make a model husband and father? And are his personal habits all that could be desired? Certainly not. Nor does this prove that a literary pursuit in itself is to blame for the shortcomings of either sex. There are quite as many men who never brush their teeth, whose coat-collars are covered with dandruff, and whose trousers bag at the knee and are frayed at the bottoms, as there are women who shed their hairpins, and I deny that either one represents the highest and best type of literary worker.

Mr. Bigelow assures us that "women in their natural state act entirely from instinct, and never reason with their sentiments and emotions," and he would rather have married "that soft, black-eyed, foolish little daughter of Shylock than Portia." As it is, he had a narrow escape from a long and cheerless bachelorhood by stumbling across a *rara avis* who does not read the newspapers. Lucky man!

If a man is inordinately selfish, if he marries because a wife is a less expensive necessity than a mistress, and one that he can treat a thousand times more shabbily, I am inclined to think that Jessica would be the right selection, because it would be a pity to spoil two houses with such a precious pair. Jessica was not only a thief, but she was capable of the basest treachery and ingratitude, turning upon her own flesh and blood as well as religion, and I have not the slightest doubt she could have betrayed Lorenzo with as little compunction of conscience.

There is nothing in the English language more lofty and high-minded than Portia's confession of her love for Bassanio when she gives him her ring. Nor could there be anything more womanly and delicate than her pledge of herself in the declaration: "Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours is now converted." It had that submissive yielding quality and abandonment of self only possible in a grand soul. Surely no man could wish her more loving, tender, and trustful than she was. As a proof of her affection she would go into court and plead for her husband and his friend, but she would not rob her father for him.

Jessica was eminently practical. She remembered at the supreme moment to provide liberally for her own wants, and her equally provident prototype of to-day looks out for the material side of life.

It is more than likely that she spells it "prey" when she writes that she will remember him in her orisons, and she has unconsciously used the right word. This is what the average man is in the hands of a cunning woman.

Life is too short, and I am doubtful if it would be worth while to attempt to teach men that the cunning woman is not the intellectual woman—that the terms are not synonymous, and that the little bread-and-butter girl is the mother of all the criminal, pauper, and inferior of the human race. No man ever achieved greatness whose mother was an inferior woman, and no inferior woman ever was or can be successful in literature.

I do not want a better example of the wife and motherhood of intellectual women than is afforded by this same Cornelia whom Mr. Bigelow quotes. Why were the Gracchi great? Because their mother was one of the most talented women of her time, and was capable of educating her sons herself.

Napoleon banished Mme. de Stael because he was afraid of her, not because she did not have any children. She was the mouth-piece of cultured aristocracy which he overthrew, and he hated her accordingly. He knew that she regarded him as a successful soldier, but not a gentleman, and that this opinion was shared by the little handful of grand dames, which even his marriage with Josephine, whose breeding leveled with theirs, did not placate. When he found that they would not countenance him or his court he banished and persecuted all of them.

In his sweeping assertion that "all writing wives are slovenly, and that poetesses are ignorant of the bath and hairpins," Mr. Bigelow is either willfully untruthful or else woefully ignorant of the facts, and in either case his judgment is not reliable.

The pioneer female journalist of America, and the very last leaf upon the tree which bore first fruits of woman's attempt at newspaper work, is Mrs. Croly, better known as "Jennie June," and there is not a better nor more fashionably dressed woman in New York to-day. She founded "Sorosis," and has always been a woman of advanced thought, but she is gentle and refined to a degree. She is also the mother of several children, all of whom are a credit to her. Nor was her husband, D. G. Croly, for years managing editor of the New York *World*, either an ass or a crank. Neither did he go on a mission.

I happen to know that Lady Juene, the female Labouchère of England, Mrs. M. E. M. Sherwood, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mrs. Cruger, better known as "Juliet Corden," of New York's 400, Ellen Osborne, Shirley Dare, "Bab," and Dorothy Q., are fashionable dressers as well as able writers.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox is as exquisite and dainty in her personality as a bit of Dresden china. Who has ever seen her in her own apartments dressed in anything except white satin, rich and heavy in quality, and spotlessly clean? The wearing of white satin gowns, fashioned Empire style, indoors, happens to be a peculiarity with the poetess of passion, and no sloven or woman with crude taste would select such material, nor would any but a perfectly groomed woman dare attempt anything so tell-tale and trying. If Mr. Bigelow had paid attention to the minute detail which discovers the personality of the writer, as well as her characters, he would have known that Amelie Rives-Chandler is also a woman of faultless personal habits. She lays too much stress upon the shiny, perfumed locks of her heroines not to know how to dress her own hair.

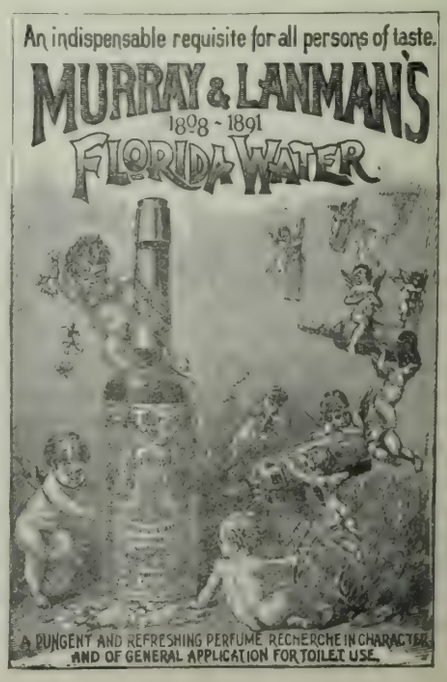
Coming nearer home there are such women as Alice Ballard Rix, Gertrude Atherton, Minnie Buchanan-Unger (now Mrs. Goodman), Geraldine Bonner, Adele Chretien, and Lillian Plunkett, who not only observe the ethics of good dressing, but they are without exception women of delightful individuality, rich in all the social graces, and women before whom any man might stand, hat in hand, in admiration and respect.

How many of the bright and shining male literary lights can lay claim to as many graces? If there are surprisingly few, then I submit that few of them are fit to be husbands and fathers. A slovenly and underbred father, with the tobacco habit, if not drunkenness added to it, is just as much an enemy to the State and public morals as the writing wife who would neglect her babies. If she would make life a hell on earth, so would he. If her children are objects of pity how about his children?

While Mr. Bigelow was dilating upon the faults of Georges Sand why did he not mention the good qualities of her peer, George Eliot, who was not only a devoted wife, but an adorable and adored stepmother, which, under the peculiar circumstances, was a most difficult role. Harriet Martineau, Charlotte Brontë, Miss Muloch, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Louisa M. Alcott, Martha Lamb, Mary Mapes Dodge, Catherine Cole, Frances Hodgson Burnett, and Marion Harland are women lovable in character and personality.

The human hyena who warmed himself into the confidence of the principals in the Drayton-Borrowe trouble, and who, for the sake of a "scoop" (which is ordinarily worth five dollars extra), would blast the good name of a woman, bring sorrow and shame upon one of the oldest and most honored families in the United States, and disgrace her helpless children, is distinctly a product of the male school of newspaper writers. With the heart of an assassin, these men drag-net the sewers of life, and stop at nothing short of murder to get what they call a "sensation." Truth, honor, decency, the common welfare of the Nation, the home, all of the teachings and precepts of Christianity, are as nothing in the hands of this class of men.

Whether married or single, a success or a failure, the intellectual woman is an honest, straightforward, upright character, much above the petty meannesses of the lesser minds, either masculine or feminine, and I have never heard of one who did not love her own and everybody's else children.



MUSIC.

THE CHRISTMAS MUSIC.

Where the deeps of emotion are to be shadowed forth, music, by natural right, takes first place, embodying conceptions which the other arts can merely suggest through the veils of their more tangible medium. Festivals, commemorating whatsoever they may, lose their crown without aid from the powers of sound made musical. Emotion, struggling to become articulate, first bursts into disjointed cries which are so intimate as to be almost feeling itself, and when these cries are uttered and refined through the intellect of pure artists, universal sympathy echoes them with unfaltering acclaim. Religions instinctively trend to the fitting of music to themselves. From incantations to masses, the original cause works out and upward with the same innate prompting. Christianity has bloomed into music of imperishable truth and beauty, where the sentiment in its text becomes visible in the art world of tone. A musical celebration of the Christmas festival bears that harvest of all that is gracious in religious emotion to a point which language cannot reach and where feeling only can follow.

Music in these days is wedded to every occasion of sentiment and pleasure in the life, private and public, but nowhere, perhaps, can its power be used with such magic as in the service of Christianity at the great yearly festival of rejoicing. This rejoicing, made up of the aspirations of tender, unabashed faith in things unseen and a wider circling of human sympathies, with the aid of music, makes belief a necessity for the time being. Christmas becomes manifest in ideal music beautifully given, has a meaning which the cultivated and ignorant equally understand on the same footing of emotion.

An organ sonorous, grandiose, yet solid, giving out in prelude some deep and genial thought of a great master, through the instrumentality of an informed artist hand, followed by the choir rising with the volume of many full, pure voices softly caroling the story of the Saviour's birth; then, after a palpitating silence, perhaps a saintly soprano may sing the inexpressibly convincing inspiration, "I Know that my Redeemer Liveth," while the whole is brought to a close with a simple, broadly-phrased hymn, wherein the joy has nothing metallic to take away from the general feeling of emotional sacrifice; this might easily be the main course and end of the Christmas service.

A truthful transcript of the usual solemnization, as practiced here, leaves none but unpleasant impressions, chief amongst which are indifferent organs badly tuned and sacrilegiously played, selections bald and vaporing, relieved by dogmatic theology of unconscionable age. At the Congregational Church one thing only had artistic possibilities, the fatuous organ playing the poverty-stricken musical numbers, and the quartette skirmishing kept each other in countenance. A beautiful mezzo-soprano voice, not above reproach in placing, was the one relief from absolute tedium. The Calvary Church music might easily bear off the prize for driving away enthusiasts quickest, such taste, performances, and callousness to refinement in any form is not to be expected of a wealthy endowed church. The music here deserved forgetfulness before any church music in the city, which is high distinction in the general ineptitude. Altogether a better feeling shone through the rough and but half prepared interpreting of good numbers at Trinity Church. Two carols, for first and second soprano and alto voices, with organ accompaniment by Heinrich Neal, written with originality and delicacy of rhythm, were examples of the tasteful use of limited material, their performances, however, were not overflowing with *nuance* or subtlety of effect. The performances in general in places where some sort of standard is supposed to exist were a unit in falling short of artistic result, and the ideal Xmas service remains a thing to be wished for, without great hopes of its being accomplished immediately, or at the next recurrence of the festival. LESLEY MARTIN.

LAWN TENNIS.

The recent Berkeley-Stanford football match has "hit" the town so hard that it seems as if tennis playing has, for a time at least, been placed upon the shelf, as all the local tennis enthusiasts have given their entire attention to kicking the pig-skin. Not only the California Tennis Club, but also the Sacramento and Oakland clubs have been affected by the craze, and it has even gone so far that the different Bay clubs have organized teams to meet in contests, and during the past week the different teams have been practicing hard for what seems to be a very hard series of contests.

The Fifth Quarterly Tournament (singles), for the California Club championship was not played last week on account of the wet weather; play will be called this afternoon at 2:30 P. M. (weather permitting), and continued on Sunday and Monday. It is quite likely that the entry list will be much larger on this occasion as a number of players were called out of town on Christmas Day.

W. S. Hobart and Miss Morgan played three interesting sets on Wednesday last, in which the former was to win six games to love. In the first set he was successful, but in the second Miss Morgan won a game, when the score was 5-1 against her. The third set was a repetition of the first, but Mr. Hobart was compelled to do his utmost to keep his fair opponent from scoring. In this set Miss Morgan had very hard luck in just striking the net a number of times when only one point was needed for a game.

Mr. A. G. Field is not seen at the courts much of late. This young player when in practice gave every indication of advancement to the championship class, but now that he only plays but once a week it is considered certain that he will drop back among the lesser lights of tennisdom.

A large rush of players to the different courts is now expected after such an enforced absence from the courts owing to the inclement weather.

A mid-winter tournament, open to all clubs in the State (doubles and singles), would create a great deal of interest just at present, and it is quite likely that the Pacific States, Association will hold such an event next season. Tournaments limited to club members will not benefit players much, because, as a rule, they are all accustomed to each others style of play. What this Coast needs is frequent tournaments open to the Coast, whereby every one no matter how poor a player, would greatly benefit his game by contact with other players from different organizations

THE SCORER.

ENGRAVING AND STATIONERY.

The facilities that Sanborn, Vail & Co., have for doing the finest kind of card engraving and copper-plate work are proving the best kind of an advertisement for that firm. It really does not matter who may have had the bulk of any trade, the public will follow the fashion, and fashion always indulges in what is cheapest and best. That is probably why Sanborn, Vail & Co. have been doing such a large business in printing cards and invitations. This is certainly the best place in the city to get stationery marked with your monogram or engraved with your address. Some very artistic designs are shown, duplicates of the latest Eastern styles. While speaking of stationery, it may not be out of place to call attention to the large stock of fashionable writing paper that this firm has on hand. Paper in all the latest tints is to be found here, and the price is sufficiently low to permit anyone to be in fashion. There are some exquisite shades, and no one should be without a supply.

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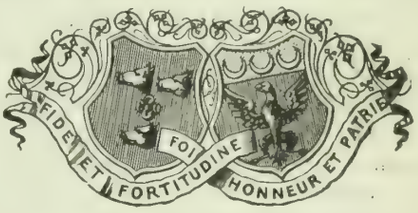

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The Wave

A Society, Literary and Political Journal.

Issued Weekly from Office of Publication at San Francisco

By COSGRAVE & HUME.

San Francisco, December 31, 1892.

BUCKLEYISM OUTDONE.

When the Democratic party of San Francisco had the good fortune to have Christopher F. Buckley at its head, the vulgar squabbling over the spoils and the impertinent demands for patronage that have marked the days since the recent election were unknown. That a large share of the offices went to the lion then there is no doubt; Mr. Buckley did not lend his knowledge or influence for nothing. But the Blind Boss of San Francisco, the vote buyer, vote stealer, and vote briber, never had the effrontery to send for the members of a Board of Supervisors and demand that all the patronage of that body be turned at once over to him. Despised and contemned as he was, the man Buckley, whose overthrow was the object of the Reformed Democracy, had a spark of decency in his composition. That it was small, I may be forced to admit, but small as it was it was just so much more than is possessed by that ineffably impertinent and insanely presumptuous body, the Executive Committee of the Reorganizers.

That a body of men sufficiently intelligent to scratch themselves when a flea bites should make such a demand on the officers of this city is hardly to be believed. They must think that the Supervisors are fools or as great knaves as they are to openly assign their assets on such a highwaymanlike stand-and-deliver order. The boss whom the Executive Committee deposed never showed a capacity for spoils or a contempt for public opinion to equal this. Mr. Buckley, when he owned the town, carried the Board of Education in one pocket and the Board of Supervisors in another, never dared demand everything from his creatures. He remained in power for several years. This Executive Committee of the Reorganizers will find itself impaled on the sharp point of public opinion in as many months. Its presumption is intolerable.

The best men who compose it are not the men who made this impudent and insolent demand; there are some members who have sense enough to repudiate the act; the others, apparently, have not sense enough to refrain from proving that they are infinitely worse than Buckley, whose humble servants they were until they found a chance to betray him.

The official canvass has been completed, and only in one or two minor offices have there been changes from the figures originally published. For all time, O'Donnell has been retired. He never had a better opportunity of election; the Republican party was divided, the Democrats, disgusted with the new bosses and the unpopular man whom they forced on the Convention, secretly sulked or openly rebelled; party traces were jumped, and every man voted as he pleased. Still, the old man was defeated and his chance was lost forever. It is to be hoped that before another election comes around he will be in jail.

If the men at the head of the Non-Partisan movement are wise they will keep up the organization; under the circumstances of the last contest they did admirably; with a better knowledge of politics and a more thorough association they can dictate nominations two years hence, and insure a fairly honest ballot. The people are already very tired of the men who have placed themselves at the head of the local Spoils Bureau, and if they are not painfully made aware of the fact I am no political star reader.

LITERARY WIVES.

Why can't literary women be good wives? Nobody but Mr. Henry Bigelow seems to know, and his explanation is very unsatisfactory to married ladies who write. It seems to me that women who have brains enough to write well should have sufficient sense to break themselves of the marriage habit; yet the clever women one knows have either twice tried the matrimonial lottery or are widows—which is recognized as much the same thing. The literary wife is very trying, I should imagine, on the ordinary man; the mortality rate among the husbands of women of genius is larger than among the partners of any other class of females. Clever women presume on their mates to a remarkable extent; they rise above the things of the kitchen and soar to great intellectual heights in slovenly dressing-gowns and curl-papers. It is not by wearing slippers without heels alone that they distress their husbands; they exercise their brainlets so much over night that they must needs lie abed next morning, consuming their three meals in a recumbent position, and failing to get up so that the crumbs may be shaken from the sheets. In a case of this kind it is not the literary habit that dissipates the household peace—it is the crumbs!

I have no ill will to the literary wife; I like her, not unwisely, but enough. But my heart goes out in sympathy to the husband of the woman of genius, who, in order to get release from his brilliant mate, must make himself supremely ridiculous by incorporating in his complaint for divorce heelless slippers and corsetless forms. Yet, it is rarely the manner of dressing that will turn a husband against his wife, if she be a genius. It is the habit of scolding (literary women are all scolds; they thus score even with the critics); it is the pertinacious fretting, the constant teasing, the unhallowed crumbs that undermine the husband's constitution, and he finds peace in death or divorce. The literary habit, when matrimonially inclined, is a serious menace to the peace of the land; it has settled the question "Is marriage between men and women a failure?" and brings up for discussion the query: "To *what* shall we wed our literary women?"

Some of my esteemed local Republican contemporaries are urging the Government to pay the builders of the "Monterey" every "dollar of the contract price, even if she does show a little less than the required 5400 horse-power." The Government will probably do it; it did something very like it in Builder Roach's case, but the Republican party will recall the fact that it was such methods of procedure that defeated it eight years ago, and that makes its retirement in March unwept, unhonored and unsung. If the specifications have not been complied with, the Government will be robbing the people in paying money that is not due.

* * *

Has anyone heard lately of the *Stock Report's* new transcontinental railroad? In my opinion it has either strayed or been stolen, although it is said by some that it was part of the editor's Christmas gift to E. L. G. Steele, in token of esteem of his extreme mushiness in buying that land up Antioch way. I understand that Mr. Steele purposes planting some railroad seeds on the land purchased from the *Report* family (which was in the line of survey of the new road), and going into the business of railway-raising on a large scale. His experiment will be watched with interest, but I doubt that he will have the success that marked the efforts of the *Stock Report's* editor and Mr. Baldwin.

* * *

It is safe to presume that the gentlemen charged with accepting bribes for influencing the American people to withdraw opposition to the Panama Canal will not challenge their accusers to fight duels. They believe that there is slight sense in getting riches if it is necessary to fight to keep them. However, as we are in the pitch ourselves, we will find that the sticky stuff does not have such a disagreeable odor as we imagined when it adhered only to the French.

* * *

The telegraph informs us that Messrs. McAuliffe and Burge are indignant because the Coney Island Athletic Club has withdrawn its offer of a purse of $40,000 for the victor in a passage-at-arms. I do not wonder at the anger of these two gentlemen; I think they have been robbed of $20,000 each—that is the way they would have divided the money. There will not be fair fighting as long as the clubs offer big purses; few pugilists can withstand the temptation of "going out" for $5000, when they risk the chance of getting nothing by making an honest fight. If purses were smaller there would be better contests, as a division would not be so profitable, and the men would work harder to capture the sack.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF WASHINGTON.

BY T. T. WILLIAMS.

The good Dr. Parkhurst should leave New York and reside in Washington, for the streets and houses are free from the contaminating presence of that class which particularly excites his anger. That is not so because residence in Washington purifies and elevates above the baser level of common humanity, but because the traffic is unprofitable. Phil Thompson, who knows more about the ways of Washington than any other man, attributes the freedom from flagrant evidences of misconduct to the prevalence of typewriters in the Departments. Why the introduction of the simple and useful writing machines should have any effect on the morals of a city Thompson failed to explain.

Washington is just the kind of place you expected it would not be before you went there. It is the cleanest, handsomest, pleasantest and most refined city in America and the most American. The people are well-bred, well-dressed, graceful, courteous, and they know how to live and enjoy life. Their speech is without flaw and their manners perfect.

Why should this be so?

Simply because of the practice of official etiquette, and the gathering there of the refined and educated who are in official life or have connections there. The young man who goes through West Point comes out with a polish on him that lasts through life. He is like an artillery horse. You know it is a good one, for no scrub could stand the training.

The young man who is employed in one of the Washington departments must be well-mannered. The official life there acts as a great mill constantly grinding and polishing away the rough edges. The most modest and humble stranger can go into every office in Washington without meeting with a discourtesy.

The only rude people there are the colored folk. Some of them are so deeply impressed with the necessity of letting every one know that they are as good as anyone else and so ostentatious in their demands for equal rights that they are annoying.

No white man in Washington would be seated in a street car while a woman or an old man was standing, but the colored men keep their seats to let you know that they are as good as you. The Republican party has petted the colored man in Washington till he is spoiled.

In the dining-room of the Arlington Hotel a gentleman complained that the fruit brought to him was not good. The waiter took a plate of apples away and in a short time returned:

"Dey suit yo better, sah?"

"Well, yes, they do seem fresher," replied the gentleman, dubiously.

"Dey's jes de same apples you was kicking about. Brought 'em all back."

The grin that accompanied this was the concentration of insolence.

The gentleman was one of the kind that insists on receiving all of the courtesy due him. He went to the proprietor and explained the circumstance. The proprietor apologized, but did not discharge the waiter. He could get another guest easier than he could a satisfactory servant.

The cause of virtue would be advanced by a rule forbidding the employment of women in the public service. Man is cruel and woman is weak. It is not safe to throw a woman upon the mercy of any man. Of course, the exceptions are there, but they are not so very numerous. I am prepared to hear this denounced as a slander, etc., etc., but that does not alter the fact. The evil works in two ways. Bad men take advantage of the needs of the women who solicit their influence for an office, and bad women use their wiles to the disadvantage of the better women and good men.

The struggle for life is so bitter in the East that such trifles as feminine virtue are often put aside in the race. Said Professor Rickey, of the third house, whose specialty is Senators:

"You see, the pay is so small that a good many Senators think that it is only fair for the department to support part of their establishments."

The demands of their constituencies are the curse and ruin of Senators. More than half of the work done by the lobby is to enable Senators to please their parishes. Machunk, Maine, wants a creek dredged out and Senator Fry has got to get the bill through the House Committee on Rivers and Harbors. Being a real Statesman and having other things to look after he cannot spare the time to plead with Congressmen to pass his bill. His friend, Professor Rickey, agrees to look after the matter and attends to it to the satisfaction of everyone. Some day there comes up a bill with reasons behind it, and Professor Rickey can go to Senator Fry and solicit his influence.

Washington is rather a dull place except in the way of social visiting and the men who like a cigar and a story all go to John Chamberlin's of an evening. Chamberlin is the kindest-hearted old pirate that ever charged a dollar for a slice of ham or four dollars for a scraggy bird labeled canvas-back duck. He is every man's friend and deserves to be. He is on friendly terms with all the great men of the earth, and is as polite to a poor man as a rich one. Tim Campbell, the Tammany Congressman, hangs out at Chamberlin's. He is a great hand for stories and makes more bulls than any man in the House, but he is shrewd, honest, and has lots of influence. He once attended a banquet at the house of Secretary Whitney. When about to retire he sought out the hostess and said:

"Mrs. Whitney, I've been to a good many banquets and think I'm a pretty good judge, and I want to say, ma'am, that there's no flies on your feed."

Mrs. Whitney says that was the most genuine compliment she had ever received.

The great winter drink at Chamberlin's is hot apple brandy with an apple smashed up in the glass. It is a fearfully heavy drink, about eight glasses of it being enough to keep a man drunk for two days and sorry for six months. I know, for I have tried it, and it was Dan O'Connell who led me to steep my senses in the awful mixture.

One of the delights of Washington is the Sunday parade from the churches. The women, young and old, are dressed to perfection. There are no beauties, as in San Francisco, and no displays of gorgeous raiment, but the taste and style are exquisite. The men are all moulded on the same pattern. Hat, coat, trousers, gloves, tie, and cane—all alike to a dot.

Whom do you suppose has the most influence of any Californian in Washington? A man you seldom hear of, too, no less a one then our own Colonel Ike Trumbo. They do not call him Colonel there nor Ike either, but there is not a man in Washington whose hat does not come off to Mr. Trumbo. He and Joe Manley, of Maine, were the only ones admitted to Mr. Blaine's bedside when he was reported to be dying. Secretary of War Elkin's door is always open to Trumbo, and at the Secretary of State's office he is potential. He can call any Senator from the floor and visit the White House when Harrison is not at home to his own Cabinet. How or why he got his influence I do not know, but this I do know: He can accomplish more in Washington than any man there. He is universally popular and in some mysterious manner exercises a great influence. Though he is a Republican I am willing to wager that he will be chummy with Cleveland before the Fall fever arises from the Potomac flats.

THE OLD YEAR.

MAUD WYMAN.

The old year dies to-night.
Shrive thou its soul, O priest, called Time,
And bid it go in peace. Such crime
As stands confessed, all anguished tears
Laid at its door, the hopes and fears
Fulfilled and unfulfilled are past.
When prayers ascend to-night, this last—
A pleading cry for mercy, hear
And grant, before through gates of fear
It finds the dread unknown!—This drear
And spent old year that dies to-night.

Cocoa is the cheapest drink for the working class. Dr. Lankester says: "Cocoa contains as much flesh-forming matter as beef." Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa has the highest reputation the world over, and costs less than one cent a cup. For more than one hundred years Walter Baker & Co. have made their cocoa preparations absolutely pure, using no patent processes, alkalies or dyes in their manufacture.

SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN,

Especially infants, is prevalent at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist sell it.

DORFLINGER'S AMERICAN CUT GLASS

Is shown in every requisite for the table. Beautiful pieces for Wedding and Holiday Gifts. Genuine pieces have trade mark label.

Armour's Extract.

45 lbs. of lean Beef required to make one pound of Armour's Extract of Beef. There are many ways of using Armour's Extract. Our little Cook Book explains several. We mail it free.

Armour & Company, Chicago.

BALDWIN THEATRE

AL. HAYMAN & CO.

RE-OPENING THIS SATURDAY EVENING.

THIS, AND EVERY EVENING NEXT WEEK

CHARLES FROHMAN'S COMEDIANS.

MINNIE TITTEL.
JOSEPH HOLLAND.

M. A. KENNEDY.
GEORGIE DREW BARRYMORE.

Joseph Holland, Georgie Drew Barrymore, M. A. Kennedy, Frank Gillmore, Minnie Tittel, Charles Abbe, Stella Teuton, Robert Hickman, Ada Curry, T. C. Valentine, Margaret Craven, Evelyn Campbell.

PRESENTING GILLETTE'S LATEST ADAPTATION

"SETTLED OUT OF COURT"

NEXT COMEDY, "THE SPORTSMAN."

SEANCE D'HYPNOTISME.

"Hist!—Hey!—See here! Waiter, bring me an absinthe anisette, and be quick about it. What will you take, Commander? Plenty of absinthe, waiter! I'll tell you why presently."

"And for me you may bring vermouth."

"Yes, sir."

"So then, Vermoulu, you don't believe in that—that thing, by what you say. Well, just wait. There, that is it, waiter; good! Well, what are you standing here for?"

"Monsieur said he would tell me why he wanted plenty of absinthe."

"Why I asked you for plenty of absinthe. Lord! it is very simple; it is because I put in plenty of anisette! Pour out the anise, you rascal! Anyone would think you were afraid. That will do. Enough! Lord—it doesn't taste of anything else. Now then, bring me a little absinthe if it is like that. Nauseous, on my word! I am the worst served gentleman in France. Ah! I say then, Commander, you don't believe in that—that business—why not?"

"What business, Colonel?"

"Why—that—you know well enough. Gracious! you haven't talked of anything else for an hour—that phenomenon which—Lord! it is queer that I can't think of the word."

"Ah, I understand, Colonel; you want to speak of the phenomena of suggestion."

"Certainly, that is what I want to say—phenomena of sug—what you call it, otherwise known as hypothesis."

"Pardon me, Colonel, hypnotism."

"Hypnotism, hypothesis, it comes to the same thing; it does not matter about the word. So, then, you don't believe in it?"

"On my word, Colonel, I—I don't know; I have never seen an example of it—then I confess——"

"Confess what?"

"I confess that—that——"

"I don't ask what you confess, but—good gracious! I ask what you think! Confession is not an opinion, you rascal!"

"Bless me! If you insist, Colonel, I will say that I have no faith in it."

"Don't believe it? But, you scoundrel, *I* believe it, I who am your Colonel. Perhaps you think I am a fool!"

"Oh, I never——"

"And you pretend to—to know more than I do about that—that thing!"

"But I did not——"

"More than the whole French army! Well! Well!"

"Pardon me, Colonel, I do not believe, that is to say I ask nothing better than to believe, only I have seen no example."

"Seen no example! You have never seen an example of—of—whatever it is?"

"No, indeed, Colonel."

"Very well! Look at *me*, you rascal! I am here, am I not? You see me, don't you? You can talk to me with the naked eye; very well! I am one, myself, an example; do you understand what I say?"

"Yes, Colonel, but I do not see."

"What! Damnation! You pretend that you don't see me?"

"Oh! yes, Colonel, I see you perfectly——"

"What then?"

"Only I don't see how you are an example of suggestion or hypnotism."

"Heavens! my poor friend, how thick-headed you are! Well, since you cannot comprehend anything I must explain as I would to a small child. This morning I said to myself 'To-day I will not take absinthe anisette, it annoys my wife, I will take something else.' Before going out I brushed my hair and looked in the glass. Then I got my hat and looked again. Do you know what I saw?"

"That—that you had your hat on wrong!"

"No, sir!—that is to say yes; only as I purposely put it on wrong, it was right; it is when it is right that I find I have put it on wrong. I don't know if you understand me but it seems to me that I express myself clearly."

"Yes, Colonel, I——"

"Ah!—then—what was I saying? You have such a cursed mania for interrupting all the time."

"You asked if I knew what you saw when you looked in the glass."

"Ah! yes, j—j—just so. Well, and d—d—do you know w—what I saw?"

"On my word, no."

"Well, sir, it w—was myself. Yes, sir, my own self, and the m—more I looked at myself, the—the m—more I—I saw in that damned glass. W—what do you s—say to that?"

"Bless me! it is—it is very curious!"

"Cu—curious! W—what is cu—curious? D—didn't s—s—suppose I w—would s—see 'nother man, d—did you?"

"Well, I have no idea——"

"W—what was cu—curious w—was that I saw p—plainly that the—the Colonel in the g—glass w—was looking at me w—with p—peculiar eyes! Yes, sir! m—most p—peculiar eyes! He h—had the air of s—saying. 'You w—will not t—take absinthe? Well! you w—will t—take it all the same; I s—s—suggest t—that you t—take it!' You see, Commander, I d—didn't w—want to, b—but that other f—fellow p—put it into my head. I h—had to t—take my absinthe; w—what do you say to that? An example?"

"Really, Colonel, it is very singular, and if anybody but you told me such a thing, I do not hesitate to say that I should still doubt."

"Yes, I know you, Vermoulu, you s—say that to p—please me, for you h—have the m—most g—g—groveling c—character in the world; but r—really I am s—sure you d—don't b—believe one word. P—perhaps you c—couldn't understand."

"But I do know perfectly well, Colonel. You said to yourself, 'You shall take absinthe,' and—"

"No! Lord, it—it isn't that at all! It's a very q—queer thing that you are so th—thick-headed!"

"But it was you who said to yourself——"

"No! I—I—h—have to k—keep explaining! It was n—not myself, it was the other f—fellow!"

"But I thought it was you in the glass!"

"H—how c—could I be in the g—glass s—since I t—tell you that I w—was in the room?"

"On my word, I do not know."

"It is v—very p—plain that you d—don't know. Now, I'll b—begin again. Ac—c—cording to w—what you s—say, you d—don't b—believe in h—hypothe—cation."

"Hypnotism."

"Hypothecation or h—hyp—no—no matter, all c—comes to the s—same; it's the thing you are t—talking about, n—not the word. I—I wish you w—would let me alone about the word. I—I b—begin again. You d—don't believe in it. Why not?"

"But I do believe now, Colonel."

"I—I tell you no, I—I am s—sure that you d—don't b—believe. T—trying to f—fool me. I b—beg of you to r—respect me. I t—tell you that you are wrong, b—because it is very—s—serious."

"I bow to you, Colonel."

"W—well, you n—needn't bow, we are n—not at m—mass. W—why, there are proofs, q—quantities of p—proofs. One s—sees nothing b—but that in the newsp—papers. C—confound the p—papers! O—only w—when they think as I do I—I b—believe w—what they s—say. That is the k—kind of m—man *I* am! N—not so weak a c—c—character as you. I—I c—can r—r—reason *I* c—can! So, to your face, I t—tell you, to your f—face, and I'm n—not f—fooling. I h—had a c—cousin who w—was c—cured of a w—worm b—by the s—sole p—power of w—what you may c—call it."

"By hypnotism."

"In all that, und—derstand, it w—was an affair of w—will, inf—fl—uence, and I know it! W—what do you think of that, V—Vermoulu?"

"I don't know, Colonel, I—I think that the—the solitary worm——"

"Eh! what s—solitary worm! W—what are you talking about w—with your s—solitary worm?"

"Nothing, Colonel, I only say that is an animal——"

"Animal! it is p—p—lain that it isn't a c—c—cake! V—very d—dangerous animal f—for the p—people who—— S—strangest thing in the w—world that you never a—agree with anyb—body. It b—becomes rid—ic—ulous at l—last! One w—will f—finish by d—desp—pising you if you c—continue."

"But I don't insist, Colonel."

"D—don't in—sist. B—better not. You say then, that the hyp—hypocrite is a—a thing—an affair of l—looking, a m—mere q—question of the eye. Everybody knows that. N—now a s—supposition, you p—pass, Van Trouspet is in the c—café, he t—turns his b—back, you w—want him to look at you, what c—can you do?"

"Bless me! I call to him."

"Idiot! Too easy, everyb—body c—can d—do as m—much. This is w—what you m—must do: l—look in the w—white of his eyes and you are s—sure that he w—will t—turn your w—way."

"But, Colonel, if he has turned his back?"

"All the m—more—Lord! h—how c—can he t—turn any other w—way?"

"But if he turns his back I cannot look into his eyes."

"I d—don't know w—what you w—want to s—say, b—but you m—may be going c—crazy! I t—tell you it is an af—fair of p—power! It is a q—queer thing that I c—can never m—make m—myself und—derstood! Now, I am g—going to g—give you an examp—ple. L—look at that l—lady over there, r—reading the j—journal and ad—miring the il—illustrations. See her?"

"Yes, Colonel."

"Well, l—look at her f—fixedly, I b—bet she w—will l—look at you; I w—wager you t—twenty f—francs ag—gainst nothing!"

To have peace Commander Vermoulu gazed at the lady for a dozen minutes, never taking his eyes away. Captain Ramollet watched them both, his glance going from the Commander to the lady and back again, and, awaiting the result, he muttered from time: "W—will—p—power!"

Vermoulu was still looking when a gentleman, who was playing billiards, and had been for some minutes noticing the attitude of the military men, approached them and said:

"Pardon me, sir, but what reason have you to stare at my wife in that way?"

"I!—Oh, none at all, sir!"

Ramollet, intervening: "P—pardon, sir, it was an exp—periment."

The gentleman, seeing that the commander looked more wearied than anxious to flirt,

seemed to be satisfied, and returned to his billiards, while his wife continued to read.

"Now! G—good gracious! Vermoulu w—what do you s—say to that?"

"Bless me! I say that the lady never gave me the slightest glance."

"That is so; b—but you m—made her h—husband turn round; that is her half. For a f—first time you m—must own to me that w—was a f—fine r—result?"

"Ah, yes; certainly."

"So I l—lose only t—ten francs; here they are. B—but an—another time t—try it alone, and s—see w—what w—will happen."

—*Translated from the French of Chas. Leroy, for* THE WAVE, *by* E. F. DAWSON.

NEW GAS WORKS.

THE SAN FRANCISCO GAS COMPANY'S PLANT AT NORTH BEACH.

San Francisco has better gas than any other city in the State, and the San Francisco Gas Company's works are, in size, improvements, and equipment second to none in the country. The immense plant under the control of this Company was erected with an eye to the future, when the population of San Francisco will be trebled and the amount of gas consumed much larger than it is now.

The buildings on Howard Street were found too small for the demands made on the works, and a large tract of land just west of Fort Mason was purchased, and there the raw material can be received, gas can be made and piped with none of that annoyance to neighbors that must always exist when such works are in thickly-settled localities.

No better place for the works could have been chosen than that of the San Francisco Company, which offers every convenience for the manufacture and distribution of gas. The splendid building which the Company erected should be objects of interest to San Franciscans and visitors alike. The foundations, beds of concrete, deep and broad, were begun in May, 1891, and just about a year ago the massive buildings were completed.

The generator building is the largest of the group, 182 feet in length, and 64 in width. From a central tower, 64 feet high, two wings, 28 feet high, branch out. The tower is constructed of brick, is handsome architecturally, and is one of the landmarks of North Beach.

In the generator building the gas is made; and here, too, is contained the complicated motor power that drives the works, and which consists of two Heine water-tube boilers of 150 horse-power each, supplying steam to the two 25 horse-power Ideal engines, the hydraulic accumulator and the big Worthington duplex pumps. The engine and boiler rooms are of spotless neatness and fairly glisten with highly polished brasses. The floor of the engine-room and all the woodwork in sight are of Oregon pine, oiled and polished to the very acme of its possibilities.

Two generators, 12 feet in diameter and 33 feet high, connect with the condensers by 24-inch steel pipes—a maze of tubes for conveying the oil to the generator, into which it is forced as a vapor, whence, after a brief process, it is carried through the condensers and purifiers, and in a brief space passes into the gas holder to be distributed throughout the city for lighting and heating purposes. There is no perceptible odor, and the men who have charge of the generators, and whose greatest labor is to pull a crank once every few moments, turn out about 2,000,000 feet of gas per day. The condenser-room is 56x60 feet, and contains the two condensers, 12 feet in diameter and 25 feet high, with the two scrubbers of the same size. Each of these condensers contains about 4¼ miles of tubing. The purifying-house is 139x72 feet, with an annex 44x72 feet. A retort-house is now building, and is all but completed. It is 170x71 feet in dimensions, will be two stories in height, and will contain 20 benches of 9 retorts each.

The great gas tank, which will hold 2,000,000 feet, and is the largest in the country west of Chicago, is a splendid instance of engineering skill and design. This immense holder is 163 feet in diameter, and its guide frame, consisting of latticed-work columns and girders, arises 108 feet above the brick foundation. Its base rests upon a pile of concrete, and is built to endure.

As a part and parcel of the new system the Company are now laying 13,000 feet of 24-inch pipe from the works to the junction of Market Street and Van Ness Avenue. This line will be used as a base of supplies both east and west. This work involves an immense expenditure, and is in advance of actual needs, but, in view of future expansion, it was resolved to undertake it. It is also a matter of particular satisfaction that with the exception of a few minor details every dollar's worth of work about the new plant is of California material and workmanship.

THE MUMMERS.

The Baldwin will swing open its doors again Saturday evening, New Year's Eve, and a royal welcome will be given to Charles Frohman's Comedians, who will then inaugurate a four weeks' season of polite comedy. This superb organization needs no introduction to San Francisco. Its delightful performance of "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows" here last season is well and pleasantly remembered. Joseph Holland, who is considered by many to be the foremost light comedian of the American stage, is still at the head of the company, and the promise held forth by his acting last season has been more than fulfilled by his recent successes. Georgie Drew Barrymore remains as the leading comedienne of the organization, and the high-spirited and volatile actress needs no introduction to San Francisco audiences. In high comedy she hardly has an equal on the stage to-day.

The other prominent members of the company are M. A. Kennedy, the well-known low comedian, Evelyn Campbell, Frank Gillmore, Stella Teuton, Charles S. Abbe, Minnie Tittell, Robert Hickman, Ada Curry, T. C. Valentine and Margaret Craven.

The bill for the first week is William Gillette's latest adaption from the French of Bisson, entitled "Settled Out of Court." It has enjoyed long runs in New York, Boston, and Chicago. The bill for the second week will be the new comedy, "The Sportsman," by William Lestocq, the author of "Jane," and the third week's programme will mark the first performance in this country of Sydney Grundy's great English success "Arabian Nights." For the fourth and last week, "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows" will be revived.——

"U and I" has been so much of a success at the Bush that it will be continued next week. The clever people who present the farce have made a decided hit with the piece. The changes that have been made in "U and I" are all for the better, and there are some good "tunes" in it. Mr. Murphy is a clever comedian, who knows how to make his auditors laugh.——

Fanny Rice has been a source of much enjoyment at Stockwell's. If there is any change in the charming actress it is for the better; her laugh is just as merry, her smile as sweet, and her voice as musical as of yore. While too much might easily be said of her company, Miss Rice's personality would lead the most critical to overlook the shortcomings of the people about her. Her play, "A Jolly Surprise," merely offers a vehicle for the humor and gayety of the actress. She will remain at Stockwell's for another week.——

Large and laughing audiences have been the rule at the California Theatre during the past week, where Charles Dickson and his merry associates have been presenting Mrs. Pacheco's farce "Incog." So great has been its success upon this, its return, that the management have decided to retain it until the end of the engagement, which has another week to run. Beginning with the next Monday matinee, however, Mr. Dickson will replace the "Salt Cellar" by another new and original curtain raiser, "The Man About Town," in which he is said to play a part which permits his demonstration of wonderful versatility. He will be assisted in this by Messrs. Anderson, Garland and Yorke.

NEW CALIFORNIA THEATRE
HANDSOMEST THEATRE IN THE WORLD
AL HAYMAN & CO. ..... Proprietors
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Last Week | Beginning Monday Matinee | Jan'y 2d
UNABATED SUCCESS
The Comedian
MR. CHARLES DICKSON
INCOG
PRECEDED BY
The Man About Town
(First Production Here)
MR. DICKSON WILL APPEAR IN BOTH PLAYS
Monday, January 9th
THE OLD HOMESTEAD

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M. B. LEAVITT, - - - Proprietor and Manager
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SECOND WEEK SECOND WEEK
Commencing Saturday Evening, December 24th
FIRST APPEARANCE OF
MR. GEO. P. MURPHY And an Excellent Company of Comedians . . . .
IN THE MERRIEST OF FARCE COMEDIES
U AND I
Special New Years' Matinee Sunday, January 1st, and Monday, January 2d:

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L. R. STOCKWELL ..... Lessee and Proprietor
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LAST WEEK! LAST WEEK!!
Every Evening at 8.
MATINEES SATURDAY, AND MONDAY, JANUARY 2D.
DAINTY
FANNY ★ RICE
"HAS HIT THE TOWN"
IN A JOLLY SURPRISE
NEXT MONDAY, JANUARY 9TH,
Mr. Barnes of New York
SEATS NOW ON SALE.

IRVING HALL
The Twenty-Sixth Carr-Beel Saturday Pop Concert
Will take place JANUARY 7TH, at 3 P. M.
String Quartette ..... Beethoven
Song ..... Godard
MRS. BATCHELDER.
Chaconne (for violin alone) ..... Bach
MR. BEEL.
Song .....
MRS. BATCHELDER.
Trio ..... Godard
By desire.
MRS. CARR AND MESSRS. BEEL AND HEINE.

NOTES BY THE WAYSIDE.

In these days Society has few wits. Badinage is unknown. Raillery, as practiced by certain youths who affect "the swim," is a type of tough chaff. There is lacking lightness or fun. Enjoyment is simply physical activity. *Bon mots* are almost an unknown quantity. However, one does occasionally hear a neat retort The comment of a traveling Parisian, versed, strange to say, in the intricacies of English, on the conversation of a vulgar and very portly personage who delights in reputation-slaying, was really clever. He had brought her a letter of introduction. She invited him to dinner, and regaled him with stories of Society. Heavens, what a tirade it was! He listened quietly, for he had met a number of the abused, and contented himself with a glance at her hair, in which white threads have begun to mingle with the crinkly black ones.

* * *

"Madame," he said at last, "in only a few years you will be the most interesting of *enfants terrible*." Was it not rather a dextrous way of telling the lady he thought her on the verge of second childhood?

* * *

It is interesting to learn that among distinguished guests at Los Gatos is an actress of some avoirdupois and considerable past reputation. She has done great things in her day, but, imbibing a thirst for liquor, has degenerated physically and mentally, retaining only that emotional power which has made her celebrated. I hope Jeffreys Lewis will return to civilization cured. The Bichloride has regenerated more competent artists than she, and of the process not a trace has been left save in their conversation Some one should explain that most curious phase of the treatment—the pleasure those who have gone through it seem to have in discussing it with their friends.

* * *

There is little to be added to what I have stated about the Olympic Club reception on Monday. It will be a great affair. The interior of the house surpasses expectation, and the magnificent dimensions of the gymnasium excite wonder. I believe the tank is to be filled with water so that the visitors may have the opportunity of envying the members the glorious treat in store for them. The programme arranged for the affair is an excellent one, the best amateur musical talent in town having promised its assistance. The evening affair is strictly for members and their lady friends only.

* * *

There is smallpox in San Francisco. That is rather an important fact, and it may become a painful one. Would it not be well for the Health authorities to take measures against the possibility of an epidemic? It might be an excellent idea to have the Pest House, such as it is, put in order. It seems to me the Health authorities endanger the city's safety in failing to isolate certain patients whose symptoms are positive. Between the two cases on Turk Street there may be no connection whatever, yet the facts are that one individual is suffering and another who has passed his house is suddenly taken ill. In quarantining the "Umatilla" Dr. Lawlor exhibited discretion; his efforts to keep out infection will be neutralized if the authorities permit it full sway in town here.

* * *

Among those who seized the opportunity that Christmas offers to make people happy by the presentation of gifts were the employés of The Hicks-Judd Company. Those in the bindery department showed their appreciation of John Jackson by giving him a beautiful gold locket, set with precious stones and suitably inscribed. Mr. Jackson was overcome, as is usual in such cases, and offered in return a very pretty speech and refreshments.

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FASHIONS: BY LETTER.

ANNE, DEAR:—Now that the merry holiday is past I'm going to deliver to you a lecture that has been in reserve for two months and more; in fact, since the last time you were in town and I observed what shocking care you took of all your lovely frocks, yet all the time complaining how much neater and better dressed some of the girls looked whom we both knew spent much less on their wardrobe. I have been making some inquiries on the subject and think the heart of the matter has been reached. You know what a common failing it is to throw one's clothes down on a chair or bed the moment they are taken off, leaving them to become wrinkled and stringy until some convenient moment (which is often long in arriving) for putting away. The wise sister is never so thoughtless. The moment she takes off her frock the skirt is lightly shaken, the bottom trimming and inside ruffles brushed out with a fine brush, and it is slipped over a wire rack which has suspended inside a sweet sachet bag. Over all is slipped a loose cotton bag which excludes the dust and keeps the garment crisp and sweet for future use.

* * *

One should have as many large pasteboard boxes as one has waists and jackets; each should contain a small sachet, and have labeled outside the name of the article contained, so avoiding much confusion. After brushing the waist thoroughly every particle of trimming should be carefully straightened, the sleeves and shoulders stuffed with tissue paper, which keeps all in correct shape, and, above all things, see that the neck rouche or band and shields are fresh and neat before putting away; if you wait until the hour for wearing, nine chances to one you are in a rush, and, of course, you know the result.

* * *

Of course, even the most careless is aware how necessary it is to give especial attention to the care of hats if we hope to recognize any of the original crisp daintiness at the end of a season's ordinary use, but only the few know how to practice that care. I am assured the following is the very best rule to follow: Each hat should have a separate box large enough to admit it without having any of the trimmings touch the walls; each box should be supplied with a little wooden block or stand for the hat to rest on. This will prevent the under trimmings becoming crushed when not in use. Immediately upon taking one off brush it carefully with a velvet brush, pinch all the bows, feathers, or flowers in place, roll carefully in little wads the strings (if there be any), and especially velvet ones, as it is the only way to prevent curling, and then, as a finishing stroke, if you will hold the hat for a moment in front of the fire before putting away, you will find it a great advantage, as the heat removes any stray moisture that may linger, and that, as you know, is death to velvet and laces.

* * *

Your patent leather shoes will look new twice the usual time if they are slightly warmed before wearing and again when laying away; when not in use draw over the foot an old suede glove; this will, in a great measure, prevent the leather from cracking.

With gloves, do not pull them off by the fingers, peel them from the hand inside out. Buy the best quality and use them in this way, and you will be surprised to see how the glove item in your account will diminish.

Possibly all this will sound very foolish to you, and you may imagine the result will not compensate for the time given, but I assure you it will; these little details can all be attended to during odd moments, and you will never miss the time; besides, you won't have cause to envy that scrupulously well-dressed girl as you do now. NANCY.

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MINING AND FINANCIAL.

Speculation at the different Stock Exchanges has been at a standstill during the past week. This has not been the case only in San Francisco but also in New York and Chicago. There are several reasons why, at the close of the year, business slackens off and shares in all incorporations are a drug in the several markets. As a rule the last two weeks are broken up by holidays, also as a rule at this time brokers make a practice of weeding out weak and undesirable accounts, also speculators try and close all trades up, enter into no new combines or deals, and wait for the new year before making or opening new books. For these various reasons the sessions at the San Francisco and Pacific Boards were dull and uninteresting. Taking into consideration that there are at present nominally no men at work in the Con. Virginia and California, the price of the stock has kept up remarkably well, and at times there has been a quiet demand for the stock. Joe Marks, of Zadig, Wollberg & Co., and White of Marye & Co., were large buyers of the stock at $1.65. Several times the price would recede to $1.55, but each time it would strengthen again. From Supt. Lyman's weekly report we quote: "There were shipped to the Morgan Mill 310 tons of ore, which, with 505 tons at the mill, was worked; average battery assay, $29.15. Bullion shipped to Carson Mint, $18 134; on hand in assay office, $30,500. As regards to work, all extraction of ore has been suspended. By building a three-foot dam on the 1,500 foot level, the water is expected to reach the fire in the 1,650 foot level, and it is expected to do much good. The gas escaping through the Con Virginia shaft has neither increased nor decreased in the last few days. As regards the other Northend mines—Mexican, Ophir, Union Con and Sierra Nevada—nothing new to report, the usual prospecting work being done."

At the Southend, the Gold Hill group are not in much demand, and with the exception of Belcher are weak. Confidence, of this group, has had another assessment of 75 cents; this makes the second this year, although there are but 24,960 shares; still, such a heavy assessment has a demoralizing effect on the stock, and under it has receded from $1.75 to $1 per share. For Belcher there is not a large demand, still, certain brokers like Epstein, Cope and Paxton take the stock at about $1.45. It is in the middle group, or those controlled by Haywood, namely, Potosi and Bullion, where the most interest centres, and I can say to the patrons of THE WAVE that it looks as though it is here, if anywhere, where a market will come

While Potosi closed strong on Saturday at $1.85 and on the board Tuesday, assembling after the vacation, it sold at $1.85 to $1.90, but on the active selling of Walls, Bacon and King, it sold down to $1.60, but at the present (Wednesday) it is $1.75. Now while there is a good demand for bullion and Potosi at most all the sessions, it goes to show that there must be some one largely interested in these stocks to keep them in active demand, and as some important work is going on in these mines, they may not be a buy, but will surely be worth watching closely. On Tuesday in the west cross-cut of the 1800 feet level of the bullion some bunches of quartz was struck, although but of nominal assay still are very encouraging.

In the Potosi in the raise from No. 1, crosscut, 1100 foot level is up 106 feet, the last 7 or 8 feet in porphyry, roof showing bunches of quartz.

A bullion shipment of $53,000 has been received from Candalaria, Mexico. The Con. California and Virginia mine shipped to the Carson Mint six bars of bullion valued at $31,758, and to San Francisco 4 bars valued at $8322; this with the previous shipments makes a total of $58,216 on the December account.

A fine body of good ore was struck in the 600 foot level of the Quaker City Mine, Mokelumne Hill, last week. A. W. Moulton, who has bonded the Gloster Cook and Ryan Mine, while prospecting up above the vein, some 400 feet above the tunnel, struck a prospect, and, in opening it up, uncovered some of the richest rock ever found in the mine. It will average in free gold $100 per ton, and the sulphurets will go over $400. A rich pocket was found a few weeks ago at an old mine at Whitlocks, Mariposa County. About $5000 was taken out.

The Royal Mine, six miles from Copperopolis, is considered one of the best mines in California. It is down 230 feet, and the ore is worth $16 per ton. With a 10-stamp mill it is making money. Last month a dividend of $2800 was paid, and in October the dividend was $2000. An offer of $250,000 for the mine was refused.

Dividends have been declared by the following incorporations: Stanard Con. Mine, 10 cents per share; Daly Mining Co., 10 cents; Anglo-Nevada Assurance Co., $25; Franklin Copper, $2; Wells, Fargo & Co., 4 per cent.

Assessments have been levied on the Confidence, 75 cents per share; Gold Mt. of Amador, $1; Carra Mill and Mining Co., $1; Central (Sixth Street) R. R., $2 per share.

At the Stock and Bond Board the following securities were dealt in: of Spring Valley Water, 75 shares @ 98; California Electric, 410 at $22.2; @ 22.50; San Francisco Gas, 145 at $70.50 @ 70.75; Pacific Gas Improvement, 35 at $78 @ 76; Ferries, 70 at $31½ @ 33½; Atlantic Dynamite, 25 @ 46½; Hawaiian Com., 200 @ 10 cts.; and 10,000 Spring Valley W. Bonds, 4's at $92.25. SURETY.

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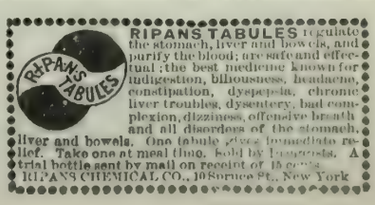

FRESNO HAPPENINGS.

FRESNO, December 27th. DEAR WAVE:—The Terpsichorean efforts of last evening, combined with the exuberance of intellect now with us, has robbed me of any ideas or mental brilliancy I may have possessed in the early part of the week. I can't find fitting language to express my admiration for the former, and I stand in deadly fear of the severe criticism I might receive at the hands of the "brainy" school-marms should I attempt a description of the latter. The '89-'90 function last evening was *fin de siècle* in every particular. The canvased floor was an ideal pleasure, the orchestra outdid all former efforts and won unstinted praise from the happy participants in the dance. The men were delightfully gallant and the ladies' costumes compelled them to return thanks to the divinity that they were not compelled to foot the bills. Such magnificent gowns were never before worn in a Fresno ballroom. The swell set was fairly resplendent in swagger gowns and flashing jewels, and I must congratulate the boys on their fine discrimination in the matter of invited guests. Of course, there are two or three in the club who are not desirable, two in particular who should be dropped if the club wishes an air of respectability to surround its functions. I believe efforts have been made to weed out this "tuff" element, and I trust it will meet with success.

I witnessed a little by-play, last evening, that was intensely amusing—the frantic efforts of two matrons to each retain at her side the handsome, but fickle real-estate man. Considerable rivalry has existed between these two ever since the return of one from the Coast this summer. I await with interest the sequel to this drama and trust it will not end in pistols or horsewhips (as I have heard the husbands threaten.)

Well, as I promised you a description of some of the more elegant costumes, I will begin on them. Mrs. John Mears proved a great attraction in a rich, white silk, cut *décolleté*, *en train*, her beautiful neck and arms calling forth the admiration of both sexes. Mrs. Jack Hay made her initial appearance, and a very stately one, in a beautiful robe of shell pink brocaded satin. Mrs. Newhouse was the cynosure of all eyes in her elegant gown of white brocaded satin, *en train*, long sleeves and point lace ruffles falling over the hands and in the neck. Mrs. Ben Woodworth's gown of red embroidered crêpe, trimmed in silk autumn leaves, was one of the most elegant dresses in the hall and adorned one of the handomest Society matrons present. Mrs. John Reichman, in pale pink faille francaise and diamonds, and her cute little daughter in red, made a lovely picture in the north end of the hall. Miss Harby was the personification of vivacious loveliness in pink silk, and shared with Miss Stevens and Mattie Harris the honors of the evening. The Martin girls received a hearty welcome home and each made attractive appearances in white silk gowns. Fannie and Marie Helm were sweetly modest in lavinder and blue silk dresses, and Louise De Witt was "ever so sweet" in white silk *en train* with pretty lace effects. I could write of many more beautiful costumes, but lack of time forbids.

The State Convention of School Teachers, beginning to-day, has put us Fresno girls in the shade. Jack says the *jeunesse dorée* are doing the devoted to the few pretty "school-marms," and two or three marriages as a result may not be such an impossibility as one might imagine. "Trial by Jury" will be given by local talent this week under the able management of Chas. M. Pyke. It promises to be quite a success.

The Colsons give an "At Home" from eight to eleven neqt Thursday evening. Johny was not able to attend the dance after all, last evening, and I was most awfully disappointed. I had some consolation in the society of the intellectual N. H. P——, that is, when he could spare a glance from the charming southern miss. I hear of several swell affairs for February, one function especially I await with impatience. Yours, IMP.

The Santa Cruz *Sentinel* "does itself proud" in this paragraph: "Once in a while the dignity of a court is pleasinglay sserted. A Chicago jury made requisition for whisky, cigars, and cards. Not receiving them the jurymen got even by bringing in a farcical verdict. Then the Court fined, excoriated, and dismissed them, *sending them away*."

Hooray! Blessings never come singly. The Los Angeles *Herald* says: "This is a Democratic year and it will be signalized by any number of pleasant things. Not the least of these will be the New Year's edition of the *Herald*."

The Oakland *Tribune* pays its respects to Congress: "The latest form of idiocy is a bill introduced in Congress to make the pansy "the national flower." Is it necessary to our welfare and happiness that we have a national flower? This is the silly session of Congress."

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SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery St., cor. Sutter—For the half year ending December 31, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1/10) per cent per annum on term deposits, and four and a quarter (4 1/4) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1893.

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 33 Post Street—For the half year ending December 31, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1/10) per cent per annum on term deposits, and four and one-quarter (4 1/4) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1893.

JAMES A. THOMPSON, Cashier.

The German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California Street.—For the half year ending December 31, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1/10) per cent per annum on Term Deposits and four and one-quarter (4 1/4) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1893.

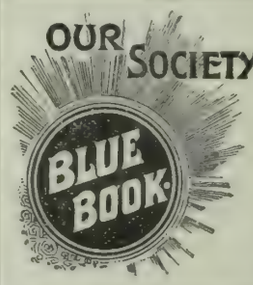
GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

The California Savings and Loan Society, corner of Powell and Eddy Streets.—For the half year ending December 31, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and four-tenths (5 4/10) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and four and on-half (4 1/2) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1893.

VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb. Branch, 1700 Market Street, corner Polk. For the half year ending December 31, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1/10) per cent per annum on term deposits, and four and one fourth (4 1/4) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payabl on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1893.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.



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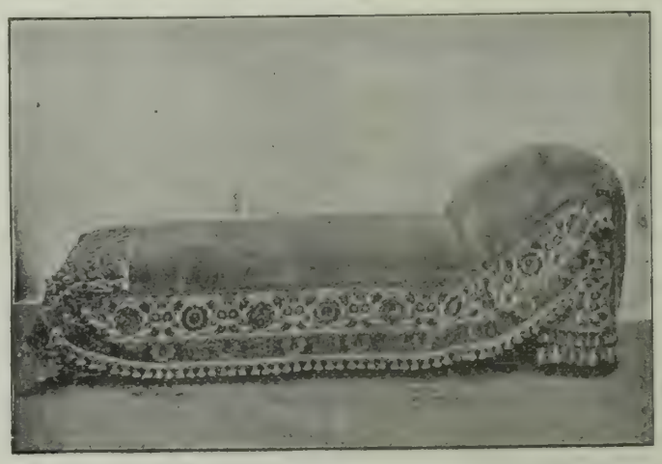

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OAKLAND GOSSIP.

OAKLAND, December 29th, 1892. DEAR WAVE:—The little blind god is at work again, and we are threatened with another inundation of weddings. There is no accounting for these sudden and strange engagements, unless it is that the girls dreaded another wait of four years, and took the matter into their own hands. Anyway, they have made me promise not to betray them for a little while, but everyone is wondering if the oriental beauty is not one of the number—they also want to know why she is still on this coast, when she was so positive that she would pass the holidays with her brother in New York. Effie Costigan's wedding will soon occur, and Jim Breck and Nellie Hook have set the twenty-fifth for the consummation of their earthly happiness. There never was a couple so madly in love. Then demure little Mattie Knowles and Harry Adams will give the most *recherche* wedding of the season, but the Knowles family are renowned for their exclusiveness and, now that they have had such a stroke of good luck, they doubtless will be more exclusive than ever—do hope that they will not strike me off their list. Harry was just in time with his love making and proposal. Had he waited until now, he might be classed with the fortune hunters. Several years ago, Capt. Knowles sent a vessel out in search of hidden treasure, and long ago had given it up as lost, but last week it returned, with a cargo of $500 000 in whale bones. The captain of the vessel was presented with a $20,000 check and the crew were liberally rewarded for their faithfulness.

'Tis unfortunate that the East Oakland widower was too diffident to make his intentions known, previous to the advent of this new fortune. Of course, Christmas dinners and family re-unions have been the order of the day. The H. M. A. Millers and Edgerton Dietrichs have been guests of the C. O. G. Millers. What a trio of pretty women they are. By the time the Millers, Tuckers, McNears and Mhoons get together, there is scarcely room left for an outsider. The Tubbs family is another of immense numbers. They had a Christmas tree for the numerous grandchildren, and over seventy members of the family were present. Those in attendance were the Tubbs, Henshaws, Grimes, Halls and Farriers, Grimwoods and, of course, Powning. I don't quite see how the latter is going to escape his destiny, which is not an heiress.

The Dr. Russells entertained the "Blythe-Hinckleys" at a Xmas dinner. Every one is in love with Florence. She is now "beautiful," "witty," "brilliant" and "generous." Any way, she remembered all her friends with the loveliest gifts, and they have the swellest new coupé, coachman in livery, and all that sort of thing. Fritz is just the one to teach her to spend her ducats to marvelous advantage

Maud Russell is still carrying all the honors at the Boston School of Acting, and a great future is predicted for her—the professors are more than enthusiastic over her grand voice. Florence sent her a box of real lace handkerchiefs.

It was my good fortune to be invited to the Wheaton Xmas party, and a glorious time I had, although George was devoted to the East Oakland beauty, who is growing a little *passe*. Alas! It is the fairest flowers that always fade.

The exclusive Fruitvale *coterie* composed of the Dubys, Willmas, and Wrights had a tree as did the Bromwells Allens Converses and Hamiltons. Of course, Celia was the life of the party. The F. M. Smiths had a gathering of their numerous friends and relatives. What a charming little imp Marion is, and what great friends Rubina and St. Broadbent have become. He used to be devoted to Josie Thompson, you know, but she surprised her aunt with a secret marriage, and since that Josie is no longer a guest of the Smiths. The Harts had a Christmas party, and Chauncy was there. Then the Costigans and Guffins had a gay time, and of course the McKees and Pierces had a re-union.

The selfish Athenians still refuse to open their doors to us, and we have fully decided that what we have to beg for is not worth having, so they need not trouble themselves, as we will not accept their hospitality, even if they offer it, and, what is more, we no longer need it, as the dear Reliance boys, who are younger and not soured to the world, as are those Athenian bachelors, have promised to open their new quarters with a reception to their lady friends. Tom says that our set of girls is too saintly for the depraved tastes of our giddy Athenians—that we will have to cultivate a little reckless *diabierie*. Well, I'm glad to have their selfishness and rudeness explained, as one Athenian bachelor tried to persuade me that we were neglected because of our stupidity, but investigation proves that the majority of our girls are far brighter than are some Oakland ones, who talk nothing but the latest club scandal, poker, dinners and mid-night serenades.

Of course, you have heard of the Club for ladies that Mrs. Eells is organizing on your side. She used to be a resident of this burg, and didn't she make her husband walk, who was one of our swell ministers at that time. She is just the one to be at the head of such an enterprise. Dr. Coyle, the presiding divine at the swell church on Fourteenth Street, preached a sermon, not long ago, in which he denounced our new theatre as a place of eternal damnation, and poor Mr. Macdonough, who built the place of amusement, has on his hands the ruin of endless good people who might, in the course of time, have become as saintly as Dr. Coyle himself. He seems to think it just terrible that we patronize such a resort. He has never been in a theatre, and seems to think that every one who goes there is on the road to perdition. If we could only induce the poor old innocent to go occasionally, he would be better prepared to express his views on the subject, and surely would not be so narrow as to denounce all theatricals.

This epistle will reach you the last day of '92, and it goes laden with good wishes for a prosperous and happy New Year, from FROU-FROU.

LOS ANGELES LIFE.

LOS ANGELES, December 26th. DEAR WAVE:—Mayor Hazard has issued invitations to all the incoming and outgoing city officials for a reception at his house. Since the flop in the city government from the Republican to the Democratic side of politics there's been a decided atmosphere of subdued excitement pulsing through the marble corridors of the City Hall that will probably break out like scarlet fever or measles as the first of January approaches. It is rumored that Miss Mary Foy, one of the public school teachers, will try hard for the appointment of librarian, but I think she will stand no sort of show beside Miss Kelso who, with her corps of twenty-five assistants conducts an ideal library. Dr. D. Granville MacGowan will have to step down and out of his official shoes as Health Officer, I think. This will give him more time to devote to his practice and to Society with a large S.

Frank Finlayson is going to the State Assembly, and I'm glad of it for he is "the coming man" of Los Angeles. He is a great catch with the girls, too, but he is just foolish and unreasonable enough to want a girl who can talk about something beside dress and fashion, the latest Society fad or Society novel. He actually prefers to spend an evening with a woman old enough to be his mother who can converse intelligently about the latest thing in literature, science, or art, than to dance all the evening with a gushing young "bud" with the rose-leaf hue of youth flushing her fair face. There's no accounting for taste is there?

We had a big wedding here last week at the Jewish synagogue. The bride was Miss Leah Henriques, sister-in-law of Rabbi Blum, and the groom was a San Francisco blonde. She is a beautiful brunette. There were nine ushers and seven flower girls and lots of music and a big reception afterward. Tom and I went, of course, and touched glasses to the health, long life, and happiness of the pair. My, but there was a blaze of diamonds for all the Jews in the city were there clad in their best.

This week there is to be another big wedding at the First Congregational Church when Miss Avery weds a San Bernardino young man. Admission is exclusively by card and I haven't any, but I shall send Tom. He can take his pencil and pad and pose as a reporter for the daily press, so I'll tell you all about it in my next if there's anything of interest.

Mrs. Childs is talking of going to Europe in the spring to give her daughters a glimpse of life in the Old World. It is rumored that there will be a swell reception at the Childs mansion in the near future. If it is true it will be the first time in years that the world of Society has been entertained within the portals of this stately Main Street residence.

Hamlin Garland is here again and will give three lectures this week. He has some peculiar notions. Maybe that's why he is a bachelor. He believes that a woman should have the same privilege of making a proposal of marriage as a man. Fancy a girl proposing to the hero of her heart and hearing him tell her that, although he could not be a husband to her, he would always be a brother. Wouldn't it be simply awful? Then too, Mr. Garland thinks that a marriage contract should be *sole'y* a contract to be discarded at will, on the plan of the Chicago coupon style, I suppose. I guess Charlotte Perkins Stetson agrees with him on that point. I heard Charlotte discuss "Our Excessive Femininity" when she was down here a year ago, before she went to the big, wicked City of Oakland to live, and after hearing that paper I'm not surprised at anything she may do.

We've been celebrating Christmas down here with the usual run of Sunday School entertainments, dinners to the poor and family gatherings. The Unitarian Sunday School advocated a liberal Christmas, so they spent $100 on an electric-lighted Christmas tree and had the children bring ten-cent packages of gifts for the poor. I guess the expense doubled and trebled the offerings. That's liberality with a vengeance, isn't it? The First Methodist Sunday School had their church beautifully decorated, but the exercises by the infant class were a fizzle. The children were all right, but the teacher didn't attend to her business, and they all got "rattled." KIT.

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Instruction is PRIVATE, every detail of the gymnasium is here including Spray and Shower Baths.

A limited number of gentlemen taken.

CHRISTMAS HONORS.

"Ours is the glory," sang the northern woods,
"'Tis the decree
That from our wealth of fairest forest goods
Shall come the Tree
That makes the festival of Christmas time
A thing of joy and light—of life and rhyme."

A stately pine, all glittering with frost,
Sternly looked down,
As slowly his green, branching arms he crossed,
With serious frown.
"'Tis meet that only those who never die
Should be thus blest—the Hemlock, Spruce, and I!"

Afar, beneath the southern sapphire skies,
Lay emerald groves
All hung with fruit in rounded, golden guise
With scent of cloves;
They whispered, as they hung in sunny air,
"No Christmas tree without us can be fair!"

A tall palm, towering o'er the orange trees,
Smiled in the sun,
Till all his fringes wavered in the breeze
With languorous fun;
"You have a mission at the Christmas feast,
Speed forth and yield your sweets to great and least!"

Right proudly at the festival of mirth
Stood northern tree,
Laden with golden fruit of southern birth,
A joy to see.
Thus did the deathless green of frosty lands,
With sun-kissed stranger fruit clasp Christmas hands

—*Ada Nichols Mann.*

One would judge from reading the following that the editor of the Los Angeles *Herald* believes that beauty and intelligence have no place on the stage: "It is a sad commentary on the beautiful and intelligent women of America that an actress was selected by the World's Fair ring as a model of Justice. Evidently the commissioners, as well as Justice, are blind."

Talking of the Senatorship, the San Bernardino *Courier* falls into this serious error: "No Northern Democrat can be elected, and they ought to study the situation in a spirit of concession rather than to seek to drive the party into a frenzy through local selfishness."

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE	FROM DECEMBER 3, 1892.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento	7.15 p m
7 30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*12.15 p m
.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
7.00 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, and Calistoga	6.15 p m
*7.30 a m	El Verano and Santa Rosa	*6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	7 15 p m
8 00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	9.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff	4.45 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton	*8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	7.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Martinez	12.15 p m
3 00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4 00 p m	Martinez, Stockton, Merced and Fresno	12.15 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4 00 p m	Benicia, and Sacramento	10.15 a m
4.00 p m	Woodland and Oroville	10.15 a m
4 00 p m	Vacaville	10.45 a m
*4 30 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	10.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	9.15 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	9.15 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
‡7 00 p m	Vallejo	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡11.45 p m	Hunters and Theatre Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	‡8.05 p. m.
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 a m
4.15 p m	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.38 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.10 p m
10.37 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.03 p m
12 15 p m	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.30 p m
*2 30 p m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10.37 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, Gilroy and Principal Way Stations	*9.47 a m
*4.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.15 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 a m
‡11.45 p m	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations	†7.30 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

VIA SAUSALITO FERRY.

[In effect November 1, 1892.]

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO to MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00 A. M.; 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00 11:30 A. M. 1:30, 3:00, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:20, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, A. M. 12 M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip Saturdays at 6:30 P. M. Fare, 50 cents round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days) 6:30, 7:58, 9:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:15 P. M. Fare, 40 cents round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:55, 8:15, 9:55, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:40 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:40, A. M.; 12:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:10 P. M. Fare, 25 cents round trip.

Leave San Francisco.	Through Trains. Destination.	Arrive San Francisco.
7:30 A. M. } Week 1:45 P. M. } days. 8:00 A. M. Sundays	Camp Taylor, Tocaloma, Point Reyes, Tomales and Way Stations.	10:25 A. M. Mondays 12:15 P. M. Week days, except Mondays 6:10 P. M. Daily
7:30 A. M. Week days 1:45 P. M. Saturdays	Howards, Duncan Mills, Cazadero and Way Stations.	10:25 A. M. Mondays 6:10 P. M. Week days

Thirty-day Excursion—Round trip, 25 per cent reduction.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round trip tickets: Tocaloma and Point Reyes, $1.25; Tomales, $2; Howards, $2.50; Cazadero, $3.
Sunday Excursion—Round trip tickets: Point Reyes, $1; and Tomales, $1.50

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SAN JOSE NEWS.

SAN JOSE, December 26th. DEAR WAVE:—The weather clerk really should be discharged, for anything like his misconduct has never been seen here. Our beautiful (?) streets are now ready for a ferry service. What trees the wise-acres have left are reposing in beds of mud by the road sides. We are demoralized. Our merchants, grit clear through, have lost the sale of their splendid stock of holiday goods; our ladies are relieved from entertaining their friends, and everything is gloomy. All this at the holiday time, too. Stella did get her luncheon in before the worst of the storm. It was a *sweet* affair—violets in profusion and the prettiest girls in town.

The Select School gave a reception, and, although I did not have a card, I followed the train of ladies and was shown to a front seat by a splendid specimen of a young girl. Of course, the usual exercises, with one new feature. They have one young man there now, and it was laughable to see their pride in him. He was brought out seven or eight times on the programme, and he looked more than pretty amongst the nice girls. Guess they'll have a young man at the Convent next year.

How the C—— have come out from nobodies; their invitation list was amusing to read; many who received invitations asked, "Who are they?" Oh, no, the elite did not go; neither did many send regrets, as it has now come to be considered a piece of impudence on the part of would-be entertainers to invite people whom they happen to notice at church. Mrs. C—— gave a reception in honor of her new daughter; it was very swell.

We have another Society paper now, *The Report*. You see the sparkling editor of "Chaff," in the *San Josean*, got so rich in that paper that it has inspired Mrs. De Kalfus to go and win. All the editors in this valley are millionaires.

The Pratt Home is in ecstasies now; there is a fair prospect of another inmate for their empty palace. Rescue work is their hobby, and they are rushing around like mad, rescuing; but, someway, in spite of all the societies and method, a vast deal of suffering crops up now and then. It takes so much to run the machines that poor people must be patient. "There's a good time coming."

Mrs. Ed. W—— has come out strong as a literary light, but it looks funny to see a club of more than 200 members held up to admiration because of 25 members, doesn't it now?

The Hervey case was tried with closed doors, but there was an awful big key-hole, and the savory odors permeated the atmosphere; in fact, they reminded one of the offense of Hamlet's uncle. Prof. Will H—— and his wife gave a first-class concert the other night. He looks more like an Italian brigand than ever, but he can charm the heart out of your bosom with his lovely tenor.

Our old friend, the Hibernian lawyer, covered himself with glory as Chairman of the meeting of Associated Stinginess, the other night. He should have entered holy orders—the Pope is nowhere by the side of him. Good Brother Cantine, the Methodist, tried to extinguish him, but it was no go. The Hibernian conquered. The reverend gentleman had not heard that the great man of the law had presided in many Democratic conventions, and always went in to win. But, really, in his case charity should begin at home.

The matrimonial tide has turned into a new channel and the school teachers are now jubilant because seven or eight of their number are to be married.

BABBLER.

A SUGGESTION.

Gentlemen who have been entertained by their married friends during the year cannot make a more acceptable return than by sending at this holiday time a case, or even a bottle or two, of the 'Old Pepper Whisky"—the oldest and best whisky made in Kentucky. Agents, Carroll & Carroll, 306 Market Street.

Van Guzzler—Can I get some whisky here?
Druggist—Not without a prescription.
Van Guzzler—Well, where can I get a prescription?
Druggist—Right here.—*Truth.*

The Stockton *Mail* calls attention to a very sad fact: "A London telegram tells of a woman who took a razor in her teeth, accidentally swallowed it and had it taken from her stomach by a surgical operation. It will require a surgical operation to make newspaper readers swallow the story."

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SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 1:50 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		In effect Nov. 20, 1892.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days	Sundays	DESTINATION.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:40 a m 3:30 p m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 9:30 a m 5:00 p m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m 7:50 p m	8:50 a m 10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale and Way Stations.	7:30 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:30 p m	6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	7:30 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 5:05 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 a m 6:05 p m	8:50 a m 6:10 p m
7:40 a m 3:30 p m	8:00 a m 5:00 p m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m 6:05 p m	10:30 a m 6:10 p m

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Way Line Sailings:

S. S. "Colima," January 3rd; S. S. "Starbuck," January 18th

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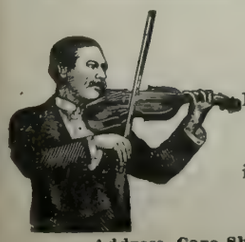

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